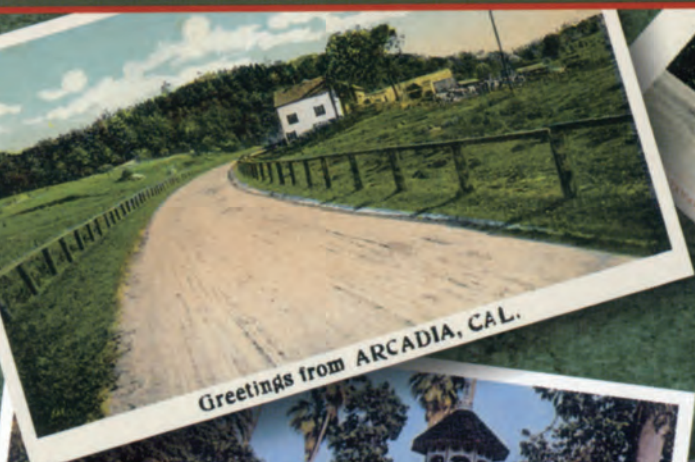




Visions of Arcadia: A CENTENNIAL ANTHOLOGY

Edited by Gary A. Kovacic



*Visions of Arcadia:
A Centennial Anthology*

The year was 1903.

Orville and Wilbur Wright made aviation history with their first flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Henry Ford began selling the Model T for \$850. Marie Curie received a Nobel Prize in physics. The Boston Red Sox beat the Pittsburgh Pirates in baseball's first World Series. And, on August 5, the City of Arcadia was born.

This anthology is a collection of reflections, remembrances, recollections, a few photographs and probably more than a few myths by and about Arcadians over its first one hundred years. It documents the life of a hometown from the perspective of those who were able to see, hear, touch, and even taste many of its bountiful offerings.

As you navigate the chapters of this book, you will read about chicken ranches, walnut trees, and sweet corn. You will visit a balloon school, pony express museum, assembly center, arboretum, and racetrack. You will dine at long-gone eateries. You will hop on a Red Car, ride a horse, fly in a B-29, visit a movie set, rush to the emergency room, and learn to drive in Santa Anita's vast parking lot. You will see the 210 Freeway come and Anoakia go.

You will experience the excitement of a police chase, the thrill of playing with the Apache marching band, the fear of a hillside fire, the confusion of a new language, and the anguish of being interned in your own country. You will be inspired by the care, concern, tolerance, and optimism displayed by Arcadians old and new; and frustrated by occasional acts of apathy, selfishness, and ignorance. You will see Fourth of July fireworks explode in the sky, hear peacocks scream, touch snow on a sunny winter afternoon, and even taste Armenian paklava. You will meet individuals who have made a real difference: volunteers, educators, doctors, community leaders, and civil servants; and

join civic organizations that continue to serve those in need.

Since 1903, good folks doing good deeds have been the heart and soul of Arcadia. This anthology celebrates a beautiful and dynamic city, and honors the many acts of civic virtue that Arcadians continue to perform on a daily basis.



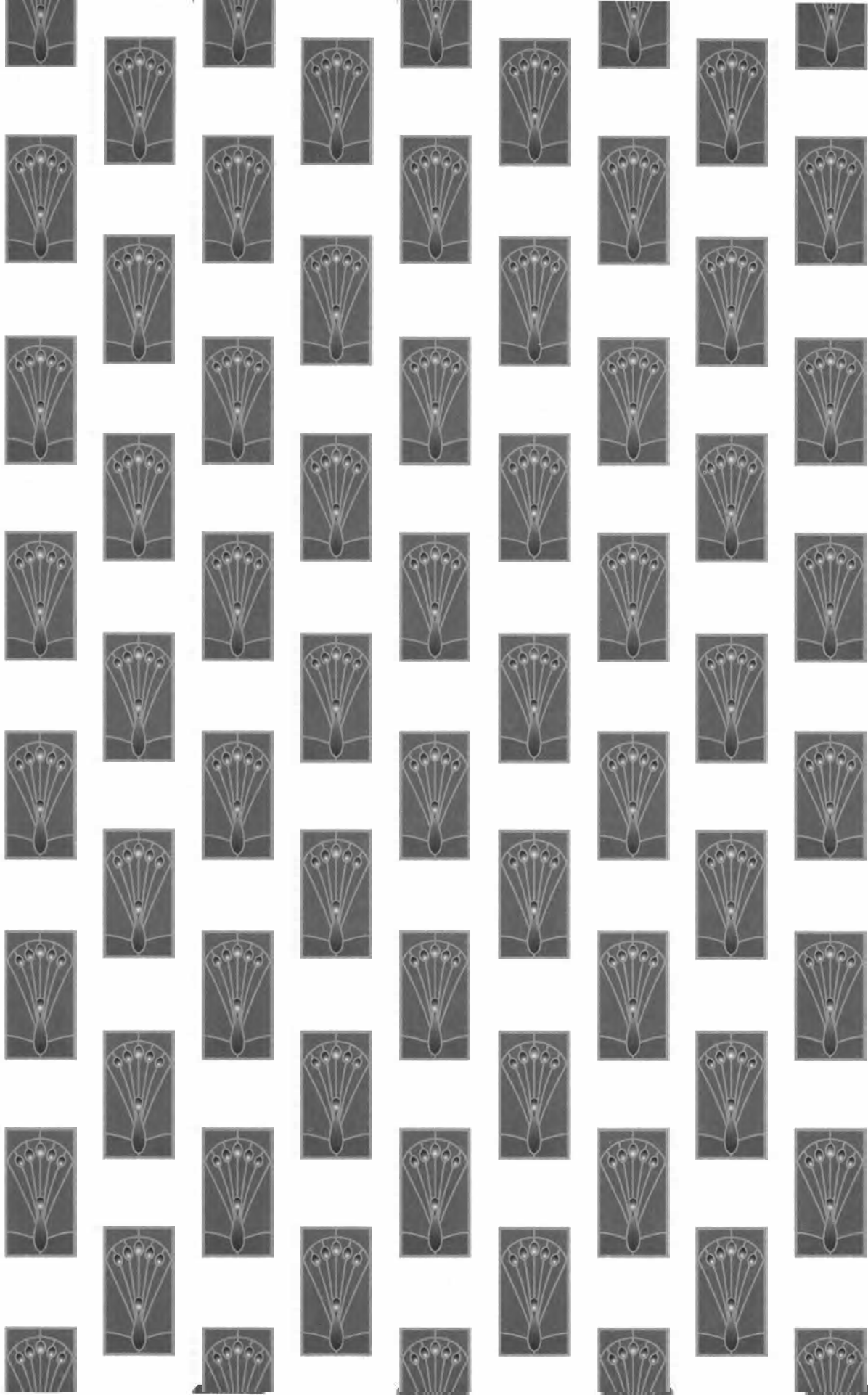
About the Editor

Gary A. Kovacic has lived in Arcadia since 1952. He is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 1969) and a former member of the Arcadia Planning Commission. He is currently serving his second term on the Arcadia City Council (1996 to 2006). He was mayor of Arcadia in 1998-1999 and 2000-2001, and is one of the Centennial Mayors in 2003. He is also a trustee of the Arcadia Educational Foundation and a volunteer coach of Arcadia High School's Constitution Team.

When not editing essays, Gary 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.

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Visions of Arcadia:

A CENTENNIAL ANTHOLOGY

Edited by
Gary A. Kovacic

Designed by Don Nelson & Bonnie Nelson
Old Mill Graphics
South Pasadena, California

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

Overleaf. The Queen Anne Cottage, built in 1885-1886 by newlywed "Lucky" Baldwin for his sixteen-year-old bride Lillie Bennett, from the south side of Baldwin Lake circa 1965. The cottage is located on the grounds of the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden in Arcadia.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



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PREFACE

The year was 1903.

Orville and Wilbur Wright made aviation history with their first flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Ford Motor Company officially incorporated and Henry Ford began selling the Model T for \$850. The United States signed a treaty with Panama and started to build the Panama Canal. The first transcontinental trip by automobile (from San Francisco to New York) took sixty-five days. *The Great Train Robbery*, a twelve-minute movie, became the first western. Methodist Hospital of Southern California was founded. Marie Curie received a Nobel Prize in physics. Mary Anderson obtained a patent for the predecessor of today's windshield wipers. The Boston Red Sox beat the Pittsburgh Pirates in baseball's first World Series. Princeton was the national champion in football with an undefeated record. Theodore Roosevelt was president of a nation with forty-five states and a population of just over eighty million.

And, on August 5, 1903, the City of Arcadia was born.

Some say the name Arcadia was merely an euphonious appellation. Others claim it referred to an ancient pastoral district of Greece known for its rural peace and simplicity. Still others assert that the town was named after Arcadia Bandini Stearns, one of the great beauties of her day and reputed to be the richest woman in California by the time she died in 1912. Knowing the reputation of founder Elias J. "Lucky" Baldwin for enjoying life to the fullest, naming his town after a beautiful rich woman does not seem that improbable.

The vote was thirty-five to zero for incorporation. "Lucky" Baldwin became Arcadia's first mayor (the position was called "president of the board of trustees" at the time) and the rest is history.

Speaking of history, this anthology of essays and poems is not intended to be a history book. The rich history of Arcadia has been duly chronicled in at least two excellent publications: Gordon S. Eberly's *Arcadia: City of the Santa Anita* published in 1953 and *Arcadia: Where Ranch and City Meet* written by Pat McAdam and Sandy Snider in 1981. Both books provide a comprehensive narrative and photographic panorama of Arcadia and its unique history. Perhaps some future Arcadian will formally augment the historical record from 1981 onward, but it won't be me, at least not now.

Rather, what follows is a collection of reflections, remembrances, recollections, a few photographs, and probably more than a few myths by and about

Preface

Arcadians. It is a modest attempt to document the life of my hometown from the perspective of those who were able to see, hear, touch, and even taste many of its bountiful offerings over the past century.

As you navigate the chapters of this book, you will read about chicken ranches, walnut trees, and sweet corn. You will visit a balloon school, pony express museum, assembly center, arboretum, and racetrack. You will dine at long-gone eateries such as The Pine's Coffee Shop, Carpenter's, Eaton's, and Leo's Penny Burger. You will shop downtown, along Live Oak, in West Arcadia, and at the mall. You will hop on a Red Car, ride a horse, fly in a B-29, visit a movie set, rush to the emergency room, and learn to drive in Santa Anita's vast parking lot. You will see the 210 Freeway come and Anoakia go.

You will experience the excitement of a police chase, the thrill of playing with the Apache marching band, the fear of a hillside fire, the confusion of a new language, and the anguish of being interned in your own country. You will be inspired by the care, concern, tolerance, and optimism displayed by Arcadians old and new; and frustrated by occasional acts of apathy, selfishness, and ignorance. You will see Fourth of July fireworks explode in the sky, hear peacocks scream, touch snow on a sunny winter afternoon, and even taste Armenian paklava. You will meet individuals who have made a real difference—volunteers, educators, doctors, community leaders, and civil servants—and join civic organizations that continue to serve those in need.

My personal memories of Arcadia are just as vivid. I remember walking home from kindergarten down the middle of Double Drive along a dirt bridle path under a canopy of towering eucalyptus trees. I remember our dead-end street—Louise Avenue in south Arcadia—full of kids who played baseball and ditch-it all day. I remember most of my neighbors' names, the open field with horses at the end of the street, and the cornfield around the block. I remember crisp mornings and crystal clear mountains in the winter and stinging smog so thick that those mountains often disappeared in the summer. I remember Friday night Apache football games in the fall and flooded streets in the spring.

I still associate names and faces with the color of the Arcadia National Little League uniforms they wore forty years ago. I remember going for a swim at the County Park's "Plunge," joining the "Bookworm Club" at the old public library, taking cotillion lessons at the Woman's Club, and riding the yellow school buses to Camp Buckhorn. I remember secretly listening to the World Series on a hidden transistor radio at the back of the classroom. I remember junior high "Teen Night" dances at the high school gym, 45 rpm record racks at Music Mart, and gas stations on almost every corner. I remember quarts of root beer at the A&W drive-in, hamburgers at Bob's Beef Burger drive-through, and grocery service at the El Rancho Market drive-up. I remember trying to find

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obscure addresses and the best alternate routes to avoid racetrack traffic as a delivery boy for Barron's Pharmacy.

I remember many of my teachers, all of my coaches, and every principal at Santa Anita Elementary School, Dana Junior High School, and Arcadia High School. I remember being above-average in the classroom, average on the athletic field, and nervous on the dance floor. I remember school rules prohibiting hair over the ears, long sideburns, and dancing closer than the length of a ruler. I don't remember ever thinking about an earring or tattoo.

I remember following in my parents' footsteps as my wife Barb and I coached, counseled, and coaxed our kids through every conceivable form of school, sports, and community activity. And, I remember starting my career with the City of Arcadia as a day camp counselor at Wilderness Park and ending up on the city council.

I remember many old friends, but I also remember meeting many new friends who offered me new traditions, new holidays, and even a new Chinese name.

In all, I remember great times, a great family, and a great community.

It's easy to say that things have changed in Arcadia. The changing population and demographics are the most obvious. That new city in 1903 had a reported population of something over the legal minimum of 500 (although according to McAdam and Snider, "protestors charged that Baldwin personally, artificially and illegally inflated Arcadia's population on census day by hiring temporary laborers whose only job was to have their heads counted"). The U.S. Census Bureau figures provide some perspective. Our population was 5,201 in 1930; 9,122 in 1940; and 23,041 in 1950. In 1960, Arcadia's population had grown to 41,005, almost all Caucasian (99.7 percent). As late as 1980, Asians comprised only 3.8 percent (1,760) of the total population of 45,894. However, in 1990, the Asian population was 11,202 (23.2 percent of 48,352), and by 2000, Arcadia's population of 53,054 was split almost equally between Caucasians (24,180 or 45.6 percent) and Asians (24,091 or 45.4 percent).

Our personal experiences mirror the hard data. In 1969, Carole Tokeshi was the only student of Asian descent in my graduating class at Arcadia High School. In 2003, a little over sixty percent of the graduating class identified their race as Asian. But the cultural fabric of our community is more complex than just two ethnic groups. Ten percent of our population is Hispanic. Thirty-three different languages are spoken in our schools. It is not unusual to have neighbors from every continent. It is no longer necessary to leave home to experience the diverse religions, customs, clothing, and foods of the world.

The physical landscape of Arcadia has also changed. Just twenty years ago, most houses were single-story ranch-style structures, many on large lots. Today,

Preface

while almost all new houses north of Huntington Drive are more or less compatible with the surrounding neighborhoods (based in large part on the unique role played by the five homeowners associations and their architectural review boards), there have been significant changes elsewhere in town. Larger houses (many of them beautiful, but some unsightly by almost any standard) have been built on nearly every block. In the areas zoned for multi-family use, condominium projects are replacing small, non-conforming homes and duplexes.

Favorite restaurants, markets, specialty shops, and hangouts have been replaced by new ones. Familiar buildings and a few landmarks have disappeared. Attendance at Santa Anita Park is down, truck traffic on Baldwin Avenue seems heavier, and some say the peacocks sound louder. Even the Arboretum has changed its name.

Other changes are not quite as visible. Personal computers and the internet have transformed work and commuting habits. Two-income families have more financial resources but less time to get involved in the community. Some traditional social and fraternal organizations must work harder to find and keep members. Our city and school leaders have to cope with unfunded mandates, state budget problems, ever-changing technology, and the threat of terrorism.

But, in many respects, Arcadia has not changed. Our tree-lined streets and neighborhoods are still safe and beautiful. Our residents, especially our seniors and youth, continue to enjoy exceptional intellectual, recreational, and cultural facilities and opportunities. The schools remain excellent and, not coincidentally, the property values remain high. The tradition of city hall being fiscally conservative, responsive, and honest seems to be intact. Clean water comes out when you turn on the faucet, the trash is picked up every week, the trees are trimmed, and the streets are swept. You can still walk through a jungle, hike in the mountains, bet the daily double, attend a concert, take in a ball game, play a round of golf, check out a good book, relax in the park, visit a friend in the hospital, find solace in a quiet sanctuary, shop, dine, and even watch parrots fly overhead and not go beyond the city limits.

And, most importantly, our sense of community remains. Arcadians are still proud to live in Arcadia. The individuals and institutions may change over the years, but Arcadians truly care about their community and work hard for the common good. How else do you explain the hundreds of volunteers at the city's public library, senior center, police department, fire department, and historical museum; and the thousands of Arcadians who contribute countless volunteer hours to our schools, booster clubs, youth activities, senior services, civic organizations, faith communities, foundations, and hospital?

Since 1903, good folks doing good deeds have been the heart and soul of our community. They welcome the newcomers, value the old-timers, and per-

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form the acts of civic virtue that we see in Arcadia on a daily basis.

In his folk song "Mother Country," John Stewart could have easily been talking about Arcadia when he recalled:

There was a story in the *San Francisco Chronicle* that of course I forgot to save
But it was about a lady who lived in the "good old days"
When a century was born and a century had died
And about these "good old days" the old lady replied
"Why they were just a lot of people doing the best they could"
"Just a lot of people doing the best they could"
And then the lady said that they did it, "pretty up and walking good."

As you read these essays and poems, I know you will agree that Arcadians have done things "pretty up and walking good" over the first century of our fair city. And we will continue to do so for at least another hundred years.

Happy Birthday Arcadia. I love you.

August 5, 2003

Gary A. Kovacic
Arcadia, California

The lyrics of "Mother Country" are reprinted with permission. Copyright 1969 John Stewart.

CHAPTER 1

Growing Up

GRANDMA'S RECOLLECTIONS

by Mark Renfrew

At the time of Arcadia's centennial celebration, our family is in its fifth generation in Arcadia. The early days of Arcadia fascinate me; it was such a different place from today. The Friends of the Arcadia Public Library history program interviewed my grandmother Lucille Bateman in 1976. Her interview, along with forty-six others, can be found in the Arcadia History Room at the Arcadia Public Library. I used the transcript of her interview to piece together some of my family's beginnings in Arcadia.

My family came to Arcadia in 1921. When my great-grandfather Amil Ernest and grandmother Lucille, then twenty-one years old, moved to the Naomi Avenue location that now serves as the parking lot for the Pavilions market, they were not officially within the city limits. The area was known as the Santa Anita Tract and was not incorporated until nearly 1940. In the early days, their address was simply "Route 1." They chose their couple of acres because it was so close to the only market in the area at the corner of Baldwin Avenue and Naomi Avenue.

They contributed to the area's early nickname, "The Egg Basket," with their own chicken ranch on the property. In the early days, they would sell the smaller chickens eight for a dollar; larger chickens were four for a dollar. They supplemented their "homegrown" income by growing and selling watermelons. At that time, there was no ice house in town, so they stored the watermelons under the house. Many years later, when my grandfather Clarence remodeled the house to accommodate my Uncle Bobbie, he found bottles of prohibition era home-brewed beer made by my great-grandfather. I do hope that wasn't another source of income!

One Sunday as my grandfather was burning trash, the fire got out of control and began to burn weeds in the back of the yard. My grandmother called the

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Arcadia Fire Department. At that time, the department consisted of one fire engine, two employees, and the rest volunteers. When she informed the dispatcher that she lived west of Baldwin Avenue, she was told that she would have to let the fire burn because the fire department did not answer "county calls." My grandparents managed to beat the fire out with gunnysacks before the firefighters, having changed their minds, sped right past the scene. The next issue of the *Arcadia Tribune* newspaper published an article that the Arcadia Fire Department had answered a call west of Baldwin Avenue but did not discover flames or smoke. The newspaper noted that if people continued to call in false alarms, they would put in a system like they had in New York City where they could trace the telephone calls. My grandmother was afraid to tell them there really was a fire because, in those days, you had to pay six dollars for the volunteers to respond to a fire, and money was tight.

During the 1920s, my grandmother rode the streetcar to her job with the telephone company on Hill Street in downtown Los Angeles. When the late-night 10:10 p.m. car dropped her off in Arcadia, she could walk home down Baldwin Avenue without seeing a car or another person.

Hearty soul that she was, my grandmother would hike more than four miles up Santa Anita Canyon to Sturtevant Camp for Saturday night dances. Party-goers would hike in, dance the evening away, spend the night, and hike out the next day.

Dancing was also available in Arcadia. My grandparents met at the "Old Clubhouse," now the Elk's Club building on Huntington Drive. Once a month, dances were held there. Poultry men, rabbit growers, soldiers from Ross Field, and even children would go to the dance. My grandmother described the attendance as practically the whole city; well, about one hundred people anyway. At the time, my grandfather worked at the Air Service Balloon Observer's School (formerly Ross Field Balloon School) charting the balloon launches. My grandparents married in 1924.

After the balloon school closed, my grandfather worked as a mover for Gem City Transfer Company in Monrovia. In 1940, my grandparents started their own moving business in Arcadia known as AC Transfer and Storage. They ran that business from their Naomi Avenue home until 1967. One of their early clients was Santa Anita Racetrack. The California Horse Racing Board contracted with AC Transfer and Storage to move its racing records to Arcadia from the Bay Area and Del Mar. The long distance routes paid well because they were priced by the pound and the records were locked in iron safes.

My grandfather was also an air-raid warden during World War II. Whenever there was an air-raid drill, all houses had to be blacked out. My grandfather would put on his armband and check with each block's supervisor to make sure

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that no light was showing from any house. One night, while patrolling, he found a chicken house with its lights on. The elderly homeowner came to the door in pajamas and nightcap, and my grandfather told him to put out the lights. As he continued on his way, my grandfather was soon the target of the homeowner's hollering. The man had locked himself out of his house! They had to pound and pound on the bedroom window to wake the man's nearly deaf wife to open the door for him.

Of course, Arcadia was growing all the time. Numerous fields of cantaloupe, watermelon and other crops, orange groves, and chicken coups gave way to houses. The "double drive," as Grandma always called it, eventually became a paved Santa Anita Avenue. No longer could you take a dip in the lagoon at the Arboretum. Some of the buildings they saw at the Japanese Assembly Center at the racetrack were moved and became classrooms at Highland Oaks Elementary School where I now teach. Clarence and Lucille's children had children and, in time, grandchildren. They became Arcadia school-teachers, church leaders, coaches, scout leaders. . .

Perhaps my grandchildren will tell their stories when Arcadia celebrates its bicentennial.

Mark Renfrew grew up in Arcadia and graduated from Arcadia High School in 1974. He is a fourth grade teacher at Highland Oaks Elementary School.

A BOYHOOD IN ARCADIA

by Robert Perkins

I was born in Arcadia in 1917 and lived at 848 Huntington Drive until 1949, when I returned from World War II. From our home I had a clear view across the street all the way up to Foothill Boulevard, with no buildings in between. My buddies and I would cut across fields and dirt streets to climb up Mount Wilson and return home the same day.

All the children in the neighborhood attended elementary school at First Avenue School until it was converted into a junior high school. We were then transferred to Holly Avenue Elementary School. After junior high school, it was on to MAD (Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte) High School and then, for me, Pasadena Junior College and the University of California at Berkeley.

As eight and nine-year-olds, we were avidly attracted to the empty grounds of the old balloon school. We would sneak under the chain-link fence to admire the Goodyear Blimp and old Curtiss Jennys (World War I trainer aircraft) stored there, only to be chased away and threatened by the Army sergeant caretaker. Once, while playing on these forbidden grounds, we found a powder magazine and planned to build a bomb to startle everyone with a big bang. Several days later, on the northwest corner of Holly Avenue and Huntington Drive, a spark set off the bomb prematurely. One friend died and another was severely burned. Fortunately, I was home at the time helping my dad with chores.

Chores meant milking our cow (hobbled on her back legs, as she was a kicker!) and gathering eggs. We not only gathered eggs from the hens at home, but also found peahen eggs at the old deserted Rancho Santa Anita. My mom made delicious custard pies from these extra large eggs. I put some of the eggs in the nests of our setting hens and had my own pet peacocks.

We swam in the lake at the Rancho and played cowboys and Indians in the Queen Anne Cottage. It was our favorite playground.

My dad A. H. Perkins was mayor of Arcadia in 1940–42, an eventful time in the life of Arcadia. The city council voted to buy water rights from Rancho Santa Anita. City workers were enrolled under civil service for more secure job tenure and fairer promotions. And, thirteen and one-half acres were purchased for a new city hall. However, the race for the position of mayor had not been cordial. It erupted in angry retaliation, as rocks and nails were thrown on our driveway. The police caught the offenders, who spent a night in jail.

My dad also set my brother up in a chicken ranch with seven thousand

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hens. I had to help clean up after the chickens. That's why I became an electrical engineer! However, I have many happy boyhood memories of an agricultural Arcadia.

Robert Perkins was born in Arcadia in 1917. His father was the mayor of Arcadia in 1940–1942.

ARCADIA 1928

by Albert O. Jacobson

In the summer of 1928, the Jacobson family moved on to the property known then as 2225 South Second Avenue in Arcadia. Dad had longed for a place in the country and bought the empty near-acre lot for \$2,500. A temporary tent structure was soon erected and ditches were dug for water pipes to carry Arcadia's cool, sweet water from Artesian wells to our home. Later, a house was built, and a vegetable garden, berry vines, and fruit trees were planted in rich, deep loam typical of Arcadia's gift to its gardeners.

Arcadia in the late 1920s welcomed newcomers like the Jacobson family and Japanese farmers raising strawberries and vegetables. The kids became fast friends, riding the school bus to school and playing at homes happily surrounded by large farms with horse-drawn wagons and farm implements.

Summer time in Arcadia brought breezes carrying the scent of orange blossoms, and also the roaring sounds from Gays' Lion Farm just south of us in El Monte. From our home, in the evening, we could see the lights from the tram climbing the slope of Mount Lowe to view the valley below. During the day, a clear view of the Monrovia dam was an invitation to bike up Santa Anita Avenue, pedaling the steep climb, then over and down to the dam where we caught mosquito fish in a jar. At day's end, we would push back up the mountain trail to Santa Anita Avenue for the lovely ride down the steep road to home.

In winter, the San Gabriel Mountains north of us were covered with the beauty of snow, but they lowered the cold air upon us without mercy. The sun was often unable to melt the frost on the ground. In those days, the word "smog" was unheard of, but the winter sky was blackened by the "smudge-pots" and old tires burning in the midst of orange groves to warm the air just above freezing on cold nights. Our white cat became black and our lungs were surely loaded with darkened moisture. However, we had plenty of stove wood to keep us warm and fresh fruit and vegetables on the table.

The Great Depression was just around the corner, but we were in paradise.

Albert O. Jacobson and his family lived in Arcadia from 1928 to 1941. He attended Holly Avenue School and First Avenue School. He lives in Parkersburg, Iowa.

ARCADIA MEMORIES OF THE 1930s

by Marilyn M. Heidenreich Goulard

My father Dr. William Heidenreich moved his family to Arcadia in 1931. Dad, just out of medical school and with a debt of six thousand dollars (a huge sum for those days), set up his office above the bank at the corner of Huntington Drive and First Avenue. As a child of seven, I was delighted that Dad's office was across from the city hall where Santa doled out presents each Christmas to Arcadia boys and girls. Up the street at the corner of First Avenue and Wheeler Avenue was our lovely Spanish-style public library where my brother and I spent many hours in the summer.

At the southeast corner of Huntington Drive and First Avenue was the original Glasser Mortuary. The Glasser's daughter Betty Jean became my best friend. We would roller skate up and down Huntington Drive and our favorite pastime was to end up at Bob Merget's ice-cream parlor.

The southwest corner of Huntington Drive and First Avenue housed The Pine's Coffee Shop and a drive-in market. Betty Jean and I would go to the coffee shop on special occasions.

Betty Jean and I attended First Avenue School. After the Long Beach earthquake of 1933, the school district was forced to have double sessions at Holly Avenue School because of the damage at First Avenue School. We graduated in 1936 from the eighth grade and went on to attend Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte High School. From the three cities, we only had 200 graduates in 1940.

Soon after we arrived in Arcadia, there was a Fourth of July parade. As I remember it, my brother (dressed as a doctor) and I (dressed as a nurse) sat on the back of Mom's yellow convertible Ford coupe. We drove the length of the parade route from the library at Wheeler Avenue to First Avenue School.

Everyone knew everyone in downtown Arcadia. I can remember driving with my little sister Barbara down Double Drive (now Santa Anita Avenue) as a teenager. At that time, it was called Double Drive because there was on-coming traffic on either side of the bridle paths. Jack Stein, our favorite police officer at the time, stopped me for speeding down the drive. He shook his finger at me and sternly said, "Marilynn, if you drive this fast again, I'm going to tell your father on you."

My brother and I took riding lessons at the Arcadia Riding Academy, which was just south of the railroad tracks on Santa Anita Avenue. We would ride up the bridle path and through what is now called Santa Anita Oaks. (My parents built a home in that area in 1940.)

At the corner of Santa Anita Avenue and Huntington Drive to the west was

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the Pacific Electric Railway camp. It housed workers who maintained the Red Cars that went into Los Angeles. When a baby was expected, the daddy would rush to my father's office (built in 1936 at the corner of Bonita Street and First Avenue, and still there today) to ask him to come deliver the new child. Dad would hastily pick up what he called his "obstetrical bag" and hasten to the camp. It seemed that workers could time the baby's arrival within fifteen minutes. The price for this service was five dollars, which the workers always had ready for the "home delivery."

Arcadia was a town of 3,500 people when we arrived, with many chicken ranches and vegetable gardens. During the Depression, my father was sometimes paid in chickens, eggs, and produce. Some of the merchants also developed an ingenious system of script.

When my brother Ellsworth and I lived on Santa Anita Avenue, we would do an early version of trick-or-treat on Halloween. I remember one Halloween when we appeared at the home of the jockey Johnny Longden, a very young man at the time and new on our block. He was not prepared for the goblins that appeared at his front door and generously gave each of us fifty cents, which was an unbelievable sum in 1936.

One Friday afternoon, soon after Santa Anita Park opened, Betty Jean and I decided to skip school and go to the races with her father who provided the ambulance for the racetrack. We had a lot of fun and thought ourselves very grown up, sitting in a special section for the families and friends of jockeys. Little did we know that Mr. Van Hellen, the truant officer, had heard about our little escapade and was ready for us Monday morning. He informed us that this was not acceptable behavior. We found out later that he tutored the jockeys of school age at the racetrack and that was probably how he knew that we were there. We did not try that trick again.

The Derby used to be a favorite eatery for many Hollywood celebrities on the way to Palm Springs in the 1930s. My family was eating there one Saturday and my parents noticed that Amelia Earhart and her husband George Putnam were having lunch at a table near us. My mother kept nudging me to get her autograph, but I was too timid as a nine-year-old to ask for it. Needless to say, I regret my shyness to this day; for that was one or two days before Ms. Earhart took off on her ill-fated flight around the world.

My brother did not come home for lunch one day when he was about eleven years old. My mother was concerned and a bit cross when he finally showed up around two o'clock in the afternoon as excited as he could be. It turned out that a movie was being filmed at the downtown train station starring Jackie Coogan. My brother was watching the filming all morning and, when they broke for lunch, the director approached my brother and asked him to have lunch with

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Jackie who was about the same age.

Soon after my father arrived in Arcadia, the police called him at midnight and asked him to accompany them to Anita Baldwin's estate on Foothill Boulevard and Baldwin Avenue. It seemed that there had been a big party and, during the festivities, one of the guests had committed suicide. The police needed my father to sign the death certificate. During the inquiry, the household staff served cake and coffee on gold plates with gold silverware to the police officers and my father. The story is that my father came home wide-eyed over the show of wealth at Miss Baldwin's beautiful home.

These are a few of my memories of Arcadia many years ago.

Marilynn M. Heidenreich Goulard and her family moved to Arcadia in 1931. She attended Arcadia schools through the eighth grade and graduated from Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte High School in 1940.

GROWING UP WITH LEN

by Robert Kidd

It was sort of special growing up in Arcadia during the Depression and before World War II. Somehow Leonard Kennett, Bob Anderson, and I had a special bond. We were like brothers; probably because each of us was the only child in the family. My mother died when I was twelve, so Len's mother was like a second mother to me. And she could sure bake a great cookie! The Kennetts were long-term Arcadia residents. Len's father Raymond M. Kennett was very involved in community activities, being a member of the Arcadia City Council and serving as mayor in 1954.

Len, Bob, and I were interested in model airplanes. We made several rubber-band and gas models in the chicken coops behind Len's house. Len's granddad was a good old guy with a woodworking shop in one of the chicken coops. I remember one of his adventures. He decided to go back to his original home in Colorado. He was a bit senile and made it as far as San Bernardino on a Greyhound bus where a stranger discovered he was lost. Len's dad drove out to rescue him, long before the freeway era!

We had many great times. We liked to pitch a tent in Len's backyard and sleep out—the beginning of my lifelong enjoyment of camping and hiking. Listening to Al Jarvis and *The Make Believe Ballroom* on Len's radio was a favorite pastime. We also “hung out” at Herb's Pioneer Café, my step-dad's restaurant, and our house, which was later the site of the fire station at Genoa Street and Santa Anita Avenue.

There was a baseball field with a large green grandstand about a block from Len's house. It is now Bonita Park. One Monday, after a Sunday game, Len and I sneaked under the grandstand and found some cigar stubs. We managed to light them and soon we were as green as the grandstand.

One day, Len and I decided we were going to play golf. Taking some old wooden clubs, we found some range balls and (here we go again) sneaked over the fence at Santa Anita Golf Course. We didn't get far before we were discovered and kicked off the course. Later, Len became interested in making some money as a golf caddie. Little did we know that golf would become his vocation, one in which he would excel. In the early 1940s, Len would go to the caddie shack and wait his turn to be called to work. I believe he carried one bag for twenty-five cents for a round of eighteen holes. For the lucrative sum of fifty cents plus tips, he would carry two bags. Those were the good ol' days before electric golf carts. Meanwhile, I was a lifeguard at the County Park swimming pool next to the golf course. I would feel sorry for Len on those hot summer days

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while I was watching the pretty girls to make sure they didn't drown!

Len and I went in somewhat different directions at MAD (Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte) High School, although we were in track and football together. Len was a shot putter and I was a distance runner. One time, Len held me up after I finished a long race even though I was hot and sweaty. He was a true friend. In football, Len was a linebacker. He once tackled an opponent coming through the line and injured his elbow so he was out of action for a while. But it didn't seem to affect his golf swing; it may have even helped it.

Len showed me how to drive a ball into the back fence at the driving range. My theory regarding golf is that, in addition to a lot of practice there is a need for natural ability, which Len had.

After high school, Len joined the Marines, while I headed off to the Air Force since I was still fascinated with airplanes. Following his eventual service during the Korean War, Len landed a position as golf pro at Pendleton Marine Memorial Golf Course. After that, he went on to a long and successful golf career.

I think of Len often as I pass his old house at Second Avenue and Bonita Street in Arcadia. The house is still there, as is our friendship...but the old chicken coops are gone.

Robert Kidd has lived in Arcadia for seventy-six years. He is a former Boy Scout scoutmaster, original member of the "Over the Hill Gang" and one of the Arcadia Ridge Rovers.

CARL'S SWEET CORN— WHEN ARCADIA WAS FARMLAND

by Arly Barton

1931

"Population 5,000" read the sign in Arcadia. The Great Depression had taken its toll on the family. We had lost everything in Illinois and we were going to find a new life in the West. I was six years old when we arrived in Arcadia, daughter to Carl and Estella Kophamer and sister to my brother Morry. Little did I know that over seventy-one years later I would still call Arcadia home. My father worked various jobs; one as a carpenter until the bottom fell out of homes being built. He milked thirty cows *twice a day* until his hands became so swollen he had to be laid off.

1934

My father got work with my mother's cousin who was farming Lucky Baldwin's ranch. My father, a farmer himself, enjoyed his work but longed for his own farm. Baldwin Avenue ended at the entrance to Lucky Baldwin's ranch at Huntington Drive. There to greet you were huge wrought iron gates always padlocked, standing as sentinels guarding the beautiful ranch.

The talk of the town was Santa Anita Racetrack. My father worked a team of horses for the Butler Brothers helping place special clay soil in the barn stalls for the thoroughbred horses. The first Santa Anita Handicap would offer a \$100,000 purse—the spoils went to "Azucar."

As time moves on, so comes change. Lucky Baldwin's ranch was being sold. What was once potato and watermelon fields would soon be sold as twenty-acre lots and become thoroughbred horse farms. No longer would my brother and I be running through the Baldwin jungle around the lake or climbing the creaky circular stairway to the Queen Anne Cottage tower to look out over the vast open spaces of Arcadia, or keeping very quiet while watching movies being made.

1935

The Great Depression was taking its toll on my mother. Once again, my father was out of work. His fifteen-dollars-per-week paycheck would no longer be there to meet the family needs. So, my parents located a fifteen-acre farm to rent from a man in Los Angeles. I remember the silence as we drove, then hearing my mother softly say, "We will be thankful to our Heavenly Father for the blessings He has given us." We turned into the driveway at 2509 South Santa Anita Avenue. Weeds as tall as us could be seen, along with several acres in berries all overgrown and tangled. The fifteen acres (currently Woodruff Avenue

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from Santa Anita Avenue west to El Monte Avenue) were in bad shape. I think at that moment we all knew what kind of work lay ahead. The house on the property was nice, although it was unfurnished and had no stove. I still remember that first meal—hot dogs roasted over the fireplace. A government loan officer came over and my parents signed for a loan for seven hundred dollars, the exact amount we lost in an Illinois bank that had closed its doors.

Arcadia was a new beginning for many people. There were many Japanese families that worked vegetable farms that extended north of Las Tunas Drive to Duarte Road. Some would become our friends. The air was always clear and fresh with the majestic mountains north of us. The Red Car tracks ran from Los Angeles to Arcadia in the center of Huntington Drive. Hay fields, train tracks, and more surrounded the fifteen-acre farm that we called home.

Sweet corn, strawberries, and potatoes had been planted. Soon it was time for the first crop to be harvested. The kitchen table was placed on the front lawn and a white sign with red and green letters said "Carl's Sweet Corn." My mother and I were to sort and sell the corn while my father and brother (after hitching up Beauty, the draft horse, to the homemade corn sled) would pick the sweet corn and bring it to the kitchen table. We sold it for five cents a dozen for small ears and up to twenty cents a dozen for large ears. What was not sold we would put in wooden lug boxes and take to the wholesale market in Los Angeles. When the strawberries were picked, my mom and I would go door-to-door up and down Santa Anita Avenue to sell them with our 1928 Olds stuffed with strawberries. Frost killed the first potato crop, which had to be plowed under.

To be able to make the government loan payment and rent for the house and land, we bought a cow, chickens, and a rooster to help feed the family and earn extra money from the eggs and freshly churned grade-three butter. Business was extremely slow. I remember one day, after only nine customers stopped by, the tally of the net income was \$1.45. We were thrilled when some local markets (Market Basket at the corner of First Avenue and Huntington Drive, their store in Monrovia, and Gertemenian's Market in Pasadena) began purchasing two or three lugs of our corn to sell.

1938

The Flood. Rain and more rain came. El Monte Avenue became a river; removing curbs, upending cement, and washing away roadways and trees. My father and brother pulled out several people stranded inside their cars from the raging waters using a strong rope and our 1929 pick-up.

1940

That summer, a large table was built and placed at the corner of Santa Anita Avenue and Live Oak Avenue where Ralph's Market now stands. My mother and father also rented more land that was formerly Prince Edward of Denmark's

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estate and more acreage where the Arcadia city hall, police station, Methodist Hospital, American Red Cross, and Chamber of Commerce now stand—all for Carl's Sweet Corn. Traffic was better, sales and prices increased, and Arcadia was growing and developing into long deep lots with beautiful ranch-style homes. Wherever there was water and land, my father would rent for sweet corn. The government loan that had been a struggle was now paid in full.

December 7, 1941

Pearl Harbor, World War II. Things changed overnight. Our Japanese farmer friends, one of them the Mayeda family, were gone. Suddenly internees moved to barracks at the enormous parking lot of the then-closed Santa Anita Racetrack. They were fenced in, allowed no visitors, and eventually relocated. We never saw them again. American soldiers would soon become residents of the racetrack.

1942

My brother Morry was drafted from the United States Army into the Navy. Army convoys rumbled past the corn stand. Smiling and waving, we cheered and applauded as they rode past en route overseas. Gas rationing, food stamps, sugar rationing, and blackouts were a part of life. But sales grew through summer at the corn stand as well as the local grocery stores selling our corn. Where the West Covina 4 shopping mall now stands was a new corn stand where Carl's Sweet Corn was sold. The San Bernardino (10) Freeway, which had not been built yet, was a field of Carl's Sweet Corn. South Arcadia's business district was also developing.

1945

After the war, Arcadia was changing quickly. Much of the land my father rented was being sold. Homes and more homes were being built. New streets were cutting through the deep lots and fields. My father rented land in the Newhall/Saugus area to keep up with the enormous popularity and demand for Carl's Sweet Corn. More grocery stores were featuring Carl's Sweet Corn—thirty-five Shopping Bag food stores throughout the San Gabriel Valley and several local ones as well. Students from newly built Arcadia High School were hired to help at the corn stands. They were known as the "Corn Girls," and shouted, "Please take a number" as people lined up to buy freshly picked sweet corn, melons, and strawberries that often came by the truckloads from the fields. On an average Saturday, over twenty-five thousand ears of corn would be sold at the corn stand to those coming from all over Southern California. Customers asked for my mother's corn recipes. A booklet was published and given to them free. Carl's Sweet Corn was featured in a national magazine as a success story. Carl's Sweet Corn flourished until it was closed in 1958.

My father Carl lived to be ninety-eight; my mother Estella to eighty-three.

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My brother Morry got married first, then I married in 1952.

As I still call Arcadia home, I can't help at moments to think about the growth and change through the years. I remember the tough times and the hard work, the laughter and the tears, and I remember the responsibility that was given to me as a young girl and the will of our family to not only survive but to make something better. There was the vision of my mother and father looking past today and into tomorrow, the look in my father's eyes wondering what tomorrow would bring, and the look of thankfulness in my mother's eyes. I also remember jumping out of hay lofts onto a load of hay below, goat races, homemade pies, and handsome horses with friendly equestrians riding past as I sat at that kitchen table in the front yard stacked with Carl's Sweet Corn.

As I look at Arcadia today, I can't help but see it as a place that still reaches out with open arms to those looking to start a new life, to make something better for themselves and their families, and a place that I am still proud to call home. . .ARCADIA.

Arly Barton has lived in Arcadia over seventy-one years. Arly and her husband Bill own and operate Barton's Horse Drawn Carriages in Arcadia.

IMPRESSIONS OF PRE-WORLD WAR II ARCADIA

by Hal Libby

My family moved to Arcadia just before Christmas 1938. The family consisted of my father, mother, brother, and me. We had moved from a small lot in San Marino to an acre-sized lot in Arcadia to provide more space "for kids to grow." My first recollections are of arriving in Utopia. There were nine boys, all in the same age group, within three houses of us. Since I was only ten years old, I didn't really notice the absence of girls. After all, there was one right next door and another only half a block away.

It seemed that everyone had either animals or poultry on their property. The neighbors two doors to the west had a jersey cow that supplied us with milk. It seemed like the separation of milk and cream was a third of the way down the bottle. Next door, on either side, were chickens or turkeys, and we soon had about a dozen "Rhode Island Reds" to keep us in eggs. One of the neighbors gave us a baby rabbit as a first Christmas present. We named the bunny "Oswald" after a favorite children's story. The name was soon changed to "Ozma" when we found out that we had misidentified the bunny's sex. Nearly everyone had fruit and/or nut trees. Favorites were peaches, plums, apricots, and, of course, oranges and lemons. We had three prolific walnut trees guaranteed to blacken fingers if you peeled the husks off the shells.

West Arcadia had plenty of shops to meet our needs. The Bank of America and Ericsson's Pharmacy occupied the corner lots on the south side of Duarte Road at Baldwin Avenue. There were grocery stores on both sides of Baldwin Avenue to the south, and I got my haircuts further west on Duarte Road. The price of a haircut was thirty-five cents for adults and a quarter for kids. Bruce Wetmore's gasoline station was about halfway between Duarte Road and Naomi Avenue on the west side of Baldwin Avenue and, some years later, I got my first paying job there at fifty cents an hour. The price of gasoline ranged from seventeen cents per gallon for "regular" to twenty-two cents for "ethyl."

My brother and I finished our school year in San Marino before transferring to Arcadia schools. He went on to Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte (MAD) High School and I went to Holly Avenue School for sixth grade in the fall of 1939. At that time, Holly Avenue School, with grades 1 through 6, and First Avenue School, with grades 1 through 8, were the only public schools operating in Arcadia. MAD handled grades 9 through 12.

Scouting was a popular activity for boys in Arcadia. We were able to use an outbuilding at a closed school on South Santa Anita Avenue for our meetings. Annual camping gatherings were held at the Baldwin estate, now the Los

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Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden, or Arcadia County Park. The local mountains offered lots of recreational opportunities and the County Park provided a place to picnic, as well as the public swimming pool.

Although a war had started in Europe, we were not affected locally. The newspapers duly reported on events beyond the oceans, and I recall being aware of the “peacetime” draft. All changed on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941. I heard the radio account of the bombing of Pearl Harbor and walked a couple of blocks to inform my parents who were visiting friends.

It seemed like a very short time until a mass of buildings were erected at the Santa Anita Racetrack parking lot and filled with people en route to relocation centers. My father and brother joined the military, and my mother and I remained on the “home front.”

Hal Libby and his family moved to Arcadia in 1938. His volunteer activities include service at the Arboretum and Friends of the Arcadia Public Library bookstore. He also helps senior citizens with tax return preparation at the Arcadia Community Center.

BOYHOOD MEMORIES OF A TIME PAST— ARCADIA 1939 TO 1947

by Seymour Levitt

Arcadia was a quiet rural town in 1939 and 1940. I can remember the "Welcome to Arcadia" sign that proudly displayed we had a population of 9,400.

My first memories of Arcadia are of the small one-bedroom apartment that my father rented at 611 South Second Avenue. We moved there to be close to the City of Hope where my mother was a patient. Surprisingly, that four-plex is still there. It was 1939; I was seven years old. I was in the third grade when I started at First Avenue School, which at that time covered kindergarten through eighth grade. First Avenue School was an ultra-modern school for its time. There was a very modern auditorium, a first-class library, and an intercom system that would allow Mr. Coombs, the principal, to communicate with each classroom. We also had a modern woodworking shop and the large playing field. While classes did not start until nine o'clock in the morning, we would get to school at least an hour early so we could play softball before school.

Arcadia's school system has always been outstanding and I still remember the teachers who influenced me the most. Those I remember are: Mrs. Woodard, my eighth-grade homeroom teacher; Mrs. Edith Butts, the librarian; Mrs. Diertich, my English teacher; and Mr. Wheeler, our football coach. Coach Wheeler also owned Wheeler's Sporting Goods store on First Avenue just north of the school.

Arcadia had a small-city feeling and could even be called a "rural town" in 1940. The public library was on the corner of First Avenue and Wheeler Avenue, right behind the city hall that was located on the corner of First Avenue and Huntington Drive. Around the corner on Wheeler Avenue were the police and fire departments, and next to them was the Boy Scout building. Across the street was Arcadia Lumber, which later moved to Santa Anita Avenue. A little farther north on First Avenue was the American Legion Hall, where every Christmas all the children would meet Santa Claus and get a free present and a ball of caramel candy. This Christmas party was sponsored by the American Legion until it changed its sponsorship to the Fourth of July fireworks program that was held at the County Park.

If you wanted food there was always Carpenter's Chicken-in-the-Rough on Huntington Drive just before Santa Anita Racetrack and across the street from Lyon's Pony Express Museum. The most fun any boy could ask for was spending the day at the Pony Express Museum, and for only fifteen cents. There was the famous Eaton's restaurant and hotel on Colorado Street, with a wonderful

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sign of a chef pointing to the lights as they would blink on and off saying "Eat-At-Eaton's." Huntington Drive between Second Avenue and Santa Anita Avenue was called "uptown." Santa Anita Avenue (then it was called Double Drive) was lined with huge eucalyptus trees in the median. These trees extended from Live Oak Avenue all the way past Sierra Madre Boulevard to the base of the road that led to Chantry Flats.

In the early 1940s, we would go the Arcadia Theater just west of The Pines Coffee Shop until it burned down (I believe in 1945). Shortly after, the "new" Santa Anita Theater was built next to Carpenter's. We could go and see a double feature, a newsreel, a weekly serial, and cartoon all for the sum of twenty-five cents. There were soundproof rooms in the back for parents with infants, and who can forget those luxurious loge seats.

Arcadia even had a professional baseball team. The Arcadia Cardinals were a Class D farm club of the St. Louis Cardinals. Their uniforms were the same as the St. Louis Cardinals—a cardinal was sitting on the fat end of a baseball bat. Admission was free and anyone could go and watch one of their games. The ballpark was just south of the railroad tracks on Second Avenue. It is the same area where the current Bonita Park baseball diamond is located, except home plate was at Huntington Drive and Second Avenue.

The Gold Line rail system down the center of the 210 Freeway will be completed by mid-2003. In the 1940s, we could catch the Red Car at First Avenue and St. Joseph Street and travel along the Huntington Drive median and be in downtown Los Angeles in twenty minutes. Or transfer at Fair Oaks Avenue in South Pasadena, and go into Pasadena or Sierra Madre. Or take the car east all the way to San Bernardino.

Just before the start of World War II, my parents moved into a small house at 619 South First Avenue. That property was torn down within the last few years, and is now a dental office. On Friday, December 5, 1941, we had two Japanese students in our classroom. They were not in class when school started again on Monday. They never came back to school, and that was the last time we ever heard of them. The world around our city changed overnight. Santa Anita Racetrack became an assembly center for Japanese residents headed to internment camps. I remember riding my bicycle around the perimeter, which had barbed wire fencing and armed guards. Tarpaper sheds were put up almost overnight to house the detainees.

The County Park became a military installation. It was also a training facility, before troops were sent overseas. There were wives of soldiers who were looking for any type of employment just to be close to their husbands as long as possible. We hired a young woman whose husband was stationed there to take care of our house. It was almost like having a sister. I was able to go with her and

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meet some of the soldiers. There was a bicycle rental store across the street on Huntington Drive where you could rent bicycles on weekends and I would ride around Arcadia with the soldiers. I was too young to remember the names of the soldiers I met; but as quickly as you made friends, they would leave and new soldiers would move in. Next to the bicycle rental was a duck pin alley, where I would be a pin-setter on weekends. I did not make much money, but it was fun.

After the war, things went back to normal. Every summer I would spend my days at the swimming pool at the County Park. In those days, we had to pay fifteen cents admission. The pool would open at 9:00 a.m. and closed at 5:30 p.m. I spent my summers at the park swimming, playing baseball in the baseball stadium, or climbing the statues. That was a time when the Spanish American Soldier statue was polished bronze (not green) and the Hugo Reid Family statue was white (not gray). During the summer, the county would sponsor ping-pong tournaments in the rooms that are now used by the Rusty Miller Tennis Academy. Swimming came to a halt for the summer of 1945 when the pool was closed because of the threat of a polio epidemic.

Because I grew up in Arcadia during the 1940s, I still have the mentality of a small town boy. It was a time when we never locked our doors and we knew everyone in the neighborhood. In May, I would take off my shoes and go bare-foot until I put them back on in September. We used to have clod fights in the spring when the weeds in the vacant lots grew tall enough. A clod was the huge chunk of earth that adhered to the weed clump. Every day, the air was so clear it looked as if we could just reach out and touch the mountains. We could see individual trees and bushes on the foothills. There were few, if any, homes built on the hillsides. We didn't have television, but I remember spending afternoons in the library or coming home from school to listen to the radio programs such as *Jack Armstrong, The All American Boy*, and *The Green Hornet* that were aired between five and six o'clock every afternoon. We let our imaginations visualize what we were hearing.

There were no major shopping centers or strip malls. We did have a Safeway Market on First Avenue, which later became White Eyes, a store that offered Indian artifacts. There was a Market Basket on the north side of Huntington Drive. But I still remember the small "mom and pop" grocery stores. Dodge Market was on Santa Anita Avenue and Genoa Street, until they built their new store on the corner of Genoa Street and First Avenue in 1945. Those were the days when you could call them up, give them your order over the phone, have it delivered, and pay your account at the end of the week.

Before there was the Arboretum, there was the "Lucky Baldwin Estate." As children, we used to climb the gate at the south end of Old Ranch Road to gain access. The now completely restored Queen Anne Cottage was boarded up and

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in complete disrepair. The vegetation was completely overgrown, which made a wonderful play area in which to play “war games” because of its jungle-like atmosphere. I still carry a scar on my arm that I received from a protruding nail while running around the veranda of the Queen Anne Cottage. I had heard that many Tarzan and war movies were filmed there using the lake and surrounding “jungle” as atmosphere. As we all know, that has not changed even today

The prefix for our first telephone was Atwater (AT), which became Douglas (DO), then Hillcrest (HI), and finally just 44. We may be the only family in Arcadia to have had the same phone number for sixty-two years.

Looking back at my youth growing up in Arcadia makes me wonder what my children and grandchildren are missing. I would not trade my youth with anyone. Growing up in the small town atmosphere of Arcadia was an experience I treasure.

Seymour Levitt has lived in Arcadia since 1939. He attended First Avenue School and graduated from Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte High School in 1951. He is past president of Shaari Torah Temple in Arcadia.

GROWING UP IN ARCADIA—1939 TO 1955

by Jim Burns

My parents moved to Arcadia in 1939, bringing me (age seven) and my sister (age four) to a home on a half-acre lot on Naomi Avenue near Holly Avenue. My Arcadia schooling included Holly Avenue School, First Avenue School, and Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte High School. From those wonderful formative years, some very special memories have stayed with me.

The World War II years left lasting impressions of rationing of items such as gasoline, food, clothing, soap, shoes, and so forth. While my father was in the military service, my mother became quite a good food provider, using our property to grow fruits, vegetables, nuts, and chickens. We were quite aware of the internment of Japanese Americans at nearby Santa Anita Racetrack and we kids were told to stay away.

The years after World War II provided relief from wartime restrictions and allowed us to develop as normal kids would do. I was very fortunate in those years of 1945 to 1950 to become a student of the famous artist/painter/teacher Sam Hyde Harris. Sam held a weekly outdoor painting class in Arcadia at what is now the Arboretum, where there were many great old trees, barns, wagons, and even some movie sets from *Tarzan* films for us to paint.

After 1950, when I was in college, my parents' home in Arcadia was still my home. Although I now live in nearby Pasadena, a large part of my heart and many fond memories remain with good old Arcadia.

Happy 100th Birthday Arcadia! With love.

Jim Burns lived in Arcadia from 1939 to 1955. He lives in Pasadena, California.

INTERNEED IN OUR OWN LAND

by Kiyome Hirayama

We were "herded" (for lack of a better word) docilely and in a daze from the bus, through the gate, and onto the grounds of famous Santa Anita Racetrack. Isn't this where the rich people came to bet on racehorses? It was certainly not what I imagined. There was a group of Japanese Americans gathered on the inside. All of a sudden someone recognized one of the new arrivals and shouted out a name. Pent-up emotions broke out in tears and sobs.

MY GOD, HOW IN THE WORLD DID WE COME TO THIS?

Oh yes, it wasn't too long ago when we froze at the news of the attack on Pearl Harbor and the declaration of war. Father immediately went to work preparing our family for the inevitable and taking care of the language school and church building that had been fairly recently built and still had a mortgage. He accomplished a lot in the few days of liberty remaining to him.

I was at school when Father was taken away by the FBI and did not get to say goodbye. Father had insisted that we were Americans and that nothing would happen to us. He wanted us to stay in school. Mother went into a state of shock. She found herself left with four children who were still in school. How was she to manage? My brother was thrust into the role of man of the house.

Rumors were rampant. Executive Order No. 9066 was issued. We felt totally defeated. Our fate was sealed. Without Father to lead us, we meekly followed everyone into "camp" at the Santa Anita Assembly Center.

Slowly the community came out of its shock. The resilience of the Japanese American people came through. We were seasoned to the denials and prejudices of our government. We were survivors. Leaders came forward to help in organizing activities for the thousands of people enclosed within the confines of the assembly center.

The inmates did all the work in camp. Interned medical doctors and nurses tended to the sick. Others cooked, served, and did sanitation work. No one complained. Everyone pitched in when and where they could. I went to look for a job. I became a milk-station attendant in charge of milk for the infants. The eight-dollars-a-month pay was better than doing nothing, and money had become nonexistent at our home when Father was taken away. My brother went to work weaving camouflage nets in the grandstands, which were more accustomed to excited people watching horse racing. Young kids and the older Isseis (first generation immigrants) had nothing to do. It was very sad. These Isseis had

worked hard all their lives only to have everything snatched away.

Meals were taken at assigned mess halls. Young children ate together rather than with family. That was the beginning of the family breakup. The food was not what we were accustomed to, and I started to fill up on peanut butter sandwiches. It was not too long before I had the first pimple of my life.

There was no such thing as privacy in the bathrooms. Toilet paper was rationed; if you were not at your barracks room, you missed out. . .and that was terrible. Someone had to man the barracks. There was also the constant invasion of searchlights that swung back and forth all night, shining right into our windows. It was hard to fall asleep. We were in the first row of barracks just off of Huntington Drive and the guard towers manned by soldiers with guns were a constant and unnecessary reminder of where we were.

There were more knotholes in the wallboards than walls in the small room that housed five of us. The knots were punched out and carved into intricate birds, animals, and name-pins by our skilled inmates to kill time. (These art-goods are on display today at the Japanese American National Museum in the Little Tokyo district of Los Angeles.) So there went the rest of our so-called privacy.

The leaders formed baseball games for the kids. Talent shows were held in the grandstands in front of the camouflage nets. I believe even a dance was held there.

I had a visit from my best school girlfriend, Elizabeth Franklin. She brought me a wool mitten. That was the very best present I have ever received. I took it with me to the bitter, cold country that was our next destination. I thought everyone back "home" hated us and I cried.

Life continued. People got sick. People died. We wondered where Father was. There was no word. And now there was talk of another move to yet another undisclosed location. What was to become of us? Will we ever see Father again?

Only those who experienced this horrible event truly know the emotional upheaval it caused. It is difficult to remember things that happened over sixty years ago. I try to forget bad things and remember the good—such as it was. Most of us came through intact with our sanity *sans* our dignity. The determination to prove our loyalty and our worth surfaced again and again, and it carried us through the years ahead.

The Santa Anita experience lasted only four or five months, yet it seemed longer for so much to have happened.

Kiyome Hirayama was an internee at the Santa Anita Assembly Center in 1942. She lives in Los Angeles, California.

ARCADIA IN THE 1930s AND 1940s. . .AND BEYOND

by Art and Peggy Leatherman

Peggy:

As a child living in El Monte in the 1930s and 1940s, the opening of Arcadia County Park in 1938 was an important happening. The new swimming pool was wonderful. It was big, clean, and a fun place to be. It became a ritual for my mother to take the neighborhood children and me in our 1936 Model-A Ford to the pool for lessons and recreational swimming. My mother had access to the car because my dad would take the Pacific Electric Railway Red Car into Los Angeles to work. On the way home, the pool trip usually included a stop at Curry's Mile High Ice Cream in El Monte for a cone. Frequently, we stopped at Carl's Sweet Corn in Arcadia to buy some ears of corn.

For our family, the park had another important component: the large oak tree with picnic tables underneath. It was the setting for occasional family gatherings when relatives from Los Angeles and Dallas came to visit. The tree was and is a real landmark.

The Pony Express Museum, located where the 100-to-1 Club is now, was another popular destination. No matter what we were studying in school, there was a reason to visit the museum—whether it was Indians, California history, or pioneers. It seems like every year there was a field trip with the class to the museum, in addition to the trips when out-of-town guests were visiting. We kids loved it. My favorite exhibit was the dental chair with the attached mallet for painful procedures.

Art:

I also lived in the El Monte area during the 1930s and 1940s. I too made many trips to the Pony Express Museum. The items that fascinated me were all of pistols and rifles. The Red Cars ran between Arcadia County Park and the museum.

Along with friends, I rode my bike from El Monte to the County Park to swim. I remember riding on Double Drive (now Santa Anita Avenue). It had a bridle path running up the center with a row of eucalyptus trees on each side. In those days, bicycles only had one speed. You were ready for a dip in the pool upon arrival. Thank heavens it was downhill on the way home.

Taking a date to the Santa Anita Theater (at Colorado Place and Huntington Drive) and then going to Carpenter's drive-in restaurant next door, complete with carhops, was a great date. It was a real teenager hangout.

Another memory involves the land that later became the Arboretum. At the time, it was Harry Chandler's Rancho Santa Anita, but had formerly been owned

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by Anita Baldwin. We boys would get together and drive down Old Ranch Road where there was a gate that you could squeeze through. The challenge was to get to the Queen Anne Cottage and back out without getting caught. You never wanted to try it when they were shooting a movie, as there was increased security.

Peggy and Art:

In 1966, with a family of five, we returned to the San Gabriel Valley, settling in Arcadia. We really wanted to move to Temple City because it had a real downtown. Fortunately, that didn't happen. When we arrived, the Foothill (210) Freeway was still under construction and the area was a good place to ride bicycles. We also remember watching the lumberyard fire at Huntington Drive and Second Avenue (where Embassy Suites is now located). There were spectators on the train trestle, so the trains were stopped until the people could be cleared. It was a spectacular fire.

With a young family, the Easter Egg Hunt at the County Park was a much-anticipated event. Of course, the star of the show was the Easter Bunny—Neal Johnson, an Arcadia policeman and a future chief of police.

In the late 1960s and early 1970s, Arcadia was still “country” enough to have horse trails nearby. It was not uncommon to see horse and rider crossing Foothill Boulevard just east of First Avenue. The trail, which is still there, runs along the west side of the wash behind properties facing First Avenue.

We agree reminiscing is fun and we are very glad we settled in Arcadia.

Art and Peggy Leatherman moved to Arcadia in 1966. Art is past president of the board of trustees for Church of the Good Shepherd. Peggy is past president of Assistance League of Arcadia and was named Senior Citizen of the Year in 1995.

**ARCADIAN GRAFFITI:
A KALEIDOSCOPIC VIEW OF LIFE
GROWING UP IN ARCADIA**

by Kenny Garrett

I'm writing from my dorm room at the University of Edinburgh on a cold, dark Scotland day. And oh, to be in Arcadia right now, where my parents tell me it's still eighty degrees and sunny! My good memories do extend much further than the weather. Arcadia was a great place to grow up, and I want to share a few random stories from my first eighteen years.

Capitalism Triumphant

Arcadia is a pretty conservative town, but who would have ever thought sixth graders would need to fight "the Man"!

Growing up near Altura Drive, my friend Andy Tauer and I heard an opportunity knocking. There was a hugely popular snack shack for Arcadia Coast Little League games at Windsor Field, yet no concessions at all at Hugo Reid Elementary School, which we all called the "Big School." With a lot of help from our moms, a few trips to Price Club, a cardboard table and a cooler, we set up shop every Saturday. At first it was just cute—a couple of kids making a few bucks off of Snickers and Coke. A lemonade stand writ-large.

But after a while, business was booming. We diversified our product offerings, bought a metal cash box, brought on a buddy to help us, and even took to carrying a cell phone so as to have direct access to our suppliers in the event of a shortage. "Mom, we ran out of Diet Coke! Could you please run to the market and get two six-packs?" Finally, we went big-time. With the help of my dad, we built a rolling wooden snack bar, complete with varnished table-top, a shelf, and an umbrella stand.

Eventually, we came onto the radar of the Little League, which ran the Windsor Field snack shack. Our little business was seen as a competitor to Windsor and they considered either shutting us down or expanding their own concession into our territory. It may seem silly now, but it seemed like a big political issue to our sixth-grade minds! Tension mounted as the debate came to a decision, but the voice of reason was raised by our supporters, "Oh come on, they're just kids! Let them be!" Thankfully, that's what happened and the entrepreneurial spirit survived in Arcadia to fight another day!

Confessions of a Sub-Par Chemistry Student

I hated chemistry. I just couldn't wrap my head around it, and I couldn't

understand why I had to suffer through it.

The construction on the Arcadia High School campus in the late 1990s may have been annoying, but the portables in the student parking lot did serve one devious purpose. I had a favorite parking spot in my junior year. . .right under the window of my chemistry classroom. On certain afternoons, when the chemistry lessons would become particularly unbearable, the mayhem would begin. Always keeping my eyes on the board, I would surreptitiously sneak my hand into my backpack and find my keys. Let's just say I discovered a great use for the "PANIC" button on my car alarm! Those cardboard-thin walls and my ultra-loud alarm were the ideal combination!

Of course, I couldn't leave it on forever; I might be found out! But those thirty seconds of reprieve were pure bliss. I'm not sure if there's any chemistry involved in car alarms, but THAT is a science with practical applications!

Stick Straight Lines and Flying Squirrels

En route to the now famous Arcadia Apache marching band performance in the Tournament of Roses Parade down Colorado Boulevard on January 1, 1998, things weren't always "rosy" behind the scenes. A lot of hard work went toward what Stephanie Edwards immortally described as "stick straight lines."

Back and forth, back and forth, we marched on Campus Drive during the competition season that fall, and Mr. Landes had no time for tom-foolery. Not many things can stop 350 teenagers with a purpose, but among those things are dead squirrels. Yes, there was one squirrel, quite flat, that was unfortunately very soundly defeated by the traffic that morning. Despite our training not to break rank for anything, come horse-poo or oil slicks, the squirrel proved too much. The ensuing chaos couldn't help but come to the attention of the ever vigilant Mr. Landes, who came over for an inspection.

Sympathetic to our concerns, Mr. Landes didn't hesitate for a second. He bent down, grabbed the tail and sent the now-flying squirrel back to his golf course home, much to the surprise of a bunch of horrified, wide-eyed teenagers. A fine example of the efficiency of Arcadia High teachers: don't worry about it, just deal with it! "Right then, on we go!" And so we were off again, marching toward Channel 5 fame!

Traffic

Where's the worst traffic in LA? Is it the 110 Freeway at Fourth Street? The 405 Freeway at the Getty? Nope, it's the Arcadia High student parking lot after school lets out. If people would just take turns instead of creeping up on each other, it would flow smoothly and we could all go home! One day, it was particularly ridiculous and I was particularly impatient.

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“That’s it,” I said. “Somebody has to do something!” So I threw my car into park, hopped out, and took matters into my own hands. At great risk to life and limb, I directed traffic myself. Some people didn’t take well to it; I had to physically place myself in front of a few cars and they still tried to keep going! But after twenty minutes of stop-and-go madness, most people were happy to follow my lead. Three minutes later, I was finally on El Monte Avenue myself and I knew then that, when my four years at AHS were over, that day in the parking lot would rank as one of my greatest accomplishments. . . I conquered the traffic jam!

Money may not grow on trees, but. . .

Foothills Junior High School, being situated in a hilly neighborhood, doesn’t have a lot of space for a marching band to practice. The best we could find in my day was a narrow residential street below the football field. At least once every morning, we were interrupted by various hazards like people walking their dogs or pulling out of their driveways in cars. One morning, we hit a hazard of a totally new variety.

I was marching on the right side of the band, a couple rows behind a group of flutes. In fact, to be more accurate, it was a piccolo player just ahead.

It must have been early in the season because the band wasn’t exactly marching straight. On one pass, we got a bit too far to the right. But, being as disciplined as we were, those players up ahead sacrificed themselves for the band and marched straight toward that overhanging tree limb. Fortunately, most of those on that right flank passed under the branch without a problem, but not that one poor piccolo player! We must have swerved further right because the tree managed a good whack to the center of her face. But if she got a face full of leaves, the tree got something much better in return: a piccolo!! It was stuck in the tree, just dangling there by itself as she marched past! I may have been the only one to see it because she hurried back to deprive that tree of its prize. But, needless to say, I had a hard time standing at attention given the fit of laughter I was in!

The Case of the Suicidal Porcelain Dove

For the first few years of my life, we lived on Balboa Drive across the street from the most wonderful couple in the world. They were in their late 60s when I was born and quickly became surrogate grandparents. Granny and Gramps. They loved our entire family, providing advice and assistance to my young parents, and spoiling us kids rotten at every opportunity. Even after we no longer lived across the street, their influence on our lives only grew.

Sadly, we lost Gramps after a few priceless years together and Granny was

alone. Without her husband, Granny held on for a while but began to fade herself. We visited her in the hospital, even smuggling our little dog Binky through the hospital in a purse. Eventually, Granny left us too and a happy chapter of our lives ended.

Unfortunately, Granny's nephew, the executor of her will, showed his true colors after her death, skipping town with a lot that wasn't his. Nobody cared about the money. But there were three things we wanted from our life with Granny and Gramps: the rose bush from which Gramps would clip the most beautiful silvery lavender flowers to present to my mom, the artwork that we had made for their refrigerator over the years, and the porcelain doves that had adorned their roof for decades and reminded us of the good times we spent in that house.

Granny's nephew, however, had become not only greedy but a bit mean-spirited too. We came to an agreement on the rose bush, but the artwork was "unfortunately thrown away by accident." The doves simply couldn't be taken from the roof because that would "significantly reduce the charm of the house and therefore hurt the sale price."

Well, we weren't about to let a two-face spoil the happy memory of our Granny and Gramps. Mother's Day was coming up, and my sister Michele and I got an idea for the perfect present.

First, we drove all around the San Gabriel Valley looking for replicas of those doves, planning to replace the real ones so nobody would be any the wiser. Of course, the doves were antiques by that point and weren't to be found. Amazingly, we located a store that sold something very similar. One dove had an almost identical pose, but the second one wasn't nearly close enough to fool anyone. But we improvised, as you'll see.

We took our new doves over to Granny and Gramps' house along with a tall ladder and a getaway driver. Up we went, plucking those doves from their roost of many many years. We put our semi-replica dove in the place of its ancient twin, but still had to figure out what to do with the one that didn't look quite right. We couldn't leave it up there as evidence of the big switch. So we engineered an "accident." That poor dove, supposedly having sat up there for decades, just happened to fall off and shatter on the ground below!

Having just paid a good deal of money for an antique, it was a pretty painful thing to do! But when we saw the look on our mom's face when she opened that gift, it was all well worth it!

"I Said What?"

Thank goodness I'm not famous because I obviously don't know how to handle the media!

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As the Arcadia High School Apache Marching Band's 1998 Rose Parade appearance drew closer, local newspapers took an interest in our preparations. One morning, a reporter pulled me aside for a few quick comments.

The next day, I was standing in a group of people when a crafty little freshman swaggered up for the kill. "I read an article about us this morning," he said. "And you were quoted as saying that we're all like one big happy family, and we all know each other well after so many rehearsals."

It was a pretty harmless comment I thought. Perhaps a bit of an exaggeration, but I never thought I'd be cross-examined! This kid saw the fatal flaw in my quote, however, and was determined to exploit it. He continued, "So, if we all know each other so well, what's my name?"

OH NO! There I was, standing in front of a dozen friends, caught in my hyperbole. A senior made into a fool by a freshman! I certainly didn't know all 350 names in the band; not even half that! But this kid's brazenness actually worked to my advantage. He was so outgoing every other day that I happened to have heard his name. My eyes were wide and my mind was racing, but I finally came to it. "DAVID!" Whew, the myth of the all-powerful senior class was intact! Seniors-1, Freshmen-0! David was baffled, but I learned my lesson. I started paying a lot better attention to names after that, just in case it happened again!

A Red Car and Personal Hygiene

Arcadia may be a pretty big city, but it still has a small-town feel. There are risks to standing out in a place so tight-knit. This idea was brought home to me with dead-pan seriousness by the former owner of the flashy red car I drove during high school. His final advice to me as he delivered the keys was this: "Don't forget. . .you can't pick your nose in this car. Everybody is looking at you and you're gonna get caught!" I never got to speak to the current owner, so I hope he hasn't had to learn his lesson the hard way!

Happy Birthday, Mom!

Birthdays are special events in every house, but especially in mine. We always tease my mom for demanding an entire week of celebration. So, what do you get for the best mom in the world? Something money can't buy, of course!

November 7 happened to fall on a Friday one year, and as always, my parents were faithfully sitting in the stands at an Arcadia High home football game. My parents always sat with the band groupies, right under the announcer's box and next to the marching band itself. From my vantage point down on the track with the high school's pep band, the opportunity seemed clear. Pep band leader extraordinaire Lindsay Burcham was happy to oblige, and the rest fell into place.

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As the pep band filed through the gate and up the stands toward the announcer's box, it attracted some attention. In fact, the three hundred marching band members sitting in the stands and the entire parent section nextdoor started to wonder what was going on. We arranged ourselves as close as we could to where my mom was sitting, and began to play. . . "Happy Birthday"! Everybody joined in and gave her a birthday surprise like only Arcadia could. What a great night!

Kenny Garrett was born and raised in Arcadia. He graduated from Arcadia High School in 1998 and Stanford University in 2002.

CHAPTER 2

Coming to Arcadia

REMEMBERING THE SANTA ANITA ASSEMBLY CENTER

by George Yoshinaga

I belonged to the last contingent of Japanese American evacuees to arrive at Santa Anita Racetrack, which was designated as an “assembly center.” The date was May 9, 1942. There were 2,112 people in this last contingent, bringing the total population of the assembly center to well over 18,000. We were incarcerated for three months before being moved to more permanent facilities called “relocation centers.” In 1942, Santa Anita Racetrack was the thirty-second most populous city in California.

While I was not aware of it at the time, arriving late was an advantage because the barracks, which had been hastily constructed, were ready for occupancy. We were not forced to live in the stables where the earlier arrivals were quartered. The first thing we did upon arrival was take hay from a large haystack and stuff our bags to make mattresses. My mother, older sister, and I lived in a unit that was probably too small for even one person. The walls were made of thin plywood, which did not offer any measure of privacy from those living in the next unit. If the family living in the next unit stayed up and talked late into the night, we could not sleep. Bathing facilities also stripped away privacy. Many had a tough time adjusting to the community showers and toilets.

Since I was eighteen years old, it was not too tough for me to adjust to the assembly center. But it was not that easy for my mother who was not in great health. Our meals were taken at one of six mess halls set up at the “camp.” They were designated by color—white, orange, red, blue, green, and yellow. Each area was also assigned a number from one to six. The cooks were internees, and they did the best they could with the supplies provided by the United States Army. When considering that 92,000 pounds of food were consumed daily, it was easy to understand the difficulty of feeding the internees who, on most occasions, had

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to wait in long lines to get into the mess halls.

The lone “industry” in the assembly center was the camouflage net project, which employed all the able-bodied men and women at the monthly wage of eight dollars. This was barely enough to purchase basic necessities such as bath soap and toothpaste. Since we were able to bring only what we could cram into one suitcase per person, we were fortunate to be in Southern California where the climate did not require special weather-related clothing.

When people who have never experienced confinement of any kind are suddenly tossed together, hostility and resentment can fester. This probably accounted for the “riot” that took place about two months into the confinement period. The military police guarding the center had to move in with vehicles and weapons to quell the disturbance. No one was injured even though most of the internees participated. It was the only “incident” that the usually quiet center experienced. The instigators were shipped out almost immediately, but it was never clear where they were sent.

Nisei (second generation) doctors and dentists directed a hospital, outpatient clinic, dental clinic, and optical service at the center. Many children were born in the center’s hospital, which was located in the converted horse-saddling area. In more serious cases, internees requiring medical attention were sent to “outside” hospitals.

The assembly center even had its own newspaper—a mimeographed sheet published once a month. The *Pasadena Star-News* once headlined a story, “Assembly Center Prints Fastest Growing Newspaper.”

And that, in a nutshell, is the story of my experience at the Santa Anita Assembly Center.

George Yoshinaga was an internee at the Santa Anita Assembly Center in 1942. He writes a column called “The Horse’s Mouth” for *Rafu Shimpo*, the largest Japanese American daily newspaper in the United States.

ARCADIA, WHERE'S THAT?

by Ernest Hetherington

"Arcadia, where's that?" That isn't exactly what my wife Elsie said when we started looking for a city in the valley in which to have our home built. She was raised on the west side of Los Angeles. All she knew were the coastal communities. Millions of other young couples could tell our story of resettlement and life after the end of World War II in 1945. The war was over; I had completed military service, was married, and returned to civilian life. I took over the management of a starting company in San Gabriel, and Elsie and I spent our weekends looking over valley cities. We seemed to focus on Arcadia and San Marino.

In the late 1940s, Arcadia was still young and in the process of growth and change. Sections of the city were zoned "light agriculture" (Arcadia has been so fortunate to have had and still have good government, but that is another story.) In 1948, we found a nice lot, one of the few left in Santa Anita Village. We had our house built and moved in 1949. Imagine, in January we had a good snow!

For perspective, in the 1930s, Arcadia along with the rest of the nation suffered from a great depression that only those who lived during that time can truly comprehend. Then, with a shocking suddenness, Arcadia was thrust into a part of a great world war. Others will tell of Arcadia during that conflict. With the war's end on September 2, 1945, America exploded in every area of development. It was a period of expansion never before known and never again to occur. It was a time of dramatic prosperity. With this tide, Elsie and I had our home built and began our life in Arcadia. A number of books and booklets have been written about Arcadia that make excellent reading. My commentary shall be of our lives in the city.

Fortunately, our home is one block from the Arboretum. As a result, the development of the Arboretum has been of special interest over the years. When our daughter Pamela was young, her mother would often ask how she had gotten her clothes so muddy. Pamela would confess that she and her girlfriend had crawled under the fence at the Arboretum to get peacock feathers. If they saw a guard, they would join a tour group.

I have known most of the Arboretum's founders and administrative staff. Dr. Samuel Ayres, the moving force behind the Arboretum, was dedicated, passionate, and articulate. How fortunate that he led the drive to establish an arboretum instead of what almost became another real-estate development. In the Arboretum's early years, there were a number of dedicated persons who gave of their time and money. I recall Susanna Bryant Dakin as a prime mover in the years just before I became active. Her father was Henry Huntington's physician,

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and tragically she and her family were killed in a private plane crash.

Clear in my memory are my years as a member of the Arcadia Beautiful Commission. Our responsibility was to encourage awareness of the importance of a beautiful city. The commission developed a system of special annual awards to homes and businesses. There were others on the commission who helped to create the awards, but I especially remember Lois Patnou. She had a special enthusiasm for establishing the awards system, which continues to be so important in promoting appreciation of our civic beauty. I cannot state my feelings any more clearly than to say: Unless people care and act, no city is made and kept beautiful.

Some fond memories are of Elsie's and my involvement in the founding and development of the Methodist Hospital in Arcadia. When they said, "we are going to build a hospital," Elsie and others went out and helped to raise funds. An auxiliary was formed and Elsie contributed many years and thousands of hours of service. When I retired, I also became a volunteer and worked in the admitting department. One thousand hours of service time passes quickly.

We have traveled the world and we have traveled America. But it is always nice to be at home where we can look out over our garden in the winter, see snow-capped mountains, and then plant our flowers.

In conclusion, one of our fondest memories is when we traveled to Greece with the Arcadia Friendship Club. Arcadia's sister city of Tripolis is located in the southern part of Greece known as the Peloponnese. Tripolis is the capital of the prefecture of Arcadia. In Greek, *Arcadia* means a perfect place to live. There is no better word for our community.

Ernest Hetherington has lived in Arcadia for fifty-four years. He is a former member of the Arcadia Beautiful Commission and an active volunteer at Methodist Hospital.

THE AMERICAN DREAM

by Martha McNall

World War II had ended. After four years in the United States Navy, Walter McNall was discharged in California. Although he was born and raised in New Jersey, he decided to stay in Pasadena where he met me. We married in 1949 and began our journey to find the "American Dream."

We made the biggest and the best move of our lives, all the way from Pasadena to the small town of Arcadia. My mother said, "Why? Only chickens and horses live way out there." We knew better. "Out there" had a drive-in movie, a drive-in restaurant, and a beautiful tree-lined street we called "Double Drive" (now Santa Anita Avenue). We also had a nice park and the world famous Santa Anita Racetrack.

We put a small down payment on a home that was not built. The models were nice, though priced a little high at \$8,000, but a refrigerator and stove were included. The land had been originally used for growing rhubarb and black berries. For years, we had small plants pop up here and there.

Flooding was a problem. Some streets like Holly Avenue and El Monte Avenue became rivers during any rain. We lived close to what is now a flood control channel that runs all the way to the ocean. This wash was like a mountain stream with lots of rocks. During and after a good rain, we could hear the water rushing around those rocks. It was nice unless you wanted to get across it. It was a good thing when the city and county got the water under control and built bridges at Longden Avenue and Camino Real.

At the time, our street was not a through street. At the end of our street was a large chicken ranch called Pinkstons. Its lights were always on to keep the chickens busy laying eggs all night. We do not remember anything negative about living so close to the chickens. After all, this was the "country."

Two blocks away was a great entertainment place for our children and their friends—the Mountain View Dairy. It was a great place for children to walk to, buy ice cream, and come home reporting that they had been squirted with milk when they helped milk the cows. The friendly dairy people did not mind the children playing hide and seek in the bales of hay.

Then, more and more people came, also looking for the "American Dream." Changes started happening overnight. Church (for lack of a building) was held in a neighborhood garage. Schools and churches started being built in all areas of Arcadia, just in time for our children to take advantage of them. Our three children could walk, bike, or even take the yellow school bus to Camino Grove Elementary School, Dana Junior High School, or Arcadia High School. There

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were no worries about their safety. The PTA was a really big thing; we never missed a meeting and enjoyed our assignments. All parents found the time and were eager to participate.

It was a little tougher when we needed a hospital. We did not have trash pick up in the early days. We had incinerators (cement containers where we could burn our household trash). When we had a lot of brush, we could dig a big pit in the yard and burn it. One day after the fire was out, our youngest son fell into the pit that had some remaining hot coals. He burned his hand pretty bad. We got into the car and headed for Temple City Medical Clinic. We did not even know the way. A stranger saw our dilemma, got into our car, and directed us. Our son received wonderful treatment, but I am sure happy to say that we now have Methodist Hospital close by.

We were involved with the first Little League in Arcadia. When a meeting was held at Arcadia High School, about five hundred boys showed up wanting to play. So things had to be done. A baseball diamond was built near city hall and we were on our way. The "American Dream" was taking shape.

Arcadia was in for lots of changes. We were so excited when Hinshaw's, JC Penney, and Nash's department stores came to town on Baldwin Avenue. What a nice addition to Arcadia.

There was so much to do—Little League baseball games, great Boy Scout programs, and football. The boys loved to play flag football after a good rain; it was a muddy mess. They were also involved in track and basketball. Our children played many of these sports through the Arcadia Recreation Department.

When it came time to learn to drive, the kids learned the same way we did. They went to the Santa Anita Racetrack parking lot to practice. It was also a time when they fixed their cars themselves. . .with Dad's help. They had paper routes, box-boy jobs, and mowed lawns for extra money. Never once did we hear, "I am bored."

We all grew up with the Arboretum, which we knew as the place where Tarzan made movies. Because of foresight, planning, and good leadership, we watched the Arboretum grow into a real "Fantasy Island."

There was not much crime in Arcadia. We do remember a family-owned market named Vickery's located on Santa Anita Avenue. A would-be robber once went into the market with a gun. Mr. Vickery took his broom and chased the robber away.

We still have many good friends in Arcadia. Our children have made life-long friends who also grew up in Arcadia. Some of them became mayors, teachers, policemen, professors, doctors, and lawyers, and they now have children who are also becoming part of Arcadia's "American Dream." Because of a good education and good people in the community, our children are good examples of

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what the “American Dream” really means.

Our son Steve (executive director of the Pasadena Humane Society) married Marilyn (also from Arcadia). Of course, their daughter also loves animals and has her own horse. Our other son John has his own advertising business right here in Arcadia. He and his wife Patty have three daughters and live in Altadena. Our daughter Nancy still needs that “country living,” so she and her husband Don and three sons live a couple of hours away on their seven-acre ranch. All have taken Arcadia’s “American Dream” with them and are passing it on to their children.

Another opportunity gained from living in Arcadia is that Walter got to be a “paid” extra in the recent filming of the movie *Seabiscuit*, filmed right here in Arcadia at Santa Anita Racetrack. How good can it get? Our “American Dream” has been realized.

Martha McNall moved from Pasadena to Arcadia in 1949. She has been an active volunteer for PTA, Scouting and Little League. Her husband Walter’s painting honoring the heroes of 9/11 was featured at the 2002 Mayor’s Prayer Breakfast.

ARRIVING IN ARCADIA—THE EARLY YEARS

by Mary Young

As a fifty-three-year resident of Arcadia, fond memories return when recalling how we arrived in this fair city and how the city was in the early 1950s.

Santa Anita Avenue was divided by a horse trail lined with eucalyptus trees and some of the stores on North First Avenue fronted on a covered board sidewalk. It was a country town.

And there were peacocks.

World War II was over and, as young marrieds with a toddler, we arrived in Southern California and had to live with in-laws because rentals would not take children. Finding suitable housing was time consuming and we were discouraged. This led us to a wild adventure of the possibility of building a home. We would thus have what we wanted and keep within our budget. Vacant lots were plentiful in Arcadia and the beauty of the city led us to Hugo Reid Drive. This area was part of the old Baldwin Rancho and then part of the Supreme Dairy. House plans became paramount and within three months (yes, that fast!), we moved into our new home with almost no neighbors. The view was all the way to the Lucky Baldwin train station on Colorado Street. Few trees and fewer houses were not in the way.

And there were peacocks.

New hardwood floors became scratched because there was no landscaping around and it looked as if we were trying to take care of the whole outdoors. A fence was quickly installed. The winds came and the whole fence was banked in tumbleweeds. This started a tradition of making tumbleweed snowmen for the holiday decoration on our front lawn for many years.

Hugo Reid Primary School (called the "Little School") was built on land formerly occupied by Baldwin stables. Several racehorses buried there were moved to the racetrack and the three lower grades at Hugo Reid Elementary School now had their own private spot. The tall palm trees today mark the spot of the stable.

And there were peacocks.

Our son started school and this opened the door to many new, now longtime, friends. Excitement came when this son (he now had a brother and sister) wanted to bring a school pet home for the summer. "Mr. Peepers," a quackless Muscovy duck, had been donated to the school by the family that owned Panchitos Restaurant in San Gabriel and had a daughter in the class. The duck became a real member of the family. Our little boy breakfasted on fried duck eggs and the family enjoyed wonderful cakes and pancakes made with these eggs.

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Buying food for our beloved duck made visits to the feed and seed stores on Duarte Road at Golden West Avenue a treat for the children in the neighborhood.

And there were peacocks on the roof.

There were no flood control channels and the Village and Lower Rancho areas were developed with great dips where the streets crossed each other. Heavy rains made the streets great rivers and that could be true today.

The Arboretum was yet to come. Baldwin Avenue ended at Huntington Drive and from there north it was a dirt road lined with small ranchos and horse riding rings. Across the way at the racetrack there was a mile practice oval for horse riding (now the site of the mall). Hugo Reid Drive ended at Old Ranch Road, and children played on Tallac Knoll in what is now the Arboretum.

Nothing is forever. Baldwin Avenue was paved through to Colorado Street, and Hugo Reid Drive to Baldwin Avenue. The Arboretum was opened to the public, feed and seed stores disappeared, progress eliminated the wooden sidewalk, Mr. Peepers led a good, long life, and the children became adults—all in Arcadia.

And there are peacocks.

Mary Young lived in Arcadia for fifty-three years. She served three terms on the Arcadia City Council and was mayor in 1986–1987, 1990–1991 and 1994–1995. She was named Citizen of the Year by the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce in 1991. Still active in countless Arcadia organizations and programs, she now resides in Bradbury, California.

ARCADIA MEMORIES—1955

by Robert Talty

In 1955, I was working in the engineering department of a large oil firm in the mid-west. The company hired a contractor in Los Angeles to design and construct a fertilizer plant near Chicago. Three other engineers and I were temporarily assigned to Los Angeles to work with the contractor to ensure that the plant was designed according to specifications.

Those of you who were born in Southern California, or moved here as a child, cannot imagine how the rest of us in the U.S.A. were fascinated and allured by the area and envied the people who lived here. It was a very excited young engineer, accompanied by his wife Dorothy, who left a Chicago suburb on a cloudy chilly morning in early March of that year. Our car contained not only our personal belongings, but also about five hundred pounds of engineering texts and technical reports.

We arrived in Arcadia on March 14, 1955, and were quickly impressed by the favorable climate. My company had made a reservation for us for the first night at the Westerner Motel at 161 Colorado Place, across from Santa Anita Racetrack. The other three members of the engineering team, along with their families, had located in Pasadena and nearby cities, so it seemed prudent to be in the same general area. We were so captivated by Arcadia that we decided to find a place here. Because the length of my stay was indeterminate, renting a house was not feasible. However, Dorothy and I found comfortable quarters in the Wagon Wheel Lodge, just north of Huntington Drive and one-half-block east of Fifth Avenue (this property was later purchased by World Vision). We had a kitchenette, combination living/dining, room and a bedroom.

Although we technically resided in Monrovia, the majority of our activities in the area focused on Arcadia. My memory of the residential sections of Arcadia is of ranch-style houses on very deep lots. It seemed to me that in the backyard of each home was either a vegetable garden or a collection of chicken coops, and sometimes both.

Many of the streets had high center crowns and I was told this was to facilitate water run-off during the rainy season. Crossing these streets necessitated that a driver slow down or endure a noticeable jolt as his car dipped down, then up and then down again. Examples of these streets can be seen along Golden West Avenue where it crosses Huntington Drive, Balboa Drive, Palo Alto Drive, and Victoria Drive.

Dorothy prepared most of our meals in our own kitchenette, but when we could afford it we dined at The Derby on Huntington Drive. This restaurant had

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an open fireplace in the waiting area, which was a common feature of many restaurants in 1955. It was very relaxing to sit near the fire and have refreshments while waiting for the hostess to call our name.

There was a small ice cream store on Huntington Drive a short distance west of our motel. Occasionally, we would walk there in the evening for a pint of "good old-fashioned vanilla," which we would carry back to the hotel and heap high with fresh strawberries. This was a real treat because the season for these berries was very short in the Mid-west.

Sometimes we would buy an ice cream cone and continue on to the County Park to enjoy the quiet and beauty of the trees before returning to the motel. On the Fourth of July, we walked to the park to see the fireworks and the motel owner's kitten followed us. Fearful that it would be killed if it tried to cross Huntington Boulevard, I tucked the kitten inside my jacket and it remained there, very content, until we went back to the motel.

Frequently in the evening, we walked a few blocks toward the foothills. The causes of smog were not yet understood and often it was so bad we could not see the foothills and mountains although we were practically walking in them. At midday, the smog burned our eyes and we could smell the pungent odor of ozone. There was much controversy as to the main contributors to smog, with opinion divided between trash burning, diesel trucks, and cars. Initial steps were being taken to limit trash burning in urban areas, but the use of catalytic converters on cars was still in the future.

There was a store (The Yarn Shop) on Huntington Drive close to the motel that sold yarn and also taught knitting. My wife spent many pleasant hours in the store, knitting and talking with the owner, the assistant manager, and customers.

Our six months in Arcadia in the spring and summer of 1955 left unforgettable memories of pleasant weather, friendly people, and a casual lifestyle that characterized Southern California. We still live here today.

Robert Talty moved to Arcadia in 1982. He is a volunteer for senior services at the Arcadia Community Center and is former chair of the Mexico Medical Mission committee at Church of the Good Shepherd. He was named Arcadia's Senior Citizen of the Year in 2003.

LIFE IN SOUTH ARCADIA—1961 TO 1980

by Beth Costanza

We moved to Arcadia in 1961, paid \$20,500 for a three-bedroom, two-bath house on Lee Avenue, and then in 1967 bought a business in south Arcadia. Because my husband Angelo was in the meat business, we bought Ballard's Fish & Poultry store at 48 East Live Oak Avenue. To the west of our store was Carter's Dakota Pharmacy owned by pharmacist Carl Carter and to the east Jack Schmidt had set up shop as Jack the Toyman. Later on, Irma Tibi would open up Tibi's Gift Shoppe. Irma also was president of the South Arcadia Business Association and very active in the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce. Just as today, Taco Treat kept us all happy with burritos and tacos "way back" in the 1960s.

Angelo, his brothers Robert and Jim, and his mom Marie worked most of the time for the fourteen years we owned Ballard's. We had a wonderful international group of employees and we hired friends, relatives, and the children of our friends and relatives, too. Fritz was German, Michael was Polish, Roeff was from the Netherlands, and Ernie from Mexico. Fred was the brother-in-law of the former owners and I think he was Jewish from the Bronx. Many friends came and went as they were out of work, maybe on strike or between jobs. Angelo's cousin Nick stayed on though and was very popular with the customers. Nick was very friendly and jolly, but tragically died right on the job from a massive heart attack. The paramedics said he died immediately, but there were many tears when the customers learned that he was gone.

All of our children worked at Ballard's—Shelley, the oldest, then Angie and then Nicky. They washed dishes, made sandwiches, sliced cheese and meats, prepared party platters, and waited on customers. A neighbor's son, Jon Sandbom, worked while he was in high school. One day he carelessly stabbed himself in the leg with a knife and then promptly fainted. It was a minor wound, but he was to repeat his fainting act at the birth of his first son a few years later.

Thanksgiving was a marathon of roasting turkeys. The oven was huge, accommodating about twenty turkeys at a time. We roasted maybe one hundred turkeys for Thanksgiving. The roasting would go on all night and morning until the last one was picked up. All the employees and many suppliers, customers, and relatives would help get out the turkeys for the Thanksgiving dinners every year. However, it was not quite as altruistic as it sounds. A poker game raged all night long and it was quite the party, too. I remember the next day, with most of the poker players yawning their way through Thanksgiving dinner and snoozing on sofas and chairs.

There was a house on Live Oak Avenue, right across from Ballard's, that

housed an interesting group of people. They would come in and ask us to roast a pig or goat because we had the biggest oven in town. While they kept our crew busy, their kids stole everything that was not nailed down—all the chips, ashtrays (yes, we smoked in eating establishments then), and canned goods. We did get wise to them, but a new employee was always “fair game.”

The menu at Ballard’s was intended for big appetites—beef, ham or pastrami “dip” sandwiches, and the “World Famous Meat Loaf Sandwich.” Early on, the meat loaf sandwiches were fifty-nine cents each or three for \$1.50 and they were huge. In the late 1990s, Angelo and I were walking down a street in Monrovia and someone drove by us, yelling out the car window, “Love those meat loaf sandwiches!” The sandwiches were large and juicy. They could be “dipped” or lathered with BBQ sauce. The broasted chicken was very crisp on the outside and tender inside. Rare roast beef was a big attraction and the spare-ribs were delicious. Baked beans, macaroni and cheese, many salads, whole or sliced hams, and polish sausages were also part of the daily menu. Ballard’s started out as Ballard’s Fish & Poultry, but gradually grew to encompass the shop next door and became Ballard’s Butcher Block Deli.

Along Live Oak Avenue, Ace Hardware Store replaced Spurgeon’s Hardware and then closed around 1980, the Alpha Beta grocery store came and went, Yosh Nagai had the Shell Station at the corner of Second Avenue and Live Oak Avenue, and Angelo Mosca ran the Royal Turtle Restaurant. Harding’s Gardenland sold its property where an office building now stands. One place that has never changed is Sir George’s Smorgasbord at the northwest corner of Santa Anita Avenue and Live Oak Avenue—even the sign is the same as it was thirty-five years ago. Crocker Bank is now the Adult Day Care Center. Steve Sanderson from the bank was a fixture at Arcadia Red Cross for many years along with wife Shirley. The assistant bank manager Henry Ramirez became the bartender at Cheyenne Supper Club on First Avenue many years later. Ralph’s grocery store has gone through many remodels, Pet & Jungle continues to thrive, and the bowling alley at El Monte Avenue and Live Oak Avenue is now a Sav-On. The Beauty Saloon, Guido’s Pizza, and Pro Printers all moved away or closed. Ballard’s became a Mexican restaurant, or a series of Mexican restaurants, that still survives today. The slowdown in business in the early 1980s, shop owners retiring or dying, and the construction of a landscaped median down Live Oak Avenue caused many of the old shops and stores to leave the area.

Last, but not least, I have a little story. Both Angelo and the old barber Roy Melton were the gamblers. They went to the racetrack every day. The store between Ballard’s and the barber shop was Carter’s Dakota Pharmacy owned by Carl Carter who did not gamble. One day, Carl was mistakenly arrested for making book while both of the gamblers—Roy and Angelo—looked on in disbelief.

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Of course, Carl was released shortly thereafter, but the event had the other two convulsed in laughter and made Carl quite a rakish character.

Beth Costanza is the executive director of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce. She lived in Arcadia from 1961 to 1987, and now lives in Monrovia, California.

ARCADIA, MY HOME

by Sheng H. Chang

My family moved to California in 1979 from the East Coast. We chose Arcadia to settle because Arcadia had a better school system. Asian immigrants consider education as a priority. Around early 1980, my wife Min Mey and I founded the Arcadia Chinese Association in order to help new Chinese immigrants settle and to facilitate their integration into the mainstream community. Meanwhile, my wife also established the Arcadia Chinese School to teach our second generation Chinese culture and language.

My sons James, Peter, and Richard all went through the Arcadia school system and graduated from Arcadia High School. They all participated in their school bands and have become disciplined students with healthy personalities.

In 1979, Arcadia had only fifty Chinese immigrant families. Today, the city has more than twenty thousand Chinese American residents. They moved to Arcadia not only because it has an excellent education environment, but also because it is a safe community. Arcadia has fine police and fire departments and a superb maintenance department. In addition, Arcadia has a marvelous new library building that is 48,000 square feet in area.

In 1994, after having been the founding president and then president and chairman of the board of the Arcadia Chinese Association for many years, I ran successfully for the Arcadia City Council and became the city's first Asian American city council member. It continued my dedication and expanded the service for the entire community. I love the challenge. In 2000, I came back to serve a second term on the city council. It has become easier, more efficient, and effective. Serving on the city council denotes responsibility, devotion, and determination.

Meanwhile, my wife Min Mey was appointed to the State Board of Acupuncture in early 2002 by then Assembly Speaker Robert M. Hertzberg. She was delighted that, with her knowledge of acupressure and Oriental healing arts, she could effectively serve on a board representing the public interest. Richard studies now at the University of California, Irvine, while Peter and James are all working in Southern California. Arcadia is still their home.

Min Mey and I have lived in Arcadia for twenty-three years now. We have lived in California longer than in Taiwan, from where we came to the United States in 1969. Arcadia is the place where we have stayed the longest in our lives. Arcadia is our home.

Arcadia is a real fine city with plenty of volunteerism to make our city even greater. We are really proud of being Arcadians, and we want to honor and maintain Arcadia's fine traditions.

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Sheng H. Chang is serving his second term on the Arcadia City Council (1994 to 1998 and 2000 to 2004), and is one of the Centennial Mayors in 2003. He was the founding president of the Arcadia Chinese Association. He has lived in Arcadia since 1979.

LEARNING ENGLISH, AND A BIT MORE

by John Fung

America is an immigrant country. For hundreds of years, immigrants from many different parts of the world have moved to our country to pursue a better life. During the past one hundred years, Arcadia's development as a city has reflected, more or less, this trend. Early settlers, mostly of European and Mexican heritage, arrived to establish and enjoy a beautiful and safe place here. Since 1960, many Asians have moved to Arcadia for the same reasons.

Asians value the education of their children. Arcadia's excellent public school system encouraged many Asian families to move into our great city. According to the 2000 U.S. Census, the number of Asians living in Arcadia (24,091 or 45.4 percent of the total population of 53,054) is now almost equal to the number of Caucasians living in Arcadia (24,180 or 45.6 percent).

One beneficial feature of American democracy and culture is the freedom provided to every citizen to reach his or her greatest potential and pursue his or her best well-being. In turn, Americans generally exhibit a law-abiding nature, social morality, and a spirit of volunteerism and dedication to their community. This "American spirit" of volunteerism and dedication makes many of our community's facilities, services, and programs possible. For example, the computer hardware facilities at Arcadia's public library, public schools, and historical museum were contributed, in part, by private parties. Volunteers at such community organizations as the Red Cross, Methodist Hospital, Assistance League of Arcadia, Arcadia Rotary Club, and Arcadia Welfare and Thrift Shop continue to serve the public on a daily basis. There are also hundreds of volunteers who donate thousands of hours to Arcadia's police and fire departments, senior citizens center, and public library.

As the new immigrants enjoy Arcadia's various facilities, services, and programs, they should also fulfill their duty to give something back to the community. They should make a special effort to join "mainstream" Arcadians by respecting local traditions, abiding by our city's laws and regulations, and learning democratic ideals. They should also join community organizations, attend the various city events, and volunteer.

But this is not possible for many newcomers because of the language barrier.

To help new immigrants overcome the language barrier and encourage new Arcadians to become an active part of the community, I initiated an English language and American culture program at the Arcadia Public Library.

With the approval of the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees (of which I am

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a member) and the city librarian's help, classes started on January 10, 2000. I was the volunteer coordinator and our first class had eight tutors and thirty students. Today, we have sixteen tutors, two assistants, and eighty registered students.

The tutors and assistants are all volunteers. Most of them are senior citizens who live in Arcadia or the surrounding area. The students came to Arcadia from all over the world including Japan, Korea, Taiwan, mainland China, Vietnam, Thailand, Singapore, Indonesia, India, and Central America. The tutors are eager to teach, and the students are eager to learn.

The classes are held at the Arcadia Public Library auditorium every Monday morning from ten o'clock to noon, and focus on basic English language used in daily conversations. We use the small group approach (each tutor leads five students) so that each student can have more opportunities to practice speaking English. In addition to teaching English, we also teach our students about American culture, customs, and patriotism. Topics have included the Fourth of July, baseball, and volunteerism. During the past three years, more than three hundred students have attended our classes.

I want to give thanks to my colleagues on the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees and all the library employees, tutors, assistants, and students for their tremendous support and cooperation. We are making a difference, one student at a time.

John Fung has lived in Arcadia since 1982. He is a member of the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees and is the volunteer coordinator of the library's English language and American culture program for recent immigrants.

NOT AN ARCADIA KID

by David R. Chiang

Let's get one thing straight before I start: I'm not an Arcadia kid. I didn't grow up in Arcadia. I don't know any of the middle schools, much less the elementary schools. In fact, my roots are half a world away in a different place and time, at an elementary school called Round Meadow in Calabasas, California, and a middle school called Middlesex in Darien, Connecticut.

But what makes Arcadia singular among cities is its strange and almost supernatural power to make outsiders its own.

I love to tell people when they ask me whether I'm ready to leave Arcadia High School about the changes I've seen in this city in the short four years I've been here. I like to tell them, "You know you've been around too long when you start to see things change." And, oh yes, change they do. On my block alone, there are two new families and four sprawling mini-mansions have sprung up. Three tea bars are now in my section of town. Everything but the partridge in the pear tree (although I swear I saw parrots flying around the other day). At Arcadia High, I can remember when there was still an electronic portfolio program, a time when they still printed some of their forms on thick tagboard instead of thin tissue-like paper, a time when there were different staff and different administrators. In other words, an era that the Class of 2003 will know and the Class of 2007 will not.

It was suggested that I may want to write about a place or thing or special memory of Arcadia. But there is none; not for lack of single incidents, but for the multitude of them—a million moments that blend together into a memory that makes me desperately want one of those lanyards that the Pep Squad sells that proudly proclaims to the world in big red-and-gold embroidered print that I am an "Arcadia Apache."

All of these moments run through my head as I write these words: drinking coffee in downtown Arcadia, long walks at the County Park, Constitution Team hearings at the city council chambers, videotaping an AP Spanish project in front of a police cruiser at the police station (which, to my knowledge, the APD has yet to find out about), tennis matches at Camino Grove, late-night food runs to Denny's and In-and-Out, and chasing peacocks at the Arboretum (for which we were nearly expelled).

And when I think of these, I think of those before me whose memories are in the same places and yet so much different. I've learned their stories, through hearsay and murmurs in the hallways. Some are true and some merely the stuff of legend: the year they put a cow on the second story of J-Building (cows will

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walk up stairs, but not down them—they had to get a crane to get it off); the year they moved the great Arcadia “A” to the other side of the gym; the ghosts that haunt Arcadia High School; the young man who drowned in the pool (and the reason we have to take a swim proficiency test to graduate).

And I pause for a moment, realizing that my story is inextricably tied to Arcadia’s now. I have learned to read Arcadia like a map and can drive the back streets to prove it (always take Genoa instead of Duarte; there’s no traffic, few stop signs, no lights, and it goes clear through to at least Sixth). I have learned its past and look to its future. I’ve been around long enough to see changes and, better yet, accept them. Change is just another part of what makes life here so exciting. I have adopted this city as home.

Or rather, it seems to have adopted me.

I have just spent a couple pages of your time, dear reader, telling you that I have no specific incident or memory of Arcadia that I wish to address. Some would call that a waste of your time. Some would say it is an unfounded, irrational statement of an emotional moment. I would simply say that it is an expression of a love for a city that has made me one of its own though I will never know what I have done to deserve such an honor. May God, my peers, you the reader, and the Arcadia City Council judge me for it.

David R. Chiang is a 2003 graduate of Arcadia High School where he was a member of the Constitution and Speech and Debate teams.

FEELING AT HOME IN THE AFTERMATH OF 9/11

by Fawaz Elmasri

In the past eighteen and one-half years that I have lived in the beautiful city of Arcadia, my life has evolved into a joyful experience based on peace, happiness, and prosperity.

I was born in a coastal town called Tripoli in Lebanon. It is a small city of approximately 350,000 people. I migrated to California in 1978, seeking higher education and aiming to escape a devastating civil war. However, I left behind a memorable past.

When I arrived in California, I first lived in Downey and then several other communities before I eventually moved to Arcadia in 1984 and established my business. The foothill-nested community of Arcadia provided me with the peace and tranquility that I always dreamed about and the prosperity that I needed to raise and support my family. Like many immigrants, I struggled to lead a productive life. I pursued my engineering degree at California State University, Long Beach, and worked very diligently to accomplish my goals and manifest the American dream.

I was privileged to encounter many different people from the wide spectrum of Arcadia society. The overwhelming majority of Arcadians I met were sophisticated, open-minded, and very humane. However, the ultimate test occurred when the terrorists struck on September 11, 2001. As an American Muslim, I was immensely concerned about the safety of my family and friends. We all felt very vulnerable and very apprehensive. As many Americans did, we sought refuge first and foremost in our faith. But, we felt that our duty as Muslims was to communicate the real message of Islam—the message of peace.

Following the tragic events of 9/11, and as a result of the most appreciated efforts of State Senator Bob Margett's office, a meeting was arranged at the Arcadia City Hall with officials and distinguished members of the community. My colleague Hassan Zeenni and I, representing the American Muslim community in Arcadia, met with representatives of the city council, school district, and various law enforcement agencies. This successful meeting gave us the conviction that Arcadia is the desired community in which we aspire to raise our children and lead a happy life.

Consequently, I felt that I should address the entire community of Arcadia during a televised meeting of the Arcadia City Council. My colleague Linda Nourldine and I asserted the same peaceful message to the community at large. Especially in the wake of several hate crimes that took place in the San Gabriel Valley, the warm and sympathetic statements made by the city council members

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in response were very touching. Their statements confirmed that the City of Arcadia would never tolerate any harm or discrimination against the American Muslim community. Such comforting statements resonated very well with us. Our community received them with ample delight and satisfaction, at a time when we have never felt more vulnerable in our lives. That marked the birth of a sound and perpetual relationship with distinguished leaders and the entire community of Arcadia. The overwhelming and heartfelt support made us feel right at home.

Indeed Arcadia is a pretty city. Its cozy location in the foothills, stretching along the mountainside in the Highland Oaks neighborhood down to the Hugo Reid neighborhood, where I find the true joy of life by taking an evening walk with my family, makes Arcadia a unique place in which to live. And let us not forget about the beautiful peacocks, landscaping, and trees of the Arboretum that complement and add a nice touch to our city.

It is a great honor to be part of such a generous and beautiful community. Arcadia is a community of more than just homes. It is a community of quality education, fine civil services, splendid law enforcement, dedicated fire fighters and, most of all, caring and warm-hearted folks.

Arcadia holds a very fond place in my heart. Although Tripoli was where my father and grandfather were born, Arcadia is where my children were born and where my future grandchildren will eventually grow up.

Fawaz Elmasri has lived in Arcadia since 1985. He is a member of the Arcadia Centennial Commission. He is also a member of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce board of directors and chair of its multi-cultural committee.

CHAPTER 3

Special Memories

EGG MONEY FOR A SQUASH-BLOSSOM NECKLACE

by Dian Gibson

I was about eight or nine years old when my family moved to Arcadia. The year was 1948. I attended Holy Angels School and Santa Anita Elementary School until we moved to Duarte in 1950. However, those two years in Arcadia produced great memories.

The Pony Express Museum was located near the racetrack on the south side of Huntington Drive. It was across the street from what was then Carpenter's restaurant. The museum had many 1800s clothing, shoes, farm implements, and Indian artifacts. To one side of the museum was a gift shop full of Indian jewelry, blankets, and pottery. There was an old railroad track in front of the museum with an old railroad engine, coal car, and a passenger car.

There was a rocking horse outside the museum that was about eight to ten feet tall. It took my dad's lifting arm to get me into the saddle so I could ride the rocking horse. It was old then with some of its paint missing.

There was an old Indian who visited often. He would sit near the door of the museum. He made jewelry from whatever he could find or whatever he had on hand. I purchased a very primitive squash-blossom necklace from him made from shell beads, old turquoise, and some colored pieces of stone. The necklace was not expensive, since a nine-year-old did not have much money.

We lived at 1210 South Fourth Avenue in Arcadia. My parents raised chickens and some rabbits. It was a very modern chicken ranch for the time. My dad had about 1,200 laying hens in cages up off the ground. He also had chickens on the ground, but it was hard to gather the eggs on the ground since the hens would lay their eggs anywhere they wanted. The cages were a better way to raise chickens because when the hens laid their eggs, they would roll down a wire trough

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and could be gently gathered, cleaned, weighed, and put into egg cartons. It was also a cleaner and safer way to raise chickens.

My job was to clean, weigh, and segregate the eggs into appropriate cartons for the egg man who came once a week to buy our eggs. It was hard work for my parents, but a fun job for me. My mom also dressed out chickens for anyone wishing to buy fresh chickens.

As time went on, I wanted to earn extra money. Setting up a lemonade stand in front of our house on Fourth Avenue didn't seem like it would be too profitable since selling lemonade at five cents a glass was not enough compensation for the work involved. So I asked my dad if I could sell eggs instead. He okayed the proposition and I sold eggs in front of the house. I did a good business and even the "Good Humor Man" (the neighborhood ice cream man with his familiar music box truck) would buy eggs from me. My dad was pleased to have him and some of his friends as customers.

I probably used my egg money to buy that squash-blossom necklace, which I still treasure today and display in a curio cabinet full of Indian art work.

Dian Gibson lived in Arcadia from 1948 to 1950, attending Holy Angels School and Santa Anita Elementary School. She lives in Lake Havasu City, Arizona.

A TRIP OUT TO THE COUNTRY

by Florence Kovacic

My memories of Arcadia go back to the 1920s and 1930s when I was a little girl growing up in Pasadena. A Sunday drive out to the country, which is how we viewed Arcadia, was a big treat. I loved to ride along Balboa Drive through the hilly “Village” area of Arcadia, where houses were almost nonexistent, pretending to be on a roller coaster. We used to call Santa Anita Avenue “Double Drive.” Its bridle path beneath towering eucalyptus trees was much wider than it is today and a popular trail for local horse owners. One of my favorite activities was to accompany my grandfather on trips to a large two-story house on Santa Anita Avenue, which is still standing, to purchase turkeys for our holiday celebrations.

The big Pacific Electric Red Cars rumbling through town, the W. Parker Lyon’s Pony Express Museum, Carl’s Sweet Corn down on Live Oak Avenue, and El Monte Avenue’s transition into a raging river during winter storms all added to the fabric of this rural community.

As a teenager, a great date destination was the Queen Anne Cottage and Lake Baldwin where we went to watch Hollywood film crews shoot movies.

Santa Anita Racetrack is also an integral part of my memories—the noble sport of horse racing, of course, but also the facility’s sad use as an assembly center for Japanese Americans during World War II. Later during the war, when the racetrack became an ordnance camp, I remember standing in long lines at the track gates waiting to see spectacular Hollywood stage shows sponsored by the USO for Army personnel and their guests.

In 1951, when it came time for my husband Tony Kovacic and I to look for a house to purchase, Arcadia was our destination. We loved the semirural atmosphere and were impressed with the excellent reputation of the school district, which continues to this day. Our eldest son Gary was six weeks old in January 1952, when we moved into our first and only home on Louise Avenue. Our second son Greg was born three years later.

The hallmark of Arcadia community life at that time was, and still is, volunteerism. For Tony and me, volunteer opportunities included PTA, Arcadia National Little League, Arcadia Child Health Council, Arcadia Coordinating Council, United Way budget committees, and Church of the Good Shepherd.

When our sons became adults and established their own homes, Greg moved to neighboring Temple City, but Gary with his wife Barb chose to remain in Arcadia. Gary carried on our family tradition of volunteerism by participating in school activities, coaching youth sports teams and Arcadia High School’s

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award winning Constitution Team, and contributing countless hours to other community organizations including the Arcadia Planning Commission and City Council. However, our family is not unique, but rather typical of many Arcadia families who love their hometown and enjoy the many opportunities available to serve their community and its constituents.

Change is inevitable and Arcadia is not immune to that axiom. Over the years, many ranch-style houses have given way to large two-story "mansions." In the process, the population has also changed both in number and diversity. Growth and development, signage, and traffic are just a few of the concerns that have inspired considerable discussion and debate. During his terms as mayor, Gary held several town-hall meetings that offered representatives from all segments of the community an opportunity to confront these and other issues, as well as to highlight the many positive aspects of our community.

Although the residents of Arcadia have not always agreed upon the direction the city should take, people of good will have found ways to work together effectively. It has been particularly encouraging to see how Arcadia's newest residents, primarily Asian, have embraced the concepts of community spirit and volunteerism, while at the same promoting the unique aspects of their native cultures.

In August 2002, after fifty very special years residing in the Kovacic family home on Louise Avenue, I moved to a retirement community in Bradbury. It is only a fifteen-minute drive to Arcadia where I still volunteer as an ESL tutor at the Arcadia Public Library and participate in many other community activities.

As we celebrate Arcadia's centennial, I consider myself very fortunate to have been a resident of our fair city for half a century and to have eighty years of wonderful memories.

Florence Kovacic lived in Arcadia for fifty years from 1952 to 2002, and was an active member of the Arcadia Child Health Council and Arcadia Coordinating Council. She currently volunteers as an ESL tutor at the Arcadia Public Library and lives in Bradbury, California.

A LEGEND AT THE *ARCADIA TRIBUNE*

by Mary Cooper

Born and educated in Colorado, Catherine Mundy, husband Samuel, and young son Paul moved to California and settled in Los Angeles. In 1930, the family moved to Arcadia where their daughter Mary Catherine was born. Samuel worked in Los Angeles but wanted his children to grow up in a rural setting. In addition to the family dog, they had a horse, two goats, rabbits, chickens, ducks, geese, fruit trees, and a large vegetable garden. Arcadia was truly country living.

Catherine began her writing career as PTA publicity chairman for First Avenue School and served other groups in the same capacity. *Arcadia Tribune* publisher Hal Roach asked her to write a weekly column that she called "Looking Westward with Catherine," a human interest column sparked with bits of philosophy and comments on life in Arcadia. In later years, she was recognized as the one person most influential in molding of the social structure of the community.

Catherine was a member of Theta Sigma Phi, a national professional society of women in communications representing all facets of the media. She received five first-place awards in eight years, three of them in consecutive years, from the California Newspaper Publishers Association in statewide competition. Judges cited the exceptionally broad coverage, composition, eye-catching photography, typography, makeup, and well-done leads.

Catherine was an active member of the community. She was a member of the Arcadia Beautiful Commission and the board of directors of the California Arboretum Foundation. She belonged to such local organizations as the Assistance League of Arcadia, Arcadia Republican Women's Club, Friends of the Arcadia Public Library, Arcadianns, Woman's Club of Arcadia, Thimble Club, Women's Division of the Chamber of Commerce, Altrusa Club, and Arcadia Auxiliary of Methodist Hospital. Catherine was also a recipient of a life membership and Honorary Service Award from the PTA.

Honored by the Arcadia City Council for her many years of service, Catherine was given a resolution and the first Mayor's Certificate of Commendation by Mayor Charles Gilb. In 1983, Catherine received the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce Citizen of the Year award along with fellow Arcadian Lyle Cunningham. Introducing Catherine at the black-tie event, master of ceremonies Jim Helms said, "Cathy is dear to all of us. The key word for her is 'caring.' She has made her livelihood as longtime editor of the *Arcadia Tribune* a commitment." Accepting her award, Catherine said, "My dear friends, for the first time in my life I am speechless. Arcadia is a wonderful town. I am aglow

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with love and happiness. My cup of runneth over.”

In a letter written to Foothill Inter-City Newspapers, the publisher of the *Arcadia Tribune*, a sixteen-year resident of Arcadia, wrote: “It is difficult to define exactly what it is that Mrs. Mundy brings to her pages. It is more than communication. Actually her work serves as an important and unique cohesive agent in the community. Her pages have contributed in a tangible way to the very special togetherness of Arcadia’s people and the special outgoing quality of friendliness and participation.”

At age eighty-five, following a heart attack, Catherine retired as “People” editor of four newspapers—*Arcadia Tribune*, *Duartean*, *Monrovia Journal* and *Temple City Times*. She continued to write her column “Mundy Mail” until her death in 1987.

The following “Love Letter to Catherine,” written by staff members at Foothill Inter-City Newspapers, appeared in all four newspapers upon Catherine’s retirement:

Dear Catherine,

Here at the office, there’s no time to be chit-chatting. It’s quickly approaching 10:00 a.m. and our noon deadline is looming. But we just heard about your recent tribute from the Arcadia City Council and have decided it’s our turn to thank you—for sharing these past years at the newspaper with us.

No one is in a better position to appreciate the staggering amount of time and talent you put into your position as a “People” editor of Foothill Inter-City Newspapers than us staff members. We feel fortunate to have shared an office with you—although some of us have worked with you for many, many years and others for just a few short months, we have all been touched by your exuberance and zest for life.

That exuberance is infectious—surely the words *joie de vivre* were coined just for you (although a good Irishman, you’ll have to excuse the French). You tackle each new article that comes your way with that special love of people that overflows into everything you do and into every life you touch.

That love of people made your “People” section and beloved column “Mundy Mail” far more special than simply “society” items. The term “society editor” may smack of pretension, but that’s the last word which would apply to you. True, you know the Arcadia social scene by heart—in fact, you molded much of it—but you always had a smile and cheerful greeting for anyone who came in to see you. You are the world’s greatest listener, and you are always ready to bend over backwards for your readers—with a smile.

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You always say that a person stops growing when he stops learning. Your wide scope of interests—religion, the arts, foreign travel and, of course, people—keep you in tune with our changing world.

And your ability to roll with the punches is astounding. That ability is best demonstrated by the way you worked your way into this crazy business—starting by wandering into the old *Arcadia Tribune* offices one day with a press release and eventually working your way up to the position of “People” editor. Few people recognize that you never had any formal journalism training—your expertise may have grown through the years, but your talent and love of people gave you a good, solid headstart in this crazy profession.

The newspaper has changed enormously from those earlier days, when you first started working for the *Arcadia Tribune*. You’ve had to adjust to new publishers, editors, styles of writing, styles of page layout and even new offices. You started as an *Arcadia Tribune* assistant and wound up “People” editor of four newspapers—the *Arcadia Tribune*, *Duartean*, *Monrovia Journal* and *Temple City Times*.

And although the deadlines and pressures and never-ending flow of luncheons, parties and meetings occasionally got you down, they never defeated you. You weathered every storm that came your way—and in this business there are many—and still gracefully managed to keep your chin up, always maintaining a consistency of style and content on your “People” pages that won you a constant stream of California Newspaper Publishers Association awards.

Of course, we remember with a chuckle the hard times—we could always tell when you were over some barrel, because you would start humming hymns. The subconscious mind works in mysterious ways—and maybe those hymns helped pull you through.

Anyone who knows you realizes that things will never be calm in your life—but no one jokes more than you about your latest crises. Your life will always be full of laughter and love and family and friends, and you wouldn’t have it any other way. Your pace may be hectic, but no one will ever be caught calling you a “senior citizen.” You’ll see to that.

Now that you’ve retired in name only, we don’t see you around the office as much. The paper was your life for so many years, but we know you’ll never fully “retire”—and that’s the purpose of this “thank you” note. If we waited to sing your praises until the day you hang up your typewriter permanently, we’d have a long wait.

So keep writing, Catherine, sharing yourself with the city and people you love so much. Believe us, it is reciprocal. We are all much richer for having worked with you.

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And, if you'll forgive an "inside" joke, we'll never forget the quote that sums you up to those who worked with you at the paper:

"I wonder if I went out after I came in. If I didn't, I'm out in front. If I did, I don't know where I am."

With affection,
The Staff

Mary Cooper is the daughter of the late Catherine Mundy, former "People" editor and "Mundy Mail" columnist for the *Arcadia Tribune*. Mary grew up in Arcadia, attending Holly Avenue School, First Avenue School and Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte High School. She lives in San Marino, California.

ROSES

by Ginger Marrone Brody

When asked to write about my memories of Arcadia, I was surprised as I immediately thought of roses. It seemed that this perfect flower has been a constant in my life in this beautiful city. I had never realized before just how much.

My first memories of Arcadia are of the beautiful roses that lined the pathways of a house that my parents were considering buying. I was six years old and it was the most wonderful house that I had ever seen! I can remember grabbing the back of my father's shirt as we walked out to the backyard and began begging him to please buy it! Looking back, I am sure the realtor was thrilled with my persistence and enthusiasm. I am thankful to report that my parents, Frank and Marilyn Marrone, shared my feelings as well. While I am sure now that it was quite a stretch for them, they were determined to raise their family in this city we still call "home." I don't think even they could have imagined the endless opportunities and extraordinary experiences that Arcadia would provide throughout the years for all of us.

At the time, I was the youngest of three children. My sister Pam, brother Frank, and I all attended Longley Way Elementary School and went on to First Avenue Junior High School. (Yes, we were told First Avenue was falling down even in 1975! I see it today as a building to be respected and cherished as it continues to harbor the nurturing of its students.) By then, our family had grown with great joy as my younger brother Ben arrived. He also went on to attend Arcadia's finest schools along with the rest of us. I refer to Arcadia's public school system this way because I have always recognized the uniquely wonderful structure of our schools. Even as a young girl, I can remember the endless number of incredible teachers that molded and shaped my life. I have always had a gratitude and love for my years of education in Arcadia. I am proud to say that my decision to raise our own family here has created an equal experience for them as well.

I believe that Arcadia has always been a beautiful partnership of loving teachers and administrators as well as the leaders in our community. Together they create a nurturing environment that continues to foster opportunities for the children of our city. I am always amazed by the incredible number of programs and the volunteers who run them, and have much appreciation for the time and dedication devoted to the growth of this great city.

My love affair with Arcadia intensified in 1978 when I had the incredible honor of being chosen to represent the city as one of the members of the Arcadia Tournament of Roses Royal Court. It was a year of experiences that will never

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be equaled. I remember going through the “try-out” process and being so thrilled to make each cut. I really just wanted to attend the pageant wearing a new dress. I never thought a plumber’s daughter (still an inside joke in our family) would become a Rose Princess! I still remember my bother Frank standing up in the back of the crowd as they announced the members of the court. When my name was called, I saw him jumping up and down with a type of *Rocky* victory dance. It was one of my family’s proudest moments as they attended the Coronation Ball in my honor. I still wear that tiara every now and then!

I could never name all the wonderful people who touched my life that year, or describe the life-changing experiences that still continue to enrich me. When Arcadia discontinued this program, I was deeply saddened to think of all of those young girls and their families who will never have memories of such a beautiful event. I hope that the Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association will be restored some day for all the girls in Arcadia, including my daughter and five nieces who reside here.

As my husband Don and I continue to raise our children Marilyn and David in this “Community of Homes,” we are so thankful for our home. There is no other place in the world where I would experience the same love for community and children as here in Arcadia, California, U.S.A. My family and I have taken very active roles in the city. My parents’ home is still the focal point of our entire family. And, even though I have planted my own flower garden, I still find myself returning frequently to those beautiful roses from the pathways of my childhood.

Ginger Marrone Brody has lived in Arcadia since 1968 and is a 1979 graduate of Arcadia High School. In 1978, she was selected to be a member of the Arcadia Tournament of Roses Royal Court.

PRESCHOOL MEMORIES OF ANOAKIA

by June Chang

Some of my earliest memories place me at school in an abandoned mansion surrounded by ivy woven gates and protected by a beast named Bear. My young classmates and I were rulers of the manor, and our playground included fields of wild and overgrown grass bordered by winding roads. Always conscious of the weathered though once majestic buildings that towered over our play area, we knew they were off limits and would only venture a tiptoed peek in the dusty windows to see the Tiffany chandeliers and tapestries sealed within.

Looking back, going to preschool at Anoakia was a strange experience. Only as a child could one reconcile the extraordinary (a Parthenon shaped bathhouse, a two-storied horse stable, and a garden pathway girded by ivory columns) with the ordinary (finger painting, graham crackers, and afternoon naps). Because of this, my memories of Anoakia exist very much as a childhood dream. However, when I was in high school and needed to do a project for my eleventh-grade history class, I chose to research the school. The project proved to be an interesting learning experience. Like an amateur historian, I matched up old black-and-white pictures of the buildings within Anoakia with their modern day counterparts, all the while considering how I must have played around and passed those structures every day while at school. Not attempting to reconcile disparate sources of information, I write this piece calling upon both my readings on the history of Anoakia and my childhood memories of the place.

Anoakia was the residence of Anita Baldwin, one of the daughters of the very wealthy and influential "Lucky" Baldwin. As evidenced by the names on street signs throughout Arcadia, the Baldwin family members exist as prominent figures in the history of the city. Known for her penchant for the extravagant, Anita Baldwin fashioned the buildings, decorations, and layout of the estate according to her tastes. The name of the estate was also carefully chosen and holds two meanings. First, "An-oakia" is a fusion of the name Anita and the word "oak," due to the presence of groves of oak trees in the region. Secondly, the name is derived from an Indian word, which translates to "where no harm shall fall."

Even from my first encounters with the place, I knew it had suffered harm. The chipped paint on the buildings, broken windows, and graffiti-branded walls testified to this fact. In later years, I heard it referred to as rundown and dangerous. Entering into the realm of community folklore, I had even encountered those who considered Anoakia haunted. I have always considered Anoakia somewhat of a paradox. The mansion was a piece of history, but it stood shoul-

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der to shoulder with modern day neighborhoods; the place was deserted and ignored, but it occupied the corner of two of the busiest streets in Arcadia.

Although the corner of Baldwin Avenue and Foothill Boulevard has most recently been transformed into a gated community of beautiful homes, I was nonetheless reluctant to see Anoakia go. I am very thankful to have been able to see and experience the mansion for so many years. It remains as a piece of history and a part of my memory.

June Chang has lived in Arcadia since 1981 and is a 1996 graduate of Arcadia High School. She is a doctoral student at the University of California, Los Angeles.

MY MOM

by Jim Nevin

I can pretty much guarantee that my mom would not have wanted me to write about her. Sorry. I would like to memorialize a few words about Sue Ann Nevin, also known as Mrs. Arcadia. In New Hampshire, people know me as Jim Nevin. But in Arcadia, I have always been addressed, "Oh, so you're Sue's son."

Sue Ann Carroll became Sue Ann Nevin on November 28, 1958. My parents decided to have me, and then my father was transferred to Southern California. They moved to Arcadia in 1960. Fortunately, they had Uncle Bill and Aunt Joanne here to help them get started. In the 1960s and 1970s, Sue got involved in Cub Scouts, Blue Birds, and the PTA. She helped my dad get the American Youth Soccer Organization (AYSO) started in Arcadia. At first, only boys played soccer, so Sue asked (or possibly graciously demanded) Monsignor Gerald O'Keefe for permission for the girls to play on the Holy Angels athletic field. He granted her wish and girls soccer began in Arcadia with six teams on Saturday mornings.

Sue was a recipient of Honorary Service Awards from the Arcadia Council and Arcadia High School PTAs. She chaired many fundraising events for the schools and their athletic programs. Through her efforts, the Arcadia High School soccer teams made two trips to Europe. She was also an active member of the Arcadia High School Athletic Booster Club and one of the founders of its benefit golf tournament, which is now in its twenty-second year.

For many years, Sue assisted at Foothills Junior High School with a weekly radio broadcast called K-Foot. This introduced students to public speaking and prepared them for the real world of journalism. As a twenty-eight-year member of the Assistance League of Arcadia, she held numerous offices and was instrumental in the introduction of a SAT seminar for high school students and an infant car-seat program for babies in the Arcadia area. For over thirty years, my mom also chaired and advised many political campaigns for seats on the Arcadia City Council and Board of Education. I observed early on that if you wanted to be elected to anything in Arcadia, you wanted Sue Nevin as your campaign manager.

Sue was a great friend of the Arcadia Public Library. She was a founding member of the Arcadia Public Library Foundation and was the driving force behind the renovation of the library's south patio. She also served as a facilitator for the library's community forum. Because of my Uncle John's donation and my mom's efforts, many large-print books are available at the library.

Sue served on the board of trustees for the Holy Angels Endowment Fund

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and was a member of the Holy Angels School development committee. She was also a member of the Foothill Area Panhellenic Alumnae Association, an organization of college women that offers monetary awards to outstanding high school girls who plan to attend a four-year college. She started "College Knowledge—Tips for Success in College," a program for high-school-senior girls that is offered annually at the public library in April.

Whenever someone gets too loud in an indoor setting, I think of my mom. If I know the person well enough, and sometimes even if I don't, I will ask, "is it necessary to use your outdoor voice indoors?" This was one of my mom's famous sayings. When I think of birthday and Christmas gifts, I think of my mom. She instilled in me how important it is to write (not e-mail) a thank-you card for the gifts received. I still try to write thank-you cards and have my daughters Lauren and Caley do the same. On their own, they wrote Granny Sue a funeral card, which they sent next day air so it would arrive in time for her service. One of the lines in the card said, "Thank you for being the best grandmother." The apples do not fall far from Sue Nevin's tree.

When family members think of my mom, their thoughts include leadership, generosity, Christmas enchiladas, and a mean Irish coffee. She always asked how you were doing, she always apologized for calling, and she always wanted to know if she could help. Her paperwork was always in order and she was ready to make change at a yard sale at seven o'clock in the morning. She finally gave into a computer, but kept her typewriter just in case.

My mom had the unique ability to make everyone feel comfortable. So sweet a gift in friendship is the gift of availability; the blessed comfort of knowing there is someone you can depend on. My mom had the gift of availability, and she was someone that you could always depend on.

"So I try to make the light in other people's eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile of others' lips my happiness." Helen Keller wrote it; my mom lived it.

Sue Nevin was a mother, wife, sister, aunt, grandmother, and a true friend. If you have a mother, wife, sister, aunt or grandmother who is still alive, please remember that you can never hug them too often.

Thank you so very much for taking time out of your lives to read this in celebration of Sue Ann Carroll Nevin's life.

Jim Nevin lived in Arcadia from 1960 to 1983. He graduated from Arcadia High school in 1978 and now lives in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

YOU DID YOUR BEST

by Rose Yeh

Recently at work, a foreign born coworker was giving a project presentation to our department. With all honesty, I could not understand half of what he was saying. Judging by the confused expressions around the room, I could tell I was not the only one. Much to my surprise, his incomprehensible speech was given a standing ovation. Looking back, I was once in his position.

I moved to Arcadia in 1987, speaking in broken English that few people other than my husband (and at times, not even him) could understand. While I have improved somewhat in the ensuing fifteen years, I still recall not being able to communicate clearly. However, it was not until witnessing my coworker at work that I realized how patient and understanding the City of Arcadia was to my broken English. Never once has anyone made an issue of my heavy accent; I could have easily forgotten it exists.

When my son was a student at Highland Oaks Elementary School, I volunteered to help out at the school's book fair. On my first day, however, a few clerical errors on my part resulted in confusion and chaos. When I realized I had erred, panic overwhelmed me. However, one of the other volunteering parents comforted me by saying, "Don't worry Rose. You did your best." I could only force a smile as other volunteers took turns attempting to untangle the mess I created, all the while smiling back at me.

It is these small gestures of kindness that make Arcadia such a wonderful city. I lucked out in moving to a city like this—one that welcomed foreign immigrants with open arms. I do not believe there is a better place I could possibly have chosen as my home.

Rose Yeh has been an active volunteer for the PTAs at Highland Oaks Elementary School, Foothills Middle School and Arcadia High School. She also helps with community and school events sponsored by the Chinese Parents Club at Foothills Middle School and the Arcadia High School Chinese Parents Booster Club. She has lived in Arcadia for sixteen years.

ANOTHER 100TH BIRTHDAY

by Ann Kidd

To attain one hundred years of age is surely an event to be celebrated! In addition to recognizing Arcadia's Centennial in 2003, another centennial birthday was celebrated on January 11, 2003 by Arcadia resident Ruth Harpole.

This special lady has a long history of Arcadia involvement, having moved here in 1934. Ruth is much admired by her many friends for her sharp intellect and active lifestyle. She is a formidable bridge player and has an extremely full schedule of activities.

Born in Minnesota, Ruth was the twelfth of fourteen children. Her father was a station master for the railroad. The family moved to Montana where Ruth graduated from the University of Montana in 1924. Ruth married an ambitious lawyer and they lived for a time in Washington, D.C. When a position as chief counsel at the newly opened Los Angeles office of the Internal Revenue Service was offered to Eugene, they moved west.

Ruth, Eugene, and their three children moved to Arcadia in the beautiful San Gabriel Valley just when there was great consternation about the proposed Santa Anita Racetrack. The track opened that same year, having overcome the objections of many residents.

Eugene and Ruth bought an acre of land with sixty fruit trees that was close to Holly Avenue School and within walking distance of the Red Cars. Ruth immediately became involved in community activities. Her help was needed by the PTA and Woman's Club and she also transferred her memberships to local Eastern Star and PEO chapters. There was also a new club, started in 1938, to sponsor horseback riding. Santa Anita Avenue was called Double Drive then, and there was a trail in the center of the wide street leading to Chantry Flats. The horseback riding was shortlived, but the club still exists to this day as the Santa Anita Athletic Club.

Ruth has vivid memories of World War II, when the windows of the houses were covered at night and the racetrack was used for detention purposes. The Red Cross, a USO, the city's clubs, and all its citizens banded together to help the soldiers and war effort.

Arcadia's population was increasing; a small town of five thousand people eventually grew to fifty-three thousand. New schools were needed and built, including Arcadia's own high school, which then withdrew from the combined Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte school district. In order to better organize the activities of the various groups in Arcadia, Ruth was asked to start a Coordinating Council and she served as its president for two years. Since Ruth had taught

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school in Montana, she also used her time and talents as a teacher in the Arcadia schools for over ten years.

Ruth retired in 1958 to travel with her husband, always returning to Arcadia—her “home sweet home.” She is now matriarch to three children, twelve grandchildren, and eighteen great-grandchildren. She appreciates the age of miracles, inventions, and changes in our way of life—even becoming an e-mail correspondent.

Ruth Harpole is a most remarkable lady indeed!

Ann Kidd has lived in Arcadia for over fifty years. She was an active member of the juniors division of the Woman’s Club of Arcadia, and a PTA and Scouting volunteer. Her current memberships include the Las Alas Auxiliary of the Assistance League of Arcadia, PEO, and Santa Anita Athletic Club.

ANITA, QUEEN OF THE MALL

by Mitzi Huang

Anita was queen of the Santa Anita Mall. She was only four feet high and probably weighed a couple hundred pounds, but that did not deter her. Every time I went to the mall, there she would stand, tall and proud in her striped shirt and short brown dress, her rule over the mall supreme. She stood in the center of the playground in front of Buffums with wooden animals, numbered 1 through 7, surrounding her. Starting with the boar at number 1, I crawled under his legs, hopped over the giraffe, slid down the elephant's trunk, and stopped behind Anita. Facing her back, I would climb up to sit on her shoulders and, as I got older, to stand on her head. From there, you could see the entire mall ahead of her, and it felt like you were Queen of the Mall for the time.

Anita was everyone's favorite, and there were always three or four more kids waiting for you to get down so they could climb up. Everyone always wanted to be on top, but Anita made us wait our turn, not allowing us to knock each other off her head. I jumped off her head (I always loved jumping from things as a kid) and made my way back to the boar.

Sometime many years ago, someone probably decided that she was too dangerous, and Anita was removed. I was passing by the playground in a hurry, as I always was in a hurry in high school, when I noticed a sad square piece of faded carpet in the middle where she should have been. Something struck me, and I stopped involuntarily and just stared at that spot.

Now, even the animals that used to guard Anita aren't there. I was home on Christmas break from my first year of college, visiting the mall for the first time in over half a year, and as I meandered through the mall, a splash of color in the direction of the playground caught my eye. There, in between Robinsons-May and Nordstrom, was a brand new twenty-first-century cautious rubber playground in which children could run amuck without worrying about bumping their tender heads against that of a wooden horse.

As I watched a new generation of children playing, I lamented the fact that they would never get to know Anita or any of the animals that existed in her world. Though the old playground was not as colorful, or as inventive as the new one, it was special and unique in its simplicity. We would let our imaginations run wild with stories of being chased by the elephant or of racing the horse against the giraffe on a bizarre African safari, and each time we ran into trouble, we would also run to Anita, and she would save us all from peril.

Running through my mind were flashbacks of the memories I had of Anita, and then I realized that I didn't have one picture of me with her. But Anita, I

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thought, wouldn't have cared about that. All she cared was that, as long as she was there, there were the children who loved to climb her, who loved to play around her, and who would queue up for their chance to be in her royal presence.

Mitzi Huang is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 2001) where she was a member of the Constitution Team. She attends Dartmouth College.

PROUD TO LIVE IN ARCADIA

by Harriet Shroads

There is a T-shirt in one of my drawers that reads "Proud to be an American, Proud to live in Arcadia." That tells it like it is!

Although our children were not born in Arcadia (or nearby), they grew up here and they all consider Arcadia their home base. All went to Longley Way Elementary School, First Avenue Junior High School (as it was called at that time), and all graduated from Arcadia High School. Accolades go to all those schools, their teachers, and their staffs for supplying our children with a good education and preparing our children for their college educations. Now, all those children are adults and all are working in their chosen professions. They all are taking their place in society (at least I hope so).

However, a good education is not the only thing I have to thank Arcadia for providing to us. There is much more.

The Church of the Good Shepherd, which is at the corner of Holly Avenue and Duarte Road, has really been a good shepherd in our lives (and now, my life). It is here where the majority of our friendships were made when we arrived in Arcadia, and here where the majority of my friendships remain. I have laughed and cried with many of those friends many times. Fortunately, we have laughed more times than we have cried. Even today, when some of us get together (and that remains quite often), we have a very good time and we still laugh a lot.

We motor-homed with some of the members of our church group over the years, and we sometimes were together for several months. When we would return, we were frequently asked, "Well, are you all still speaking to one another?" We were then and we are now.

I have many more reasons to be "Proud to live in Arcadia." Actually, they are too, too numerous. So, I have just mentioned a very few and you who read this, fellow Arcadians, can add your own reasons why you, too, are "Proud to live in Arcadia."

Harriet Shroads moved to Arcadia in 1960. She volunteers at Methodist Hospital, Arcadia Community Center senior services, and Church of the Good Shepherd.

CHAPTER 4

School Days

A CENTURY OF SCHOOLING

by Mimi Hennessy

The history of schooling in Arcadia is as old as the community itself. The first school was in a shed, provided by Lucky Baldwin on the corner of Santa Anita Avenue and Falling Leaf (later Huntington Drive). When that first group of students was going to school in Arcadia, Teddy Roosevelt was president, Walt Disney was a toddler, and Queen Victoria had just died. Henry Ford was founding the Ford Motor Company, JP Morgan had just organized US Steel, and Orville and Wilbur Wright were trying to fly a powered airplane at Kitty Hawk. The first coast-to-coast car trip was made in sixty-five days. The century of steam was being succeeded by the century of electricity. Only ten percent of teenagers went to school and only four percent of the population was eligible to vote! Now, almost ten thousand students attend Arcadia's schools and those schools are among the finest in the country, with the highest University of California acceptance rate in the nation and ninety-six percent of students attending postsecondary programs.

Watching the B-2 Spirit stealth bomber follow historic biplanes across the sky at the Tournament of Roses Parade on New Years Day 2003 illustrated the phenomenal changes that have taken place in our world since that first school began in Arcadia. While the external changes in our schools may not be as visibly different as the biplane from the Stealth, what students do inside those schools must as effectively prepare them to "fly" in this century, not the last. To sustain a democratic way of life in challenging times and to survive in a global economy where available knowledge is doubling every eighteen months and technology is transforming every workplace, one hundred percent of our students must have "basic skills"—technical reading and writing ability, computational skills including algebra (the problem-solving and reasoning skills taught to less than ten percent a century ago), and the communication and interperson-

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al skills to work and live in a diverse society. But going beyond that, Arcadia schools excel at providing students with advanced and exceptional educational opportunities in math, science, communication, civics, and the arts.

Excellent schools have become a vital part of our community of homes, attracting families who contribute to the life of the community and to its economic and civic well-being. And in turn, the support of parents and civic leaders and cooperative partnerships have helped our schools to strive for continuous improvement and to reach new levels of excellence. With this century's medical advances, perhaps many of this year's kindergartners (the Arcadia class of 2015!) will still be alive when Arcadia has its bicentennial in 2103! Those of us who are celebrating this centennial know that one of the greatest gifts we can give to that unimaginable future is to educate our children well. We all share in a proud history of education in Arcadia and a commitment to an even more wonderful future for Arcadia's children in the next century.

Mimi Hennessy began working for the Arcadia Unified School District in 1987. She has been superintendent of the school district since 1999.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ARCADIA'S SCHOOLS

by Gloria Horstman

When our first child was sixteen months old, my husband Dean and I chose to live in Arcadia because of its good school system. Thus it was that we raised four sons in the city and became deeply involved with Arcadia's schools.

The first years were at Santa Anita Elementary School with Principal Ernie Herrington. Baldwin Stocker Elementary School was built in 1966 and we were redistricted to Holly Avenue Elementary School. Dean and I were on the PTA boards of both these schools and involved in school carnivals, Cub Scouts and Pinewood Derbies, Boy Scouts, and Little League games at the County Park. Those organizations comprised our social life for years. Our friends were other parents who participated in their children's daily lives. My group of PTA presidents has met annually for thirty years.

Dana Junior High School led to Arcadia High School and volunteering for everything from selling hot dogs at football games and invitational track meets to mailings, high school registration, career nights, scholars banquets, boosters clubs (with great people like Ben Smith), and more PTA. We attended spaghetti suppers and band reviews, all kinds of sporting events, and Arcadia High musicals at the San Gabriel Auditorium. Charles Gilb, Joe Sargis, and I even formed a foundation that tried unsuccessfully to build an auditorium in Arcadia.

Attendance at school board meetings for years was surely instrumental in my being appointed to the Arcadia Board of Education to complete the term of Dr. Gary Mills. Elected twice, I served for a total of nine years, leaving the board not long after our last son was graduated from Arcadia High. Others with whom I served were Dr. George Frempter, James Harvey, Don Fickas, Dr. Lewis (Pete) May, Dr. Kay Clifford, Carol Papay, and Paul Friedman.

My school board years (1974 to 1983) saw a fire at First Avenue Junior High School, collective bargaining for teachers, loss of local control over school finance, battles over early childhood education and federal funds, school calendar controversies, declining enrollment necessitating the closing of Santa Anita and Bonita Park elementary schools, the selection of Elbert Souders as superintendent of schools, and a myriad of other issues great and small.

During all those years, I was firmly convinced our schools were good because we lived in a stable, established community where parents were concerned with, and involved in, their children's education.

People like Harvey, the Holly Avenue custodian; high school counselor Mavis Dumbacher; teachers like Howard Drake at Dana, Gerald Penny and Wayne Fountain at the high school and many, many others—these are the ones

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our sons remember.

From the 1960s into the 1980s, Arcadia schools were the most important things in the lives of our family, as I hope they are now for today's parents and children.

Gloria Horstman was a member of the Arcadia School Board from 1974 to 1983. She lived in Arcadia for thirty-nine years before moving to Savannah, Georgia, in 1994.

THE VERY FIRST CLASS AT ARCADIA HIGH SCHOOL

by Loren Brodhead

Those of us living in Arcadia who were to begin high school in 1951 first learned of our high school fate in 1950. Before 1950, we always thought we would be attending Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte (MAD) High School in Monrovia. All of our friends in the grades ahead of us went to MAD. But in 1950, the state superintendent of education granted Arcadia permission to have its own high school. Still there were many unresolved questions. Would we go to MAD for a year or two and then attend a new Arcadia High School once it was built? Or, would we figure out some way to start a high school in Arcadia even though there was no physical high school? And, would students living in Arcadia and already enrolled at MAD join us at Arcadia High School once it was built?

Soon the answers were forthcoming. Students living in Arcadia who would be high school freshmen in 1951 would attend classes at First Avenue School (the school where some of us attended kindergarten). In 1952, when the high school buildings were complete, only that class and subsequent Arcadia high school students would attend Arcadia High School. Arcadia students attending MAD would continue to attend Monrovia-Duarte High School (as it was subsequently named) and would graduate there. This meant our freshman class would be the "senior class" at Arcadia High School for four years.

The first year at First Avenue School was difficult. There were 315 freshmen. It was impossible to feel we were in high school. We were in some of the same classrooms we attended when we were in grammar school. In addition, seventh and eighth graders also attended First Avenue. This made us feel even less like high school students. There were no athletic fields. Athletic teams practiced at Arcadia County Park. A football field was set up in what is now the baseball stadium at the park. Basketball was played on the asphalt courts and the track team ran on a 330-yard undulating oval at the park.

Arcadia was made a member of the Pacific League, one of the tougher athletic leagues in Southern California. Other high schools in the league at the time were Monrovia, Mark Keppel, Alhambra, El Monte, Whittier, and Rosemead. The first football team (Class C) won its first game and lost the next eight. Basketball had both Class C and D teams. The Cs won three games and lost six. The Ds won four games and lost the rest. Track and baseball results are better left unreported.

In September 1952, our second year of high school, 750 freshmen and sophomores attended classes at the partly finished new high school on Duarte

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Road. During the school year, the snack bar, cafeteria and other buildings took shape. Physical education classes were held in an old garage left over from a house that occupied the campus. The house was actually left for a while and became the home for home economics classes.

During that school year, students voted to make the “Apaches” the school mascot. It sounded great and had the same number of letters as Arcadia. At the time, there was no reason to consult local tribes to get their permission.

Football had a junior varsity team that won three games and lost four. It was the first Arcadia football team to play Monrovia. This rivalry continued in all sports for some time. Football players even wore extra pads when they played Monrovia, thinking the game would be extra rough. In all sports, Arcadia High School was getting better. Wins increased and losses decreased. Arcadia High School was becoming a school to be reckoned with.

However, when Arcadia High School fielded its first varsity teams in 1953–54, with only freshmen, sophomores, and juniors, we were at a distinct disadvantage. No seniors, yet we were playing schools fielding all four classes. The varsity football team lost all of its games. There was great exuberance, however, when the varsity basketball team beat Monrovia High School, by then its traditional rival, 56 to 50. Arcadia High School won its first varsity football game in 1954 when we had all four classes. The score was Arcadia 12, South Pasadena 0. This was the second game of the season. The rest of the season did not fair so well.

In June 1955, Arcadia graduated 342 seniors who were all proud to be members of the first graduating class.

Loren Brodhead was in the first class to graduate from Arcadia High School in 1955. He is a member of the Methodist Hospital Foundation board of directors and has lived in Arcadia for forty-seven years.

SPECIAL MEMORIES OF ARCADIA HIGH SCHOOL— FIFTY YEARS LATER

by Glenna P. Rasmussen

For many years, Arcadians went to high school at the MAD campus where today's Monrovia High School is located. It was a union high school district formed from three communities: Monrovia, Arcadia, and Duarte.

Arcadia High School really began when concerned Arcadia parents met to take advantage of new California laws encouraging school districts to "unify." This meant that all grades in a city would have one superintendent in one district office, instead of an elementary school district and a high school district. A big bonfire was built where the Arcadia High School football field is now located and a celebration was held to celebrate and publicize the new campus. People were happy!

Dr. Edward J. Robinson, an administrator from Alaska, was hired to be the first high school principal. Norvell R. Dice was the superintendent. At the time, Arcadia had only two campuses—Holly Avenue and First Avenue. Dr. Robinson was to start with seventh and eighth grades at First Avenue, then move with the students when they became ninth and tenth graders to the new high school campus when it was completed. He was a dignified "old school" educator who always wore a blue suit and a crisply starched shirt. He prided himself on being a "walking principal." As he paced the halls, he checked to see if the classrooms were quiet and, if they were, he knew that all was well. He cautioned the teachers to "never turn your back on the students." Unfortunately, Dr. Robinson had a heart attack and died.

Charles Wallace was then hired in 1952 to replace Dr. Robinson as the first principal on the new high school campus. He believed in participatory management and he did not mind if the teachers turned their backs!

The next Arcadia High School principals were Henry S. Molina, Elbert E. Souders, Myron Greene, Arthur H. North, and Dr. Richard W. Cordano. Dr. Cordano stayed for twenty-one years from 1965 to 1986. During his tenure, the faculty remained fairly stable with few changes. This made it possible to form close ties among the staff and we became like members of a family. Following Dr. Cordano as principal were Jerry E. Barshay, Dorothy Schneider, and Martin J. Plourde, the current principal since 1996.

I came to Arcadia High School in January, 1953. My first-year salary, with a master's degree, was \$1,650, moving to \$2,040 the second year. That's \$1,650 a year, not a month. I arrived at a beautiful, new "state of the art" campus. At that time, California built their schools by spreading out on the land instead of build-

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ing “up.” It was exciting to be there at the beginning, everything was new and possible.

It was my privilege to work in student government when Ron Gister and Tom Payne were assistant principals. They believed in involving students in as many responsible ways as possible and I did, too. We started many of the things that are now regarded as traditions.

Each year during the second week of November, the Arcadia High School retirees come from near and far to gather together for a reunion of the “Good Old Gang.” They come from Mexico, Florida, Connecticut, Washington, Arizona, and everywhere just to see each other again.

As for me, I look back on having spent almost all of my teaching years at Arcadia High School. . .and think about thirty-eight years in a rewarding career teaching great students, having colleagues who became close friends, and living in a beautiful community close to the mountains.

Glenna P. Rasmussen taught at Arcadia High School from 1953 to 1989. She has been an Arcadia resident for fifty years.

A MAN CALLED ELB

by Richard W. Cordano

Did Elbert E. Souders have an impact on public education in Arcadia? Indeed he did!

First, who is Elb Souders? He was the fourth principal of Arcadia High School and the fifth superintendent of the Arcadia Unified School District. He is the administrator with the longest tenure in the district, from 1955 to 1985.

Souders came to California from Lincoln, Nebraska and the United States Navy where he served as a Lieutenant Commander in the Pacific Theater. He received his bachelor's degree from Nebraska Wesleyan University, attended Stanford University and the Harvard Business School, and was awarded a masters degree in business from the University of Southern California. In 1955, after a tour of duty as dean of boys at Visalia High School, Souders arrived in Arcadia to become acting principal at Arcadia High School. From 1956 to 1960, Souders was principal of Arcadia High School. From there, he went on to serve as assistant superintendent for educational services (1960–1965), associate superintendent (1965–1982), and superintendent (1982–1985) of the Arcadia Unified School District.

During his tenure, Souders was instrumental in developing policy and curriculum, and setting a course of direction for the district. While associate superintendent, he helped develop a unique course conducted on the premises of Santa Anita Park that taught the fundamentals of racetrack management and business. He also played a major role in the development of a medical services class, conducted in conjunction with Methodist Hospital, that provided students with an overview of the medical and nursing professions. The now famous "candy striper" program was also developed for student volunteers at the hospital.

Under Souders' direction, Arcadia High School became a leader in curriculum and developing education programs such as cross-age teaching, police on campus, and advanced placement (AP) classes for college-bound students. The AP program was recognized by the California state education system as having the lowest grade-point differential between high school grades and university grades earned, and Arcadia High School was one of the largest users of AP tests in California. Souders was also a prime force in the growth of the famous Arcadia Unified School District music program. While he was principal, the Apache marching band was invited by President Dwight D. Eisenhower to represent California at his inauguration. The West Arcadia Band Review (now known as the Arcadia Festival of Bands) was started during this time and remains one of the premier band parades in the state.

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During Souders' years as associate superintendent and superintendent, the high school athletic program for boys and girls became a dominant force in the CIF Southern Section. Many remember the early days of the football program when we had teams that lost almost every game of the season. The program gradually improved to the point where Arcadia's teams finally made it to the CIF semi-finals and other sports followed with success. Outstanding coaches hired by Souders included tennis coach Dick Leach (later coach of the national championship tennis team at USC), swim coach Don Gambril (later coach of the University of Alabama and 1984 United States Olympic swim teams), football coach Paul Duhart (former Green Bay Packer player), and his successor Dick Salter (for whom the Arcadia High School football stadium is named).

One of Souders' great strengths was hiring excellent administrators and teachers to work with students. The curriculum for the entire school district was recognized statewide as being outstanding. Many of the teachers received state and national awards and honors for being the best in their field, and they were frequently placed on state curriculum committees as consultants.

During Souders' years, the schools in Arcadia started to generate many volunteers. It was often rumored that there were more members of the PTA than there were students; quite a record for a Southern California school district. The booster clubs and support groups for curriculum, athletics, and music were huge in terms of numbers and assistance for Arcadia's schools. The Arcadia Educational Foundation, established to provide further assistance to the district, was also developed during his tenure.

Souders was very involved in our community. He was a member of the Arcadia Recreation and Parks Commission and its longest-serving chairman. He was president of the Arcadia Lions Club, Arcadia Exchange Club, American Red Cross-Arcadia Chapter, and Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association. He served on the boards of directors of the Arcadia-Monrovia YMCA, Arcadia Diamond Jubilee Committee, and the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce. He was chairman of the Selective Service Board for San Gabriel Valley, vice-chairman of the Arcadia Bicentennial Commission, and on the board of trustees at Church of the Good Shepherd.

Souders received numerous honors and awards during his career. He was named an honorary life member by PTA and a Paul Harris Fellow by Rotary Club of Arcadia. He was named Citizen of the Year by the Arcadia Child Health Council and received a citation from the National Recreation and Park Association. He was also elected to the Hall of Fame of both Nebraska Wesleyan University and the Arcadia High School Athletic Department.

Did Elb Souders have impact on the growth and development of the

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Arcadia Unified School District? Yes! And his tremendous impact on Arcadia's school system continues today.

Richard W. Cordano was the principal of Arcadia High School from 1965 to 1985. He is a member of the Arcadia Beautiful Commission and has lived in Arcadia for thirteen years.

A FAMILY OF ARCADIA EDUCATORS

by Coyla Grumm

D. Lloyd Nelson packed up his newly earned masters degree from Stanford and moved into a rental house across the street from First Avenue School where he had just been hired as a history teacher. As his classes moved through their studies, they developed a timeline along the walls just below the ceiling showing the events they had studied. Most mornings, students reviewed their progress on the timeline and anticipated what was next. Though this is a common teaching practice today, it was quite a departure from reading the text and answering the questions at the end of the chapter as was done in most classes that year. It was 1932. Dissatisfied with the text, Lloyd was soon co-authoring *Yesterday, the Foundation of Today*, which was adopted by the California Department of Education and used as the text for years. When Lloyd's daughter started teaching, a fellow teacher was acquainting her with the current materials. "This is the book we are supposed to use, but the best one is this old book *Yesterday, the Foundation of Today*. I have a class set you can borrow," she reported.

Many of Lloyd's nonschool hours were spent at the local hangout for young people, Douglas's Drug Store on Huntington Drive near First Avenue. As they sipped on their fountain sodas, they looked over the fields on the north side of Huntington Drive. Lloyd devoted other hours to the Boy Scouts as a troop leader. Trips to Cherry Valley on Catalina Island created fond memories.

Christmas of 1934 found Lloyd back in Texas where he married Inez. She soon developed classes for limited English-speaking Arcadians using homemaking skills as their medium for speaking English. Lloyd and Inez bought a house on Laurel Avenue near Second Avenue. Although the living-room furniture, a ping-pong table, was eventually replaced with a couch and chairs, Lloyd became quite a ping-pong champ. The camilla plant, for which they paid twenty-five cents, moved as they did and still remains in the family as a fond memory of their Arcadia beginning.

Lloyd and Inez built Cabin #138 on Winter Creek off of Big Santa Anita Canyon. At that time, Double Drive (now known as Santa Anita Avenue) ended at the ranger station near Liliano Place. It was a seven-mile trek carrying lumber, sacks of cement, boxes of nails, and a prized Victrola onto the construction site. The family actively enjoyed the cabin until late in the 1950s.

The camilla plant moved with Lloyd and Inez when he became a principal in El Monte and lived on the school campus. He soon became an employee of the Los Angeles County Office of Education, later a full professor at the University of Southern California and, in retirement, chairman of the board of

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regents at Pepperdine University. But family members returned to the Arcadia community they had been taught to respect.

Daughter Linda, also a teacher, married Ben Massey Jr., an Arcadia resident. Their son Ben Massey III is now an Arcadian. Daughter Coyla moved to Arcadia with her husband Richard in 1969 where they reside today. In 1986, Coyla continued the family Arcadia teaching tradition when she began teaching at Highland Oaks Elementary School where she currently teaches fourth grade. In September 2002, their daughter Carolyn became the third generation of Nelson Family educators in Arcadia when she began teaching at Baldwin Stocker Elementary School. Richard led their son Scott through Arcadia Boy Scout Troop 120 and on to an Eagle Scout project out of Chantry Flats—the current trail to the Nelson mountain cabin.

Nelson's son John Lloyd Nelson was assistant superintendent for business services for the Arcadia Unified School District from 1970 to 1986, during which time he was also an active Arcadia resident. Included in his activities were memberships in Rogues, president of the Lions Club, and member of the Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association. The Nelson Family of Arcadia educators continued.

It is not coincidence that the Nelson children are all connected to Arcadia and education. A deep respect for the quality of the community and its schools was ingrained in them. They are proud of their past and the present, and see a strong future for the city and its schools.

Coyla Grumm has lived in Arcadia since 1969. In 1986, she began teaching at Highland Oaks Elementary School where she currently teaches fourth grade.

REFLECTIONS OF A JERSEY BOY

by Paul J. Kearns

When I came to Arcadia, my intentions were to stay and teach for one year. I had applied to several school districts in the San Gabriel Valley and received interviews. When I visited Arcadia, one of the things that struck me was the magnificent mountains. The way they soared over the land and framed the city was truly impressive to this young man from New Jersey. As one year stretched into thirty-three, there have been other characteristics of Arcadia that impressed me far more than those natural wonders.

The people of Arcadia welcomed me and made me instantly feel at home. In particular, I remember the family of a student in one of my early classes. We developed a friendship that lasted many years. They hosted me on fishing trips and time at their beach home. I knew I was a real member of their family when I helped them move one weekend! Their warmth and hospitality helped me adjust to my new life, so far from the only home I had known. In my new world, I found people who knew the importance of family and caring.

Education is a profession with many intrinsic rewards. Most of these come through the students with whom teachers come in contact. The students in Arcadia have never failed to impress and amaze me. One student who comes to mind was a child afflicted with a life-threatening condition, yet never once did he allow this to be used as an excuse. He was always right in there with the rest of the students, trying his hardest and taking risks he knew were reasonable. His courage and perseverance served as reminders to me that one can achieve great things when approached with focus and determination. Another student taught me similar lessons as I watched him work through a physical handicap, struggling with activities with a smile and positive attitude. He taught me that a difficult physical condition should not be used as an excuse, but rather as a strength upon which to build. Yet another student showed me that success in life depends on one's willingness to try the hardest even when tasks are difficult. This former student is now a firefighter, performing great service in an honorable profession, and has on numerous occasions expressed his gratitude toward his former teacher.

Working in Arcadia has made me all the richer because of the people in the Arcadia Unified School District. The district has always had an outstanding reputation due in no small part to the quality of its employees. Teachers with whom I have worked demonstrated a commitment to the welfare of the students that is without compare. Bus drivers, custodians, secretaries, aides, and educational specialists work their hardest for students. I could not help but grow both per-

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sonally and professionally in such an environment.

Community support for Arcadia's schools is phenomenal. There is an outstanding number of volunteers—parents and community leaders—who volunteer their time to enhance the school programs. Whether it be neighbors attending school music programs and open houses, citizens voting in favor of school bond issues, or parents volunteering to help beautify the campuses, Arcadians have demonstrated their love of our school system!

My one year in Arcadia extended into thirty-three because of the support and integrity of families, students, teachers, administrators, school staff members, and the community. Like the regal San Gabriel Mountains, Arcadians possess a strength that reaches high and forms a background for success. My heartfelt gratitude and very best wishes go out to this incredibly fine community as you enter your second hundred years!

Paul J. Kearns started teaching in Arcadia in 1969. He retired as principal of Hugo Reid Elementary School in 2002. He lives in Glendora, California, and supervises student teachers at California State Polytechnic University, Pomona.

FROM STUDENT TEACHER TO PRINCIPAL

by Pam Garfield

The Arcadia Unified School District has been part of my life for the last twenty-nine years! Where has all the time gone?

I began as a student teacher at Longley Way Elementary School. My first interview was for an intern position in 1974. All the elementary school principals sat around a huge table during the interview. Was that scary! I was chosen by Ross Browne to be a student teacher in fourth grade and the following year was hired to teach third grade. After five years, I was transferred to Baldwin Stocker Elementary School to teach for five years, and then back to Longley Way for five more.

From there, I began a different phase of teaching as a curriculum specialist. I worked in the English language development program with teachers, aides, and students to help those children who were learning to speak English. Later, I worked with new and experienced teachers with a new language arts instructional program.

However, I knew I needed to get back with children and my career has come full circle. I now serve as the principal of Longley Way Elementary School. I could never have imagined this at the beginning of my career and now I cannot imagine doing anything else. Seeing the children learn and grow daily is what keeps each of us coming back every day.

I am not alone in having spent my entire working life with the Arcadia Unified School District. Many have had similarly long careers and others are on their way to the same. Why do we spend so much of our lives here? Among other reasons, we all love children! Being a part of their learning gives our lives meaning and purpose. There is nothing more rewarding than watching a child learn to read, solve a difficult math problem, or write a convincing essay. Being a part of a community and school district that support education so fully helps us to know that we are spending our time well. We know that people move to Arcadia everyday to take advantage of our wonderful school system. This would not happen without the dedicated teachers, community members, and children in this great city. Thank you for many terrific years!

Pam Garfield began her teaching career in 1974 at Longley Way Elementary School, where she has served as principal for the last three years. She lives in Claremont, California.

OPENING ARCADIA'S NEWEST SCHOOL

by Milton Sonnevik

It is a known fact that the Arcadia Unified School District is, and has been, one of the strongest school districts in Southern California as well as in the state. This enviable position is due to the superb support this community and school district have given to the total education of its children and youth.

It was my privilege to be part of this growing community for twenty-five years. I realize very keenly that many of my colleagues served this community longer than I did, and for that they are to be commended. However, it was my privilege to be part of this school district from 1961 to 1986. They were growing years, but also very productive years. In 1966, it was my honor to open Baldwin Stocker Elementary School, the newest school in Arcadia. For the first few years, Baldwin Stocker was the show place of the district since it was the first school in the district to be totally air-conditioned. The school opened with summer school in the summer of 1966. The formal dedication took place on Wednesday, September 28, 1966, with Superintendent Dr. Burtis E. Taylor presiding. Special greetings were given by Dr. Antone W. Nisson, the president of the Board of Education. He in turn introduced the Arcadia Board of Education, which at that time was comprised of Robert I. Boyd (vice-president), William O. Merritt (secretary), Dexter D. Jones, and Harold C. Lietz.

I owe a great debt of gratitude to an outstanding, well-trained, and dedicated staff at Baldwin Stocker. They delivered to the Baldwin Stocker community an educational program that was soon recognized in the city as being equal to all the other elementary schools in spite of its newness.

Baldwin Stocker's success was also due to the superb support by its local community. The dedicated PTA was always willing to be of assistance, supporting the various extra interests of its members such as weekly patriotic assembly programs, color guard, student government programs, upper grade organized noon sports programs, sportsmanship awards, school choir, and numerous other activities. This could not have been accomplished without volunteers willing to put in extra time, effort, and energy.

During my tenure as principal, it was an honor, on behalf of the staff, to accept the Principal School Award presented by the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge in 1970 for Baldwin Stocker's weekly patriotic assemblies. As a gift to Baldwin Stocker from the Freedoms Foundation, a student and a staff member were given an all-expenses-paid tour of the historical sites of Washington, D.C., lunch in the United States Senate Office Building where they met many senators, and a tour of the campus of the Freedoms Foundation at

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Valley Forge.

With many happy memories of my dear friends, it is a pleasure for me to congratulate the City of Arcadia and its wonderful citizens on the city's Centennial celebration. The future is as bright as its past.

Milton Sonnevik was the principal of Baldwin Stocker Elementary School from 1966 to 1986. He lives in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

A PRINCIPAL'S LASTING LEGACY

by Jean Parrille

Arcadia's Centennial celebration is a time to honor our past. In this age of disposable "everything," we must be careful not to dispose of our past. If we do not organize and preserve our memories, a valuable legacy will be lost. Some of the greatest assets of our city are the people who have lived and worked here and given of themselves in unique ways. Milton Sonnevik, the former principal of Baldwin Stocker Elementary School, was the first person we met when we moved to Arcadia twenty-five years ago. He welcomed our second grade daughter and gave her a personal tour of the campus. That was just the beginning of a long relationship with a man our family would grow to love, admire, and respect. His leadership skills, patriotism, and genuine care and concern for his students and their families gave our community a valuable legacy.

Milton Sonnevik was born in Wales in 1923. His father was full-blooded Norwegian, but a naturalized American citizen. His mother was also an American. In 1927, Milton moved to Norway with his parents and was raised in Stavanger, southwest of Oslo. In 1940, the Germans invaded Norway and Milton lived under German occupation from April 9, 1940 until May 8, 1945. In 1943, he had to spend six months in a Nazi work camp. After the war, Milton claimed his American citizenship at the American Embassy in Oslo. In 1946, he arrived in America on an old passenger ship. The next year, he enrolled at Oklahoma's Bethany-Peniel College, now Southern Nazarene University, where he earned a degree by teaching German for three years. There, he met his wife Mabel. Milton completed his master's program at Wichita University and, in 1961, Milton and his family left Wichita and headed for California. He had signed a teaching contract with the Arcadia Unified School District for \$7,200 for the 1961-62 school year.

Milton taught sixth grade for four years at Longley Way Elementary School. In 1965, he was transferred to Camino Grove Elementary School to teach sixth grade and serve as principal's aide. In May, 1966, Milton was selected to be the new principal of a new school, Baldwin Stocker Elementary School, where he served for the next twenty years and created an unparalleled atmosphere of education and a foundation of excellence for the community.

Milton's first year at Baldwin Stocker was challenging as students attending the new school came from three different schools in Arcadia. Milton wanted the students to establish a strong tie to their new school, which was accomplished through a strong American heritage assembly program. Held each Friday morning with a strong emphasis on history and loyalty to God and country, these

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assemblies featured a student color guard and the student body giving the Pledge of Allegiance and singing patriotic songs. Milton emphasized an open-door policy for parents as well as moral and spiritual values in school programs. As a result, parents and students developed a deep sense of loyalty to their new school.

Milton's enthusiasm motivated everyone. The school's White Christmas programs were exciting. The lights would be turned off in the multipurpose room as over five hundred anxious children waited for the lighting of a Christmas tree and Milton's Christmas necktie. After the end of the holiday program, parents and students joined together to sing "Let There Be Peace On Earth." At the annual Halloween assemblies, Milton would participate in funny skits. PTA honorary service programs were also humorous when Milton appeared dressed up as one of the "Village People" or "He-Man." Milton was constantly involved in other school activities as well, including Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and Little League baseball.

Milton strived to be not only the best principal, but the best person he could be. He treated each person with respect. Everyday, he greeted the students by name. He could remember each parent's name and kept parents informed at PTA meetings. He made each sixth grader feel very special at the graduation recognition ceremony and party. He also presented every retiring PTA mother with a red rosebud as a sign of his love and a symbol that we were to continue to grow and blossom with our children.

For his efforts at Baldwin Stocker, Milton received many professional awards including an American Educators Medal from the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, a Masonic Americanism Award, honorary service awards from PTA, and many special notes and handmade cards from his students.

In addition to school responsibilities, Milton served many humanitarian organizations. He was a member of the Arcadia Chapter of the American Red Cross, Arcadia Coordinating Council, Foothill Schools Federal Credit Union, Twin Wells Indian School in Arizona, and the international board of directors of World-Wide Missions. He also assisted the Chinese community in Arcadia by helping to organize the Arcadia Chinese Association.

Milton retired from Baldwin Stocker in 1986. He remained active in World-Wide Mission, traveling to India, Nepal, Africa, Haiti, and Taiwan. In 1987, Milton and his wife returned to Oklahoma City, but he visits Arcadia frequently and returns to Baldwin Stocker to visit with some of his former teachers. On his visits, Milton attends PTA meetings, intercultural dinners and high school football games. He keeps in contact with many former students and their families, and enjoys reminiscing about his years and personal experiences in Arcadia. Like many of his former students, our three grown children still benefit from

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Milton's involvement in their lives. He even attended our son's graduation from the United States Air Force Academy in May 2001.

Many former Baldwin Stocker students are now married with families of their own. They all share a valuable legacy of a school with a principal who cared. They will always remember Milton Sonnevik and the special memories he created.

Happy 100th Birthday Arcadia! Our family is grateful to have been part of your history for a quarter of a century. We especially appreciate the people in Arcadia, like Milton Sonnevik, whose lives have touched our hearts.

Jean Parrille has lived in Arcadia since 1978. Her community service includes president of Baldwin Stocker Elementary School PTA, chair of the Mayor's Prayer Breakfast in 2001, and member of Assistance League of Arcadia. Jean and her husband Tony were awarded the Golden Apple Award by the Northwest San Gabriel Valley Administrators Association in 2000.

ACADEMICS AND ARTS IN ARCADIA

by Amy Poon

When I think about Arcadia, fond memories from childhood come to mind because I attended Arcadia schools from elementary school through high school. I recently graduated from medical school at the University of California, San Francisco. However, I gladly return several times a year to visit my parents. Nothing in the Bay Area beats coming back to Arcadia and experiencing the beauty of the city, especially driving up the tree-lined roads laced with lavender blossoms.

When in Arcadia, I often think about the great contributions this city has made to my life. It helped me grow up as a child and it now helps shape my life as an adult. Among the many opportunities offered to a student in the Arcadia school system, two have been particularly prominent in my life: academics and the performing arts.

In addition to the friends and social life that come to mind when remembering what school was like in the 1980s and early 1990s, I also remember the remarkable teachers. Many of my teachers were truly outstanding. The teachers at Foothills Junior High School were especially caring and nurturing. As I moved on with my class with increasing independence and confidence, the teachers at Arcadia High School raised the bar and demanded even more from us. The educational opportunities were endless. In addition to the usual subjects offered at every level, including many advanced placement (AP) courses, there were classes ranging from archaeology to television broadcasting to art history. The classes were often challenging and the students very hardworking. As a result, we were well prepared for college.

Although I may not have appreciated Arcadia's rigorous academic routine at the time, I began to realize the important impact it had on my life as I progressed through my studies. I often relied on my study skills and work ethic honed early in life to succeed academically. But I was not the only one. In college, I spent my summers at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena working for a biology professor who was a graduate of Arcadia High School two decades earlier. And the day I started medical school, I happily recognized two former classmates from Arcadia High School in my new class. The academic training provided by Arcadia schools was truly special and superb, and I am certain it has served as a foundation for the future careers of many successful Arcadians.

The Arcadia schools also offered exceptional opportunities in the performing arts. The music programs provided some of my fondest memories growing

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up in Arcadia. On the first day we were introduced to the school district's music program, all the string, woodwind, and brass instruments were laid out on tables. As fourth graders, we were encouraged to sample the different instruments to help us decide what we wanted to play. I picked the trumpet and learned to play under the direction of Mr. Tom Landes and Mr. Tom Forbes. After playing trumpet for a year (and at my parents' urging!), I switched to the flute. I continued with music in junior high school and even marched in parades. My brother Brian, a clarinet player, was also in the music program and we enjoyed playing clarinet-flute duets.

One thing about the music teachers was that they often encouraged us to audition for other orchestras. With their support and that of my parents, I was able to play in Carnegie Hall with the Pasadena Youth Symphony Orchestra, as well as be a member of the All-State Band. Yet music was not made into an all-consuming endeavor by our teachers, so we often had time to participate in other activities. I decided to spend time with other forms of the performing arts including drama productions and a year on the drill team.

At Arcadia High School, I met Mr. Landes and Mr. Forbes again when I played in the marching band and orchestra under their direction. One of the unexpected thrills of my high school education was performing field shows with the marching band. The sense of exhilaration is hard to describe and must be experienced in order to understand the feeling of standing on a field, playing in unison with other musicians, and performing in front of bleachers filled with people. We also had the wonderful opportunity of marching in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Parade. My feet will never forget those five miles on Colorado Boulevard! While I was involved in marching band and orchestra, my friends were enjoying other performing arts opportunities with the Auxiliary Guard, Chanteurs and New Spirit choirs, Orchesis dance group, and Drama 3 and 4 plays.

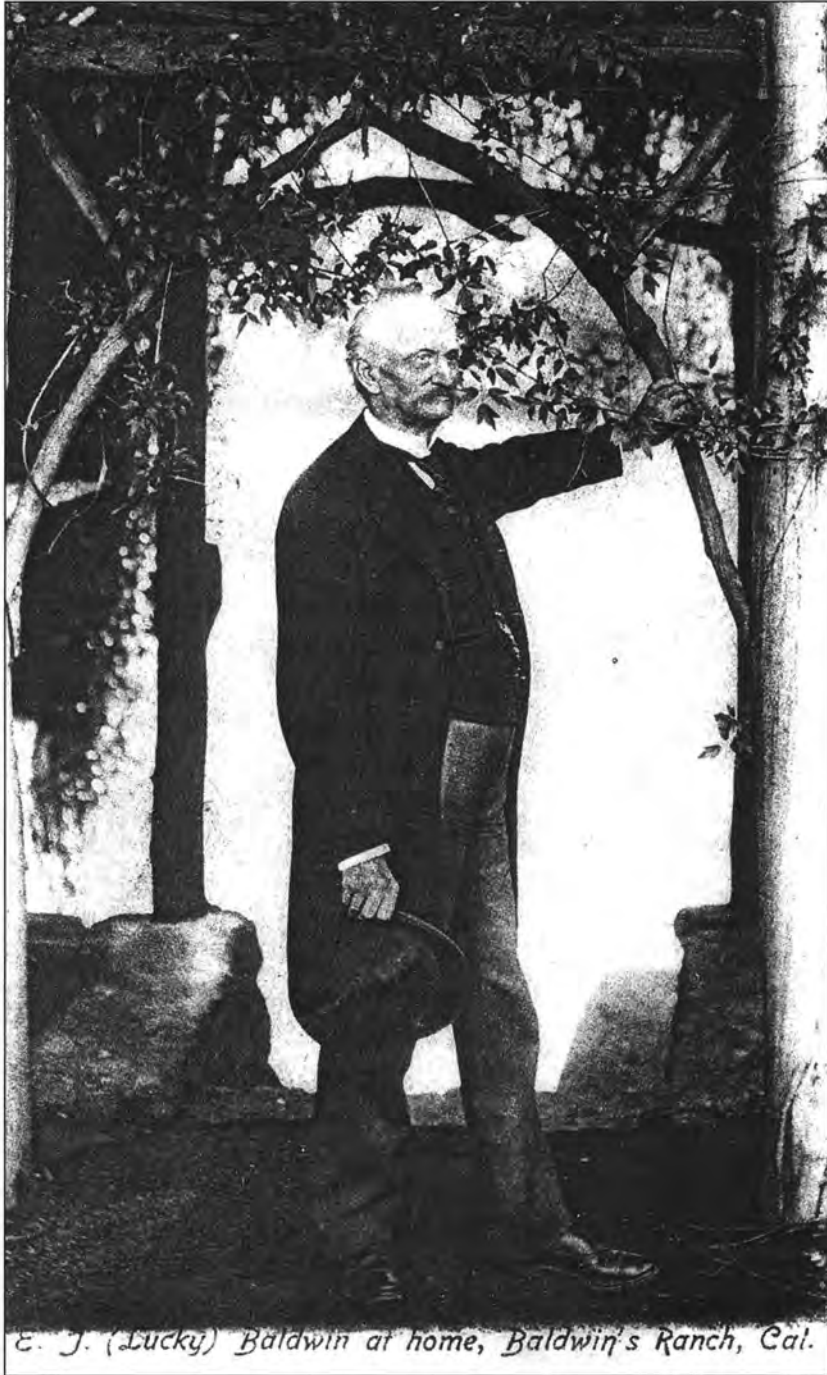
My experiences in the Arcadia music programs instilled in me a life-long love of music. After graduating from Arcadia High School, I transitioned from the flute to a different instrument—voice. In college, I sang in local musical theater productions of *The King and I* and *Oklahoma!* In medical school, I sang in an operetta, Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*. My love of music, cultivated at an early age, has never waned.

I have had the opportunity to spend many years enjoying, participating in, and contributing to the performing arts. This is one of the great gifts Arcadia has given to me; a gift that I continue to appreciate every day. It is my hope that Arcadia's performing arts programs, as well as its exceptional academic programs, will continue to thrive and be available to Arcadia students for generations to come.

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology

Amy Poon graduated from Arcadia High School (Class of 1994) where she was a cheerleader and member of the marching band and orchestra. She is a graduate of the medical school at University of California, San Francisco, and is now a resident at Stanford University Medical Center.

Photographs 1



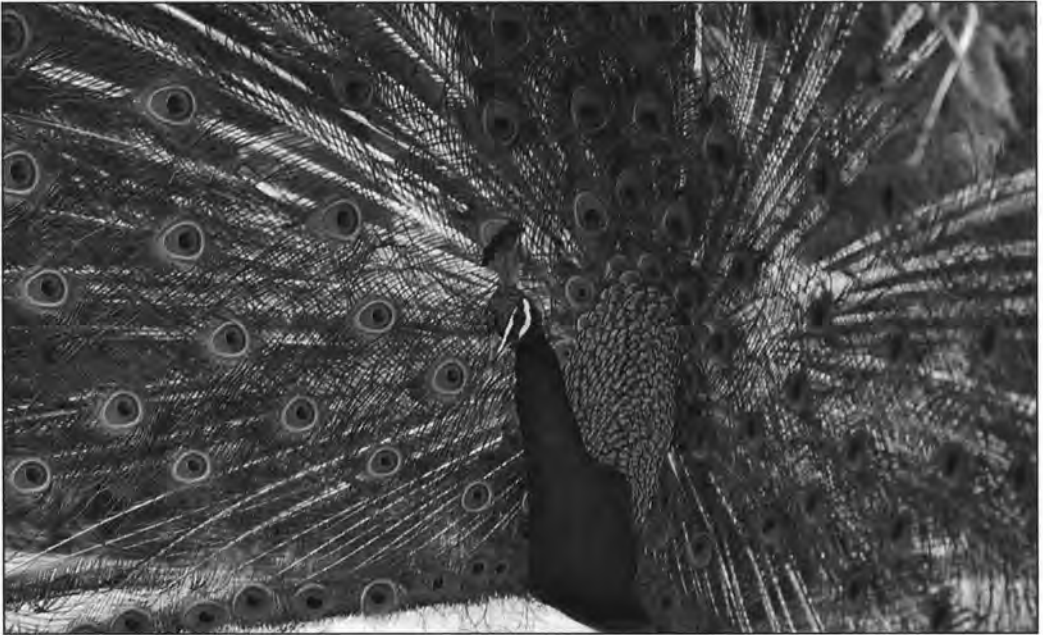
E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin at home, Baldwin's Ranch, Cal.
Elias J. "Lucky" Baldwin, Arcadia's founder and first mayor circa 1903.
Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum

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Anita Baldwin, daughter of “Lucky” Baldwin, standing on the steps of the Parthenon-style bathhouse at her three-story fifty-room Anoakia home circa early-1920s. Anoakia was completed in 1913 and located at what is now the northwest corner of West Foothill Boulevard and North Baldwin Avenue.

Courtesy of Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden



An Arcadia peacock. Its ancestors were imported to Arcadia from India by “Lucky” Baldwin in the 1880s. Doors at Anoakia included peacocks etched in beveled glass panels.

Terry Miller Collection

Photographs 1



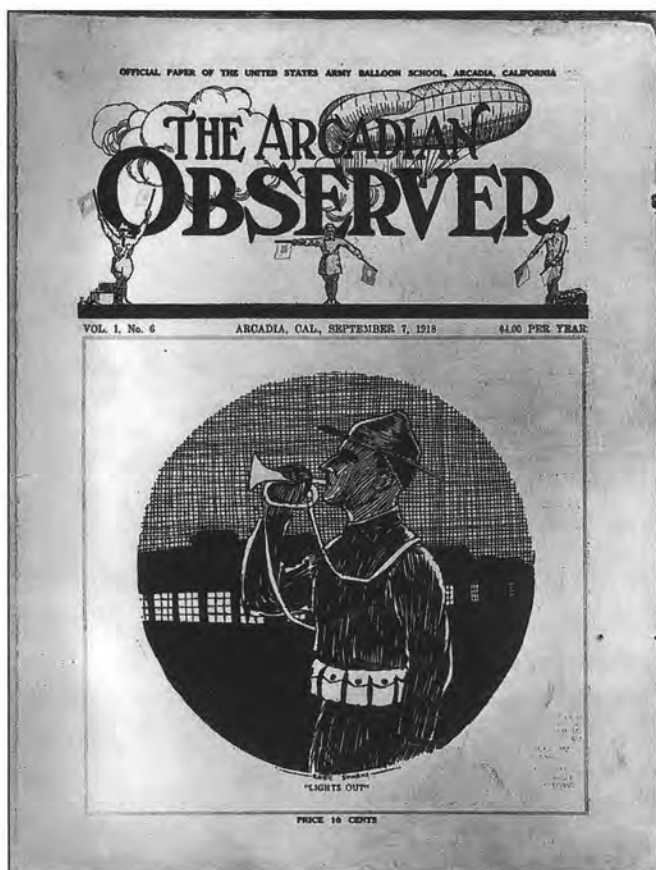
Decorative fountain and cement balustrade along stairs at the front entrance of Anoakia.
Arcadia Public Library History Collection



The Anoakia fountain and balustrade relocated to the front entrance of the gated residential development that replaced the nineteen-acre homesite. Some of the newly-built houses can be seen in the background.

Terry Miller Collection

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Cover of *The Arcadian Observer*, a publication of the United States Army Balloon School, dated September 7, 1918.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



United States Army Balloon School (later called Ross Field Balloon School) in 1918. The school was located on a site that today includes Arcadia County Park, Santa Anita Golf Course, and Arcadia's community center and historical museum.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection

Photographs 1



Officers performing calisthenics at Ross Field Balloon School circa 1925.
Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Goodyear blimp *Volunteer* stopping at Ross Field Balloon School in 1929. Two large balloon hangars are to the right.
Arcadia Public Library History Collection

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Owner Bruce Wetmore in front of his West Arcadia Service Station at 1211 South Baldwin Avenue circa 1922.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



The Woman's Club of Arcadia clubhouse located at 324 South First Avenue (northeast corner of South First Avenue and Diamond Street) circa mid-1930s. The site was purchased from Anita Baldwin in 1930 for \$1,800.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection

Photographs 1



Carpenter's Santa Anita drive-in restaurant located at 125 West Huntington Drive in December 1939. This building and the adjacent Santa Anita Theater (subsequently renamed Cinemaland) were demolished in the late-1970s for an office building.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Pacific Electric Red Car on tracks at a control tower near First Avenue in Arcadia circa 1941. Area rail service for passengers was abandoned in the early 1950s.

Courtesy of Donald Duke

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The entrance to W. Parker Lyon's Pony Express Museum located at the "Y" of West Huntington Drive and Colorado Place circa 1940s. The museum was open from 1934 to 1955.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



W. Parker Lyon astride a large rocking horse just outside the main entrance of his Pony Express Museum circa 1940s.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection

Photographs 1



Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Dorothy Lamour filming *Road to Singapore* at the Arboretum in 1939.

Courtesy of Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden



Arcadia Lumber located at 214 North Santa Anita Avenue (northeast corner of North Santa Anita Avenue and Santa Clara Street) circa 1940s. Recreational Equipment, Inc. (REI), a national retailer of outdoor gear and clothing, opened a new store at this site in spring 1999.

Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum

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Rows of units to house persons of Japanese ancestry, including American citizens, at Santa Anita Assembly Center in 1942. The view is looking south towards the intersection of West Huntington Drive and Holly Avenue across the racetrack's south parking lot. The paddock area gardens and fountain are in the foreground and Holy Angels Church is in the background.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Japanese evacuees line up for processing at Santa Anita Assembly Center in April 1942.

National Archives, Washington, D.C.

Photographs 1



Soldiers stand guard alongside Pacific Electric tracks as contingent of Japanese evacuees arrive at Santa Anita Assembly Center in April 1942. The complex was surrounded by barbed wire, lookout towers, and searchlights.

National Archives, Washington, D.C.



Japanese evacuees play ping-pong outside housing units at Santa Anita Assembly Center in April 1942.

National Archives, Washington, D.C.

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Major Charles B. Hawks Jr. and his crew in front of their B-29 bomber *City of Arcadia* circa 1945. Knowing his wife's disgust for pictures of buxom, scantily clad Petty Girls displayed on many of the squadron's planes, Major Hawks chose the name of the city where he had once lived.
Courtesy of Squadron/Signal Publications



Arcadia Chamber of Commerce entry in the first Peach Blossom Festival parade down Baldwin Avenue in 1949.

Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum

Photographs 1



Chicken ranch and coops at 1210 South Fourth Avenue in 1948. In 1956, an ordinance was passed that phased out poultry operations in Arcadia within five years.

Courtesy of Dian Gibson



Carl's Sweet Corn road-side stand at 75 Las Tunas Drive (west of intersection with Santa Anita Avenue) circa 1951. On an average Saturday, over twenty-five thousand ears of corn were sold to folks coming from all over Southern California. It closed in 1958.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection

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Students at Arcadia Grammar School (at site of present First Avenue Middle School) in 1908.
Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Midwinter graduation class at First Avenue School on January 27, 1944.
Arcadia Public Library History Collection

Photographs 1



Mrs. Martin's fourth grade class at Santa Anita Elementary School in 1960. The public school was located at 1900 South Santa Anita Avenue and closed in 1981.

Courtesy of Florence Kovacic



Mrs. Grumm's fourth grade class at Highland Oaks Elementary School in 2003.

Terry Miller Collection

CHAPTER 5

Let's Get Organized

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ARCADIA ROTARY CLUB

by Robert Daggett

When Arcadia was celebrating its twenty-fourth anniversary, the Arcadia Rotary Club was being formed. Some fifteen men of the "Goodfellows" service club in the community petitioned Rotary International for a charter and it was granted in 1927. Throughout these last seventy-six years, the more than three thousand Arcadia Rotarians have given of their time, talent, and treasure to make the city and the surrounding area a better place in which to live and work.

It was Arcadia Rotary that extended a helping hand to those disadvantaged by the Great Depression and commenced an uninterrupted record of "Service Above Self," through its various "Avenues of Service."

Arcadia Rotary was there when the conversion of Ross Field to a county park and golf course was initiated. It was there when the concept of building a hospital in Arcadia was considered, and is still there making regular and significant contributions to that institution known as Methodist Hospital of Southern California. It is there each and every month honoring the teachers of the Arcadia Unified School District with "Teachers of the Month" and "Teachers of the Year" programs. And it is there for other community service agencies by presenting annual awards to Arcadia's police officers, firefighters, and civic leaders.

Arcadia Rotary holds an annual "Salute to Seniors" luncheon, serves the food at the annual Mayor's Prayer Breakfast, plants trees at the Arboretum, cleans up hiking trails in local mountains, supports programs of the local Red Cross Chapter (such as Meals on Wheels), sponsors the YMCA, and participates in the annual Heart Walk.

Arcadia Rotary has always looked at the youth of Arcadia as the future of Arcadia. It was one of the first organizations to make significant contributions to the Crippled Children's Society and has sponsored local Scouting units since 1929. Each year, Arcadia Rotary hosts the Four-Way Test Speech Contest, Dan

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Stover Music Competition, Rotary Youth Leadership Awards, and high school career day programs. It sponsors youth sporting teams, Interact Clubs, "Students of the Month," "Students of the Year," and other such activities.

It was Arcadia Rotary that started the local Humane Society, helped locate and finance a new community library, organized the Community Welfare Board, bought highway signs for the city when Route 66 was completed through the Baldwin Ranch (at the club's urging), built the plaza at the Chamber of Commerce building, sponsored and helped pay for the fountain at County Park, and built many of the facilities at Camp Trask in the local foothills.

The list of Arcadia Rotary's contributions is endless. And the City of Arcadia would most likely not be the outstanding community it is today had not Arcadia Rotary been here for the last seventy-six years.

We of the Arcadia Rotary Club are proud of the role our members have played in the history of Arcadia and pledge to be here for as long as we can continue to make a positive impact.

Robert Daggett lived in Arcadia from 1960 to 2002. He is a former member of the Arcadia Planning Commission and past president of the Arcadia Rotary Club. He sings four-part harmony in barbershop quartets and lives in San Dimas, California.

THE ARCADIA BRANCH OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY WOMEN

by Mildred Shaw and Alice Halberstadt

In 1950, a group of seven women who were university graduates met under a big oak tree at Arcadia County Park to form the Arcadia Branch of the American Association of University Women (AAUW). They were Mary Harvey, Lucille Kettell, Margaret King, Edith Nordvold, Annie Laurie Opel, Dorothy Ott, and Doris Unland. The group chose the Serbian Church on South Baldwin Avenue in Arcadia as its first meeting place. Dues were \$2.50 per year. The meeting time was in the evening because "stay-at-home moms" needed fathers to tend to the children. The group soon moved to a meeting room at Arcadia High School. The group's first sponsorship was a Children's Little Theater Group. This interest led to the start of the Sierra Madre Creative Arts Group, which is still active. Arcadia Branch's next sponsorship was the Arcadia League of Women Voters. Starting with a group of thirty-eight women, the branch grew to over four hundred members in the first ten years.

For many years, the Arcadia Public Library served as a wonderful place for the Arcadia Branch to meet. (In fact, the Friends of the Arcadia Public Library organization was established by a spin-off group.) The branch held a Festive Fair annually at Santa Anita Racetrack as a fund raiser. It involved all members and was a service to Arcadia business people who displayed their holiday merchandise free of charge to the community.

AAUW's main thrust through the years has been support of women in higher education through its educational foundation. Thousands of dollars have gone annually to this cause, including completion of the Robert and Ione B. Paradise International Fellowship. Ione had the honor of being a two-time Arcadia Branch president and president of the State of California AAUW.

AAUW's Child Care Task Force resulted in Pasadena City College's child care center and the development of "how-to" kits for home care-providers. The occupational goals of young girls have been raised through AAUW's Math-Science Fairs and Science Camps, which are supported by the Arcadia Branch. In addition, the Arcadia Branch is still involved with the Arcadia Coordinating Council whose formation was influenced by the branch.

In 1985, the Woman of Achievement Award was started with Dr. Frances Meehan selected as the first recipient. Recipients of this award are chosen because of professional and community service and personal contributions.

Policy regulations dictated a need for a new meeting place for the Arcadia Branch, and Methodist Hospital made its auditorium available for many years.

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Currently, general branch meetings are held monthly at Jordan Hall at the Church of the Good Shepherd. Sectional meetings are held monthly in the homes of members to share books, study international relations, enjoy gourmet eating, play multiple sections of bridge, and plan excursions to interesting places.

The Arcadia Branch of the American Association of University Women continues to welcome any college or university graduates to join and participate in many wonderful community projects and events.

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. She was named Arcadia Senior Citizen of the Year in 1989.

Alice Halberstadt has lived in Arcadia for thirty-nine years. She is an active member of the Arcadia Branch of the American Association of University Women and Church of the Good Shepherd.

A NIGHT OUT WITH THE JUNIORS

by Eileen Hubbard

One of my fond memories is of the Woman's Club of Arcadia. The club's handbook gives a brief history of this organization's origins: "During the early 1900s, a group of Arcadia women, approximately fifteen in number, formed a social organization known as the Co-operative Arcadians. The group was interested in civic affairs, the culinary arts and social enjoyment. From this organization evolved the Woman's Club in 1914." "Their interest in books led to the first lending library in Arcadia, continuing as such until 1920 when the present library system was established by the City Council." "They also sponsored the organization of the Arcadia Historical Society, the first Junior Symphony Association and the 'Arcadia Beautiful' group."

As a mother of three young children, I could only get away in the evening when Dad would babysit. The Woman's Club had a Juniors division, and it was a wonderful evening out. The Juniors met in the attractive living room of the clubhouse at the northeast corner of First Avenue and Diamond Street. (The site had been purchased from Anita Baldwin in 1930 for \$1,800.) We would all dress up with hats and gloves as was required. Our membership was limited to one hundred and we always had a waiting list. We had a wonderful advisor from the senior club. She was Imogene Libby, mother of Hal Libby and Carol Libby's mother-in-law. We had many lovely parties in the Libby's beautiful yard. We also attended huge conventions at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles.

The Juniors donated to Arcadia's Wilderness Park at its inception. We wanted a place for all the good Arcadia kids to enjoy. We also made one of the early donations to the new Methodist Hospital in our city that was built in 1956. Our funds were for the maternity ward.

The Woman's Club of Arcadia helped train many civic leaders for our community. Eleanor Gibbs Kemp was the club's president in 1958-59. She is a charter member and became the second president of the Assistance League of Arcadia. Floretta Lauber was president of the club in 1965-66 and went on to become Arcadia's first woman mayor. She continues to chair many affairs for the Woman's Club of Arcadia, Arcadia Historical Society, and other groups.

I see many of these ladies in organizations all over town. We took to heart what the Woman's Club of Arcadia taught us: "Live each day trying to accomplish something, not merely to exist." I am grateful for what the club and its members did to make my life fuller.

Eileen Hubbard has lived in Arcadia since 1943. She is a member of the Arcadia

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Senior Citizens Commission and an active volunteer at the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden. She is past president of the Assistance League of Arcadia and the Arcadia Coordinating Council, and was named Citizen of the Year by the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce in 1999.

ARCADIA'S LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

by Phyllis Tomkins

If I arrive at the pearly gates and have only one chance to make my case for entry, I would have to say that I was a loyal member of the Foothill Hollywood Bowl Committee. Two or three evenings a season, this volunteer group made exciting music available to everyone in our community by arranging tickets, seating, and bus transportation to the Hollywood Bowl. It was a new experience—enjoying picnic lunches and listening to symphonies under the stars—and it brought neighbors together to form a community of musical appreciation.

The largest natural amphitheater in the world, the fabulous Hollywood Bowl had some dark and bleak days before a crusade for its survival began. Wisely, the committee selected Dorothy Chandler to carry the baton and she proved to be a real champion. “Buffy” Chandler was a dynamo and quickly brought together over a thousand volunteers from twenty-five geographical areas. By using her husband Norman’s influence (and personally knocking on many doors), she rapidly sold every box seat in the Bowl. Today these prized box seats are left to survivors in wills and fought over in divorce suits!

Mrs. Chandler contacted Nancy Harris and Ione Paradise in 1957 to organize the first “Bus to Bowl” trip. Hand-written invitations were sent to hundreds of friends and the miracle of filling the Bowl was started. In a few years, the task was passed to others who were equally dedicated to keeping the Bowl alive and bringing the best it had to offer to Arcadia. For over thirty-five years, many committed Arcadians took over this task. Bernice Harris, Marcia Good, and I are all surviving members of this original group.

Each Bowl year began with a kickoff luncheon in a beautiful garden. The luncheon honored the volunteers; but more importantly, it showcased the program for the upcoming season. Bob Hope’s estate was the setting one year and the memory of Dolores Hope standing in her doorway singing “On a Clear Day You Can See Forever” still lingers!

After the luncheon, it was huddle time for our committee to select the two or three programs, usually a classical and a pop night. By getting requests in early, the best seats could be reserved.

The *Arcadia Tribune* newspaper and the legendary Catherine Mundy gave the group great coverage with pictures and reservation coupons. Our dear friend, the late Marguerite Towsley, wrote excellent copy informing the community of the program for each night. Although Bernice Harris and I each chaired a night, the entire committee participated in addressing (by hand in those days!) the

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envelopes for ticket and performance information. The individual names on the list grew and grew. In fact, many organizations began to attend as a group. Teen and date nights along with morning children's concerts were later added.

Among the favorite selections were evenings with Rogers and Hammerstein, Lerner and Lowe, the very popular Meredith Willson (the "Music Man") and his wife Rini, and the Tchaikovsky spectacular. Who could forget the *1812 Overture* with fireworks? The Ballet Folklorico made its debut and wowed them all! Johnny Green, personally invited by Mrs. Chandler to be the very first conductor, was beloved by all audiences.

Personal memories are so many. Having lunch at the Bowl with the entire orchestra when the brand new L.A. Philharmonic director Zubin Mehta was only twenty-six years old (and accompanied by his father!) was a thrill for the entire volunteer group. Who could forget the night that the committee bus (always the "caboose") would not start? All the husbands of committee members jumped out, took off their jackets and successfully push-started that bus!

Bernice Harris' memories have to include lost tickets, lost passengers, and all of the trips to the Bowl's volunteer cottage for board meetings as the Bowl's volunteer liaison. She ably represented the committee, serving as its chair.

For me, it was a personal call at home from Mary Costa, who was headlining the following night, expressing her appreciation for bringing such a large group to the Bowl. In fact, she invited a few backstage after the performance! The biggest surprise came one August night, when she and Jan Pearce dedicated their last song to my husband Frank and me on our wedding anniversary!

The Bowl's museum has a record of all these wonderful years and, when you visit, you may even find a picture of yourself! Although the committee was well rewarded with appreciation of the community, it was most proud in the knowledge that it consistently brought the best audiences from Arcadia to the Bowl.

Now, if I DO get to the Pearly Gates first (and St. Peter lets me in), I will tell him about Bernice and Marcia. Then, I will go in and save the very best center seats—behind the boxes—and hope that when they arrive, they will bring a wonderful picnic basket!

Phyllis Tomkins is a fifty-year resident of Arcadia. In 1987, she was admitted as the first woman member of the Arcadia Rotary Club. She is a sustaining member of the Assistance League of Arcadia and active at Arcadia's Church of the Good Shepherd.

AN ERA OF LEADERS: ARCADIA PTA 1971–1972

by June Fee

The Parent Teacher Association (PTA) was founded in 1897 and started in Arcadia in 1913. By the 1971–1972 school year, the Arcadia PTA had grown to 8,748 members. That year, the Arcadia PTA once again became the common denominator for many parents and the beginning of even more involvement with volunteer life in Arcadia.

In 1971–1972, the popular education issues in Arcadia were: is education giving full dollar value? should we have year-round schools? how should we implement Project RISE (Reading Improvement Services Everywhere)?

For the Arcadia PTA, it became a year of reaching out to the community in terms of public relations. PTA was committed to making parents and teachers truly partners in support of bond issues for future development and dreams of an auditorium. Each principal emphasized this partnership during the year by presenting a program on “What Difference Does It Make Having a PTA?” On a homey note, each PTA president took turns setting up booths for school carnivals, baking cookies, helping at book fairs, and supporting after-school activities such as Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Indian Guides, Little League, and AYSO soccer.

Significantly, 1971–1972 also became a great year for leaders. The PTA council and unit presidents that year went on to become leaders in every other part of the community. The names of these presidents and their principals are very important to history. Serving Arcadia Council PTA President June Fee and Superintendent Dr. Edward V. Ryan were:

<u>PTA President</u>	<u>Unit</u>	<u>Principal</u>
Gloria Horstman	Arcadia High School	Dr. Richard Cordano
Darlene Woolverton	Dana Junior High School	Don Wells
Pearl Lunghard	First Avenue Junior High	Edward Harver
Helen Feitchmann	Foothills Junior High School	John Sonnhalter
Barbara Whiteside	Baldwin Stocker Elementary School	Milton Sonnevik
Peggy Leatherman	Bonita Park Elementary School	Paul Mundy
Arlene Keegan	Camino Grove Elementary School	Claude Massengill
Dottie Burnett	Highland Oaks Elementary School	Charles Jarboe
Mary Ann Spickler	Holly Ave Elementary School	Dr. William G. Smith
Ann Bell	Hugo Reid Elementary School	John Sinclair
Donna Black	Longley Way Elementary School	Ross D. Browne
Eleanor Powell	Santa Anita Elementary School	Ernest Herrington

This group of presidents produced a member of the Arcadia Board of Education; two Arcadia Citizens of the Year; four Arcadia city commissioners

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(serving on the Library Board of Trustees and the Recreation and Parks, Senior Citizens, and Centennial Commissions); presidents of Assistance League of Arcadia, Las Alas Auxiliary of Assistance League of Arcadia, and United Methodist Women; chairs of the Methodist Hospital Foundation's Crystal Ball, Arcadia Mayor's Prayer Breakfast, Holiday Homes Tour, and Creative Arts Groups Art Fair; and a docent at the Huntington Library. One even became a PTA president a second time.

The PTA Council and Unit presidents of 1971–1972 had great tenacity and a genuine love for each other, and continue to meet as friends for lunch each December. After thirty-one years, this special group of dynamic women are still actively contributing to life in Arcadia.

June Fee has lived in Arcadia since 1955 and is a member of the Arcadia Centennial Commission. She is a two-term member of the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees, and has chaired numerous community events including the Mayor's Prayer Breakfast and Methodist Hospital's Crystal Ball. She was protocol hostess for the equestrian events at the 1984 Olympics and was named Citizen of the Year by the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce in 1985.

A GATHERING OF RETIRED TEACHERS

by Mildred Shaw and Mary Ball

The first meeting to consider organizing a local division of the California Retired Teachers Association included only seven retired teachers in June 1981. Attending were Helen McMoyler, Clovis Smith, Grace McLerran, Mildred Shaw, Kay Reedall, Mary Ostrye, and Eleanor Farrell. However, the governing state association required a district to have fifty members and a slate of officers to be authorized. All seven organizers agreed to be on the slate of officers and sparked the growth of enrollees, and California Retired Teachers Association Division 71 was born. Division 72 was organized shortly thereafter but eventually disbanded, sending members to swell the ranks of Division 71.

Approximately thirty-five of the Division 71 members were retired teachers who lived in Arcadia. They were Agnes Aldon, Virginia Allaire, Lorraine Anderson, Hazel Archibald, Mildred Ashabraner, Shirley Blackman, Arlene Briggs, Robert Boyler, Esther Brown, Leonard Buell, Marilyn Cliffe, Faith Coombs, Margaret Dicus, Lynette Dunn, Eleanor Farrell, Lucille Comstock, Nadine Barney, Ruth Harpole, Lillian Heron, Muriel Hartramp, Doris Kemp, Lucille Lloyd, Ruth Lubin, Audrey McClintock, Jane McKee, Dorothy Newell, Gladys Ruth, Verna Ruth, Carol Rice, Mildred Shaw, Elaine Schelling, Iris Shilling, Julia Swab, and Alicia Woodall.

The Church of the Good Shepherd in Arcadia was the division's early meeting place. It continued to be the meeting place for nearly eight years until the membership outgrew the site. The Senior Center at the Arcadia County Park on Santa Anita Avenue was remodeled as a result of the good works of Warren and Mildred Shaw, who served on the building committee. The center became Division 71's new home. Set among the lawn bowling greens and a pathway through a rose garden, the Senior Center to this day is ideal. Chef's Inn, an Arcadia restaurant for over fifty years, caters the luncheons.

At the first program back in 1982, Agent Bernstein of the Arcadia Police Department discussed personal and home protection. Other programs over the years have included Muslims, dancers, actors, authors, historians and world travelers, thus catering to all interests. The attendance reaches over one hundred in four out of every five bimonthly meetings.

Now totaling 465 members, 109 of the division's members live in Arcadia. They volunteer thousands of hours to Methodist Hospital, Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden, Arcadia schools, Arcadia Public Library, Arcadia's historical museum, Arcadia's community center, and local churches. Over one hundred of these retired Arcadia teachers have already surpassed

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President Bush's request that we all volunteer 4,000 hours in our lifetime.

By banding together, retired teachers have improved their lives both emotionally and financially. The eighty-seven divisions in California contribute to the Laura E. Settle Scholarship Foundation for aspiring teachers at each of the California state universities and colleges. Laura E. Settle was the founder of the California Retired Teachers Association. In addition, Division 71 gives two local scholarships to deserving students who are working to complete their teaching credentials.

Arcadia resident Mildred Shaw served as president of Division 71 for fourteen years, having lost four vice-presidents she groomed to take her place. Her loyal board over the last few years included Irene Scheele, Marilyn Michael, Alice Russell, Norma Thomas, Rowena Weiler, Becky Chavez, Pat Dodd, Joan Pollock, Ruth Dunlop, Rosemarie Bagley, Ethel Smith, and Mickey Ball.

In 1999, when Mildred Shaw resigned, Mickey Ball became president of Division 71 and inherited this fine board. Open to all retired educators, Division 71 members relish the continued fellowship and stimulation of the meetings.

Mildred Shaw helped organize the local division of the California Retired Teachers Association and served as its president for fourteen years.

Mary Ball has lived in Arcadia since 1999. She is a docent at the Charles and Ruth Gilb Arcadia History Museum.

THE ARCADIA CHINESE ASSOCIATION BRIDGES THE GAP

by Theresa Hwang

The Arcadia Chinese Association was founded as a nonprofit organization in 1984. It was originally organized to conduct social activities for its members. However, it soon developed a mission to promote harmony within our diversified community and provide volunteer service. It offered a bridge between new immigrants and the mainstream including the public schools, police and fire departments, and city hall. It also brought Asians and non-Asians together for friendship, cultural exchange and volunteer opportunities.

The association circulates a bimonthly newsletter to its members that provides news about community events and current affairs. The association also offers translation services, assistance in dealing with city and school district matters, and financial support for people and organizations. The association is governed by a president, two vice-presidents, treasurer, secretary, and a board of twenty-three to twenty-five directors. The board meets once a month at the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce building. There are about four hundred members as of today.

David Wang is the 2002–03 president of the association and Bee Hsu will serve as president in 2003–04. Past presidents of the association include Sheng Chang, Teresa Hsu, Jimmy Au, S.H. Wen, Alice Wu, Theresa Hwang, Kay Tseng, and Sherry Wang.

The association is a prominent and active member of the Arcadia community. Some of the annual community events sponsored by the association include:

- Law Day (cosponsored by the City of Arcadia) to provide residents with free legal consultation on a walk-in basis.
- A free health fair to provide residents with health screenings and information.
- An appreciation luncheon for employees of the City of Arcadia to express thanks for their service.
- A Chinese Lunar New Year luncheon at the Arcadia Community Center for senior citizens.
- Culture Day at Westfield Shoppingtown Santa Anita to showcase Chinese culture and festivities

In addition, the association cosponsors candidates forums for city council and school board elections in Arcadia. It also holds an annual fundraising party that brings the entire community together for the benefit of community programs

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and services, and a membership party to approve the incoming board of directors and get acquainted. Add to this various seminars, demonstrations, and decorating assignments, and you can see that the Arcadia Chinese Association is very busy throughout the year.

The reasons our members love to live in the City of Arcadia are many: people are friendly, the city is peaceful, the schools are great, the city streets are lined with many beautiful trees, and there are wonderful amenities like the Arboretum, Wilderness Park, Santa Anita Racetrack, Arcadia County Park, and Westfield Shoppingtown. Arcadia is an ideal place in which to raise a family.

The Arcadia Chinese Association wishes happy birthday to the City of Arcadia and many more to come.

Theresa Hwang is secretary and former president of the Arcadia Chinese Association. She is a board member of the Arcadia Historical Society and the Arcadia Public Library Foundation, and a member of the historical committee of the Arcadia Centennial Commission. She has lived in Arcadia since 1981.

THE BIRTH OF THE ARCADIA HIGH SCHOOL CHINESE PARENTS BOOSTER CLUB

by John Wuo

During 1993, some very active Chinese parents got together to discuss the formation of an Arcadia High School Chinese Parents Booster Club. The purpose of this organization was to help Chinese parents understand and become familiar with activities at Arcadia High School, and to get involved and work with the high school's PTA for the betterment of the students.

Foothills Middle School had the best-organized Chinese parents group. Working with the Foothills PTA, the members raised funds, promoted harmony, and had a lot fun while doing it. Some of their children were ready to go on to high school and they wanted to organize a similar organization to help the PTA with their activities and to encourage more Chinese parents to get involved with PTA and high school events. I remember Shiao Chang, Brenda Chen, Yvonne Chien, Ken Chuang, Theresa Hwang, Linda Koh, Frank Lee, Wei Liao, Isabel Sun, Lucy Tai, Kay Tseng, and Grace Wu as some of the parents who supported and organized this booster club. They had a vision and started to talk with Arcadia High School personnel about our organization and asked to be recognized by the high school as one of the official clubs.

Initially there was a bit of opposition and a feeling that our organization was divisive to the interests of the existing PTA. The parents appointed me as their representative, so I attended many PTA general and council meetings to plead our case and explain our vision. Arcadia High School Principal Dorothy Schneider heard my presentation at a PTA council meeting and was very supportive of our group's vision. One of the things that caught her attention was my statement that, "We do not have an activities calendar because we are here to support everything PTA is doing. Our calendar is the same as PTA's calendar." I also said it was very hard for new Chinese parents to come to a new country and a new city and try to raise their children. The booster club was here to lend support, hold their hands, and introduce new friends to them. It would only improve our friendship and create a better working environment. Arcadia is a diverse community; only through communication and participation shall we create better understanding and a better relationship.

So the Arcadia High School Chinese Parents Booster Club was born in 1993, and I was very fortunate to be voted as the first president of this fine organization. Now the club is doing very well; almost everyone understands and recognizes what the club is doing. The club's annual Chinese New Year's Party is well attended by dignitaries, school staff, parents, and community leaders.

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Everyone gets the opportunity to participate in the program. It is one of the best-organized events in our city. The club also puts on many seminars or forums, with assistance from the high school, to educate parents.

As I look back ten years, I would like to thank the parents that I have mentioned above (and those parents that I did not have the chance to mention) for their endless effort, support, and foresight to organize this club. We can now see how much this club has benefitted our Chinese parents and our entire community. We have brought our distance closer, and our differences are less than before. I still have the 1993 roster of the names of the original fifty families that took part in organizing the Arcadia High School Chinese Parents Booster Club. Looking at the membership now, we pioneers should be proud of ourselves. I would like to think that the Arcadia community and Arcadia High School are much better places because of the effort of the original fifty families. It will never be forgotten. During our city's Centennial celebration, we should be proud that we are part of Arcadia history.

John Wuo has been a member of the Arcadia City Council since 2002 and is one of the Centennial Mayors in 2003. He served as the first president of the Arcadia High School Chinese Parents Booster Club, president of the Arcadia Historical Society, and a trustee of the Arcadia Educational Foundation. He has lived in Arcadia since 1985.

INTERFAITH ACTION IN ARCADIA

by Rev. Dr. Philip Bertolo Wood

It was a dream—that all religious people could work together for the common good. And despite concerns that theological differences would be overwhelming, it has become a reality. The Arcadia Interfaith Action Group, founded in 1992, meets monthly to seek ways to build stronger bridges between faith traditions and to promote compassion, tolerance, and mutual respect among all citizens of Arcadia.

Through the annual Interfaith Thanksgiving Service, the CROP Walk against hunger held each spring, and the National Day of Prayer at the beginning of the month of May, leaders representing Christian traditions (including Roman Catholic and many Protestant denominations) join with leaders of Jewish, Muslim, Buddhist, Hindu, and Baha'i traditions in working for a more inclusive community. Together, plans are implemented for programs designed to support financially the work at Arcadia Welfare and Thrift Shop and Foothill Unity Center, as well as to explore new avenues of cooperative service. Never satisfied with what has been accomplished in the past, the Arcadia Interfaith Action Group continues to seek new members with creative ideas, constantly refining its collective purpose of being a very visible model of God's will for peace in the world today.

As Arcadia now enters its second century of growth, the Arcadia Interfaith Action Group will continue to provide meaningful expressions of unity among faith communities in the area. Through all of its activities, the group strives to be a dynamic witness to God's presence in every faithful and positive human endeavor.

Rev. Dr. Philip Bertolo Wood is senior pastor at Arcadia's Church of the Good Shepherd. He was the convener of the Arcadia Interfaith Action Group in 1997. He has lived in Arcadia since 1996.

ALL GOOD THINGS MUST END

By Vince Foley

The City of Arcadia had a float in the Tournament of Roses Parade on New Year's Day 2003, after a five-year hiatus, to celebrate our Centennial. The float won the Queen's Trophy, awarded to the entry best utilizing roses. The float also brought a flood of emotions to those of us who were so very involved in presenting Arcadia's entry in the Pasadena production for so many years.

The very first Arcadia float, entered in the parade by Anita Baldwin, rolled down Colorado Boulevard on January 1, 1914. The streak ended eighty-four parades later, on New Years Day 1998. What happened in between mirrors the metamorphosis of a community. This is not intended to be an exhaustive, detailed history of Arcadia's participation in the Pasadena parade, but rather one former president's musings about the whys and wherefores of the waning years of the Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association.

Why did Arcadia's long-standing participation, eclipsed only by the City of Los Angeles' one-hundred-plus years, come to a halt in 1998? The three main reasons were funding, funding, and funding. One major cause was the refusal of the City of Arcadia to help pay for the annual float. Every other city that enters a float in the Pasadena parade provides funding at some level for that city's entry. Many cities (Los Angeles, Long Beach, and others) pay the entire cost, which can be upwards of \$200,000. At the other end of the spectrum are cities that have volunteer organizations to build their float, but those cities generally provide insurance, a building site, and some level of cash assistance to the volunteer organization.

In Arcadia, the cost of the float (and the wherewithal needed to raise the money) was borne entirely by the Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association, an organization comprised completely of volunteers. There was no paid staff, just a dedicated group of Arcadians who were proud of their city and willing to spend countless hundreds of hours throughout the year so that Arcadia would be well represented on New Year's Day.

The cost of a float for Arcadia ranged from \$35,000 to \$140,000, depending on the theme of the parade. We would have to raise about \$15,000 in additional funds to cover expenses such as printing, mailing, and "rent" at the Chamber of Commerce, which included some secretarial help and a place to conduct our business. Funds were also needed to stage the queen and court pageant, where five young women of high school age were selected to represent Arcadia on the float, and to be "Miss Arcadia and her Court" throughout the year, representing the city and the Chamber of Commerce at various functions.

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology

All of the monies required were raised through memberships in the association and fund-raisers during the year. Some years, we were able to get major donations from Santa Anita Park when the theme of the parade lent itself to a float depicting the “sport of kings.” In the last couple of years, we formed a “partnership” with the National Childhood Cancer Foundation, which is headquartered right here in Arcadia. Our floats would incorporate kids who had survived cancer to highlight the successes in the battle against childhood cancer, and the foundation would provide a major contribution to our float.

Unfortunately, that affiliation was not enough to save the Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association. The membership base within the community was dwindling. Without active dues-paying members, the fund-raisers were suffering from reduced attendance. Because the queen and court extravaganza was a major expenditure item for the association, it became the first victim of the cost-cutting measures that signaled the beginning of the end.

And of course, the face of our community was changing dramatically, with the concomitant realignment of the value system we had all heretofore shared. In many ways, Arcadia is the better for it. For instance, our schools may have seen a decreased interest in sports, but certainly more emphasis on and participation in the arts. Pretty soon we will have forty-eight minutes of fabulous music from our award-winning high school band on Friday evenings in September, with football during halftime! Our libraries are experiencing higher utilization than ever before and our schools are outperforming just about everyone in sight!

Property values in south Arcadia are escalating to dizzying heights. You may not like the new style of architecture, but the value of property there now rivals anywhere else in our city. The folks south of Huntington Drive used to complain that all the money and power was in the north, but that is no longer true.

Will we ever again see an Arcadia float in the Pasadena parade? Only if the City of Arcadia plays a major role in the funding, as it did in this centennial year. The city footed the lion’s share of the cost this time around, with substantial contributions from Santa Anita Park and Methodist Hospital. It was the city’s participation that prompted the other organizations to be a part of the celebration, and I doubt it will be repeated soon.

I don’t think today’s Arcadians place a high-enough priority on having a float in a parade in a neighboring city to make it happen. A float traversing Colorado Boulevard on January 1 is simply no longer on our radar screen. Nonetheless, it was a great ride while it lasted!

Vince Foley chaired Citizens Organized for a Police Station (COPS) during the successful campaign for Measure C in 1999. He also served on Arcadia’s Charter

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Reform Committee and Citizens Financial Advisory Committee, and is a former president of the Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association. He has lived in Arcadia for twenty-three years and currently volunteers at the Arcadia Police Department.

CHAPTER 6

A Day in the Life

THE DEPUTY CHASE

by Roger Chandler

Police pursuits are commonplace now and frequently televised as news entertainment. In 1967, they were far less frequent, especially in quiet communities like Temple City and Arcadia.

My partner and I were given a call of a suspicious person in a car at Olema Street and Oak Avenue in Temple City. We were Car 52 from the Sheriff's Station on Las Tunas Drive. Upon arrival, close to midnight, we observed a Ford Falcon parked the wrong way on Olema Street. A man was sleeping on the front seat, and when we tapped on the windows with our flashlights, he awoke with a crazed look and tried to start the car. While the starter grinded away, we tried breaking into the car with our nightsticks, but ended up jumping to safety as the car took off and jumped the curb onto the yard at the northeast corner of Olema Street and Oak Avenue. As the Falcon exited the yard, the rear bumper hooked the chain link fence on the property and sped away, dragging one hundred feet of fence.

The chase was on. "52 in pursuit, white Ford Falcon northbound on Oak."

I grew up in this area so calling the pursuit from the passenger's seat was easy. We stayed well behind the vehicle as sparks flew up from the trailing fence. Our dispatcher notified Arcadia Police Department of our pursuit entering their city northbound on Baldwin Avenue from Duarte Road. The Falcon was only going 50 m.p.h. and we were in a 1965 Ford V-8 Sheriff's Black-and-White, so there was no real danger.

On Huntington Drive eastbound at Holly Avenue, things quickly changed. Suddenly two fast white Arcadia police cars jumped in front of us as if to take over the pursuit. As we sped by the rose garden, now the site of the Arcadia Community Center and Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum, an Arcadia unit pulled up next to the Falcon. The Falcon promptly cut into his side, nearly running the

skidding Arcadia unit into the golf course wash. As we passed the Arcadia police station, more fast white Plymouth Arcadia units joined in. It was now heated because we broadcasted the suspect's attempt to ram the Arcadia unit.

At Huntington Drive and Colorado Place, we all drifted and accelerated westbound onto Colorado Place. The patrons of Henry's, an old style drive-in restaurant, looked on as the 1967 version of the Keystone Cops went whistling by in pursuit of a little Ford Falcon. After the ramming incident we were back in charge, and I was making ready to skip buckshot from our 12-gauge shotgun into the undercarriage and gas tank of the Falcon. In those days, Sheriff's policy and pursuit training included using this technique to disable a car. As I leaned out of the window, with the sawed-off shotgun in hand, the sudden roar of a wide-open, 383 cubic-inch Plymouth went blasting by my open window.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Five muzzle flashes bolted from the Arcadia officer's revolver as he shot with one hand and drove with the other.

Shooting and driving fast through the curve of the street almost caused the Arcadia unit to lose control as the driver fell back fighting for control. My partner, driving and holding the microphone, broadcasted, "998. Shots fired." The Falcon soon careened onto the curb and rolled over, stopping in a cloud of smoke and dust next to the train tracks.

I found the driver in the upside down Falcon and quickly handcuffed him. Right behind me was my partner and the Arcadia officer still holding his gun in his shaking hand. Unbelievably, no one was hurt. The Arcadia officer hit the rear tire with all but one round, and he was stuck with all the officer-involved shooting and traffic accident report forms while we took the suspect to the Temple City Sheriff's station for booking. It turned out that the suspect was an escaped patient from a psychiatric hospital in Rosemead and the car belonged to a staff worker at the hospital.

Years later, when I served on the Arcadia City Council, I reminisced with Arcadia police chiefs Neal Johnson and David Hinig. They remembered the "deputy chase" into what was then known as the Queen City, where the police wore tan uniforms and drove white cars. Ironically, as a city council member, I took part in Arcadia's change to black-and-white cars, blue uniforms, and the \$8 million Measure C bond issue in 1999 to build a new police station for our proud police department.

Roger Chandler served two terms on the Arcadia City Council from 1986 to 1990 and from 1998 to 2002. He was mayor of Arcadia in 1989–1990 and 1999–2000. He has lived in Arcadia for forty-one years.

FOURTH OF JULY IN ARCADIA

by Doug Hayes

The Fourth of July is celebrated throughout America in much the same way, no matter where you live. But Arcadia had a way to celebrate the event that could be shared by most of the community all at the same time: Arcadia had a spectacular fireworks show in the middle of town.

I lived in Arcadia from 1950 until 1973, and the Fourth of July was one event that no one wanted to miss. The American Legion Post put on a tremendous fireworks show, all staged from the middle of the golf course at Arcadia County Park. Most everyone stayed in town on this day. Briefly, in the 1950s, there was also a Fourth of July parade that went down Baldwin Avenue. That was short-lived and was replaced with the annual "Back To School" parade also on Baldwin Avenue. The summertime parades did not last, but the fireworks show went on for many years.

On the Fourth of July, I remember starting the day by going with my father Jim Hayes, who was a policeman in Arcadia. Dad used to bring the police car home every night and back it into the driveway. The squad car was not only unlocked, but the keys were left in the ignition overnight. I would ride with Dad on the Fourth of July and give him a hand putting out barricades to help control the large amounts of traffic that would soon be coming into town. After completing that job, we would head down to the northwest corner of Santa Anita Avenue (then Double Drive) and Las Tunas Drive to get ears of freshly picked corn. There was the best little wooden open-air corn stand there complete with a gravel area to pull the cars into. After getting corn for our holiday cookout, we would get the rest of the necessary groceries at the Safeway market, which was at Duarte Road and First Avenue. Dad and I would check on a few other locations throughout town that needed attention and then head home to deliver the groceries.

I delivered the *Pasadena Star-News* on my bicycle each afternoon and, even on the Fourth of July, I had to get the papers folded and rubber-banded. The *Star-News* used to be an afternoon newspaper, except on Sunday, when it was a morning paper. I would ride my bike north on Santa Anita Avenue from my home on Naomi Avenue. My first stop was to get a Nesbitt's orange soda for my ride at Vickery's Market. I would tuck the open bottle in between the newspapers for a safe trip. After that quick stop, I was on my way to start delivering my eighty-six newspapers. Ray Ramuz's Arcadia Nursery, at Diamond Street and Santa Anita Avenue, was the first newspaper delivery on my route.

By the middle of the afternoon on the Fourth of July, I could already hear

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all the kids playing and music coming from the County Park. The park would be jammed with people who would come with everything from cooking grills to household furniture. Good Humor Ice Cream trucks parked at the corners of the parking lot and sold their treats. Kids of all ages would line up for 50-50 bars, fudge bars, and those little cardboard tubs full of ice cream that came with a little wooden spoon. Cars would park, not only in the main parking lot, but also on the edge of the roadway that wound its way through the park from the south end to where the fountain is today at Huntington Drive and Santa Anita Avenue. I do not have any idea of how many people were enjoying their day in the park, but it must have been several thousand.

The best part of my bike ride was as I headed past the park from Diamond Avenue up to Huntington Drive. There was this huge, continuous cloud of smoke that spread throughout the park and into the street. It was that wonderful smell of fireworks. It was everywhere. No other day of the year would smell like it. It was the smell of fun. It was the smell of the Fourth of July.

Having passed the park and after inhaling as much fireworks smoke as I could, I would head off to throw the rest of my newspapers. My route would take me by Michael's Coffee Shop, the A&W Root Beer stand, the Derby restaurant, Huntington Motors, Dig's Liquor Store (where we bought our Pixy Stix and Abba-Zabas), Pearl's Pet and Flower Shop, The Artisan, Music Mart, Z.D. Elle's used car lot, Market Basket, and Melvin Kaiser's Dance Studio. The paper route allowed me to have enough money to spend on fireworks.

All the kids in Arcadia made at least a few trips on their bikes to the local fireworks stands before the Fourth of July. The stands were located around town, usually in vacant lots and on street corners. We would all line up with our dimes and quarters to buy snakes, pinwheels, volcanoes, Piccolo Petes, and Smokey Joes, those goofy cardboard log cabins equipped with smoke bombs for chimneys (which, if lit with the right skill, would catch the whole thing on fire). As dusk fell, you could look down any street and see fireworks being enjoyed by families and neighbors. Fireworks were plentiful and the neighborhoods were filled with the smell of fireworks and barbecues. It seemed that each gathering of neighbors would have at least one dad who was the "guru" of lighting and orchestrating the neighborhood fireworks show. He was in charge and would usually have no problem reminding you of that fact.

A short time after total darkness, there would be three loud "booms" that would command everyone within a three-mile radius of the park to turn their folding chairs towards the golf course. The American Legion folks would use the three cannon shots to lead off the big event. It was now show time.

Every color imaginable would light up the sky for about forty-five minutes. It would be amusing to us kids when there would be an extra large fireworks dis-

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play followed by the adults sounding off with their customary gasps and sighs. Each firework that was shot into the air was completely different than the one before it. They were beautiful and wonderfully noisy.

The sign that the show was ending was a long pause and then a series of several extremely loud booms that thundered out of the sky. It was the kind of noise that you could feel throughout your whole body. They were that good. After the fireworks show, Mom would serve our guests the ice cream made that afternoon in the hand cranked "Alaska Freezer" ice cream maker. Life was good.

Unfortunately, the tradition of the annual Arcadia fireworks show ended in 1979 due to safety concerns. I still think of those wonderful sights, smells, and sounds each time I travel past the park. I have many wonderful memories of growing up in Arcadia, but this example is one of my favorites.

Doug Hayes lived in Arcadia from 1950 to 1973, and is a 1968 graduate of Arcadia High School. He lives in Sierra Madre where he is a member of the Sierra Madre City Council and has served two terms as mayor.

THE DAY MARTIN LUTHER KING JR. WAS SHOT

by Bill Winslow

We moved to the house on Longley Way in 1950, when I was six months old. Arcadia was still a young suburb of Los Angeles, nearly all white, and peaceful. In the country as a whole, relative calm gave way to growing uncertainty and fear as the decade advanced. The Cold War grew ever more bitter and the arms race steadily intensified. In a different way, history was on the march in the South. The federal government had started taking on school segregation here and there. People demonstrated. Black people sat where they hadn't before.

As the 1960s opened, the struggle for equality for African Americans was gaining momentum. The genius of the leadership of the movement was an unshakeable embrace of nonviolence. The foremost symbol of this commitment to nonviolence was Martin Luther King Jr. The civil rights movement accomplished many things in that halcyon period of 1963 to 1965. But then, in the summer of 1965, three days of riots in Watts lit a fuse that ran through ghettos across the country.

My group of friends had gone visiting in Wisconsin, and we flew back into LAX on the third night of the riots. The father of one of our group—John's dad, who was a sheriff—met us at the airport to drive us home safely. By the time we entered high school, the country was in turmoil.

In the fall of 1967, the student body president of Monrovia High School, an impressive guy named Roy Elder, came to an assembly in the Arcadia High School gym to give a speech. This may have been part of a regular "diplomatic relationship" between Monrovia and Arcadia high schools, with the student body presidents visiting each other's campus; or it might have been for just one or two years. Roy was black, as were many of his fellow students at Monrovia High School. At the time, not a single Arcadia High student was recognized as being black, though some of us have wondered whether one or two of the guys in the Class of 1968 might have been part African American.

As Roy's speech began, I was a little nervous that someone might commit a racial impropriety of some sort. I had heard racist slurs used in private conversations. And, in fact, one senior I knew, a friend of a friend actually, shouted one relatively mild racial epithet ("wire-hair") at one point. But he didn't really make his words clear—I think deliberately—so no one was aware of anything being amiss. I was relieved. The incident, or virtual lack of one, says quite a bit about the Apaches in those days. It wasn't socially correct to be openly racist and rude to a guest.

A short time later, the truly bitter year of 1968 arrived. The country was

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tearing itself apart. This was more frightening than all the other frights. However, Arcadia was still very quiet. Then on April 4, 1968, at 6:01 p.m, Martin Luther King Jr. was shot down, murdered by James Earl Ray.

At Arcadia High School, there were no great outpourings of grief. The executive council, our student government, voted to give \$300 to a memorial fund for Dr. King set up by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. The vote was unanimous, or nearly so. I spoke in favor. I am sure Wendy and Janice supported the motion. A day or two later, however, we were informed by the administration that we couldn't spend student body funds that way. Rather, we had to take up a collection. I carried a little box around. Laurel carried it around even more. Most of the people we knew had no interest in donating. . .and I really didn't mind.

In the end, it was a terrible tragedy to lose Dr. King because he knew a middle way to reform, one that whites of goodwill and blacks of goodwill could both support. I wanted a similar deal for my Arcadia friends and my black sisters and brothers. I wanted progress for us all. I was so proud of how much good we Americans had done since the country was born, and of how we were the leaders of the Free World. But we could do better.

In a sense, American society is one vast competition for economic position. Each person is dealt a hand of cards for the contest, and educational attainment is the most valuable card. Arcadia's schools dealt most of us who were students there a good hand of cards, for which I am thankful. However, the country as a whole still has not made up its mind to do the same for the students in many other school districts. We have experienced three decades of declining educational opportunity for all Americans who are not in the top socio-economic quintile. The commitment to do whatever it takes to end the handicapped position that, by contrast, most African American school kids occupy (and a lot of other kids, too) continues to be elusive.

If only the educational opportunities I enjoyed as a student in Arcadia were available to all.

Bill Winslow is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 1968) where he served as student body president. His family moved to Arcadia in 1950. He lives in Santa Monica, California, but will always consider Arcadia his hometown.

THE LAST GREAT BALL AT ANOAKIA: “AN EVENING WITH THE GREAT GATSBY”

by Tony Henrich

“Extra! Extra! Read all about it,” shouted the nicker-clad paperboy to the arriving flappers and Dapper Dans. Each received reprints of the 1929 *Los Angeles Times* that headlined the growing prosperity of the Roaring '20s. The year was 1978 and the Lower Rancho and Village homeowners associations had transformed the Anoakia mansion back to the glory days of the Great Gatsby for their annual dinner dance.

Old English taxi cabs with their sleek black paint and open-carriage rear seating journeyed the guests from the valet parking area to the brass-sculptured marble fountain at Anoakia's entrance. As you arrived, you could hear the orchestra playing hit songs like “Singin’ in the Rain” and “Stardust.” The summer stars were indeed out, and the lawn above the fountain was filled with white linen covered tables and twinkling candles in front of the mansion. The entire lawn area was surrounded by Anoakia's majestic oaks.

Guests were given a guide written by Roger Chandler, religious editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. You entered this Italian Renaissance styled mansion through the arched *porte cochere* and the magnificent oak doors with glass panels etched with large peacocks. Inside, guests could finally see the historic home of Anita Baldwin, built in 1913 at a reported cost of over \$250,000. First stop on the tour was the Anoakia library where the silver screen showed old comedy hits by Charles Chaplin and the new Marx Brothers—Zeppo, Groucho, Chico, and Harpo. The focal point of the library was the peacock-tiled fireplace designed by the well-known artist Ernest Batchelder. As you toured through the home, you could feel the great grandeur and timeless grace that played host to high society before the Great Crash.

The grand Indian Hall featured murals painted by the then-struggling painter Maynard Dixon who was paid \$10,000. The wall murals depicted early American Indian life on the plains. In the Jinks Room, Mr. Dixon painted a large Celtic Yuletide mural. The nearby drawing room contained Tiffany-designed light fixtures, including a midroom chandelier that carried out Anita Baldwin's peacock motif in bronze and iridescent glass. Guests with guide in hand roamed throughout the home including the lower bowling alley and adjacent billiard room. The evening continued with dinner and dancing. A lovely flapper wearing long cut-glass earrings with flashing lights won best costume. As the evening ended, guests returned back to the future in the same antique taxicabs. It was a night to remember.

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In 1915, the *Pasadena Star-News* stated that, “The house is a massive structure of concrete with remarkably artistic lines, built on the open square plan, and every room on the lower floor opens with long French windows or doors, into the patio.” The article also stated that, “throughout the house polished birch is used for the finishing with the exception of the den, which is in oak, and the Indian hall which is polished redwood.” The estate covered nineteen acres surrounded by massive oaks. It is “nestled against the background of the Sierra Madre hills, facing a vista of the rolling San Gabriel valley—it is indeed a home, in every sense of the word.” The article ended by saying, “The gentle breezes come through the grove of oaks, and nodding flowers bend their heads to answer, and over all the strident call of the glorious peacocks, those from India spreading their myriad colors—can you imagine a more lovely spot?”

The last great ball at Anoakia was made possible by the generosity of Lowry McCaslin, the new owner. It was his vision to preserve the home, fountains, swimming pool, Greek Parthenon-styled bathhouse, the great oak trees, and build a small residential area of quality homes. That dream was lost. Anoakia is no more. It was lost to the bulldozers as we entered the new century. It was lost to developers outside the city who saw the property as another investment that did not include the preservation of one of Arcadia’s great historical sites. Committees were formed to save the estate, but the cost of purchase, renovation and upkeep was too great. The paintings, etched-glass doors, and entry fountain were saved—but Anoakia is lost.

Few Arcadians had ever seen the private Anoakia estate or toured the grounds, but the Great Gatsby dinner dance at Anoakia in 1978 was truly an evening to remember.

Tony Henrich is chair of the architectural review board of the Rancho Santa Anita Resident’s Association (“Lower Rancho”). He has lived in Arcadia since 1974.

A DAY WITH THE CROWN HEADS OF EUROPE

by Karen Goodrich

It was another warm, sunny day during the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games and as one of many Arcadians serving as volunteers at the equestrian venue of Santa Anita Park, I donned my powder-blue polyester uniform, made sure my collection of Olympic pins was securely affixed, and headed over to the track for what promised to be another memorable day of “work.”

This particular day, however, stands out as one of the highlights in a memory-bank of many special highlights of that magical sixteen-day period. For on this day, I would assume my role of VIP hostess—in a way some people can only dream of experiencing.

My job was to squire various dignitaries to places they needed or wanted to go as they attended the various equestrian events. Some, such as Prince Phillip of Great Britain, his daughter Princess Anne and her then-husband Mark Phillips, came and went daily as they were serving as Olympic officials and commentators. Could it be said we volunteers actually became *used* to seeing them strolling throughout the grandstand? But on this day, these members of Britain’s Royal Family were joined for lunch in Santa Anita’s famous and elegant Chandelier Room for what can best be described as a “royal family get-together.”

Indeed, present were many, if not most, of the crowned heads of Europe—the royal heads of Greece and Spain, the aforementioned British Royal Family members, and various other members of this extended and interrelated family. Having always been a royal-watcher myself, I marveled at this warm, intimate family gathering. It was literally a vacation for these people—all dressed casually for the warm weather and the horsey-set atmosphere—and they spent the afternoon dining, talking, and laughing as any family that was away from home would, enjoying a rare get-together in a relaxed setting.

As a VIP hostess, my main duty during the luncheon was to be as unobtrusive as possible, yet within eyesight should any of our guests need directions or questions answered. Thus, I stole only a couple of discreet glances toward this happy family gathering so as not to intrude in any way. As the afternoon progressed, I did get the opportunity to answer some of their questions and guide several of them to or from the elevators or through the grandstand to their box seats—memories of which to this day make me want to pinch myself!

But during that long luncheon period, while standing at my post, I could not help feeling pride that these people, who have seen and lived in some of the most beautiful places in the world, were in my city on this particular day. I hoped they

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were enjoying the panoramic views of the San Gabriel Mountains and the grandeur of Santa Anita as they walked through the grounds to witness the fabulous spectacle of Olympic equestrian competition. As a result of what Arcadia meant to the world during those wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten Olympic Games, I was so proud that day to be an Arcadian.

So many of Arcadia's citizens answered the call to volunteerism for the 1984 Olympics, as they had for countless other events year in and year out, and as they still do to this day. It is that spirit of volunteerism that makes our community the special place it has been for one hundred years and hopefully will be for another hundred years to come.

Karen Goodrich lived in Arcadia from 1984 to 2003 and was very active in PTA, youth sports and the Arcadia Branch of the American Red Cross. Her husband Cliff is the former president and chief operating officer at Santa Anita Park and was recently appointed president of Arlington Park racetrack in Arlington Heights, Illinois.

FROM BASEBALL TO BUDDHA: A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ARCADIA

by Gary A. Kovacic

Cultures no longer clash; they blend together almost without notice. Life in Arcadia is often like a well-endowed buffet at the Turf Club—morsels of lox, sushi, brie, and flan all on the same plate.

Take Saturday, March 6, 1999, for example.

For me, it started with Opening Day at Arcadia Coast Little League. The excruciating wait until “next year” had finally ended for 226 kids and their parents. It was time to play ball. Colorfully decorating the infield were T-batters in baggy pants, major-leaguers slapping new gloves, and senior softball players desperately trying to be cool amidst all the ruckus.

My brief remarks as mayor to the gathered fans touched all the traditional bases. Baseball is the greatest game ever invented. Play hard and fair. And parents, try to enjoy each moment, win or lose, because your kids will grow up faster than a Mark McGwire dinger leaves the park.

A new season was about to begin, the freshly cut grass smelled great, and every team was still undefeated.

On to Arcadia High’s North Gym for the Arcadia Educational Foundation’s second annual “Connect to the Future Telethon.” It was billed as the nation’s only local school telethon, and I believe it. Few other communities could produce hundreds of dedicated volunteers willing to work countless hours to raise money for educational technology.

The high-tech telethon was the inspiration of Arcadia High principal Martin Plourde, who was ably assisted by six high-octane student hosts. Their last names—Balch, Jensen, Leung, Nouhi, Valenzuela, and Yuen—validated our city’s rich diversity.

Los Angeles County Supervisor Michael Antonovich was running a bit late, so I became the telethon’s first live interview. Under spirited cross-examination by host Joel Jensen, I was forced to admit that today’s students appear to be even smarter and more dedicated than when I attended Arcadia High.

In 1969, we held car washes and raised a couple bucks for the Key Club. Now they hold live telethons on cable television and raise over \$30,000 for computers.

Next stop, Santa Anita Park and the running of the Arcadia Handicap. Never mind that the track announcer mispronounced my name; everyone does. It was still a thrill to present the owners of Lord Smith with the winning trophy.

Oh yeah, they also ran the \$1 million Santa Anita Handicap two races later.

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I challenge anyone to find a crowd more diverse than the fans who were standing shoulder to shoulder to see the jockeys mount up for the Big Cap. T-shirts and taffeta together.

I left right after the Big Cap and barely made my last appearance at the Hsi-Lai Buddhist Temple. I had been asked by the Tseng family to be one of two guest speakers at their son's wedding. The other speaker was Venerable Master Hsing Yuen. Master Yuen spoke of compassion and understanding; I spoke of love and the art of compromise. In two different languages, I think we said the same thing.

A typical Saturday in Arcadia. Perhaps not. But as our collective cultures continue to marinate together, we can dine on popcorn in the morning and bean curd in the evening, and not think twice about it.

Gary A. Kovacic has lived in Arcadia since 1952. He is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 1969) and a former member of the Arcadia Planning Commission. He is a two-term member of the Arcadia City Council (1996 to 2006) and served as mayor in 1998–1999 and 2000–2001. He is one of the Centennial Mayors in 2003. A version of this essay originally appeared in the *Pasadena Star-News*.

FIRE IN THE FOOTHILLS!

by Tony Palmer

When we first moved onto Carolwood Drive in the Highland Oaks area of Arcadia, some twenty-five years ago, my wife Diane and I would go to meetings of the Highlands Homeowners Association to hear what was going on in our area. On occasion, the Arcadia Fire Department would warn us that the foothills behind us had not burned in many years. It was not a matter of *if* the hills would burn, but *when*.

Over the years, there were fires in the hills above Sierra Madre, Altadena, and Bradbury. We would watch these fires, worry about the people in those areas, and hope the fires would be extinguished before any homes were lost. But we were always safe from the devastation of forest fires; they were always somewhere else.

However, on December 27, 1999 we had a brush with reality. The fire wasn't somewhere else; it was coming over the hill behind our house!

Our daughters Katie and Lindsay were home for the holidays and we had planned a big family dinner. During the afternoon, while I was at work, I got a call from Diane. She told me that there had been a fire close to us, but that firefighters put it out. She said she was not worried, that she was going to the movies with the kids and would be back by the time I got home.

On my way home, I could see that a fire was still burning in the foothills above Sierra Madre and Arcadia, but it did not look threatening. When I arrived home, our entire extended family was there and in a real holiday mood. We enjoyed each other's company as the evening progressed. Periodically, someone would go outside to look up the hill and check the glow of the fire, but it still seemed very tame.

While we were having dinner, my brother went outside again to check out the fire. However, this time he rushed back in and told us that the police were advising people in our neighborhood to evacuate. "What? Evacuate! How can that be?" Sure enough, an Arcadia policewoman soon came to our door and told us we should evacuate our house. I remember going out to the street and watching the glow of the fire get brighter as it approached the crest of the hill behind our house. It was scary as the flames started over the hill, getting ever closer to our house. It was not hard to figure out that the policewoman was probably right. We had to evacuate! And fast!

I went back inside to find everyone busy taking pictures down from the walls, packing family photograph albums, financial records, and other important items in boxes and loading as much as we could in our cars. It was amazing; no

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one seemed to be in charge, but everyone was working together to move us out. It was as if we were a bunch of ants scurrying around in a highly choreographed manner to clear out the anthill.

When the cars were stuffed with everything we could grab, we drove the family caravan to my mother's house in Pasadena. There was not enough room for all the boxes and all the people, so some of us went to a hotel. I remember feeling somewhat numb on the way to the hotel, expecting that the worst would happen and we would lose our home. It is difficult to describe my feelings of both sadness and happiness at that time. I was sad about our house being destroyed. But happy that no one was hurt, we had saved many of our important memories and the house could be rebuilt.

Obviously, no one slept well that night. It seemed like night would never end. At first light, we were all up and wondering what had happened. I called our home telephone number and the familiar voice of our answering machine came on. Our house had been saved! What a wonderful day!

We all wanted to get home as soon as possible to see what had happened. The streets were blocked with barricades, fire trucks and engines, and tired firefighters and police officers. With helicopters hovering overhead, we used side streets to finally reach our neighborhood. As we approached, we saw our house was just like we left it the night before. Smoke and ashes were everywhere, but no damage. We later learned that during the night the firefighters had backed their fire trucks into the driveways and were able to stop the fire from touching any of the houses.

Thank God for Arcadia's firefighters, police officers, public works employees, and all the other dedicated employees who did their jobs so well and so professionally. Our family will be forever grateful for their watchful vigil that long night and the many days that followed.

We continue to enjoy the serenity of our life amidst the beautiful oaks and wild brush of Arcadia. But we will always be mindful of the price one pays for living in the foothills, and how quickly things in life can change.

Tony Palmer moved to Arcadia in 1976. He has been active in youth sports and the Arcadia High School Music Club.

SNOW COMES TO ARCADIA. . . ONCE A YEAR

by Barbara Kuhn

Everything begins with an idea; the annual Arcadia Holiday Festival was no exception. Having grown up in the idealistic (at least in the memory of a child) rural countryside of Tennessee, my childhood experiences were very different from those of most children of Arcadia (and indeed of all Southern California), where sunshine and warm balmy temperatures are the winter norm.

While sitting in the mayor's office one bright sunny afternoon in 1996, Linda Garcia, the administrative coordinator to the city manager, and I were gazing out the window into the city hall courtyard. We both remember my saying something to the effect, "wouldn't it be nice if we could blanket city hall with snow so that children who have never seen snow could enjoy the experience?" I had obviously drifted back to another time and another place, envisioning the magic of a snowflake.

My vision was to provide a city event that would create goodwill; one that would be free to all, inclusive of everyone, and could offer a spirit of community. The vehicle I choose just happened to be snow because I believe the combination of children playing and snow is irresistible to creating a spirit of peace and harmony. The world always seems to be in short supply of both.

The idea began as a holiday tree-lighting ceremony and evolved into a festival-type event complete with snow (even though it had to be manmade). Linda did all the research and, as city staff so often does, did all of the organizing and preparation.

The first "Tree-Lighting Ceremony and Holiday Festival" was scheduled for December 10, 1996. Unfortunately, Santa's visit to Arcadia was delayed due to rain (trips from the North Pole are hazardous in the rain, you know) and the festival was postponed until December 17. It was a huge success from the very beginning, even with the rain delay, drawing probably between seven hundred and one thousand people. Sadly, my father passed away on December 10, and I missed the opening event.

The attractions in the first year included lighting the large pine tree at city hall, a snow play area consisting of seven tons of manmade snow, visits with Santa, holiday music, and refreshments.

From 1996 to 2000, the festival was held at city hall. In 2001, due to a combination of large crowds and limited parking caused by the construction of the new police station, the event moved to Westfield Shoppingtown Santa Anita. Although the move no longer allows us to light Arcadia's "largest holiday tree," the mall provided unlimited parking and a larger area for the snow and other attractions.

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Over the years, the event has grown to include two large snow play-areas consisting of twenty-eight tons of snow, dual sled runs, a snowman, holiday music, refreshments, rides on the "Arcadia Express" miniature train, Frosty's fishing pond, visits with Santa (on Arcadia's antique fire truck), and an interactive bubble show by Mrs. Claus. Friends of Foster Children has been involved with the Holiday Festival since its inception as a tie-in with the organization's annual Sugar Plum Tree event at the mall. The Pasadena Humane Society mobile unit also made an appearance at several Holiday Festivals.

As always, Arcadia's volunteers played an important role. Thanks to Tony Minnillo, Santa has made an appearance every year. Jim and Margaret Barrows have always been there where needed (as they usually are when youth activities are involved). God bless the volunteers.

Arcadia was one of the first communities in the area to hold a holiday event that included snow. Now, many cities have similar events; however, most of them charge to attend. Arcadia's Holiday Festival continues to be free to the public.

This event has become so popular that the annual attendance has risen to over 2,200 people. We could easily double the amount of snow and still have crowded snow areas.

Much has happened in our world since 1996. Reeling from the aftermath of the events that took place on September 11, 2001, dealing with the continuous threat of terrorism, and now feeling the winds of war swirling all around us, our city's Holiday Festival may seem trivial. But, the need is greater than ever to build family traditions and hold on tight to them.

Thank you, City of Arcadia, for responding to the need and giving the children of Arcadia the opportunity to create memories of their own winter wonderland during the holiday season. I am so happy to have been a catalyst in an event that reaches out to all the people in our community and allows them to share with each other the magic of Christmas through the eyes of a child.

Barbara Kuhn was a member of the Arcadia City Council from 1994 to 1998, and mayor in 1996–1997. She has lived in Arcadia since 1963.

CHAPTER 7

Horse Sense

A LIFETIME AT SANTA ANITA PARK

by George Haines II

My family has been rooted in Arcadia for many years. My grandfather was on the Arcadia police force in the 1920s. My father George Haines saw Santa Anita Park being built in the 1930s and thought it would offer a good career opportunity for a boy living in Arcadia. In 1935, my father went to work in the parimutuel office at Santa Anita. He was eighteen years old and going to college at the time. His boss told him that if he dropped out of college, he would be fired. (Forty years later, I was working part-time in the mutuels department at Santa Anita Park, and he told me the same thing!) At Santa Anita, my father worked his way up through the ranks in the mutuels department and was director of mutuels from 1954 to 1984. He died in 1989.

My family lived on Highland Oaks Avenue and I attended Highland Oaks Elementary School, Foothills Junior High School, and Arcadia High School. Arcadia was a wonderful place to live. I remember community events and neighborhood spirit, pony rides and horse-drawn carriages at birthday parties, and great rivalries between the various Arcadia schools.

Of course, because of my father's work, Santa Anita Park has been part of my life as long as I can remember. In my teens, my friends and I would sneak into the racetrack after school. We would find someone to place a bet for us (and yes, we won). However, that ended when my father found out and gave my photograph to the security guards so they could run us off. When I graduated from Long Beach State with a major in accounting, I worked in mutuels at Santa Anita Park, Hollywood Park, and Del Mar. I started in the money room, was promoted to assistant mutuels manager, and then became the mutuels manager. Since 1999, I have been vice-president of operations and assistant general manager of Santa Anita Park.

Santa Anita Park, of course, is a landmark of Arcadia. People all over the

world know Arcadia because of the racetrack. The integrity of Santa Anita Park gave prestige to the city largely because of outstanding early leaders of the track management such as Dr. Charles H. Strub and Gwynn Wilson. Not only has the racetrack been recognized as the pinnacle of horse racing, it hosted the equestrian competition for the 1984 Olympic Games and has been a familiar location for movies ranging from the Marx Brothers' *A Day at the Races* to Oliver Stone's *Nixon* and, in late 2002, *Seabiscuit*.

In 2003, the Breeders' Cup World Thoroughbred Championships return to Santa Anita Park during the Oak Tree Racing Association's autumn meeting. It is thoroughbred horse racing's most competitively acclaimed day and has been held twice before at the Arcadia track in 1986 and 1993.

Although Santa Anita Park gets plenty of attention throughout the world, it is a very community-oriented partner with the City of Arcadia. Santa Anita Park, through local taxes and donations, helped build the public library and other important city institutions. The Arcadia High School graduation ceremony is held at the track with between 7,000 and 9,000 people in attendance. The formation area for the annual Arcadia Festival of Bands is here. Santa Anita Park also sponsors an annual 5K run and walk to raise money for local charities and community groups, and some 1,100 people took advantage of a flu-shot drive-through in 2002. The Arcadia Fire Department trains on the property and it is a designated National Guard assembly point and emergency medical depot. Even some of Santa Anita Park managers have had very close ties to Arcadia. Former school superintendent Elbert Souders managed the private turf club and former Arcadia police captain Dick Honaker is the current track security chief.

Santa Anita Park has stood strong and tall ever since it opened on Christmas Day 1934. It has withstood earthquakes, storms, and other natural disasters. Rarely has a day of racing been missed, except when the federal government took over the property during World War II. Depending on the events, Santa Anita Park's employees number between 500 and 2,500 on any one day. The stable area is a little self-contained city in itself, where the people who work with the horses also have living quarters, dining and recreation facilities, and even health care.

A great part of my life, from childhood through my career, has taken place in Arcadia. From my point of view, it could not be much better. I appreciate my association with the City of Arcadia, both personal and professional.

George Haines II attended Arcadia public schools through Arcadia High School (Class of 1972). Since 1999, he has been vice president of operations and assistant general manager of Santa Anita Park. He lived in Arcadia for twenty-one years and now lives in Monrovia, California.

STILL THE GREAT RACE PLACE

by Gino Roncelli

My first bicycle trip from my home in Altadena to Arcadia was to Santa Anita Racetrack. It was a huge piece of property with immense green buildings, flags flying off the top, a beautiful racetrack with barns for horses, and a parking lot filled with more cars than they made in Detroit in a year. It also had a view of the mountains that totally impressed a young boy of ten.

It was just a few years later that a radio announcer named Joe Hernandez caught my ear. Every afternoon around five o'clock you could hear his voice on radio as he re-created the day's races for those of us who could not actually be there in person. He made it sound so exciting and alive. I would place some pretend bets on which jockey and horse would win. A few years later, I got to take some real trips to the track to see live horse racing. You could get in free for the last race and place a small wager to try your luck.

It did not take me long to fall in love with thoroughbred racing. It offered so much—beautiful animals, big crowds, prominent people, and gambling. What more could one ask for?

Early in our married life, my wife Bingo and I lived on Huntington Drive in a small rental. Our first child and a beginning job left little for a frivolous wager. However, I was still able to squirrel away a few bucks for a bet on Saturday's last race.

Big crowds would gather at Santa Anita on weekends and quite a few days during the week. The traffic would really keep the police busy as they tried to direct the cars in and out of the area. Street barriers and city windshield stickers would allow residents access into their neighborhood. After the races, there were celebrations at all of the local restaurants and watering holes (Marty's, The Westerner, The Derby, and a few others). Winners and losers gathered together to celebrate their victory or lick their wounds.

I started my own business and purchased a home in north Arcadia. I also bought my first horse. It was such a thrill. I was running with the big boys! In our first race, we ran against horses that were owned by oil-company and newspaper moguls. But, we were on level ground with those particular (low-claiming) horses. It didn't take me long to realize that this was my best horse against their worst horse, but for the moment we were equals.

Other sports came to town (played by the Lakers, Dodgers, and Kings) that, along with the state lottery and Indian gaming, had an impact on the number of visitors to Santa Anita over the years. But, a number of changes have taken place that have expanded the racing business. Interbranch wagering enabled fans to

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make a bet from other locations. We are also in the beginning stages of home wagering through the internet and by telephone with the hope of larger purses and more exciting races.

If there is a more beautiful place than Santa Anita Racetrack and its perfect view of the majestic San Gabriel Mountains, I have yet to see it. Bingo and I have traveled to more than 160 countries and there is nothing as exciting as being at Santa Anita to see and hear the horses and the crowd, to witness the horses up close and watch them flex their muscles and show some of their spirit. The pageantry of it all is part of what really makes it so grand.

I know that things will always change and evolve, but my hope is that thoroughbred horse racing stays in Arcadia forever. It is a tradition that should not be changed, and it offers great entertainment for our residents. Life has been great here in Arcadia, but it would not have been quite as much fun without Santa Anita Racetrack. I know that a lot of people feel the same way.

Living in Arcadia offered us many things such as a great home in a beautiful neighborhood, wonderful schools (which is so important), and great neighbors. But to have horse racing in your back yard; now you're talking.

Gino Roncelli moved to Arcadia in 1958. He was a member of the Arcadia City Council from 1998 to 2000. He is a member of the board of directors of both Magna Entertainment Corp. and Los Angeles Turf Club, Inc., the owner and operator of Santa Anita Park.

SEABISCUIT RETURNS TO ARCADIA

by Robert Garrett

“What did the Kovacics get me into this time?” I have asked this question a lot over the years because Gary and Barb have encouraged me to do some very interesting things.

It turns out that the movie *Seabiscuit* was being filmed at Santa Anita Racetrack in late 2002, and a call went out for members of the community to audition as extras. I had no interest in stardom, having too much on my calendar and having long ago recognized that I have a “face for radio.” Nevertheless, Barb persuaded my wife Marcia to go to the audition and Marcia decided to take a photograph of me with her.

To the surprise of everyone, especially me, they wanted me! My daughters were annoyed because the casting company kept calling, calling, calling; insisting that I call back immediately, even at night or over the weekend.

This began to sound interesting. Maybe my assessment of my face was a little too harsh. Maybe I needed to look at it from a different angle. (Actually, that was a mistake because I realized again, as had been pointed out many times over the years, that my left ear sticks out much farther than my right.) In any event, they must have seen something they wanted because they were insistent they needed me.

I called back, and after being put on hold interminably, finally spoke with the casting director. He was quite convincing, explaining that he expected *Seabiscuit* to be nominated for an Academy Award. He insisted that he spoke to every extra because it was essential to the integrity of the movie that each person be perfect for the part. I would be fitted into a beautiful three-piece suit made in the 1930s and would be dressed as if I were a wealthy horse owner coming to watch the horses run. Not only that, I would have a name—Howard something. This was sounding more interesting by the second. I would get to spend a beautiful day at Santa Anita with my wife and friends who would also be extras, playing an important part in an Academy Award-winning movie. Not only that, when I wasn't being filmed, I would be able to move off to the side with my briefcase and do my “real” work.

So there I was, a few days later, standing in my underwear in a run-down building in the seedy part of Hollywood. (Actually, all of Hollywood is seedy.) But they did fit me into an absolutely perfect old three-piece wool suit, two-tone leather shoes and a very jaunty-looking fedora, which I wore at exactly the right angle. I was looking sharp and when a woman who apparently was in charge literally gave me a thumbs up, I was ready for my close up.

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As directed, I arrived at the third-floor mezzanine of the racetrack at about 6:15 a.m. on a brisk morning in November of 2002. I was one of hundreds herded into one line and then another, with orders being barked at me from every direction. After I was finally dressed and approved by wardrobe, hair, and make-up, I looked out onto the track. As always, the view to the north was stunning. The early morning sun lit the shoulders of the San Gabriel Mountains with a cape of gold, red, green, and yellow, and cast the canyons into shades of gray, blue, and deep purple. The landscaping at the track was immaculate, with groundsmen planting brightly colored pansies in the brilliant green infield. The early mist was burning away and it was going to be another postcard perfect fall day at the track.

The jockeys were urging the chocolate and fawn-colored thoroughbreds through their morning workouts, with their muscles contracting and releasing in sequence and their hot breath condensing in the cool morning air. And then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw them—hundreds of blow-up mannequins in clothing painted to match my beautiful suit. They were sitting in the grandstands (actually, tied to the seats) wearing wool fedoras just like mine. I should have appreciated the significance of the fact that I was dressed to match the blow-up dummies, but I didn't—at least not then.

As promised, I was able to go off into a corner for an hour or so and do some work while the other extras filed in and went from station to station. An interesting mix of people, as far as I could tell. Except for my beautiful wife, they were not selected based on looks, intelligence, cleanliness, charm, or potential acting ability. What we all had in common was that we fit into the clothes the studio had rented for this movie. We all seemed to be of “average” height, weight, and physique, just like the blow-up dummies tied to the grandstand seats.

After I did an hour or so of productive work, a young man walked through the crowd pointing at people and assigning numbers. When he got to me he pointed and barked, “59.” A little while later, someone stood on a table and advised that numbers 1 through 60 would soon be following him, but that we should first use the restroom because we may not get the chance to do so for a while. At about this point, I should have started putting things together: blow-up dummies dressed just like me, being assigned a number rather than a name, and being told that this was my last chance to go to the restroom.

Having no idea where I was going, what I would be doing or for how long, I did as directed. After all, isn't that what movie stars do—take direction? So when ordered, I left my briefcase and my work behind and followed the young man through the mezzanine, down the elevator, through the tunnel, and onto the infield. After we gathered together, the assistant randomly assigned us to locations along the infield rail.

It was there, at the northwest corner of the infield, that I spent some of

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the longest, most mind-numbing hours of my life.

After an hour or so, “Megaphone Man” broadcast that the horses would run by and we were to cheer for our favorite. This happened three or four times during the several hours I stood there, probably yielding a total of three minutes of actual film. I shaved my beard and trimmed my mustache for this? There wasn’t a camera in sight. How were they going to showcase my beautiful suit, my neatly trimmed mustache and my two-toned shoes?

Finally, I saw it! The camera was on top of the grandstand to my back. And there was another, several hundred yards away, focusing on the horses as they came around the turn. Because the other extras and I were standing in the infield of the training track and the horses were running some forty yards away, even if we were in the scene, we would be nothing but specks waving copies of an old *Daily Racing Form*. By the way, I read every word of that racing form in a valiant, but unsuccessful, attempt to stave off boredom.

The only redemption was the view of the San Gabriels to the north and the art-deco grandstands to the south. As the light changed through the day, the intensity of the colors and the contrast of the shadows shifted in infinite variety.

After the lunch hour passed, they let us know we could find a few bags of cookies in the infield but that we would not be able to break for lunch until later. At 5:30 p.m., we finally broke for lunch. They gave the extras a box lunch, while a SAG member told me she would get to go downstairs for a real meal of poached salmon and freshly grilled vegetables. They kept us waiting in the holding area on the mezzanine for another hour or so, telling us that we should be happy because we were earning another hour of pay. Great, another \$7.00 (\$3.50 after taxes)! I suppose it might come in handy with Christmas approaching. Maybe I could buy a candy cane or a bow.

Finally, at about 6:30 p.m., we were released for the day with instructions to call in for our next assignment.

As I walked out of the wardrobe area, I glanced out to the grandstands and saw the blow-up dummies still tied to the chairs. At that point it all became crystal clear: the reason they needed me, my trimmed mustache, my beautiful suit, and my two-toned shoes was because no one had yet figured out how to get a blow-up dummy to stand still at the rail for hours on end and wave an old *Daily Racing Form* on cue. So I guess I am an important part of the movie after all.

By the way, I asked about my name—Howard whatever. The response was that they gave a name to everyone wearing a suit so as to distinguish them from extras who were wearing more casual clothing. So there you have it, my day of stardom, the day Hollywood came to Santa Anita.

But there was one silver lining—the park itself. It shimmers differently but beautifully at each stage of the sun’s arc through the day. I guess it probably

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looks exactly as it did in the mid-1930s, when Seabiscuit actually ran there.

Robert Garrett has lived in Arcadia since 1977. He is a member of the Arcadia Human Resources Commission and a volunteer coach for the Arcadia High School Constitution Team. He has also been active in Boy Scouts, Arcadia High School Music Club, and Church of the Good Shepherd youth activities.

THE OLYMPICS COME TO ARCADIA

by Maryann Gibson

1984. The Olympics are coming to my town. Not just to Los Angeles, but to my town of Arcadia. And it's the equestrian events that are coming to Arcadia. To someone who grew up on the back of a horse with daydreams of one day being an Olympic-class rider, does life get any better?

Growing up in Michigan, the closest I ever got to the Olympics was pony-club trials, which are patterned after the Olympic three-day event. I thought I was the perfect candidate for an Olympic volunteer: enthusiastic, available, and I actually knew something about dressage and jumping faults.

After filling out multiple forms, a brief interview, and a short training session, I earned the blue and gold uniform of an usher. (It was a two-piece pants and shirt outfit patterned after the Carl's Jr. fast-food restaurant uniforms, I'm sure. Not very stylish, but very distinctive. These uniforms are still traded on eBay today. Mine is in mothballs in the attic, ready to show off to my grandchildren.)

I was ready to serve as an usher at Santa Anita Park, directing guests to their seats and moving the crowds in and out of the venue. The very first day, however, it quickly became apparent that my real job was to explain to the visitors what was going on down in the arena. The equestrian events were really no different than the other sports in that respect. Many, many people bought tickets to Olympic events without the slightest idea of the sport they were going to see. My family went to the team handball competition and fortunately had a Romanian family sitting next to them to explain the rules. At Santa Anita Park, many people had never seen a dressage competition or a jumping class. I spent many happy hours explaining my first love—becoming a team with a horse.

The two weeks were a blur of activity as our house, like many, was host to family, friends, and even family of friends. We could sleep fourteen relatives in beds, but even that wasn't enough. Multiple family members came from Michigan to see the volleyball competition in Long Beach and a myriad of miscellaneous events throughout the Southland. The relatives and their friends filled the beds and the floors were littered with bodies in sleeping bags. Food moved in and out of the kitchen; whoever was available fed whoever was currently home. I wandered in and out in my prized blue and gold uniform; cooking, laughing, and sharing stories at the dinner table as a participant in one of the most memorable events of our family times.

My favorite story involves a mother and four kids who worked their way to my section a few minutes after the dressage competition started for the morning

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session. They had tickets for the entire day—an entire day of dressage. Now the very subtle movements of dressage are interesting to watch if you know what you are looking for. The union of the horse and rider is a thing of beauty if done correctly, but even we dressage nuts would find it difficult to watch six hours of competition. For the uninitiated, it is akin to watching six hours of figure skating compulsory figures—six hours of watching every skater doing exactly the same maneuvers.

The mother with the four kids finally got up the nerve to ask me what the heck was happening. Were they warming up or what? One of the kids wanted to know when the horses were going to jump over fences. Another wanted to know when the races were going to start. I sympathetically explained that this was it; the entire day was scheduled for dressage competition and there would be no jumping or races. The jumping was scheduled for another day and there were no races scheduled for Santa Anita Park. The look of horror on the mother's face was priceless.

However, this is where Santa Anita Park really outdid itself to make the 1984 Olympics the fabulous event that it turned out to be. I was able to direct the family to the infield playground to see exhibits about the history of equestrian events at the Olympics, the racetrack's resident Clydesdale horses, and other live horses of numerous breeds. This was where fans could get up close and personal with the horses. The racetrack had enough exhibits and activities set up that this family, and many others, could enjoy the competition, take in the beautiful grounds, and learn about horses and equestrian events while still having fun. Santa Anita Park did a wonderful job of presenting equestrian events to a crowd of both knowledgeable and neophyte spectators.

Maryann Gibson has lived in Arcadia since 1979. She is serving her fourth term as a member of the Arcadia Board of Education. She was president of the Arcadia Council PTA in 1989–1991.

HEAVEN IS JUST A HORSE RIDE DOWN THE ROAD

by Pat Wallace

Growing up in San Marino during the 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s was the nearest thing to Heaven I knew. We moved from La Crescenta when I was four and it was instant playmates, excellent schools, wide streets, comfortable homes, fabulous public transportation with the Pacific Electric Railway Red Cars crossing the community, excellent police and fire departments, and lots of empty mustard-filled lots for baseball and jungle playing all year long. I knew of Arcadia as the big electric cars went there and, above all, my mother would not purchase chickens anywhere else when we needed them for dinner. Mr. Deblin's chicken ranch was the only place to go and his chickens were delicious. W. Parker Lyon's Pony Express Museum was also a place to capture any child's imagination and much of my weekly allowance was spent there.

At age ten and eleven, my entire life interest was HORSES, and I was very unhappy that my family felt that they could not afford to purchase and board one for me. The next best thing was Leslie's Proud Stable in Altadena (which later moved to Arcadia on Baldwin Avenue with Rosalind Johnson) and riding lessons across the arroyo where JPL is now located.

Then, wonder of wonders, we found Green's Stable on Michillinda Avenue, north of Huntington Drive in Arcadia, and I was allowed to take jumping lessons. The stable was large and had numerous barns and rings for working and practicing. Many of my notable jumps involved my patient white mount stopping at the jump and me flying over to land all alone in a heap on the other side of the jump. The poor patient horse just stood by watching me pick myself up from the sawdust and dirt to try again.

After I learned a bit more, Green's Stable put on steeplechases on the weekends and these were the most fabulous events. We would saddle our mounts at nine o'clock in the morning and follow a paper trail through what is now the Lower Rancho. Over jumps, ditches, and fallen trees, we chased one another until we arrived at what is now the top of Harvard Drive overlooking Santa Anita Racetrack, which at the time was still very new. We encountered a few homes along the way, but not many. It was mainly open fields with giant oak trees and trails. Then, at the top of the hill, we would be met by three or four armed *braceros* from the racetrack. They would tell us we had to turn back because we could "spy" on the races from our vantage point on the hill. We would all laugh, then turn back down the hill and return to our fun. Some of the best rides I ever had were over this property (where I now live, and have lived for fifty-four years).

Then in 1947, my future husband Haze and I announced our engagement and

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decided to purchase a lot somewhere, and build a small house before we were married in June of 1948. We looked all over the San Gabriel Valley for the perfect lot and guess where we purchased? Arcadia, of course. In the Lower Rancho on Columbia Road, we found our dream and started construction. It was a wonderful small ranch-style home and exactly what we wanted. It was finished in May of 1948, and we were married on June 19, 1948 at Saint Edmonds Church in San Marino. We moved in after a brief honeymoon at Laguna Beach and Mexico.

I worked for Arnold O. Beckman, Inc. in South Pasadena, which was fascinating. My husband was at Wallace Flooring on Rosemead Boulevard in nearby Pasadena. Our house was built on the old Supreme Dairy property and our gardens and lawns were visible proof of all the previous years' residents. But, even better, the stables stood directly behind our property. Every evening, the horses in that pasture would come up to our back fence for their treat of carrots and sugar. I would hang over the railings talking to them. It was truly Heaven.

Four Derby winners were buried on that property and they were moved to Santa Anita Racetrack only when the property was sold and subdivided for homes and Hugo Reid Primary School. That part of Arcadia will live in my memories forever.

The next rider in our family was our eldest daughter Chris, who showed her love for the ponies at an early age. Over where the Rusnak automobile dealership is now located on West Huntington Drive across from Rod's Grill, there used to be pony rides. From the age of three, Chris spent as much time there as she could con out of her grandfather. He would arrive at an early hour on Saturday mornings and the two of them would depart for the pony rides. She would be bouncing with joy on the front seat and he would bring her home hours later so tired and happy. I don't know how the ponies left Arcadia, but they were sadly missed by one young lady.

The real living in my life has been spent in Arcadia. We have so many unusual and fabulous places such as Methodist Hospital, Santa Anita Racetrack, Westfield Shoppingtown, Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden, Arcadia Public Library, all of our public schools and our excellent city government facilities.

In my mind, I occasionally go back to those wonderful rides through the Lower Rancho and at Green's Stables. And, I know I found my Heaven down the road from San Marino in a place named Arcadia.

Pat Wallace moved to Arcadia in 1948. She was named Citizen of the Year by the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce in 1994. She is active in the Arcadia Public Library Foundation and current president of the Methodist Hospital Auxiliary.

HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGES ARE STILL IN VOGUE IN ARCADIA

by Arly Barton

The banker leaned back in his chair and chuckled, "You can't be serious, Mrs. Barton. You want a loan for a horse and buggy business in 1976?"

Well, she didn't get the loan, but Arly Barton and her family didn't let that stop them. They are the Barton Family, having a rare kind of fun that few people of this generation experience. William (Bill) and Arly Barton live on a "mini-ranch" few people seem to know exists in Arcadia. There is a real-for-sure stable and corral with three beautiful white horses in the back of the lot.

The first carriage in their collection is an 1897 Concord Surrey. For seven years, Arly searched and found one practically in her own backyard at Merle Little's ranch in Monrovia. She had been after him for years to sell her one and he finally said, "OK, let's go out to the barn." Mr. Little named his price, Arly gulped hard and replied, "OK, but on one condition: you keep it until it is paid in full, and the terms are five dollars, or more, per month for life or until paid in full." Mr. Little smiled and they shook hands on the deal.

The Barton's four children (Carolyn, Mary Lou, Denny and Barbara) and nine grandchildren (Andrea, Alexander, Danielle, Perrie, Kathleen, Jennifer, Jonathan, April, and Jesse) come from very American family roots. Bill is the great-great-grandson of William Neil Dennison, who was a senator and governor of Ohio and postmaster general in Abraham Lincoln's cabinet. Arly is daughter of the Carl Kophamer family, remembered by many Arcadians as the folks of the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s who raised and sold "Carl's Sweet Corn" all over Arcadia and beyond.

The Barton carriage collection began in 1967. At that time, Bill was sales manager at Univac in Los Angeles and Arly was acquiring more carriages at "five dollars, or more, per month." At the drop of a high hat, the family would "dress up" and ride in parades in their carriages, traveling from San Diego to San Luis Obispo and winning California state championships. They also would carriage such famous people as Dorothy Chandler, Gregory Peck, Jimmy Stewart, Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Cinderella, Snow White, and more.

Bill finally told Arly that her horses and carriages were eating them out of house and home and it would help if they could pay for their keep. Faced with that, Arly decided she had to go into business with her horses and carriages. The first venture of Barton's Horse-Drawn Carriages was a wedding with the carriage, which proved to be a success.

The Barton family's horse-drawn carriage collection has grown. It has been

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in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Parade many times. In 1980, the carriage simulated pulling the huge Union Oil Company float. In 1984, the governor of Oklahoma rode in a carriage pulled by two of their white horses traveling inside and outside of the Farmer's Insurance Company moving float! In 1989, Grand Marshal Shirley Temple Black was seen riding in their "Princess" carriage bedecked with fresh flowers flown in from Holland.

The Bartons have been featured in national magazines, books, and even on a calendar. Knott's Berry Farm featured four generations of the Barton Family in its Easter Parade many years ago, along with Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, and the Sons of the Pioneers riding in Barton carriages.

Famous local celebrities carried in Arcadia include Charles and Ruth Gilb, City Council Member Gail Marshall, State Senator Bob Margett, and many other civic and business executives.

Kindergarten children at Holly Avenue Elementary School, Arcadia Christian School and Bethany Christian School have had close-up pleasure petting the horses. Several times over the years at Arcadia High School, the princesses, queen, and king were carried in style at the Homecoming football games.

The current majestic white horses are descendants of the famous Lone Ranger's horse, "Silver." There are twenty-one vintage carriages in the Barton's collection, each one different and dating from 1860 through 1907. And Arly is always looking for more.

Since 1969, the Barton Family has made hundreds of brides and grooms feel like Cinderella and Prince Charming by helping to make their dreams come true as they ride in their beautiful flower-decorated horse-drawn carriage. They listen to the romantic clip-clop of the hoof beats, smiling to passers-by. The traffic stops, and drivers stare and wave back. You are not imagining things. You are seeing something that appears to be out of a storybook long ago, drawn by a horse completely unconcerned with today's noisy busy traffic. It is not a fast-paced business, but a refreshingly different and nostalgic sight that steals the show and the applause. "Having a horse-drawn carriage for a wedding is an expensive luxury, but worth every dollar," the wedding couples happily remark.

The Barton's four children, along with their spouses, all pitch in and help whenever needed, taking time out on weekends from their own careers. Their nine grandchildren do their part as the third generation, helping and learning to drive the horses. When reading the hundreds of thank you notes, the Bartons smile and sigh. The long hours, extensive physical work involved (bathing white horses that love to roll in the dirt), expensive new horseshoes every few weeks, veterinarian bills, loads of hay and grain (not to mention the twice-a-day clean-up of "road apples"), plus the maintenance of the carriages, trucks, and trailers

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all add up to one thing—it is all worth it to make someone happy.

Arly Barton has lived in Arcadia over seventy-one years. Arly and her husband Bill own and operate Barton's Horse Drawn Carriages in Arcadia.

MEMORIES OF A HORSEMAN

by Merlin L. Geddes

I came to Arcadia in 1941 and purchased a small home at 51 North Third Avenue. The street used to be just east of The Derby restaurant. The purchase price was \$1,500 and required a \$200 down payment, which of course I had to borrow. The payments were \$25 a month.

The war had just started and air-raid wardens were appointed in each block. If we had to drive at night, it was only with our parking lights on. Japanese internees were moved to the Santa Anita Racetrack parking lot. There were long rows of barracks alternated with a row of mess halls and laundry facilities. The entire parking lot was filled with buildings and fenced with guard houses around the perimeter. There was one great plus for the City of Arcadia as the federal government had to extend a main line sewer down to the Hyperion Treatment Plant to handle the camp. This saved the city the cost of installing its own treatment plant down on South Peck Road where it had been planned. The entire city was on cesspools in those days.

The Japanese were not there long as they were moved to camps farther from the coast. The United States Army then moved in and the camp became a tank training facility. The training course went up through the area just west of the present racetrack. There were no homes there at the time. The Queen Anne Cottage and barn were just deserted relics at the time and were used by some of the homeless as shelters. I often was amazed at how lucky we were that they did not burn down.

You may be aware that the building just east of the Bekins Storage building on West Huntington Drive was the officers' quarters during World War I. It is now used by the Elks fraternal order. The United States Army had an air field where the present County Park is located. The officers were part of the cavalry in those days so, of course, each officer had to have a horse. There was a large horse-barn just north of the officers' quarters on what is now Santa Clara Street. The barn was used into the late 1960s as a riding stable and operated by a man named Carl Allen. I boarded horses there during the late 1940s. Santa Anita Avenue was a divided road as it is today, but the center was a riding trail that led from the mountains to the river bed at El Monte. The trail then went down to the ocean. In those days, bushes and small trees flourished in the river bed, making it a delightful riding trail.

Arcadia's city hall, police station, and public library were located just south of the present downtown post office. The Bank of America was located at the northeast corner of First Avenue and Huntington Drive. The largest addition to

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the city was the construction in the 1950s of the Thrifty Drug Store at the northwest corner of First Avenue and East Huntington Drive. It is long gone. The Ford agency was in the building where the paint store is located at 134 East Huntington Drive, just east of First Avenue. They displayed one new car and probably had two more in stock—if they were lucky. In 1946, you could not purchase a new car unless you had something to trade in, as they would then have nothing in inventory. There was a waiting list for most everything.

In 1950, I gathered a group of several horsemen together and, with the assistance of Police Chief Bill Cahill, formed the Arcadia Mounted Police. I remained its captain for three years. We built a clubhouse down on Live Oak Avenue on city property where the Arcadia Par 3 Golf Course is located. The building has recently been demolished. The mounted police group grew to be quite a large organization and filled a trophy cabinet in city hall to overflowing with awards. The present police chief recently honored a few of us, along with other retired officers, with a get-together and dinner. We were entertained with a film of the construction of the new police facility.

I hope I have added a few memories.

Merlin L. Geddes lived in Arcadia from 1941 to 1973. He helped form the Arcadia Mounted Police in 1950 and served as its captain for three years. He now lives in Pasadena, California.

CHAPTER 8

The Joy of Music

MEMORIES OF PARADES PAST AND PRESENT

by Sharon Briffett

As I was growing up in Arcadia in the 1950s through 1970s, music was always a part of my family's life. Mom played the piano and sang, Dad played the trombone, and my brother played most of the reed instruments. I will admit to being a reluctant music student, but for years I did dutifully study piano with Mrs. Genevieve Miller on Rodell Place and the clarinet with Mr. Sherman at Arcadia Music Mart. There was a musical highlight in my life and it was the West Arcadia Band Review, now called the Arcadia Festival of Bands, held the Saturday before Thanksgiving for as long I can remember.

Before I ever participated in the parade myself, I was a faithful spectator. How exciting it was to forego Saturday morning chores and go down to Baldwin Avenue where we would sit on the curb in front of either Hinshaw's or Nash's and watch the hundreds (alright, maybe dozens, but I was a kid and it seemed like hundreds!) of bands rigidly yet regally marching down the boulevard. Afterwards, if we were particularly well behaved, Dad would take us for a pony ride where the Rusnak service bays are now located.

As a child, the Arcadia parade was a dazzling blur of bright military-type uniforms and an amazing array of hats and themes. Of course, at the time, I didn't understand the dedication and effort it took to be a marching band; I just knew it was loud and exciting and I was missing my chores! I didn't know the actual titles of the tunes being played; I only knew I loved the cadence and pageantry. Nor, at the time, could I put names to the high schools in the parade such as Grossmont, Mountain View, Loara, Mt. Miguel, Helix, and Glendora. And it wasn't until years later that I learned that the music I happily clapped my hands to was by Souza, Fillmore, and Alford.

As a seventh-grade clarinet player in the Foothills Junior High School "Highlanders" band, I finally got my first chance to march in the parade. Sadly,

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the next year the parade was cancelled due to the assassination of President Kennedy. In 1964, I led the Highlander band as the drum major, complete with a Scottish kilt, sporran, huge white shako, and mace. That particular morning, Foothills band instructor David Aldstadt was not pleased with my choice for a nutritious breakfast—angel food cake and coke—but it worked for me!

I joined the Arcadia High School Apache marching band for one year, which happened to be the year we retired the sweepstakes trophy at the Long Beach Band Review, the mother of all parade competitions in the mid-1960s. I still remember when band instructor Ron Hoar got the idea that we should shout “PA-CHE” when the drum major brought us to attention and I believe the band does that to this day!

My dad was president of the Music Club in the mid-1960s and, yes, parents even then ran alongside the band laden with shoe polish, safety pins, water bottles, brushes for the furry shakos, and whatever else that was considered critical aid. And just a few months ago, I watched the Arcadia Apache marching band navigate down Colorado Boulevard in the 2003 Tournament of Roses Parade, which vividly reminded me of 1966 when I marched the route with my fellow Apache band mates. I was also reminded that I overslept and missed the band bus that New Year’s morning and was driven to the corner of Colorado Boulevard and Orange Grove by a band parent just in the nick of time for our preparade “field show” for NBC! Yep, another band instructor not so pleased with me, but Mr. Hoar soon forgave and forgot. Right, Ron?

I left Arcadia when I went to college, but managed to come home nearly every November to watch the latest crowd of enthusiastic teens participate in the Arcadia Band Review. I missed the parade between 1978 and 1984 because I lived abroad with my family, but when my husband and I and our small children made Arcadia our home in 1986, I quickly resumed my Arcadia parade “habit.” I would allow my sons to forego Saturday morning chores and we would ensconce ourselves on the curb on Baldwin Avenue, now in front of Ross Dress for Less or Burlington Coat Factory.

Many things in Arcadia have changed since my youth. I have changed, too! But, then again, some things have stayed the same. The Arcadia Festival of Bands is still held the Saturday before Thanksgiving. Still wearing military-inspired uniforms, bands proudly stride down Baldwin Avenue to traditional marches while parent-volunteers continue to hustle along side the band in anticipation of some small catastrophe. Drill teams of smiling young girls have made way for more sophisticated auxiliary guards. My sons are sports-minded and not musically inclined, so nowadays I usually go to the parade alone. I have found a great “secret” parking place (yes, it’s legal; no, I can’t

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tell you its location!) where I can peel in at the last minute before I hear “PACHÉ!” and watch another parade in Arcadia.

Sharon Briffett grew up in Arcadia and is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 1968). She returned to Arcadia with her family in 1986 and has been active in PTA and the Arcadia Educational Foundation.

OUR MUSICAL LOVE AFFAIR WITH ARCADIA

by Marilyn Daleo

The Daleo family's love affair with the City of Arcadia goes back almost fifty years. My husband Mike lived in the city and graduated from Arcadia High School before I ever met him. His family lived on Third Avenue above Longden Avenue and he tells me there was a pheasant ranch to the north and dairy cows to the southeast. We live in that area now and I must say we have excellent soil.

When Mike and I met and married in 1965, we briefly rented an apartment but within a short time we were able to purchase our first home in Arcadia. Our son Tim was born at Methodist Hospital in December 1969 and we brought him home wrapped in a red and white Christmas stocking made by the hospital's auxiliary ladies. Our daughter Jennifer was born on Good Friday in 1972 and we brought her home on Easter Sunday wrapped in a felt Easter egg made by those same ladies.

Tim and Jennifer attended Camino Grove Elementary School where, when they each reached fourth grade, they eagerly signed up for the Arcadia school district's elementary music program. Tim chose the trumpet and Jennifer selected the clarinet. I have warm memories of the elementary music concerts held each May in the high school's north gym. I can see the directors—Dave Aldstadt and Tom Forbes—and I can hear Dr. John Hart's voice introducing the selections with the young musicians seated before us dressed in their blue bottoms, white shirts, and red neckerchiefs. As parents, we thought their performance was absolutely perfect. The season was capped off with a wide-angle group photo taken on the Holly Avenue Elementary School lawn.

When Tim and Jennifer reached junior high (it wasn't called middle school then), a whole new world opened up to our family in the form of the marching band program. As part of the Dana Mariner marching band under the direction of Art Farr, those musicians were amazing in their nautical red jackets, black pants, dickies, and white captain's hat. At parade competitions, I remember people commenting that they could not believe it was just a junior high band.

It was at this point that Mike and I started our "hands-on" support of the marching band program. We rode on the school buses to parade competitions as "band aides" and polished shoes, checked uniforms, and pinned, tucked, and sprayed hair to keep it securely under those captain's hats. This is also when we began the bond of friendship with other parents dedicated to supporting their children—friendships that last until this day.

When the kids entered Arcadia High School in the mid to late 1980s, it only got more exciting because now the marching program included the field show

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and football games. Under the direction of Tom Landes, assisted by Tom Forbes, the band had about 130 members including drill team, tall flags, and banner princesses.

The year started with music camp, the event that lays the foundation for the year ahead. Leaders blossom, friendships grow, and teamwork builds. Back then it was held at Camp Buckhorn in Idyllwild, California, and I can picture the cabins, dining hall, dusty meadow, and amphitheater. I can recall the sectionals spread out among the pine trees with the students working hard to perfect their music. I think I can even remember a punch line or two from the corny skits that were performed on Wednesday night when parents came up to visit. We chaperoned for several years and had the best time. Mike was one of the "Three Amigos" who served as camp directors one year.

Threaded with Wednesday night rehearsals and community performances, the competition season was thrilling. For parent-volunteers, the tucking, pinning, and spraying continued along with some new tasks like brushing shakos (the tall white fuzzy hat) or inserting plumes. The percussion component of the field show required the transporting of numerous "pit" items—drums, stands, cymbals, xylophones, and the like. Mike gets some of his biggest chuckles recalling his time spent hauling "Mr. Chimes."

After all the preparation and attention to detail on everyone's part, I would personally have knots in my stomach as the band lined up for "step off." On the other hand, the kids were solid. They, of course, knew what they were doing and, bless them all, they did it so well. For perspective, imagine yourself holding a heavy instrument, playing music from memory and keeping every part of your body stick straight while walking with a glide and maintaining a perfect diagonal. I tried doing just a couple of those things at the same time once and it is not easy.

Tim was now on tuba, switching from trumpet in junior high when Mr. Farr pleaded for more low brass. Jennifer was now on tenor saxophone and a banner princess in the center "A" position. Under the direction of advisor Jean Johnson, the princesses spent the entire summer making their beautiful floor length feathered headdresses that are now a cherished memento of Arcadia High School's rich history.

The competitions and road trips were an adventure. We would take our motor home to provide a place for the directors to rest and regroup and sometimes it would return home carrying a student who fell ill or had twisted an ankle. We helped organize band trips (sometimes in school buses, sometimes in chartered coaches) to Northern California, San Diego, Las Vegas, and the like. Sometimes we would sleep with one hundred kids in a gymnasium and serve meals out of ice chests, and sometimes we would have the luxury of motel rooms

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and fast food. Always meeting up with us was the huge equipment trailer emblazoned with Arcadia's big red "A." Its arrival was awesome, powerful, and inspiring.

The annual spaghetti dinner was the culmination of the marching season. What an emotional event with the resonance of the drums in the high school gym, the "drill down," the slide show of memories, and the playing of the street march for the final time. You would want to capture the emotions of the evening in a bottle and keep them forever.

Jennifer continued her marching band experience as a member of the Trojan marching band while earning her degree at USC. Tim graduated from California State University, Fullerton, which unfortunately did not offer a marching band program. After nearly fifteen years, however, the kids have maintained the ability to play their instruments. I know that because we had a jam session at the house recently. The kids have also maintained something else—friendships! Some of them are particularly special. Tim and Melinda McGrath, a former Arcadia High "tall flag," will marry in July. And their wedding party will include friends from their high school marching days.

For anyone who has experienced the pride, spirit, and tradition of the marching band program at Arcadia High School, I suspect that words like "West Arcadia," "Workouts Breakfast," "Chino," "Mt. Carmel," "Rose Parade," and "APACHE!!" stir something in you. They do it for me.

But the thing that stirs me most is knowing, first hand, how much the music program enriches the life of a child. It is far beyond the academics of music education, although I burst with pride each time I hear the beautiful sounds these young people are able to create. It gives them skills and values that last a lifetime—discipline, respect, leadership, growth, maturity, cooperation, responsibility, compromise, victory, disappointment, friends, fun times, sad times, caring, sharing. . .family!

The Arcadia High School marching program today has grown to an awesome 450 students. What a source of pride for our community!

To all of the Arcadia Unified School District music department staff members past, present, and future: Thank you for all that you do to enrich the lives of Arcadia's young people. And thank you to all the moms and dads, too. I speak from experience and will remain a "band mom" forever.

Marilyn Daleo is a public information officer with the Arcadia Unified School District. She has been actively involved in youth and education activities such as PTA and the Arcadia Music Club. She was named Citizen of the Year by the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce in 1981. She has lived in Arcadia since 1967.

MR. LANDES

by Nathan Eberhardt

Mr. Tom Landes, the director of the Arcadia High School marching band, teaches much more than notes, rhythms, and formations. He accomplishes the hard task of creating open-minded, questioning students who have a respect for tradition and authority.

During the years when I was a band member (from fall 1995 through spring 1999), there hung a sign in the front of the band room. It asked the question: "What if everyone did it?" We students were instructed to ask ourselves this question before we acted. In a world that tends toward the egocentric, Mr. Landes reminded us to think bigger than ourselves. Much of the world either gives children all of the answers or leaves them with no direction. Mr. Landes pointed us in the right direction of deciding between right and wrong, and held us accountable for our actions. It is this kind of teaching that shapes children into adults.

Mr. Landes also taught us to respect the winning tradition that our band held for forty, now almost fifty, years. For example, each year in late October, Mr. Landes set aside one of our weekly three-hour rehearsals to review the proud history of the Arcadia High School marching band. He would tell us about the one time our band scored a perfect score at the 1981 Long Beach Band Review and how Arcadia won that trophy so many times it had to be retired. He would relate to us the crushing defeat our band suffered at the 1987 Chino Invitational, and how that loss motivated the band to win that trophy for a record ten years in a row. He would inform us of the many bands that have risen to dominate the Southern California high school marching band circuit only to fade into obscurity after a few years, and then name, decade by decade, the dominant bands of the era with Arcadia High School being the only constant. He would remind us, however, that last year's band cannot win this year's trophy, and that it was our duty as heirs of this proud tradition to uphold the tradition and do all in our power to win yet again.

Victory establishes a sense of pride. When a student earns a high test score or a prestigious award, he is proud. But the pride Mr. Landes led us to gain was a different form of pride. *I* was not proud of *me*. *We* were proud of *us*. It was pride in an accomplishment to which our names were not directly attached. It was pride in being a member of something greater than ourselves. This is the most rewarding form of pride.

Arcadia is renowned for the great music it produces. Currently, forty percent of the student population at Arcadia High School is involved in the music

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program—marching band, orchestra and choral music. This high level of participation is because of the excellence of the music program. This excellence is because of the phenomenal directors who have guided the program—directors such as Mr. Tom Landes.

Nathan Eberhardt graduated from Arcadia High School in 1999. He attends the University of California, San Diego.

MY VISION OF ARCADIA THROUGH MUSIC

by Thomas J. Forbes

As long as I can remember, music and Arcadia have been synonymous. At the age of eight, I began drum lessons at Arcadia Music Mart on Huntington Drive in downtown Arcadia. Like so many youngsters in Arcadia, I started in a school music program as a fourth grader at Hugo Reid Elementary School (more commonly referred to as "The Big School") making less than great sounds on the French horn. I continued my music education playing at Foothills Junior High School, Arcadia High School, Pasadena City College, and California State University, Los Angeles. So, why all this background about my musical career? Please continue to read.

The Arcadia Unified School District has long been a leader in the field of music education in California. The music program in Arcadia has touched the lives of thousands of students over the last fifty-plus years. How many of us have attended the numerous standing-room-only musical events that take place each year in Arcadia? There are elementary school holiday assemblies and music festivals, junior high (now middle) school concerts, high school holiday concerts, spaghetti dinner concerts and spring concerts, vertical concerts, pops concerts, concerts in the park and, of course, the Arcadia Festival of Bands (formerly the West Arcadia Invitational Band Review). The list goes on and on. Not only has the music program in the Arcadia schools touched the lives of our children, it has also blessed the citizens of Arcadia.

Our city leaders continue to support music in Arcadia every summer with a series of summer concerts sponsored by our recreation department. That series of concerts evolved from one concert (featuring the Arcadia Summer Pops Orchestra) to a summer-long series featuring a variety of musical styles and groups. The first concert had about seventy-five people in attendance and today each concert draws over five hundred residents. And most recently, the addition of the California Philharmonic Orchestra's summer concert series at the Arboretum has added another shining star of music in Arcadia.

Did you know that the Arcadia High School Apache Marching Band has represented our community thirteen times on January 1 in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Parade? Or that the marching band played at the inauguration of President Eisenhower in Washington, D.C.?

High-school-aged musicians from Arcadia have traveled halfway around the world as ambassadors to our sister city of Newcastle, New South Wales, Australia. In 1981, Jack Saelid and Reg Mason had the crazy idea to take the Apache marching band to Newcastle. Seven months later, 150 band, tall flag,

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princess, and drill members traveled to Australia and performed in Newcastle and Canberra. Following this trip, the Marching Koalas marching band was formed and, since that time, has performed in Japan, Europe, Canada, and the Rose Parade. Nine years later, Arcadia High School's marching band, concert band, symphony orchestra, and auxiliary guard returned to Australia and performed in Newcastle, Sydney, and Canberra. The friendships created by those two trips and trips by the Marching Koalas to Arcadia continue to be strong today for many of the students and families in Arcadia and Newcastle. Personally, I keep in contact with Geoff Lynch and Peter Cronan, directors of the Marching Koalas. In March 2002, I was invited to Newcastle to be a part of the Marching Koalas' twentieth- anniversary celebration.

At the beginning of this essay, I told you about my musical background in Arcadia. Music and the teachers who supported my early years in music—Wayne Reinecke, Arthur Farr, Kenneth Weidaw, David Aldstadt, Ron Hoar and William H. Hill—instilled in me the amazing power that music has to touch the soul of everyone. In 1981, I was fortunate to be hired by the Arcadia Unified School District to continue the tradition of touching the lives of our children in Arcadia through music. Teaching instrumental music for eight years in our elementary schools and now for fourteen years directing the orchestra at Arcadia High School, I have seen the joy that music brings to our students, families, alumni, and citizens. After all these years, Arcadia continues to have dedicated music teachers in our schools who teach, encourage, and motivate our students to do their best and be model citizens. These students are truly young ambassadors for our wonderful community.

We have so much to be proud of in Arcadia. Arcadia is a beautiful city with great city leaders, great businesses, great police and fire departments, a marvelous recreation department, supportive boosters, the best schools, and so much more. But nothing has affected so many people in such a positive way as music in Arcadia.

Thomas J. Forbes has lived in Arcadia since 1957. He is a 1975 graduate of Arcadia High School and has directed the high school's orchestra for fourteen years.

MUSIC IS LIFE IN ARCADIA

by Peter T. Poon

Growing up in Hong Kong, I often heard stories of American bravery from my father Sam Poon, who fought alongside the famous Flying Tigers against the Japanese in World War II. He shared with me his personal experience of great friendship with this special group of Americans, and found them courageous, generous, and fun-loving. That was my first impression of Americans.

After coming to America for graduate studies and completing a doctorate, I started working at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in 1974. In the same year, I married my wife Mable and moved into a home on Rockfield Drive in a lovely neighborhood in the county area of Arcadia. Contrary to the images of Americans depicted in Hollywood movies, our neighbors Jake and Betty Clinton were high school sweethearts, completely devoted to each other and to their children Bob and Greg. I can never forget how friendly they were to us and how Jake would always be ready to lend a hand whenever I needed it. Today, we still keep in touch with this wonderful family.

Arcadia in the 1970s and early 1980s had far fewer "mansions" than today and some families even had stables in their backyards. I still remember times while driving through Arcadia after work when I saw a teenage girl riding a Shetland pony on the grassy median of Santa Anita Avenue between Longden Avenue and Duarte Road. This image is etched into my memory, since I never saw anything similar to it in Hong Kong where high-rise buildings proliferated.

In 1985, we moved to a home on Le Roy Avenue within the city limits of Arcadia so that our children Amy and Brian could attend the outstanding Arcadia schools. I should point out that the schools where my children would have attended had we not moved (Rio Hondo Elementary School and Arroyo High School) also had dedicated and excellent teachers. My nephew Gary and nieces Alice and Eileen, who attended these schools, later became an engineer, a radiologist, and an optometrist respectively.

Le Roy Avenue between Santa Anita Avenue and El Monte Avenue was a most interesting and memorable neighborhood. Among our neighbors (Caucasian American families and two Chinese American families) were housewives, teachers, a policeman, a retiree, a fireman, an electrician, an engineer, and a carpenter. They were very friendly and helpful. We were invited to parties and dinners at their homes, and we also invited many neighbors to our home. The most exciting time was the Fourth of July celebration when an annual block party was held. The street was filled with fun and laughter as the children rode their bikes and scooters decorated with balloons and ribbons in a parade. Even a

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real fire truck was stationed in the street for kids as well as adults to explore.

Three years later, we reluctantly said good-bye to our neighbors and moved to Virginia Drive in the Highland Oaks area to live closer to Mable's sister Queenie. Our children played with her children Kay and Karen almost everyday. Later, as Amy joined the drill team and Brian joined the marching band at Foothills Junior High School (later called Foothills Middle School), we volunteered as chaperones. The excellent music program at Foothills grew by leaps and bounds under Sandra Ragusa. The marching band and orchestra directed by Ms. Ragusa and the drill team directed by Kristin Ward and Delight Page were outstanding.

One can always remember the Foothills drill team members in their beautiful green and black costumes, band members in green Scottish uniforms and tall black hats, and the bagpipers in kilts. All of us were rewarded by the superb musical performances of Arcadia's youth. More and more parents joined the Music Club at Foothills and became involved in fund-raising and serving as chaperones. I had a most enjoyable time working with Shelly Romo, Georgia Dunn, Chris McClain, Beth Lojeski, Judy Hermann, Melinda Segó, and Linda Murphy, who were all Music Club officers. Later, they surprised me as outgoing president with a card and a dinner certificate for two at La Parisienne. I was overwhelmed with gratitude since I had learned so much from them and other active parent volunteers.

As our children transitioned to Arcadia High School from junior high school, so did we as parents. We saw outstanding performances by the high school marching band under directors Tom Landes, Art Farr, and Tom Forbes. The auxiliary guard gave beautiful and superb performances under advisors Debbie Bailey, Andrea Scatena, Carol Craig, and George Armenta. The princesses under advisor Jean Johnson moved precisely with exquisite grace.

Mabel and I volunteered as chaperones. I served as a member of the pit crew and later as Arcadia High School Music Club president. It was an inspiration to work with long-term volunteers such as Jim and Margaret Barrows and Jim and Toni Fox. In addition to the parents from Foothills, I was thrilled to meet many active parents from Dana and First Avenue junior high schools. Our orchestra was well supported by "Orchestra Moms" led by Judy Huang and new recruits joined Gerry Murphy's "Pit Crew Dads." Amy and Brian were in band playing the flute and clarinet respectively. Friendships nurtured in band were long lasting. For example, long after Brian went to college at UC Berkeley, he still has close friends from the band.

I have many fond memories of volunteering at the annual Arcadia Festival of Bands. On a sunny morning in November 1993, over forty marching bands from all over Southern California gathered in the Santa Anita Park parking lot

adjacent to Fashion Park (now called Westfield Shoppingtown), ready to participate in this wonderful parade. Arcadia High School was the host and Arcadia parents and alumni volunteers were everywhere. For months prior to the event, the volunteers had already been involved in a myriad of activities such as fundraising, preparing programs, giving a presentation to the city council, and doing setups.

Prior to their “stepping-out,” all members of the Arcadia High School ensemble, which included the marching band, princesses, and auxiliary guard, had to look their best. Parents would be seen helping students in all possible ways: tying shoe laces, polishing shoes, sewing buttons, adjusting hats, fixing collars, and doing last minute mending. I was carrying shoe polish to put the final touches on the shoes of the princesses who march in front of the band. One of the princesses said, “Mr. Poon, would you please polish the soles of our shoes also? We princesses will step out first and parts of our soles will be seen.” “Sure, I’ll do it now,” I replied. No wonder our marching band won so many sweepstakes—such attention to every detail.

Everything ran like clockwork. Parents directed the arriving buses, lined the bands up in the correct order, and sold programs on Baldwin Avenue. Other parents carried bottles of water and first-aid supplies as they walked along side the students. All this effort was worthwhile because by the end of the day, it was recognized that the Arcadia Festival of Bands was another well-organized, highly successful event.

One year in the early 1990s, our daughter Amy and the other Arcadia High School cheerleaders were preparing to walk at the front of the parade holding the Arcadia Festival of Bands banner. I had been in the parking lot since early morning and was quite hungry when Casey Seymour, one of the cheerleaders, came to me and said, “Mr. Poon, let me give you half of my bagel with cream cheese.” I accepted her offer with gratitude. The morning had started well indeed.

Later, in 1994, Mable and I received a special treat from the Arcadia Festival of Bands committee by being selected to ride in a splendid antique car along the Baldwin Avenue parade route.

Besides the Arcadia Festival of Bands, Mabel and I shared the joy of accompanying our princesses, auxiliary guard, and marching band to various parades and field shows. We experienced the thrill of hosting the annual spaghetti dinner and recognition show for two thousand attendees, where over one hundred parents and alumni volunteers were mobilized to provide support. We had the unforgettable experience of supporting the winter guard in competitions throughout Southern California. I was delighted to work with active volunteers including my neighbor Marilyn Phelan, whose daughter Shannon was in the guard.

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We enjoyed great entertainment from our high school orchestra during the holiday concerts. We appreciated the superb performances of the orchestra and concert band at the vertical concert organized each year by the Arcadia Unified School District. We were delighted by the spring show where our outstanding auxiliary guard and princesses performed along with the drill teams from Arcadia's middle schools. We were mesmerized by the fine musical performances of our high school's band, orchestra, and choral groups at the annual pops concert.

Looking back, I am captured by a moment in time. The marching band was playing beautiful music and, at the precise moment, auxiliary guard leader Betsy Fox threw a flag high up in the air. All of us held our breath; the silence was deafening. She caught the flag gracefully, ushering in an evening of exquisite performances. Such was my experience with the Arcadia High School Music Club and Arcadia's excellent music programs—joyful, exhilarating, fleeting, and memorable.

I would like to express my appreciation to all the volunteers, teachers, parents, alumni, students, neighbors, friends, and relatives who greatly enriched my life and experience in Arcadia.

Peter T. Poon has lived in Arcadia since 1974. He was president of the music clubs at Foothills Middle School and Arcadia High School.

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Fun and Games

“HAPPY DAYS” IN ARCADIA

by Meredith Babeaux Brucker

My parents built their house in the Lower Rancho area, at 915 Volante Drive, and moved in during 1941. The house was designed by the office of the legendary architect Paul Williams, and they were very proud of it.

Across the street from us, all the way south to Huntington Drive where “The Village” and Hugo Reid School were soon to be constructed, were open fields. Someone must have trimmed the weeds occasionally, because big haystacks would often appear in those fields, and I used to love to slide down them and make burrows inside them for my dolls.

We had daily visitors on our street. Sometimes it was the ice cream man, whose truck played that tipsy tune. Or it was the vegetable man, with the big metal scale that swung noisily above his boxes of produce. Or, the bread man from Helms would stop and blow his whistle if we had the blue sign in our window showing we were ready for his luscious donuts.

The neighborhood was an interesting one. I could walk right onto the Lucky Baldwin property. It wasn't fenced then; it wasn't yet an arboretum. I often played house in the Queen Anne Cottage with my young friends, and we dipped our toes into the lake, and dared each other to walk the drooping palm tree that arced across the water. Sometimes, we sneaked through the bushes to watch *Tarzan* movies being filmed.

One morning as my father was dressing for work he looked out the window, expecting to see the usual exotic peacocks on our lawn. Instead, he saw several elephants meandering down our street. They were apparently movie extras that were lost.

Within a few years, there were new marchers on our street. Young war recruits, stationed at Santa Anita Racetrack, walked in formation with rifles over their shoulders. The racetrack was now a military base. Earlier, we had seen it

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used as an assembly area for the local Japanese Americans, including the family of our beloved gardener Mr. Koyama, who were headed for internment camps.

I took horseback-riding lessons at Mrs. Proud's stables on Baldwin Avenue, right across the street from the racetrack. One day, I got off the school bus, changed into my jodhpurs, and began circling the ring. I felt that people were watching me. Then I noticed a group of men clinging to the high metal fence across the street. They began calling out to me in a foreign language. I was told they were POWs, probably Italians. The racetrack was serving yet another function.

Every time Mom and I headed to Kenny's Grocery Store on Baldwin Avenue, I teased her by reading the sign on our dashboard that said, "IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?" as she fumbled with her booklets of war coupons and I clutched the can of fat drippings that we would turn in to the butcher. My mother didn't hesitate to give rides to the soldiers waiting on Huntington Drive in designated areas, and several times invited one over for a home-cooked meal with us that night.

We often had our family dinners at Eaton's restaurant. During the war years, we often strolled on over to the Eaton's cottages to visit a couple of my mother's women friends who lived there while their husbands were overseas.

Occasionally, my mother and I would get on the Red Car that ran along the center median of Huntington Drive. We would sway and lurch aboard it clear into downtown Los Angeles to shop for my school clothes at May Company, Bullocks, and The Broadway.

My high school days were like the innocent 1950s scenes in the television series *Happy Days*. I attended MAD (Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte) High School because Arcadia's new high school was just being built. From my all-white Arcadia perspective, the racial mix at the school appeared to work very well. We had black cheerleaders, there was a black girl in my Tri-Hi-Y Club, and there was no tension between the races, no signs of different treatment. The only kids at school that I avoided at all costs were the ones who worked on their parents' chicken ranches before coming to school in the morning. . .and smelled like it! The concepts of prejudice or persecution never occurred to me until my "Senior Problems" teacher told about one of our basketball players being denied restaurant service while on a road trip and said the whole team walked out with him.

I still see many of my MAD classmates and we love to reminisce about life in Arcadia. John Holmstrom remembers his parents' Swedish restaurant on Route 66 that featured "Mary's Pies" made by his mom. Kathi Phelps Henry recalls those of us who were Pep Cats gathering in convertibles at Carpenter's drive-in after football games, waving our green and white pom-poms. I still see my ballet teacher Barbara Jocelyn Curtis who taught at the Arcadia Woman's

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology

clubhouse, the same building where I later struggled through ballroom-dancing classes, the tallest girl in the room. Joe Henry remembers MYF meetings and choir practice at the Church of the Good Shepherd, and I remember my father's work on the committee that planned the building of the main sanctuary there. Carolyn Snyder Jordan remembers going to Saturday matinees with me at the Santa Anita Theater, across the street from the Lyon's Pony Express Museum, which had the big old stagecoach out in front. The large group of us from MAD who went off to Stanford together still gather at class reunions and recall what was wonderful about growing up in Arcadia.

I lived in Arcadia until 1965, when I left my wedding reception at my parents' home at 970 Hampton Road and moved to San Marino with my new husband. Then thirty years and a divorce later, I was drawn back to Arcadia. I have put aside the writing of novels and scripts, and now do public relations for the National Childhood Cancer Foundation, a national charity that has its headquarters in Arcadia. And every day on the way to work, I drive past Holly Avenue Elementary School where I went to kindergarten, and First Avenue Middle School where I wrote my first short story, and I think about how much has changed, and how much is still the same, in Arcadia.

Meredith Babeaux Brucker lived in Arcadia from 1940 to 1965 and returned in 1995. She is a graduate of Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte High School (Class of 1953). She is director of public affairs for the National Childhood Cancer Foundation in Arcadia and a member of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce board of directors.

THE PONY EXPRESS MUSEUM

by Burton and Gail Marshall

If you grew up in the 1930s, 1940s, or 1950s in Arcadia, you might remember the W. Parker Lyon's Pony Express Museum. This museum was a popular site for many Arcadia visitors for about twenty years.

W. Parker Lyon, the founder of Lyon's Van and Storage, was originally from Fayetteville, New York. He came out west in the late 1800s, around the turn of the century. He was a millionaire ex-sheriff and former mayor of Fresno, California, who collected Old West treasures by poking around abandoned mining towns. He collected enough to fill twenty-four rooms full of antiques. After several years of collecting, his wife pleaded with him to find somewhere else to store his treasures. He looked for a site close to where he lived and choose a location in Arcadia. The Pony Express Museum was created in 1934, across from the east entrance of the Santa Anita Racetrack, at the intersection of Huntington Drive and Colorado Place. He bought six acres of land from Anita Baldwin for the site. Admission to the museum was twenty-five cents.

An old building was moved from the old mining town of Bear Valley to accommodate some of the relics. Mr. Lyon collected everything from a railroad locomotive and cars, stage coaches, fire engines, old western guns, a western saloon bar, old bottles, posters of fair ladies, barber shop mugs, cylinder record phonographs, human scalps, signs, a printing office, pianos, hats, clothing, branding irons, slot machines, chamber pots, knick-knacks, tea, gun powder, Pony Express stamps, rare Wedgewood and Royal Doulton china, to carved wooden Indians, just to name a few items. There was something of interest for most novices.

W. Parker Lyon died in 1949. His son inherited the museum and it was closed in 1955. The more than one million museum artifacts were purchased by William Harrah, famed for his gambling casinos and hotels. Harrah restored and displayed the train and about five percent of the many museum artifacts at his famous car museum in Reno, Nevada, until the early 1990s.

What a thrill it was for a typical nine-year-old to go to the W. Parker Lyon's Pony Express Museum, dressed in his cowboy hat and chaps with his six-shooter cap guns, and sit on the stage coach, climb on the wagons, and ride on the train. Many a child yearned to live the life of Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, or Hopalong Cassidy. This gave them the chance to become that cowboy they dreamed about. For the children in Arcadia, it was in their own back yard and available all year long. For a young child, this was the Fantasy Island of its day.

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology

Burton Marshall was raised in Arcadia and graduated from Arcadia High School in 1958.

Gail Marshall has lived in Arcadia for thirty-eight years. She is a two-term member of the Arcadia City Council (1998–2006) and welcomed in Arcadia's Centennial as mayor in 2002–2003. She has been an active volunteer at the annual Mardi Gras fund-raiser for the Methodist Hospital Foundation and appeared as an extra in the movie *Seabiscuit* filmed at Santa Anita Park.

MY TOP TEN LIST OF ARCADIA MEMORIES

by Terry (Ducich) Leahy

I have always enjoyed people and places and the stories they hold. To steal a line from *Late Night* host David Letterman, here is my Top Ten List of fond memories that Arcadia holds for me.

From the home office in Arcadia, California, and in no particular order:

1. "Eat at Eaton's"—The neon sign drew you in to a place that took you away to the country. At the southeast corner of Michillinda Avenue and Colorado Street was a cozy restaurant and motel. White cottages, nestled among the towering pine trees, lured my parents to spend their honeymoon night there in November of 1953.

2. Anoakia—It was a true treasure of the past lost to a housing development. From private home to private school, Anoakia was always a bit of a mystery. Just what did lurk behind those walls? In 1981, I got to see for myself when a book-signing was held there to celebrate two local authors who wrote about Arcadia. I toured the home and was in awe of its beauty. When my daughter Megan was of age, she attended preschool there for a summer. As she went on nature walks around the grounds or visited the beautiful music room downstairs, I could only imagine the people who formerly lived there and wondered if they realized how magnificent the property was. The murals of fairies, the stark white tile of the kitchen and bathrooms still glistening after all those years, and the rich wood paneling took you back to another time and way of life. The beautiful oak trees, winding roads, and fountain made my imagination run wild about events that took place there in years past.

3. Arcadia Lumber—Home improvement conjured up a different thought when I was younger. Saturday projects required a trip to Arcadia Lumber. It was organized in a circular formation so all one had to do was drive through to the area you wanted, load up your car and drive to the check-out point. Wood was stacked high in tall sheds but you had to go inside for nuts, bolts, hoses, and the like. Today the REI store on Santa Anita Avenue stands on the property.

4. Friday Night Fun—Friday night in the 1970s meant going to an Arcadia High School football or basketball game (no lights yet for baseball) and then to the fifth-quarter dance in the gym. A disc jockey would be there, except we would have live entertainment when it was Homecoming. Loggins and Messina performed in 1972 before they hit the big time. After the dance, we would head over to Bob's Big Boy for food. It is currently the Coco's at Baldwin Avenue and Camino Real. The big practical joke would be to throw spitwads on the ceiling of the back room or loosen salt-shaker tops. Parties consisted of kids congregat-

ing in someone's front yard and spilling out into the street and having fun until the police came to send you home. The best place to double-check the time would be the liquor store at the southeast corner of Santa Anita Avenue and Huntington Drive. The giant clock stood guard over the corner, serving as a reminder if you were late for curfew. Watching Van de Kamp's spinning windmill on the other corner was either a marvel or headache-inducer at that late hour. The dancing colored water of the fountain at the County Park was usually filled with soapsuds every weekend. We thought it was great, but I am sure the adults did not.

5. Grand Ball—My former neighbors, Jim and Fredda Rostron, built their home on Monte Vista Road in 1945. I could listen for hours about their stories of life in the Lower Rancho and how it developed. One of my favorites was about the Grand Ball. Folklore has it that Lucky Baldwin made a deal with the railroad that at least once a year the train would stop at the Arcadia depot to take Lower Rancho residents to a grand ball at the Mission Inn in Riverside. All the area homeowners were invited to dress in their finest attire and ride the rails to Riverside for a party like no other. I can no longer hear the tales of the Rostrons. Sadly, in 2002 and within three months of each other, they passed away. Their memories and their friendship are sorely missed.

6. Developing—My grandfather Vido Kovacevich, along with his partner Lazar Samarzich, subdivided the Hampton Road and Gloria Road area. They offered property to most of my extended family, but only Lazar and my great-aunt Katie ultimately built a home there. Their son-in-law Paul Miller designed a house at the corner of Hampton Road and Baldwin Avenue that was way ahead of its time. It is a modern structure that evokes memories of its stainless-steel kitchen, koi pond, and huge bathrooms with unique tiles. The rest of my family thought the area was too far away. Who would drive up there and live in the "boonies"? The only way to get to the area was up Santa Anita Avenue or Michillinda Avenue because at the time and before construction of the 210 Freeway, Baldwin Avenue was a dead-end at Colorado Street. Gloria Road was named after one of my grandfather's daughters.

7. Shopping—A big shopping trip meant going to Baldwin Avenue. The mall was not opened until 1974. Prior to that, the block between Duarte Road and Naomi Avenue was the hotbed for shopping. A first stop would be Hinshaw's, a fine department store. Customer service was so important there. The ladies in the lingerie department fit you to size no matter how embarrassed you were. Years later, I would go back and get fitted for my wedding dress. They offered Cymballet classes in their auditorium upstairs. The instructor was Cora Montgomery Roberts who had previously been my mother's teacher at Huntington School in San Marino. Mrs. Roberts taught style, grace, and model-

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ing to many girls in Arcadia. We didn't all get the message but it was a unique experience. Next stop would be JC Penney with its rich burl wood staircase and shoe department I liked. We would sometimes go into Nash's if we were really on a roll. Nash's later became Arden's and now it houses Ross Dress for Less. The grand finale of a shopping trip would be going into Barron's. It was a variety store with one big advantage: the restaurant downstairs! You could ride the escalator down to a room that had red walls and deep, dark wood paneling. Lunch was always a treat there.

8. Fourth of July—This special day was eagerly awaited by the kids on Fifth Avenue and many other streets around town I'm sure. It was the one time of the year we could actually lay or sit in the street! Our block-party would bring all the families together and, most importantly, all of our fireworks together for a grand show. The dads had their hoses and buckets and the kids would eagerly await the sound of Piccolo Petes—cones of color that would shoot high into the air—and watch black snakes grow from a little round circle. Afterward, we could view the County Park's fireworks display in the sky, all from our spot on the street.

9. Street—Santa Anita Avenue is one long street that used to go by two different names. The northern portion was Santa Anita and the southern portion was called Double Drive. Finally, to eliminate confusion, they chose Santa Anita Avenue as the official name from the Chantry Flats area to below Live Oak Avenue. Tall majestic eucalyptus trees stood along a dirt bridle-path in the middle of the road before the current towering pine trees, curbs, and gutters existed. Horses and their riders were a frequent sight.

10. Movies—Across from the Santa Anita Inn was an old movie theater with cushy, big red velvet seats. Next door was a drive-in restaurant called Henry's. For a family night at the movies, we would go to the Edwards Drive-In at the northwest corner of Live Oak Avenue and Myrtle Avenue. The thrill of going out in your pajamas and romping around on all the playground equipment was total joy. Visiting the huge snack bar at intermission and then trying to find your car in the dark was also an adventure.

Arcadia has been home to me since the day I came home from the hospital as an infant. Perhaps some of my thoughts will trigger thoughts of your own. Arcadia is a town that has changed dramatically, yet in some ways not at all. May you be so lucky to embrace our community and create lasting structures, friendships, and experiences that will add richness to your life.

Terry (Ducich) Leahy is a life-long resident of Arcadia since 1955. She graduated from Arcadia High School (Class of 1973) and has been very active in PTA and the Assistance League of Arcadia.

SCOUTING IN ARCADIA AND AROUND THE WORLD

by Jack and Janet Orswell

Over the past one hundred years, as the City of Arcadia grew into a "Community of Homes," thousands of its citizens have served as members of the Boy Scouts of America. Currently, Arcadia has nine Cub Scout Packs, fourteen Boy Scout Troops/Varsity Teams, and four Venture Crews (serving the local youth from ages seven to twenty-one). In 2002, seventeen of Arcadia's young men achieved the rank of Eagle Scout. We are happy to say that Boy Scouting has always been successful in the City of Arcadia, thanks to the support of the city council, the police and fire departments, and all of the residents in our community.

The Santa Anita Racetrack facilities are used by the local Boy Scout council to hold their annual Scout Expo, where Scout units from the San Gabriel Valley come together to share Scouting with the community. Since 1966, the racetrack parking lot has served as the training grounds for the Eagle Scouts and Gold Award Girl Scouts who carry the banners in the Tournament of Roses Parade on New Year's Day. The Arcadia service clubs, religious institutions, and school organizations have all been very supportive of the Scouting movement and, in return, thousands of hours of community service have been donated back to the community by the Scouts.

Since 1983, we have been very active as Scout leaders and have helped over one hundred young men earn their Eagle Scout Award. In 1987, we began taking groups of Scouts literally around the world as ambassadors of Arcadia, participating in jamborees and other gatherings of Scouts. With the support and blessings of the City of Arcadia, we took the first group of American Boy Scouts to visit the People's Republic of China. In an effort to gain a better understanding of the various cultures and customs of the Pacific Rim, we took another group of Scouts to Japan, Taiwan, and Hong Kong. Other trips with Scout groups included visits to Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark. On all of the trips, the City of Arcadia has been very generous in supplying us with friendship pins and letters of introduction to share when visiting with other city officials in their countries.

The mission of the Boy Scouts of America is to prepare young people to make ethical choices over their lifetimes by instilling in them the values of the Scout Oath and Law. Thank you, Arcadia, for your support of Scouting and congratulations on your Centennial celebration.

Jack and Janet Orswell have lived in Arcadia since 1983. They have been very

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active as Scout leaders in Arcadia, helping over one hundred young men earn their Eagle Scout Award. They are currently council commissioners for the San Gabriel Valley Council of Boy Scouts of America. Jack has also been an Arcadia reserve police officer for ten years.

YOUTH SOCCER IN ARCADIA

by Pat Gibson

In 1964, a group of parents in Hawthorne, California, formed a youth sports organization based on balanced teams, positive coaching, and the revolutionary concept that “everyone plays.” Thus, the American Youth Soccer Organization (AYSO) was born. What few people realize is that Sierra Madre/Arcadia was the first group to join AYSO—hence our designation as Region 2.

The soccer bug hit Arcadia hard in the mid-1960s. Even though both the Arcadia Unified School District and the City of Arcadia made every patch of green grass available for practices and games, competition for field space was fierce among soccer, baseball, and football. Dads and moms who never saw a soccer game were becoming coaches and referees.

It wasn't long before the girls were asking to play. The girls who had older brothers playing were getting pretty good at the sport themselves, and they were clamoring even louder for a chance to play. When a few of them sneaked into their brother's games (and started to score goals), it was time to do something official. Since AYSO was not yet ready to begin a girls soccer program, a girls program was started locally in the late 1960s. In 1971, AYSO sanctioned a girls program in the San Fernando Valley, and again it took the action of the Sierra Madre/Arcadia region joining the program to get it rolling.

Today there are over 2,200 kids playing in Region 2, with almost one-half of the players being girls. In addition, the success of the local AYSO program has spawned the formation of club soccer teams for the advanced players. Over one thousand local players are competing in club soccer programs.

The AYSO program starts with five-year-olds and keeps many kids involved until they are eighteen. The San Gabriel Valley AYSO program hosts the largest program in the nation for fifteen to eighteen-year-olds. Region 2 consistently fields the largest number of both boys and girls teams in the older divisions.

The success of the youth soccer program in Arcadia is measured not only in terms of win-loss records but also in terms of sportsmanship lessons learned and family ties strengthened. There is no doubt that the Region 2 AYSO teams and the Santa Anita Soccer Club teams have been successful on the field. The Southern California AYSO team and all-star tournaments are filled every year with Region 2 teams. There was a six-year period in which the Region 2 Girls Division 5 (now called Girls Under 10) teams of eight and nine-year-olds won the Southern California tournament every year! The other regions were beginning to ask about our training techniques. The Santa Anita Soccer Club teams

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consistently bring home championship trophies from the Surf Cup and national club tournaments.

There is no doubt that the strong youth soccer program in Arcadia contributes to the success of the Arcadia High School soccer teams. Last year, the girls team was ranked nationally by *USA Today*. Both the boys and girls teams do well year after year in the CIF playoffs. Many of the high school players began their soccer “careers” in the Arcadia youth soccer programs. Many local youths parlay their skills into positions on college teams, and two Arcadia players are currently playing on a professional level. Erin Martin played varsity soccer for Stanford, graduated to professional teams in Japan and Norway, and came home to help in the formation of the new Women’s Professional Soccer League. She is now a starter for the Philadelphia Fury. Peter Vanegas starred at UCLA and is now a starter for the champion Los Angeles Galaxy team. Both players started as Arcadia AYSO players and participated in local club teams.

Most importantly, the Arcadia youth soccer programs have been a time for family bonding. Watching kids play sports, meeting other parents, shopping for the half-time oranges, second-guessing the coach’s decisions, and just spending time outdoors together have all been important times for Arcadia families. When our son was four years old, he was growing tired of going to his older sister’s soccer games. He finally asked, “When am I going to be old enough to play soccer so you and mom can yell at me, too?” Well, out of the mouths of babes. . .

Today, over 13,000 children in the San Gabriel Valley play AYSO soccer and another 2,000 are involved in club soccer. Nationally, AYSO serves 650,000 children on 50,000 teams supported by over 250,000 volunteers. Arcadia can be justifiably proud of its role in the formation and early support of the organization.

Second-generation players are now coaching their children in the Arcadia program. Arcadia families continue to meet every Saturday at school and city fields across Arcadia, forming and renewing friendships that will last well after their kids have left the playing field. The youth soccer program, with all its history and traditions, is one more reason why Arcadia is such a special place to raise a family.

Pat Gibson has lived in Arcadia for twenty-four years. He served on the Arcadia Recreation and Parks Commission from 1986 to 1992 and 1995 to 2003, and is a former commissioner of Region 2 (Sierra Madre/Arcadia) of the American Youth Soccer Organization.

LET THE GIRLS PLAY TOO!

by Randy Stoke and Sue Nevin

Boys soccer began in our area in the 1960s with the establishment of Sierra Madre/Arcadia Region 2 of the American Youth Soccer Organization (known as AYSO). Soccer was a new youth sport for the community. Structurally, the Sierra Madre/Arcadia AYSO board members and teams were dominated by gentlemen from the Big and Little Islands. Young girls, such as Lynn Nevin and Suzie Stoke, could only watch from the sidelines as their older brothers played.

Suzie, however, was permitted to practice with her brother Jeff's team when needed. This led to a shouting criticism from an opposing coach when Suzie scored in practice games. It also led to an effort to sneak Suzie into a regular AYSO game when needed. Her polka-dot shorts and known skills raised objections from opposing teams and from Jim Nevin who was Region 2 AYSO commissioner at the time.

During the off-season Jim Nevin and Marilyn Stoke negotiated what could be done to introduce girls soccer to the area. Jim, with the help of Randy Stoke, and to the dismay of the gentlemen of the Big and Little Islands, stated that there would be girls soccer the next season and Marilyn Stoke would head-up the program.

No field was available for play in Arcadia. The fields were all being used for boys soccer and football. Jerry Collins, director of the Arcadia Recreation Department, stated that if the girls soccer program could find a field this first season, the recreation department would schedule a field for play the following year. Sue Nevin approached Monsignor Gerald O'Keefe, pastor of Holy Angels Church, and he agreed to allow girls soccer to be played on its school field on Saturday mornings. The girls began with six teams for players seven to sixteen years of age. Practices were held in backyards and wherever. In the years following, the girls were permitted to play on some of Arcadia's elementary school fields.

It goes without saying that the girls excelled in this sport and emulated the success of the boys. A nonprofit corporation called the Arcadia Soccer Program was formed to raise money to assist the boys in funding soccer trips to England (and a trip for the girls to Hawaii in 1974). Teacher Gerald Penny became the first Arcadia High School varsity boys soccer coach in 1969, followed by George Taylor in the early 1970s.

By then, it was time to start girls soccer at the high school. The girls met even more resistance from the administration and coaches than did the boys, although the school board was supportive. Not having the advantages of Title IX,

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a bulldozer approach was employed.

The first Arcadia High School girls soccer coach was Priscilla Sibson. The second year, the parents funded the importation of a young German named Werner Schmidbauer to coach the girls team. Werner is now a local bank executive. Parents also funded teams and coaches at other schools so Arcadia High would have competition. Monika Fermin, a high school soccer player attending one such school, played against United States World Cup players Mia Hamm and Brandy Chastain during her college career.

Currently over 13,000 boys and girls are participating in AYSO youth soccer programs throughout the San Gabriel Valley. Forty-five percent, or approximately 6,000 participants, are girls. In addition, 1,000 girls are participating in "club soccer" programs.

Special note must be made of the soccer field located just north of the Arcadia City Hall. The field was designed by George Taylor and Randy Stoke with the assistance of Jerry Collins, built and lighted by the city council under the leadership of Charles Gilb, and paid for by the taxpayers of Arcadia. The presence and use of the city hall soccer field has made generations of Arcadians proud to have the sport in Arcadia.

Randy Stoke lived in Arcadia from 1955 to 2001. He helped bring girls soccer to Arcadia and assisted in the design of the City Hall Soccer Field. He lives in Del Mar, California.

Sue Nevin was a forty-two-year resident of Arcadia. She was extremely active in numerous community activities including the PTA, Arcadia High School Athletic Booster Club, Assistance League of Arcadia, Foothill Area Panhellenic Alumnae Association, and the Arcadia Public Library Foundation. She died on January 28, 2003.

YOUTH HOOPS IN ARCADIA

by Tom Clark

Soon after moving from Michigan to Arcadia in 1985, I met and became friends with Don Randles. Don's family lived in the same neighborhood as we did and his kids attended Highland Oaks Elementary School with our kids. But what really attracted us to one another was our love for the game of basketball.

One fall, Don asked me if I would be interested in helping him coach a youth basketball team on which his son Aden played. The league was called the Golden State Athletic League and was comprised of seventh and eighth-grade boys living in Arcadia. I agreed to assist Don and we attended tryouts to select our team. Being from Michigan where basketball was *the* sport, I was shocked when I arrived at tryouts and there were only thirty boys in attendance. We selected our teams and had a lot of fun that year competing against teams coached by Bob Rogers, Tim Westlin, and Larry Stewart. Bob Rogers was also president of the league and had done a fine job getting a youth basketball league started in Arcadia.

Beginning with the 1987 season, the league experienced some major changes. The name of the league was changed to the Arcadia Youth Basketball League. A second league was added for fifth and sixth graders. Girls were encouraged to join and several did, including my daughter Kim and Don's daughter Annie. We expanded the schedule to twenty games. We brought in new board members. We advertised heavily at the elementary and middle schools and in the local newspaper to attract more kids. The end result was over 130 kids in the program with eight fifth and sixth-grade teams and eight seventh and eighth-grade teams.

The exciting growth was primarily due to an energized and committed group of parents. As president of the league for two years, I was honored to work with excellent board members and coaches including Gene Brunzell, Bob Curtis, Pat Doud, Jim Garber, Jack Hayes, Bob Hayashi, Pat Hegarty, Mark Hoherd, Rick Kirkendall, Gary Kovacic, Mike Parisi, Larry Stewart, Don Randles, Keith Rausch, Ron Rodriguez, Jim Romo, and Richard Tauer, just to name a few. You may recognize some of these names because they all went on to be fairly active Arcadians in roles that included superior court judge (Hegarty), mayor (Kovacic), school board president (Romo), and Arcadia High School varsity baseball coach (Parisi).

Games were played on week nights, some Saturdays, and nearly every Sunday afternoon at Arcadia High School. The fifth and sixth-grade league played in the small South Gym and the seventh and eighth-grade league played

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in the larger Main Gym. Our season started in early November and concluded in late February. At the conclusion of the season, the league would hold closing ceremonies. Awards were given to individuals selected as all-stars and team trophies to the league champion and runner-up. A highlight of the closing ceremonies was a guest speaker that was arranged by Larry Stewart. As an editor and columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Larry secured several big name speakers including Jim Hill, former professional football player and sports anchor for CBS Channel 2, and Bill Walton, former UCLA and professional basketball great.

In 1993, our family moved out of Arcadia, but the league continued to grow and improve under the leadership of Jack Hayes, Eli Fish (commissioner for two years), Pat Hegarty, Steve Phillipí (commissioner for four years) and present commissioner Dan Alexander. Eli, Pat, and Steve also coached in the league for many years. Among the improvements were the purchase of professional-style uniforms, the addition of all-girls divisions, and all-star teams that play in post-season tournaments. Current participation is 184 players on twenty-three teams. However, participation is limited by the availability of facilities, and about fifty kids are usually on a waiting list.

The growth of the league over the years was especially impressive because Arcadia had always been known as a city that emphasized youth soccer and baseball. Given that these two sports were so competitive, our board of directors decided to create an atmosphere where players and coaches had fun, and a heavy emphasis was placed on sportsmanship. As time passed, one easily forgot which teams won the championships and which players were selected as all-stars. Friendship and fun were the lasting benefits of participating in the league.

Arcadia is well-known for many great landmarks, events, and leaders. In a very small way, the Arcadia Youth Basketball League contributed to one of Arcadia's greatest attributes: a sense of community. I have no doubt that the league will continue to flourish because it brings kids, families, and cultures together.

The men and women who generously gave of their time, talents, and donations so our children could enjoy the sport of basketball are among Arcadia's finest citizens. To all of you, many thanks. I apologize to those of you I did not name. Please know that your contributions were and still are very much appreciated.

Tom Clark lived in Arcadia from 1985 to 1993, and served four years as commissioner of the Arcadia Youth Basketball League. Tom and his family now reside in Glendora, California.

ARCADIA'S LOVE OF PAKLAVA

by June Marie Dorian Shafer

Have you had your piece yet?

I am honored and, frankly, overwhelmed by the level of energy Arcadians have expressed when they are about to receive a tray or platter of paklava. We old-fashioned Armenians pronounce this impressive pastry differently than the Greeks (who call it baklava). We both lay claim to this "queen" of desserts.

I began baking this elite-looking presentation in 1970 when Norm and I were married. Only Costa Mesa, San Gabriel, and Los Angeles were introduced to this family delicacy. In 1979, we moved to Arcadia and, with extreme humility, that was when the paklava "explosion" took off with its "center stage" attraction at PTA potlucks at Highland Oaks Elementary School and Foothills Junior High School (as it was known back then). The Boy Scouts of Troop 120 and their parents rallied and expected a tray to accompany them on the Sierra and canoe trips. From there, it was only a matter of time before Church of the Good Shepherd and Arcadia High School caught wind of this palatable treasure. Arcadia organizations (such as the Arcadia Republican Women's Club, Assistance League of Arcadia, and church fellowship circles) were followed by Monrovia clubs (such as the Monrovia Guild of Children's Hospital of Los Angeles, Quota International of Monrovia-Duarte, and Kiwanis), PEO chapters and a host of others that pitch paklava periodically for their personal events.

Added to the equation for fair and equal treatment was the request to enter the Los Angeles County Fair. The judges there have awarded my paklava twenty years of blue ribbons and other awards. In fact, entering the county fair has been a total family tradition with my husband and three sons for fifteen of those twenty years.

You would think that baking paklava is all I do each day to accommodate the many requests! I do have to factor in a full-time job in dental hygiene. As I document this short story for our Centennial celebration, I continue to realize that there is a never-ending love for this sweet culmination of a meal. I do not tire of making it and people and organizations do not tire of enjoying it.

I do remember one or two years at Arcadia High School when I was the snack-booth chairman for our home football games. I had the students and parents pedaling pieces of paklava—for profit, of course—up and down the bleachers during football season. That is how we got from "red" to "black" in our PTA treasury.

The exacting recipe remains a family treasure, as you might gather. I do share others' paklava recipes, but I have repeatedly explained to my dear friends

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and acquaintances that I would like to pass this recipe (and several others) on to my daughters-in-law as they are welcomed into the Shafer family.

I do not mean to make this sound like a big deal! You all did! And, I do thank you from the bottom of my heart.

I am just an old-fashioned girl born and raised in Alhambra from immigrant parents. Ellis Island was the beginning for the Asadoorian family. And this recipe arrived locked-in with the American Dream.

Have you had your piece yet?

June Marie Dorian Shafer has lived in Arcadia since 1979. She is active in numerous community organizations including the Las Alas Auxiliary of the Assistance League of Arcadia, PEO, Double Rings at Church of the Good Shepherd, and Quota International. She is a former president of the Arcadia High School PTA and Neighborhood Watch captain. Her paklava has received fourteen blue ribbons at the Los Angeles County Fair.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT LAWN BOWLING IN ARCADIA

by Gene Plunkett

It all began about sixty-five years ago at the Arcadia County Park just north of the present golf course. At the time, the Works Projects Administration (WPA) was in full swing, building roads, bridges, hiking trails, and many other projects that would help the United States come out of the Depression. Jobs were hard to find and the WPA was just that spark needed to get the economy rolling again by hiring men out of work to do the work needed to keep the country growing.

One of the WPA projects in Arcadia was to build lawn-bowling greens at the County Park. In 1937, they constructed two greens, just south of the present County Parks and Recreation Senior Center activity building. Later, there were two more greens built to the north of the building, providing four flat lawn-bowling surfaces.

Lawn bowling has been described as an old man's sport. But in reality, it's a sport to keep old men young.

In 1937, lawn bowling was very popular for the retired population because it had the free time to play the game during the day. Both men and women started playing the sport in Arcadia. They soon banded together and officers were elected. The result was what is now known as the Santa Anita Bowling Green Club. Club membership started slowly and eventually grew to around 200 members for a few years. During the Second World War, membership dropped to fewer than 100 members. Today, membership is around 115 men and women at the Santa Anita club.

In 1975, the Los Angeles County Parks and Recreation Department approached the Santa Anita Bowling Green Club, soliciting their help in promoting a Parks and Recreation Day. This was to be held on the first Sunday in June. Needing something to attract the attention and participation of the members, it was decided that a philanthropic motive would be different and desirable. One of the members suggested that the City of Hope National Medical Center be approached to sponsor an Invitational Triples Tournament that would include members of all the Southern California clubs. Everyone agreed and the annual City of Hope Invitational Triples Tournament was established. The Denise Romano Chapter of the City of Hope was assigned to help the club in every way possible.

On the first Sunday of June, 1975, approximately one hundred lawn bowlers participated. An entry fee of \$1.50 was assessed for each bowler. That year \$350 was raised. Since then, the tournament has grown by leaps and

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bounds. In 1976, \$500 was raised. In 1980, \$3,500 was raised and \$4,000 was raised in 1981. In 2002, with the lawn bowling population dropping, the club still raised \$4,000.

Over the years, the condition of the greens deteriorated. They were rebuilt in 1975–76, but the contractor did not know how to build lawn bowling greens, which is a science in its own. Only the Old Number Two green was playable. In 1998–99, the experts at Haley-Caulking Master Green Builders rebuilt the greens. The greens are level within one-quarter of an inch overall. All four greens were rebuilt so that it only takes one step down to the greens from the surrounding concrete walkway.

In 2001, after all of the work on the greens was completed, there was a dedication ceremony officially opening the refurbished greens. Los Angeles County Supervisor Michael Antonovich, County Parks and Recreation Department officials, the mayor of Arcadia, and other dignitaries attended, which started a rebirth of lawn bowling at the park. Since then, there have been fifteen or twenty new bowlers added to the rolls of the Santa Anita Bowling Green Club. But of course, we have lost nearly the same amount due to advanced age, death, and moving to other parts of the country.

In 2002, the Southwest Division Open Tournament was held at Santa Anita because of the excellent facilities and the four greens, which could hold sixty-four teams at one time. It was the first time men and ladies played at the same venue. The Southwest Divisions State Men's Triples and State Novice Singles were held in March 2002. The U. S. Women's Pairs Playdown was held on two consecutive weekends at the Santa Anita greens. In June 2002, Pasadena's Crown Valley Senior Olympics were held there. (This event is usually held at the Pasadena Lawn Bowling Club but, due to the construction of the new Gold Line rail system, the Pasadena parking lot was filled with the old train station.) In 2003, Santa Anita hopes to play host to more upper-level tournaments and has bids in for the 2005 United States Championships, which is one of the more prestigious national tournaments.

Not only is lawn bowling a great sport, it is beneficial to your heart, lungs, muscles, and mental well-being. It is a sport for those who have to slow down their physical activity because of age or injuries. The light exercise, low impact, and social interaction with other bowlers provide a great way to spend several hours in the sun. A game of lawn bowling is unlike bocci bowls. The lawn bowls have a built-in bias that makes them curve in one direction. The real challenge to lawn bowling, unlike alley bowling, is that alley bowling has a foul line and the pins are always set at the same distance, each and every frame. Lawn bowling has no set distance, just as long as the target ball (called a "jack") is seventy-five feet or more from the mat. You stand on a mat to bowl at the jack, which is about

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the size of a cue ball. The idea is to roll your bowl toward the jack, trying to come as close to it as possible. Hitting the jack is all right as long as it stays in bounds.

The bowler throws the jack underhanded. Once it has been centered on the fourteen-foot-wide rink or alley, the bowler rolls his or her bowl toward the jack, adjusting for the bias built in the bowl, distance to the jack, and how hard you roll the bowl. The teams alternate rolling the bowls until all have played. The scorers at the other end determine which team had the points and that concludes an "end." The usual game is fourteen ends, and takes approximately one hour and forty-five minutes to two hours to complete. There is no set score to reach; the team with the most points at the end of the fourteen ends is the winner. There are "laws of the game" to abide by, etiquette rules, and common courtesies to observe. It is a sport that is easy to learn, but difficult to master. It is more of a mental game than a physical one. Both men and ladies play under the same rules; there is no ladies' tee in this sport. Lawn bowling can be played one-on-one, pairs, triples, and fours. There are variations in the games to keep bowlers interested and coming out to bowl more than once a week. To play with the top-level bowlers is like trying to get to Carnegie Hall. You have to practice, practice, practice.

Lawn bowling is a sport that keeps old men young. However, in many countries around the world, they start teaching their bowlers around ten to twelve years of age.

As we say at the Santa Anita Bowling Green Club, lawn bowling is happy times with good friends.

Gene Plunkett is president of the Santa Anita Bowling Green Club.

CHAPTER 10

Peacocks and Other Controversies

THE PEACOCK DEBATES

by Robert C. Harbicht

In the early part of the twentieth century, Lucky Baldwin imported a few peacocks from India to grace his rancho. These few peacocks were fruitful and multiplied (apparently there were peahens in the group) and now there are hundreds (some say thousands) roaming Arcadia's streets and yards.

The peacocks (technically they are peafowl: the peacocks are the males, the peahens the females, but nearly everyone refers to them as peacocks) are a unique feature of our community and many visitors marvel to come across a group of fifteen or twenty walking haughtily across a city street. A peacock graces our city seal, is on every street sign in Arcadia, and can be seen in many other renditions around town. A peacock's fanned-out tail can be a beautiful and stunning sight. Hundreds of residents love having these colorful birds in their yards and the streets around their homes.

But the peacock is not universally loved. Their beauty is counterbalanced by a few what might be referred to as bad habits: a peacock's cry sounds like a woman screaming in great distress, a group of them can devour an entire bed of flowers within an hour of their planting, and when a peacock, shall we say, *evacuates*, the resulting leavings can look like a Great Dane has been there. The only difference is that Great Danes usually do not do this on your picnic table, lawn chairs, roof, or front porch.

As a result, every few years a controversy erupts in Arcadia over the peacocks. It usually begins with a group of people deciding enough is enough and approaching the City of Arcadia to do something about the supposed overpopulation of these beautiful birds. There is then an equal and opposite reaction from people who join together to defend them. The city government is caught in the middle.

A couple of examples come to mind. An incident occurred in the late 1980s that could have been tragic, but fortunately was not. A woman who lived in the

Lower Rancho—where there are *lots* of peacocks—was minding her two-year-old granddaughter. The toddler was sitting on the living-room rug playing when a peacock for some reason flew up against a picture window, shattering it. The glass showered down around the small child who, miraculously, was not hurt at all. Grandma, of course, was aghast.

Her neighbor happened to be a city council gadfly who came to city council meetings from time to time to set us straight on whatever happened to be her cause of the moment. She and her neighbor came to the next city council meeting to tell us in no uncertain terms that something needed to be done about these peacocks.

Grandma approached the podium, described the incident, and asked that we do something about the peacocks. I was mayor at the time and explained to her that in the eyes of the City of Arcadia peacocks were no different than sparrows or crows; they were just wild birds that happened to be in our city. There has always been a common misconception that the city has laws giving peacocks special protections, and I informed her that this is not true and the City of Arcadia had no laws regarding peacocks. Although not completely satisfied, she sat down.

Her neighbor the gadfly, however, was not going to go so quietly on the issue. She approached the podium and, turning a deaf ear to my explanation, insisted that, "I want to know what the city is going to do about these peacocks." She repeated this several times. Finally, attempting to demonstrate that we did not have authority over the birds, I joked, "Well, maybe we could find a couple of good recipes and publish them in the city newsletter." This got a laugh and also seemed to convince her that she was going to get no satisfaction from us that evening.

The next morning I returned from my early morning workout to find my wife Patsy reading the *Pasadena Star-News*. She pointed to a front-page article and asked, "Did you really say that about the peacocks?" "Well yes, but I was joking." "You know, a lot of people really love those peacocks and they might not realize you were joking."

A couple of weeks later, Patsy and I were riding in the Monrovia Days parade, representing the City of Arcadia. As we rode along in the rumble seat of a Model-A Ford, someone in the crowd shouted, "Hey Bob, loved your comment about the peacocks." Patsy relaxed, as she was reassured that at least one person realized I was joking.

A few years later, the peacock issue resurfaced. Somehow some peacocks had gotten north of the freeway into the Santa Anita Oaks area, where they hadn't been present in the past. The birds once again were fruitful and multiplied, as is their wont, until the people in the Oaks began to realize they liked this symbol of Arcadia better from afar. A number of the residents organized and I began receiving phone calls asking me, as a city council member, to do something about getting the peacocks back south of the freeway "where they belonged." My standard speech about

the crows and the sparrows fell on deaf ears.

As the people in the Oaks girded their loins for battle (whatever that means), the peacock fanciers leapt into the breach to defend their favorite birds. Now I was receiving phone calls from both sides of the issue. I soon recognized that the next city council meeting would be a contentious one.

Sure enough, when we walked into the city council chambers at the next meeting there was barely an empty seat. Both the lovers and haters of peacocks were out in force. When “Items from the Citizens” came up on the agenda, the parade to the podium started. Pleas for relief from this avian menace were interspersed with praise for this beautiful ambassador for our city.

Over an hour later, this certain gentleman came to the podium. He proceeded to take the city council to task for wasting so much time on what he considered to be an insignificant issue: “I can’t believe that with all the problems facing our city and important issues you should be addressing, that you can waste this much time on this issue. . .” I couldn’t resist responding, “Sir, not a single member of this city council has spoken a word for the last hour and twenty minutes; we’ve just been sitting here listening. When you all go home, we will address those other issues you were referring to.”

Needless to say, no substantive action was taken by the city. This is the proverbial “no-win situation.” The anti-peacock forces had the tar and feathers ready if we didn’t do something about the peacocks, and the pro-peacock forces had the rail ready to ride us out of town on if we did.

The peacock controversy arises every few years and I have no doubt it will continue to arise. People on both sides of the issue will get all exercised, quite a bit of heat will be generated (but very little light), suggestions will be made and ignored, someone will commission a study of the issue, and in the end nothing will be done. The controversy will slowly die out, only to lie smoldering and unnoticed for a few years until it flares up again.

There have been peacocks in Arcadia for one hundred years now, and I believe they will be here for another one hundred years—with someone periodically demanding that we do (or don’t do) something about them.

Robert C. Harbicht has lived in Arcadia for twenty-nine years. He is a former member of the Arcadia Planning Commission and three-term member of the Arcadia City Council (1986 to 1994 and 1996 to 2000). He was mayor of Arcadia in 1988–1989 and 1997–1998, and is currently president of the Arcadia Rotary Club.

THE “BOOK-BANNING PERIOD” AT ARCADIA PUBLIC LIBRARY

by Gene E. Gregg Jr.

Growing up in America in the post World War II era, a period when desegregation and other values basic to our Constitution were making such great strides, it is hard to fathom that people would have ever seriously considered banning books from our public library shelves. However, that battle raged in the City of Arcadia during the early 1960s over the proposed banning of the book *The Last Temptation of Christ* by Nikos Kazantzakis from the shelves at the Arcadia Public Library.

As a young person growing up in Arcadia, I took a particular interest in this battle, particularly because of the pride I felt (and still feel) in the central role that my father Gene E. Gregg, as a member and president of the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees, played in the debate and its outcome.

During the early 1960s, political differences emerged across America as the country entered the Cold War with the Soviet Union. Even though the fear of the Soviet Union was fairly universal across the country, the chasm between conservatives and liberals became obvious over several important issues.

In 1962, a local activist submitted a scathing communication to the Arcadia City Council, alleging that the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees had spent public tax dollars to purchase a copy of Henry Miller's *The Tropic of Cancer*, and urging the book be banned from the shelves because it was a “dirty” book unfit for the public library. His complaint was followed soon thereafter by other complaints from conservative groups alleging that the public library had been used for a recent meeting of the American Civil Liberties Union, a known advocate group for free access to Mr. Miller's book. Heated public debate began over the issue of whether to ban this book from the library's shelves.

I recall my parents coming home from dinner one evening during this time and my older sister Cathy, then a junior at Arcadia High School, greeted them at the door, indicating that Grace Clark, then the head librarian of the Arcadia Public Library, had come by and left a copy of *The Tropic of Cancer* for my father to read. My father was a member of the library board at the time. Cathy indicated that Ms. Clark had admonished, “Put it away until your parents come home. Don't you dare read that book.” My mother Betty Gregg asked my sister what she had done, to which she replied, “I read it, of course!”

Curiously, and despite the heated public debate preceding the July 1962 meeting of the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees, where the issue was to be decided, little organized opposition turned out for the meeting and the proposed

ban was voted down. But, little did anyone know at the time that the battle had only just begun.

During this same time, The John Birch Society was formed in neighboring San Marino and publicly supported many ultraconservative causes. Separately, a group of conservative local church leaders formed the Council of Churches, which gained some prominence in the early 1960s in Arcadia by attempting to gain permission to teach religious classes in the fourth grade at Arcadia's public elementary schools.

Also, in early 1962, an Arcadia resident purchased a copy of *The Last Temptation of Christ* at a local grocery store and took it home to read. She soon made copies of selected passages from the book, which she felt were salacious and blasphemous, and began to circulate them in an effort to cause the grocery store and several local bookstores to ban the book from their shelves. She also then discovered that a copy of the book was available at the Arcadia Public Library.

The John Birch Society formed a front group called "The Committee for Clean Books," which joined with the Council of Churches to form an important alliance during the latter part of 1962 and 1963 to remove the book from the shelves of the Arcadia Public Library. The effort to ban the book had significantly broader appeal than the effort to ban *The Tropic of Cancer*, since the allegations of "blasphemy" caused the controversy to take on religious overtones rather than the mere allegations that the book was "salacious" or "dirty."

Interestingly, at the time of the initial letters to the Arcadia City Council urging the banning of the book, it had been on the library shelves for eighteen months and, during that time, checked out only twice. Ironically, fueled by the debate, the waiting list to check the book out at the Arcadia Public Library soon grew to six months long, and it was almost impossible to find a copy in any bookstore throughout Los Angeles County. It sold out as quickly as a new shipment came in from the publisher.

In the face of what became a deep rift among the citizenry of Arcadia between those supporting the banning of the book and those opposed, the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees took the position that the book remaining on the shelves was at the heart of basic American freedoms. The issue took on national prominence as the debate was mentioned in articles in *Newsweek* and other national publications. The editor of *The Saturday Review*, Norman Cousins, wrote an article in support of the library board's position, offering any assistance that the board might request in its efforts.

In late 1962, at a heavily attended meeting of the Arcadia City Council, the two groups urged the city council to take action banning the book. The mayor at the time, Edward Butterworth, heard the arguments and noted, "Arcadia stands

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on the verge of a holy war, unless the community is diverted from its present course.”

At this same meeting, a physician with a Jewish surname was introduced to speak before the Arcadia City Council during the period set aside for those opposing the ban. One of the supporters of the ban happened to be seated next to my mother and whispered to her as the doctor began to speak, “He’s just a damn Jew!” My mother promptly replied, “If I recall correctly, wasn’t Jesus Christ a Jew?” My mother swears to this day that it was one of the few times she can recall when she did not think of the “great comeback” until several hours later, when it was too late! The gentleman promptly got up and sat several rows away from her for the balance of the meeting.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the mayor stated that the Arcadia City Council members were prepared to stand and be counted on the issue. However, citing the City Charter, which places the administration of the public library with the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees, he recommended that the board meet with the Council of Churches to hear its views and then make a recommendation.

During the ensuing weeks, the debate raged among the citizens of Arcadia. The Council of Churches and other groups circulated leaflets and other papers in support of the ban in which they pulled quotes from the book out of context and attempted to highlight the “dirty” and “blasphemous” content of the book. The John Birch Society went so far as to open a bookstore on South First Avenue, at which it gave away mimeograph copies of the so called “salacious” and “blasphemous” excerpts from the book to anyone who came in.

The telephone at our house nearly rang off the hook with persons on all sides of the issue calling my father to urge him to consider their points of view. The debate even reached the schoolyards of the local public schools. I recall my older sister Cathy coming home from Arcadia High one day to report that she had been teased by other students because my father was taking a position in support of the book. No shrinking violet, Cathy set them straight with a short, succinct lesson on the United States Constitution!

In January 1963, and after considerable further research into the issue, and several meetings with the Council of Churches in an unsuccessful attempt to resolve amicably the matter, the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees conducted a public hearing. The Council of Churches and the general public were invited to the meeting to express opinions on whether or not the book should be banned. However, one prerequisite for anyone to come to the podium to speak was that they had to attest that they had actually read the whole book, and not simply the excerpts that were in such wide circulation by The John Birch Society. My father, acting as the chairman of the meeting, interrupted one speaker who got up in support of banning the book with the question. “Sir, have you read the book?”

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When he received the reply, "I have read some excerpts from the book," my father promptly asked the gentleman to step down from the podium.

At the end of the hearing, my father summed up the position of the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees stating, "to ask this board to remove a book from its shelves, which book is so controversial and subject to such a variety of interpretations as *The Last Temptation of Christ*, is to ask us as a board to be the agent for the destruction of a basic part of our American way of life."

Following the hearing, the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees voted unanimously against the motion to ban the book from the library shelves.

The proponents of the ban were not deterred, publicly denouncing the library board's decision as "irresponsible" and again urging the Arcadia City Council to overrule the decision. At a meeting on the issue in late February 1963, the city council was presented with a petition by the leader of the Council of Churches purportedly signed by 5,000 persons supporting the banning of the book. Upon further study, it was found that there were actually only 4,200 signatures, of which more than half were either illegible, those of children or signed by one person. The city council heard the arguments and accepted the petitions for consideration, but made no decision at the meeting. After several weeks of study, the city council announced its unanimous decision at its March 19, 1963 meeting in support of the library board's position to keep the book on the shelves, but recommending that the library board consider the use of a "restricted shelf" to limit access to such books by those under eighteen years of age.

While the next several months continued with further debates surrounding "restricted shelves," amending the City Charter to limit the authority of the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees and the like, the Arcadia City Council's vote in support of the board took the energy out of the proponents of the banning, and the issue eventually died.

The issue caused many deep wounds among citizens of Arcadia who had previously been friends and neighbors, wounds that would take years to heal. However, I remain proud that a few strong leaders, including my father, exhibited the perspective and the strength to reach the correct result and protect a freedom that we all hold dear.

Gene E. Gregg, Jr. has lived in Arcadia since 1954. He attended Arcadia schools and is the organizer of the Highland Oaks Designing Dads group. He has also been active as a soccer coach for Region 2 (Sierra Madre/Arcadia) of the American Youth Soccer Organization and board member and chair of Five Acres, a facility for abused and neglected children. Gene credits his mother **Betty Gregg** with much assistance in the writing of his essay. Betty lived in

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Arcadia from 1954 to 1999. She and her late husband Gene were both active on the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees and the committees to build Wilderness Park and Foothills Junior High School.

SERVING ARCADIA DURING TURBULENT YEARS

by Annette Mills

My family moved to Arcadia in 1961, when I was twelve years old. My father Gary Mills was a newly appointed professor of education at Cal State Los Angeles, and my parents had chosen Arcadia as our new home because they wanted their four daughters to attend the best public schools in the area. Looking back more than forty years later, I realize my best education came from the real-life lessons in civic engagement that I learned from my father as he responded to the challenges of a turbulent era in the Arcadia community.

Shortly after our move to Arcadia, a heated controversy erupted over book banning at the Arcadia Public Library. The attempt by some to have *The Last Temptation of Christ* by Nikos Kazantzakis removed from the shelves evolved into what was arguably Arcadia's most famous debate—one that made the national news when it was reported in *Time* magazine. As an educator who valued both reason and freedom of expression, my father emerged as a leader in the controversy, standing tall and speaking eloquently on the side of those who fought vigorously against censorship. It was a lesson in courage and ideals that I have relied on as a model each time controversy arises in my own community.

In 1964, the Beatles took the country by storm, and Arcadia's young people were swept up in the wave of British-centric music and style that followed. Although by today's standards their hair length would be considered almost conservative, the four "moptops," as they were affectionately known, set a new standard for hair length. By the time my father was elected to the Arcadia Board of Education in 1966, hair length and dress codes had become major issues. While some of his colleagues debated how long to allow boys to wear their hair, my father worked passionately to steer the school board to address more substantial issues related to the education of Arcadia's children. I vividly remember my father returning home late at night from school board meetings, expressing his frustration that there was so little time and attention paid to more important matters, while there was seemingly endless debate on whether boys' hair should extend one or two inches below the first vertebrae or whether girls should be allowed to wear pants to school. My father had long been a civil rights advocate and a voice of moderation. His efforts to allow freedom of expression and to focus on the larger issues of the day once again deepened my understanding of values and ethics and continue to serve as a model in my efforts to help people work together.

As the "youth revolution" spread across the country, Arcadia's teens were not immune from the drug use that was making its way into suburban America.

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While some in the community refused to admit that Arcadia's youth had problems that needed to be addressed, my father helped establish a free clinic for teens in downtown Arcadia. Over a period of several years, HOY (Help Our Youth) provided services for hundreds of troubled teens who sought counseling on drug abuse, family issues, and illegitimate pregnancies. A professional counselor who was devoted to helping young people, my father not only served on the HOY board, but spent countless hours as a volunteer counselor.

Although Gary Mills' life was cut short by cancer in 1974, he worked tirelessly until the end on behalf of Arcadians, both young and old, during his years as a member of the Arcadia community. He was in his eighth year on the school board at the time of his death. In an editorial tribute to Gary Mills, Tom Livingston of the *Arcadia Tribune* summed up my father's greatest contribution during the turbulent times in which he served: "Dr. Mills was more than an advocate of better education, more than a teacher. A kind and upright man, Dr. Mills showed the young people to whom he devoted his life just how rich and rewarding life can be for a man who vigorously advocated his beliefs within not only our social system but our moral structure."

Gary Mills' model as an engaged, caring, and courageous citizen continues to serve us well during today's turbulent times.

Annette Mills and her family moved to Arcadia in 1961. She graduated from Arcadia High School in 1967. Her father Gary Mills was a member of the Arcadia Board of Education from 1967 until his death in 1974. Annette lives in Falls Church, Virginia.

REMEMBERING A FEW ARCADIA ISSUES

by Bea Chute

We moved to Arcadia in 1962 in the middle of the controversy as to the appropriateness of the *Last Temptation of Christ* by Nikos Kazantzakis. The churches were about equally divided between pro and con and this controversy split the Council of Churches and it never got back together. This book, however, is still in the library collection today.

One day, we were just leaving the Arboretum after our children had played in the “jungle” when we turned back toward the lagoon and saw the palm trees catch on fire. The wind was blowing and the fire jumped from the dead palm fronds in one tree to the next. The jungle area was devastated and the Queen Anne Cottage scorched.

In the 1960s, girls were not allowed to wear pants to school. On one cold day, however, the heater was not working at Highland Oaks Elementary School. All of the mothers had to be called and asked to dress their children warmly and pants were suggested for the girls. During carnival time, the rain came in time to collect rain insurance but not until several hundred dollars had already been received. The PTA did very well that year.

Several mothers who were former teachers volunteered to assist the elementary school teachers, but the offer was turned down. Also, the PTA wanted to establish a library at Highland Oaks Elementary School, but that too was turned down. The reason given was that the other elementary schools did not have libraries. Now, assistance is welcomed in the classroom and all schools have libraries.

During my tenure as a member of the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees, we began a collection of Chinese books, although not without controversy. One time a Jewish resident complained about a display of Muslim books at the library. The library board explained to him that a library represents all points of view and is a neutral venue open to all. The resident then presented the library with a book presenting the Jewish point of view. Another complaint, this time regarding a book in the children’s section about sexual abuse, resulted in the librarian purchasing a copy of the offending book for each trustee. The trustees, after reading the book, voted to keep the book in the children’s room because the book was of value in educating children about the subject of abuse.

In 1994, the library building remodel was coming up before the city council for approval. Library friends attended the meeting in mass to show support. Ed Butterworth talked about the library and the First Amendment. Bob Harbicht presented a “show and tell” using baby food bottles representing the various city

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reserve funds. Clearly funds were available and the remodel was approved, but there were no funds for furnishings. As a result, Jesse Vanlandingham created the Arcadia Public Library Foundation. He called in some due bills and published a "wish at no charge list" of furnishings needed. He solicited several large contributions and pledges for various rooms and areas in the library. Many smaller contributions were also received so that the library was beautifully furnished. After Van passed away, the foundation funded the restoration of the patio off the adult reading room as a memorial to Van, an honor truly deserved. The foundation has also contributed funds to establish a young adult reading area and continues to support library needs not covered by city funding.

The Assistance League of Arcadia has been a part of Arcadia since 1951 offering various services to the community. Operation School Bell provides clothing for needy children in Arcadia and surrounding cities. Three senior citizen clubs meet weekly at the chapter house and magazines are delivered by members to the patients at Methodist Hospital. The Kids on the Block project brings a puppet show into the schools to help students understand handicapped children, divorce, and other important issues. In 1982, the Assistance League purchased a building on East Live Oak Avenue to house its thrift shop called the Bargain Box. Many Arcadia residents take advantage of the outstanding merchandise to be found there and by so doing assist in supporting these community projects.

There have been environmental changes in Arcadia during the past forty-two years. The 210 Freeway was built in part with dirt from the hillsides, and on those hillsides homes soon followed. The Anoakia property where my son attended preschool is now being filled with homes. Before Anita Baldwin's home on this property was destroyed, the Maynard Dixon murals were carefully removed. I have seen these murals in the California State Library Annex in Sacramento where they are now beautifully mounted to be enjoyed by all. No longer can we hike on the hill above Foothills Middle School and hear the coyotes howl on the ridge at night. There were no squirrels in 1962 but now they have taken over the neighborhood. We still have visits by deer, raccoons, possums, and skunks, and an occasional mountain lion and bear have been sighted. Three fires have ravaged our hillsides followed by floods. But it is still a joy to see the mountains above us.

Arcadia is a busy, active community with excellent services. Opportunities are available for all to contribute in a variety of ways and continue the strong community support that Arcadia enjoys. It has been a privilege to be a part of this community for the past forty-two years.

Bea Chute has lived in Arcadia since 1962. She served on the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees from 1979 to 1987, and is past president of Highland Oaks Elementary School PTA and Assistance League of Arcadia.

HOW THE ARCADIA UNIFIED SCHOOL DISTRICT ADDRESSED THE MASCOT ISSUE

by Mary E. Dougherty

Should a high school keep a mascot name if American Indian activists object to it? That was the question facing the Arcadia Unified School District a few years ago.

Located at the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains, about sixteen miles east of Los Angeles, Arcadia is a thriving professional community with a history of high regard for its schools and strong support for Arcadia High School's athletic teams, the Apaches.

But when objections were raised to the name Apaches, the school board knew it had to take notice. Recognizing that students and alumni would be the most affected by the decision to change or retain the name, we asked students to conduct a study and report back to the board.

The students studied the Apache Indians' history, culture, religion, and family life. They recommended that the Apache name be retained and that a student commission be formed to ensure that any symbols, references, and uses of the name be respectful. We supported the students' recommendations and encouraged the establishment of an ongoing student commission to incorporate learning about the Apache culture into the high school curriculum and make sure that no demeaning references or caricatures of Apaches were used.

That decision was reinforced when a middle school from the White Mountain Apache Tribe in Arizona sent nineteen eighth-graders to Arcadia for a year-end celebration. With their parents and teachers as chaperones, the White Mountain students joined Arcadia students in visiting such Southern California tourist attractions as Disneyland and Universal Studios.

For the final event of their visit, the Apache parents invited school officials and city dignitaries to join them for an Indian dinner prepared by the Apache parents in the high school cafeteria. It was a delightful sharing of food and the Apache culture, including conversation, song, dance, art, and friendship.

The following fall, the White Mountain Apache Tribe reciprocated by inviting Arcadia's marching band to perform in its 75th Annual Rodeo Parade. And in turn, the Arcadia Music Club invited the tribe to participate in its Festival of Bands. Tribal Council Chairman Dallas Massey Sr. was named grand marshal of the parade, and the reigning Miss White Mountain Apache and Miss Indian Teen World both rode in the parade. Eight members of the Spirit Crown Dancers from the White Mountain Tribe danced in the parade and at the evening field show.

Far from dividing two cultures, Arcadia's decision to keep the name Apache

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for the high school's teams and students has contributed to furthering cross-cultural opportunities and understandings. It has enriched the experiences of our students and the Apache students alike. In 2002, a bill to ban the use of Indian names for teams and mascots was introduced in the California Legislature. I am glad to report that the bill did not pass. I believe an outright ban on Indian names would be a loss. The positive ongoing relationship between Arcadia High School and the White Mountain Apache Tribe would never have developed if it were not for the Apache name.

Mary Dougherty has lived in Arcadia for thirty-two years. She is a member of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce board of directors and chair of its government affairs committee. She was a member of the Arcadia Board of Education from 1985 to 2001. Her essay is reprinted with permission. It was first published in the September 2002 edition of *American School Board Journal* by the National School Boards Association.

Photographs 2



Monrovia-Arcadia-Duarte (MAD) High School at 845 West Colorado Boulevard, Monrovia, circa late-1930s. It is now Monrovia High School.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Arcadia High School under construction circa 1951. In June 1955, there were 342 seniors in the school's first graduating class.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection

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Arcadia High School at lunchtime in 2003. The high school has the highest University of California acceptance rate in the nation and over ninety-six percent of its graduates attend post-secondary programs.

Terry Miller Collection



Arcadia High School Apache logo in 2003. A student commission was formed to incorporate Apache culture into the high school curriculum and make sure that no demeaning references or caricatures of Apaches were used.

Terry Miller Collection

Photographs 2



Postcard of Seabiscuit winning the Santa Anita Handicap on March 2, 1940. Seabiscuit finally won the \$100,000 purse (at the time the richest race in the world) after two heart-breaking losses and became racing's then all-time money-winner.

Courtesy of Jerry Selmer



Aerial view of Santa Anita Park and full parking lots circa 1979.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection

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Grand Prix (Jumping) competitor in 1984 Olympics equestrian event at Santa Anita Park.
Courtesy of Los Angeles Turf Club, Inc.



Medals ceremony for 1984 Olympics equestrian event at Santa Anita Park. His Royal Highness, Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, is second from the left.
Courtesy of Los Angeles Turf Club, Inc.

Photographs 2



Filming of the movie *Seabiscuit* at Santa Anita Park in 2002. A movie camera is to the upper left and the grandstand crowd includes dressed mannequins.

Courtesy of Chris McCarron/Buscuit Productions, LLC



Cast of the movie *Seabiscuit* (including Elizabeth Banks, Jeff Bridges, Kingston DeCoeur, Tobey Maguire, and Chris Cooper) filmed at Santa Anita Park in 2002.

Courtesy of Chris McCarron/Biscuit Productions, LLC

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Lawn bowling at Arcadia County Park circa late-1940s.
Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Swimming at the swimming pool (called “the Plunge” by many locals) at Arcadia County Park circa 1950s. The Works Progress Administration (WPA) Federal Art Project statue of Hugo Reid and his family is in the background. The statue was recently relocated to the grounds of the Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection

Photographs 2



Members of the Arcadia Golden Age Club chorus circa late-1950s.
Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department



Members of the Arcadia Golden Age Club make hand puppets for foster children circa early-1970s.

Courtesy of Betty Harris

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Parents drop off their children on West Huntington Drive between Santa Anita Golf Course and Arcadia City Hall for Arcadia Recreation Department outing by bus in 1956.

Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department



Folk dancing class for youth offered by Arcadia Recreation Department at Arcadia High School south gym circa late-1950s.

Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department

Photographs 2



Boys play marbles at Arcadia Recreation Department summer playground circa late-1950s.
Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department



Arcadia Cub Scouts and leaders gather on and around an Arcadia Fire Department fire engine circa 1992.

Courtesy of Mary Beth Hayes

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Final round of competition in the Mayor's Spelling Bee at Lucky Baldwin Day Community Picnic held at Arcadia County Park in October 2002.

Terry Miller Collection



Community volunteers making cotton candy at Lucky Baldwin Day Community Picnic in October 2002.

Terry Miller Collection



Sack race at Lucky Baldwin Day Community Picnic in October 2002.

Terry Miller Collection

Photographs 2



Children play with manufactured snow in mall parking lot at Arcadia Holiday Festival in December 2002.

Terry Miller Collection



Young sledder having fun at Arcadia Holiday Festival in December 2002.

Terry Miller Collection

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Ericsson's Pharmacy at 1201 South Baldwin Avenue (southwest corner of South Baldwin Avenue and West Duarte Road) circa mid-1930s.

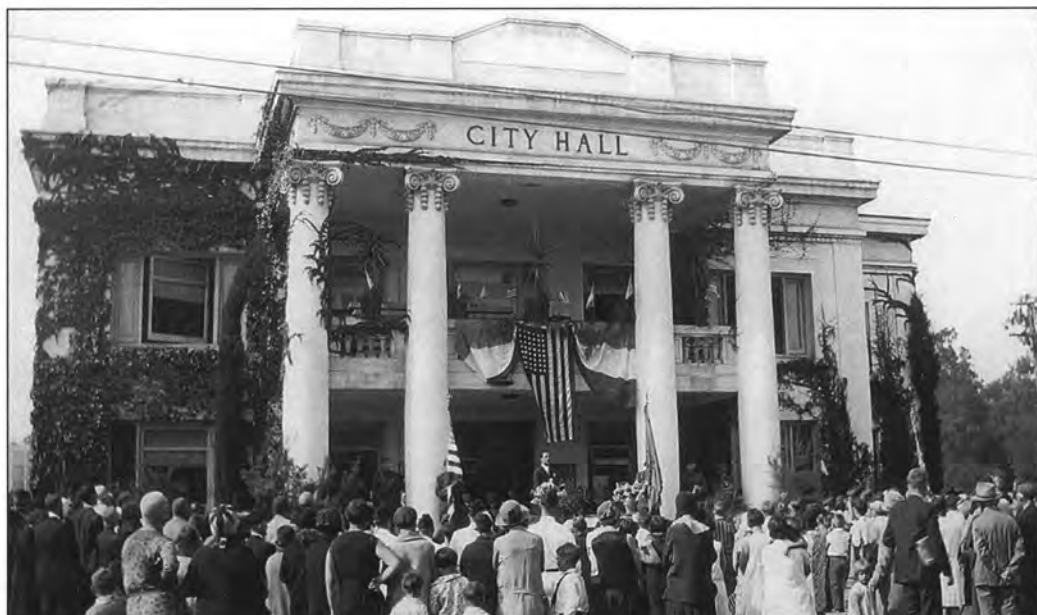
Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Hinshaw's department store at 1201 South Baldwin Avenue (southwest corner of South Baldwin Avenue and West Duarte Road) circa 1955. The store opened on March 21, 1952 and closed in 1992.

Milton Bell

Photographs 2



Fourth of July celebration in front of old Arcadia City Hall at the northwest corner of East Huntington Drive and First Avenue in 1924.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Current Arcadia City Hall at 240 West Huntington Drive (before remodeling and addition of existing city council chambers) on December 9, 1950.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection

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Old Arcadia Public Library at southwest corner of First Avenue and Wheeler Avenue circa 1955.
Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Current public library (before remodeling) at 20 West Duarte Road
circa 1970s.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection

Photographs 2



Current public library remodeled in 1996. The library has over 500,000 visitors a year and contains approximately 170,000 items in various formats and several languages. Access to online information and internet services is available and a variety of programs are offered for children and adults.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Marion Smith volunteering at the library bookstore operated by Friends of the Arcadia Public Library in April 2003. The bookstore opened in October 1996 and sales have generated over \$131,000 for the public library.

Terry Miller Collection

CHAPTER 11

Around City Hall

REFLECTIONS OF A FORMER MAYOR

by Edward L. Butterworth

On July 27, 1903, Arcadia held an election for incorporation. The census of 1900 showed Arcadia with a population of 360 people. The vote on the election for incorporation was held in the offices of the Southern Pacific Railroad on Santa Anita Avenue. Thirty-five people showed up; all voted "yes." No one voted "no." By the vote of thirty-five people, Arcadia was incorporated as a city of the sixth class on August 5, 1903. The legislative power of the city was vested in a board of trustees with limited powers. The board was the legislative branch of the city for a half-century.

In the 1950 census, Arcadia showed a population of 23,041 persons. The board of trustees was no longer an effective way to operate a city. The citizens of Arcadia voted on a new city charter that vested the legislative power in a council of five members, who would elect a mayor from their ranks, and the mayor would then act as chairman of the council. The vote was overwhelmingly "yes." As a charter city in 1952, Arcadia was vested with new powers of government, and a new independence that would enable the city council to govern more effectively.

Most important in the reorganization of this city was a charter provision for the employment of a professional city manager. His job was to handle the administrative functions of operating a growing city. The elected city councils were comprised, in the main, of business and professional men and women who set the policies of the city and handled certain political matters that arose from time to time. Eliminating the chicken ranches, some types of zoning, and the addition of unincorporated areas into the city are examples of matters that were essentially quasi-political and within the functions of the city council.

But most members of the city council are untrained and lack experience in handling the details of city government. The chiefs of the fire and police depart-

Chapter 11. Around City Hall

ments, the head of the water department (as well as all other city departments) report to the city manager on the details of operating these departments. It is his responsibility to see that the city operates effectively under policies enacted by the city council.

By way of example, Hal Schone was one of our early city managers. Arcadia receives a portion of the gas tax and a state office calculates its share. Schone discovered that Arcadia was receiving less than its entitlement of the gas tax. Additional funds of \$90,000 per year were remitted to the city. Only a careful city manager could have discovered this shortage of funds.

Elected members of the city council quickly discover that operating a city is an extraordinarily complicated matter. The city council and the city manager must see that the citizens have adequate water at all times, that flood control is operating, that the streets are cleaned and repaired, that the police and fire departments are efficiently operated, and that city revenues are properly collected and expended, just to name a few of their responsibilities.

For a number of years in Arcadia, the board of trustees and the city council were the exclusive domain of the male gender. Then along the political path came Floretta Lauber, an experienced businesswoman, who was duly elected to the city council. When she attended her first council meeting, the male domination of the city council was ended. She was followed by Mary Young, who during World War II was properly addressed as Lieutenant Young. She, in turn, was followed by Barbara Kuhn, who in turn was followed by Gail Marshall, the mayor of our city in 2002–2003. These four ladies have made the operation of the city council a co-educational matter, so to speak. Clearly, the Nineteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution is in full force and effect in Arcadia. The presence of ladies at city council meetings also seemed to improve the language of the rest of the council, as well as its department.

About a month ago, the *Los Angeles Times* had a front-page picture of the mayor of one of the other cities in the county, handcuffed and being lead to jail. It is to be remembered that, over the years, no member of the Arcadia City Council has ever brought dishonor or censure to the City of Arcadia or to its citizens. Not once, not ever.

Author Gordon S. Eberly, in his book *Arcadia, City of the Santa Anita*, said, “The character of a community is the character of its people.” The men and women of Arcadia who have passed across the stage of its history in the boards of trustees and city councils have been men and women with the strength and determination that build a community. They left this heritage—a city that affords the happiness of life at its best. And those men and women left their elected offices with a justifiable pride in the city they built for the present and future generations.

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Edward L. Butterworth served on the Arcadia Board of Education from 1955 to 1959, and on the Arcadia City Council from 1966 to 1974. He was mayor of Arcadia in 1962–1963 and 1970–1971. He has lived in Arcadia for fifty-four years.

THE ARCADIA POLICE DEPARTMENT CHRONICLES

by Dave Hinig

The information that follows is a brief chronology of the history of the Arcadia Police Department from its beginning in 1903 to the celebration of Arcadia's Centennial in 2003. At the outset, I must acknowledge retired Police Sergeant Andrew Ballantyne for his outstanding efforts in researching and initially documenting the department's history back in 1989. He worked in concert with Principal Librarian, Adult Information Services, Mary Beth Hayes at the Arcadia Public Library to carefully review events and the transition of leadership throughout our existence as an agency. His work has provided the foundation for this project.

In preparing this essay, we did not attempt to cover the multitude of major events that have been handled by the police department. Rather, the focus was on its evolution, with highlights that reflect the "people" side of our business. It is the men and women who have worked in the police service that make the department distinctive, not necessarily the events that create media interest. With that, let me acquaint you with the Arcadia Police Department.

On July 27, 1903, the citizens of Arcadia voted to become an incorporated city. At the same election, Elias J. "Lucky" Baldwin was elected president of the board of trustees, and Elmer Anderson was elected as city marshal, thus undertaking the responsibility of handling law enforcement affairs in the community. The office of city marshal was also responsible for collecting taxes and city fees. Marshal Anderson held office from 1903 until 1906, at which time O. C. Berdie was elected city marshal.

In April, 1909, the White Horse Saloon on North Santa Anita Avenue burned down and, subsequently, the board of trustees allocated money to purchase fire equipment. The city marshal, then Charles S. Smith, was also named fire chief to oversee any needed fire fighting efforts. Perhaps one of the more interesting tasks of the marshal came about in 1910, when local prisoners were used for street paving. Due to supervising such activities, the marshal was also named as the street superintendent.

The early days of Arcadia were filled with political wrangling. In 1912, W. T. Bush, a somewhat controversial person, was elected city marshal. A certain amount of turmoil was the hallmark of Bush's tenure and, in May 1914, he lost his office to John Ott. In December of 1914, Ott left office and, at the direction of the board of trustees, the marshal's job transitioned from an elected office to an appointed position.

The board of trustees appointed E. F. Glass as city marshal. In 1916, Glass

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left the marshal's office and became the judge of the City Recorder's Court. W. T. Bush was reappointed as city marshal. Although there is speculation as to the reason, it was reported that Bush, who originally took office in 1912, had political enemies and his loss in the 1914 election was orchestrated. Although Bush regained his office in 1916, his tenure was short-lived as he died in 1917 of a gunshot wound.

Reports at the time were sketchy at best, but in the book *Arcadia, City of the Santa Anita*, written in 1953 by Gordon S. Eberly, a passage at page 71 describes the event as follows:

“One day in May, 1917, the news spread that City Marshal W. T. Bush had met with sudden death. Bush was the storm center of politics back in 1912. He had gone out of office for a while but had been reappointed about a year before. He was now the last holdover of the early day political figures to retain office. His death came by a gunshot wound inflicted by his own gun and there was divided opinion as to whether it was accidental or intentional. The City Council passed a resolution of sympathy addressed to Mrs. Bush.”

The year 1920 arrived and the marshal was relieved of his street superintendent duties; however, he retained the duties of fire chief. In July 1926, the title of city marshal was changed to chief of police and Arthur N. Coberly became the first law enforcement officer to hold the position. Coberly led the police department from 1926 to 1930.

In the early years, Arcadia experienced its share of crime, even though it was still a rural region. In Eberly's book, at page 92, he recounts an incident in September 1925, wherein Officer Grady Pardue attempted to arrest a drunken individual. The man pulled a gun and fired at Pardue. Pardue returned fire and killed his assailant.

Two years later, another officer-involved shooting occurred. However in this instance, the officer lost his life. On the night of July 19, 1927, at 12:07 a.m., Albert E. Matthies, a twenty-seven-year-old police officer, was patrolling in the area of Northview and Laurel when he saw three suspicious men sitting in a car. He stopped to investigate and started to question the men. Without warning, an eighteen-year-old sitting in the back seat opened fire and Matthies was killed instantly. The suspects fled, but were later arrested and convicted of his murder. Investigation into the incident revealed that the three murderers were in a stolen car and had intended to rob the “Wigwam Barbeque,” a restaurant located nearby on Foothill Boulevard.

Officer Matthies left a wife and two young daughters, ages six and four. The city paid for his funeral expenses and all of the city council members attended the funeral. Although the incident received considerable coverage in the press

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at the time, it was not until July 10, 1996, that a memorial was dedicated in his honor in the lobby of the police station located at 250 West Huntington Drive. His two daughters attended the memorial dedication and were visibly moved by the belated honor given to their father.

In November, 1930, Louis Jack Richards was appointed chief of police. Under his stewardship in 1931, the police department moved into its own facility at 50 Wheeler Avenue. The building was a combination police and fire station. Prior to occupying the Wheeler Avenue station, office space for the police had been in the city hall.

The next chief of police was L. I. Howell, a twenty-five-year veteran of the Los Angeles Police Department. He was appointed in June 1934; however, after finding out that he was also the fire chief and responsible for tax collection, he left in October 1934, and Louis Jack Richards was reappointed as chief of police.

Chief Richards was responsible for the installation of the first police radio system in the city. It was a one-way system in which the station could broadcast to field units, but the units could not answer. Collateral to the one-way radio was a beacon light system that the station used to alert officers to calls. Two beacons, one in downtown Arcadia and the other in west Arcadia, were turned on by a switch at the Wheeler Avenue station and any field unit seeing the beacon light would telephone the station to receive the call for service.

The next transition of leadership in the police department came in March 1935, when Captain Donald Ott was appointed chief of police. His father, John Ott, had been elected city marshal in 1914. John and Don Ott were the only father and son to serve as law enforcement heads in the city.

A landmark occurred on August 1, 1936, when the chief of police was relieved of his duties as fire chief. The police and fire departments were officially separated, but they still shared the same quarters on Wheeler Avenue.

Time passed and, during the early stages of World War II, some officers left the police department to serve in the military. At the same time, Santa Anita Racetrack became an assembly center for the relocation of Japanese-American residents. Without commenting on the propriety of such an action, the role of the police department during that era was to assist United States Army and FBI personnel and to turn over any person of Japanese descent to the local FBI for interview.

After the war, the population of Arcadia began to grow substantially. The police department was also increasing in size and came under new leadership in 1947. William Cahill was appointed chief of police and he led the department until his retirement in 1951. Under Chief Cahill, the department installed a new "state of the art" Teletype and Motorola two-way radio system.

Upon the retirement of Chief Cahill, Neil Anderson was appointed to lead

the department. Chief Anderson saw to the planning and building of a new police facility located at 250 West Huntington Drive between the city hall complex and the National Guard Armory. The police structure was constructed in 1956 and occupied in early 1957. The police station was actually part of a project that included the expansion of the city hall complex with the addition of what was known as "Lower City Hall." In an article appearing in the *Arcadia Tribune* on July 5, 1956, it was noted that the city council awarded a contract in the amount of \$452,400 to Daniels Brothers Construction Company of Pasadena to construct the buildings. Additional allocations for landscaping, parking lots, and other improvements brought the entire project to \$534,754.

In 1956, Chief Anderson resigned to become the city manager of Arcadia. William S. Orr who served as chief of police from 1956 to mid-1958 followed him. Succeeding Chief Orr was Robert S. ("Bob") Seares who began his tenure in July 1958. Chief Seares was known as a very progressive law enforcement executive. He had started his career in 1932 with the Pasadena Police Department where he rose to the rank of assistant chief. He then took the job as chief of police in San Marino before he moved to Arcadia. Chief Seares was the first head of the California Peace Officers Standards and Training (POST) Commission. He was committed to professional development and, under his leadership, all Arcadia police officers attended formal police academies for training. His insistence on professional skill development and service to the community began to define Arcadia's long-term professional image.

Risk abounds within all police agencies, and the night of February 25, 1959, was one of significance for the Arcadia Police Department as two police officers were wounded while responding to an armed robbery call. Officers Jack Renner and Bill Mitter were riding together when they received a call of a robbery at a market at Santa Anita Avenue and Foothill Boulevard. As they arrived on the scene and began to exit their patrol car, they came under heavy gunfire. Both officers were wounded and their car was riddled with bullet holes. Officers from Arcadia and surrounding agencies converged on the scene, but the suspects in the robbery and shooting escaped from the area. Although intensive follow-up investigation was conducted, the assailants were never positively identified and no prosecution was undertaken in the case.

Officers Mitter and Renner recovered from their wounds, but they both left law enforcement a short time later. Interestingly enough, in 1976, Jack Renner returned to serve the police department as a reserve police officer. He worked in that capacity for several years before retiring from active duty.

From the mid-1950s to 1970, the police department grew significantly in size. In 1955, the department had a complement of thirty-five sworn officers. By 1960, the number was fifty sworn, and in 1970 the department boasted sixty-seven sworn members.

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The community was growing in size as was the police department. Chief Seares recognized that developing a pool of candidates from within the department was desirable for future recruiting. In late 1966, Chief Seares began the implementation of the "police cadet" training program in Arcadia. On November 27, 1966, I was fortunate enough to become the first police cadet for the City of Arcadia. Subsequent to my appointment, dozens of young men and women have worked as cadets and embarked upon successful law enforcement careers as a result of their early law enforcement training.

In January, 1974, Chief Seares retired from the police department after serving sixteen years as chief of police. His tenure was the longest in the department's history. With the departure of Chief Seares, Charles D. Mitchell was appointed to lead the department. He began his career in Arcadia in 1964, after serving with the Ohio State Highway Patrol. Chief Mitchell was responsible for starting the department's "Special Operations Section," a forerunner to the Special Weapons and Tactics (SWAT) team, as well as starting a K-9 program and introducing "jail wagons" for the transportation of prisoners.

Under Chief Mitchell's watch, a notable event occurred on February 26, 1978, when Louise Brandsma, a woman who had served nine years as a police clerk, was appointed as the first female patrol officer in the City of Arcadia. Although the Arcadia Police Department had employed "police women" in detective bureau operations, Officer Brandsma was the first woman to work a patrol assignment. She was promoted to sergeant on July 6, 1986, and held that rank until her retirement in May 2002. Officer Brandsma opened the door for women to work patrol assignments and many women have followed in her footsteps. Today, the department has nine women working in sworn assignments throughout the agency.

Chief Mitchell continued in his position until July 1985, at which time he retired due to health reasons. Chief Mitchell succumbed to cancer, his death coming only one month after he left the department.

Captain Neal R. Johnson, a career Arcadia police officer, was appointed in August 1985, to succeed Chief Mitchell. Chief Johnson had started his career in 1955 and rose through the ranks to assume the leadership role. He was responsible for initiating a volunteer program, promoting neighborhood watch and other community anti-crime programs. His efforts in working with Police Explorers and youth programs were well recognized, both locally and nationally. During Chief Johnson's tenure, the police department continued to grow, reaching a sworn strength of seventy-eight officers.

Chief Johnson was not to escape violence directed at officers under his command. During the latter part of 1992 and early 1993, there were two dramatic shooting events involving members of the police department.

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On December 9, 1992, at approximately 6:55 p.m., Officer Dean Caputo was standing outside a karate studio in the northwest area of Pasadena. Officer Caputo was working an undercover assignment at the time and was attached to a unit from the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration. Officer Caputo was standing outside the studio in the company of four other men awaiting the start of a karate demonstration. Suddenly, Officer Caputo and the others were approached by three armed suspects who ordered everyone to the ground. Officer Caputo recognized that a robbery was occurring and immediately resisted, drawing his firearm, and moving to a position of tactical advantage. He heard gunshots and saw they were directed at him. He returned fire, striking and killing one suspect, and wounding another. In the exchange of gunfire, Officer Caputo was wounded in the side. When the incident was over, one suspect was dead at the scene, a second was wounded and being treated at a nearby hospital, and a third suspect who fled from the scene was later apprehended. Officer Caputo was hospitalized for a short time and recovered from his wounds, returning to duty as an undercover officer. For his actions, Officer Caputo was awarded the police department's Medal of Valor.

The department had barely recovered from the trauma of the Caputo shooting when the next officer-involved shooting occurred. On February 5, 1993, at 7:50 p.m., Officers Paul van der Hoorn and Stephen Crawford were in an unmarked police unit in the area of 645 West Duarte Road conducting a surveillance of property that had been hidden in some bushes after an armed bank robbery had taken place at Home Savings and Loan at 60 East Huntington Drive. The individual who had committed the robbery had placed money and a gun in the bushes. However, officers found the items and set up surveillance in an attempt to affect the arrest of the perpetrator. The officers confiscated the money and gun and stuffed the getaway bag with newspapers so as not to alert the suspect that they had found the items. As the officers watched, a suspect retrieved the bag and then started to walk away. The officers exited the unmarked car, at which time the individual turned toward them and immediately opened fire on the two officers with a handgun. The suspect fired one round, which struck Officer van der Hoorn in the chest; however, the round did not penetrate his bulletproof vest. Officers Crawford and van der Hoorn exchanged gunfire with the suspect in the parking lot and the perpetrator, a convicted bank robber, was fatally wounded. During the incident, several windows in nearby businesses were shattered and a fourteen-year-old girl was wounded, apparently by a ricochet bullet. The incident was the most dramatic shooting the city had experienced. If Officer van der Hoorn had not been wearing his bulletproof vest, he would have suffered a fatal injury as the impact of the bullet was directly over the area of his heart.

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Chief Johnson ended his service as head of the police department on December 31, 1994; however, he held the position of interim police chief until the appointment of Ronnie D. Garner on February 6, 1995. Chief Garner had been a deputy chief for the Beverly Hills Police Department before taking the job in Arcadia. He was the first "outside" chief of police since Chief Seares in 1958.

Chief Garner was instrumental in starting the Peaceful Arcadia through Community Efforts (PACE) unit in late 1996. As part of the unit, a substation was opened in the Westfield Shoppingtown mall where officers administered the department's Drug Abuse Resistance Education (DARE) program and various community outreach efforts. Chief Garner retired on September 9, 1999.

After Chief Garner's retirement, I was very proud and humbled when offered the chief of police position. I assumed leadership of the police department on September 10, 1999. It was particularly gratifying to be a career-long Arcadia Police Department member who came up the ranks from cadet to chief.

Shortly after taking charge of the police department, on November 2, 1999, Arcadia voters passed Measure C, a bond issue to raise \$8 million to partially fund construction of a badly needed new police facility. After two years of planning, a contract was awarded to Mallcraft Corporation of Altadena, California, to build the new structure. Captain Rick Sandona, a thirty-year veteran of the police department, had the responsibility of overseeing all aspects of the construction as the department's representative. The complexity of the project required his full-time dedication. As this is written, construction is well underway and it is anticipated that the new building will be complete in July 2003. Occupancy of the new facility is to occur in the following month. It is interesting to note that the project budget for the facility is \$16 million dollars, a vast differential from the cost of the last building in 1956.

Other changes have occurred in the past two years including the addition of a police officer at Arcadia High School to oversee the safety and welfare of the 3,500 students on the campus. The Youth and Educational Support (YES) officer has been highly instrumental in suppressing gang activity, promoting positive interaction with youth, and maintaining a safe learning environment for students. The effectiveness was so profound that a second YES officer has been added to interact with the nearly 2,500 students at the three middle schools.

Staffing in the police department has reached seventy-five sworn members, thirty-five nonsworn and eight part-time employees. The department is supplemented by eleven reserve officers and more than 110 volunteers. The department's budget for Fiscal Year 2002–2003 is \$10,232,390.

When reflecting on the most important changes that we have seen, clearly the implementation of technology (computers, interactive databases, and electronics) has been the most important and dramatic change to affect how we pro-

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vide service. It is particularly notable when we consider that the first computer to be used in the police department was placed in operation in late 1984. In the span of less than nineteen years, the department has more than sixty computer workstations and twenty mobile digital computers installed in patrol vehicles. Simply stated, the department is technology dependent and will likely become more so with the passage of time.

The people of Arcadia continue to receive high-quality police service. In 1966, when my career began, the police department handled a total of 10,000 calls for service. As we completed 2002, the service call demand rose to 47,123 incidents.

Although this chronology is somewhat clinical in its presentation, it is a reflection of the evolution of law enforcement in Arcadia. Other than reflecting on some of the life-threatening incidents involving members of the police department, we did not attempt to highlight the multitude of cases that have brought about regional, as well as national, attention or have impacted the lives of those who live and work in our community. Such events are well documented in newspaper and electronic media archives and can be readily accessed for those who seek such information.

The history of the police department is one of dedication to the community and professional police service. The motto of the department is "Serving Our Community With P.R.I.D.E." The acronym stands for "professionalism, respect, integrity, dedication and enthusiasm." It represents a value system that is shared by all who work for the department.

Although the marshals and chiefs who have headed the Arcadia Police Department over the years have provided vision and guidance, it is the line-level men and women of the department who deserve recognition for their willingness to go in harm's way on a daily basis to protect lives and property. It is their sacrifices that warrant attention and commendation.

Dave Hinig, has been a member of the Arcadia Police Department since he was a police cadet in 1966. He is currently Arcadia's chief of police. He credits *Arcadia, City of the Santa Anita* by Gordon. S. Eberly (Saunders Press Publishers, California, 1953) for the quotation and some of the information contained in his essay.

A FIRE DEPARTMENT TREASURE

by Dave Hamada

Among the treasures in the city, the Arcadia Fire Department has a vintage 1926 American LaFrance fire engine that is seen at many city functions. The fire engine was originally delivered to the Los Angeles County Fire Department in August 1926, and used at the Olive View Sanitarium in Sylmar. The Arcadia Chamber of Commerce purchased it from the county about fifty years ago, and gave it in equal shares to the City of Arcadia and the Arcadia Firefighters Association. The engine was in working condition at the time that the city acquired it, but did need some repairs. During 1980 to 1983, several of the firemen worked long off-duty hours to restore the fire engine to its current state, matching parts and features of the original engine. It is housed at Station 107 on Orange Grove Avenue when it is not being used for different functions.

The fire engine has participated in many city events over the years. In the 1960s, it was used to give rides at several school carnivals. In the 1970s and 1980s, the firefighters competed in several fire musters throughout Southern California with it. In 1980, the Arcadia Firefighters Association muster team set a state record that stood for years for a Class 2 motorized pumper at Dodger Stadium. It is one of the fixtures in the Arcadia Festival of Bands parade, carrying a variety of dignitaries down Baldwin Avenue each year.

It has transported Santa Claus during the city's Winter Snow Festival for several years. The engine can also be seen at other city events, where it is a favorite attraction for children and oldsters alike. At the second annual Lucky Baldwin Day community picnic, the fire department took pictures of children and families on the fire engine and gave the participants prints at no charge.

Some people have noticed a recognizable letter "A" on each side of the engine's gas tank that is not the same as any lettering used elsewhere in the city. Anheuser-Busch was one of the sponsors at a muster competition at Santa Anita Park. The firefighters contacted them and received permission to use its corporate logo "A" in gold leaf lettering.

The American LaFrance chassis manufacturing facility in Cleveland, North Carolina, also houses the company's museum and priceless collection of antique American LaFrance fire trucks. The museum is open to the public and tours can be arranged by contacting the museum. Among its display models is the 1926 "Peachtree Heights" originally shipped to the city of Inglenook, Alabama in January 1927. The 1926 model was the most popular fire apparatus of its day. Its light weight and maneuverability made it the mainstay of cities and towns all across North America. It has a 750 gallons per minute capacity at 120-psi pres-

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sure, with a positive displacement gear pump. This model has a small water tank that is currently not used. It has three separate lines for pumping water from a hydrant or other water source. American LaFrance delivered sixteen fire engines of this model to various cities throughout the country in 1926.

Before 1923, Arcadia's only fire fighting equipment was a reel of 2½-inch hose, kept at the old city hall located at First Avenue and East Huntington Drive, and manned by the citizens who were available at the time of a fire. In 1923, the Arcadia Fire Department was officially organized under the direction of Chief H.M. Topping, who also acted as police chief. A Seagrave 750-gpm pumper was purchased and one fireman was hired. The remaining fire fighting force consisted of approximately thirty volunteers.

The fire department moved into new quarters in 1932, located at 50 Wheeler Avenue. A Dodge truck made into a chemical wagon was added to the equipment. To keep pace with the growth of the city, a second station was constructed at 1420 South Baldwin Avenue in 1937, with the addition of two 500-gpm pumpers and four men. Another change in fire department administration took place in 1938 with nineteen full-time firemen added, marking the end of the volunteer system.

The need for a station to cover the northern section of the city was becoming apparent and, in 1950, Station 33 at 79 West Orange Grove Avenue was opened. In 1952, the first fire prevention inspector, later to become the fire marshal, was hired.

In September 1958, a new Station 32 was completed at 630 South Baldwin Avenue to replace the old station 32. In December 1958, the new headquarters Station 31 opened at 710 South Santa Anita Avenue, housing the fire department administrative offices, alarm equipment room, and dispatch office. It was designed to accommodate eventually two pumpers, a ladder truck, rescue and reserve apparatus, and a complement of sixteen firemen.

The city's first truck company was organized in February 1963, with the purchase of an elevated platform, or snorkel, capable of delivering 1,000-gpm to a height of eighty-five feet. In 1973, nine firemen were trained as paramedics and a paramedic program was put in service.

In 1993, a new and larger Station 32 was constructed around the outdated building on Baldwin Avenue. This new facility was constructed to meet the state's "essential services requirement" that would make it self-sufficient in the event of an earthquake with a magnitude of 8.2 on the Richter scale. In 1999, the stations were renumbered from 31, 32 and 33 to 105, 106 and 107 when the city council voted to incorporate dispatch into the regional Verdugo dispatch system. In 2000, Station 107 on Orange Grove Avenue was updated and remodeled.

Captain Jerry Broadwell was the only Arcadia firefighter killed in the line

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of duty. On August 22, 1975, this heroic firefighter died of burns suffered when the roof of a burning building collapsed under him. Because of Jerry's devotion to children and his belief in education, his fellow firefighters and grateful friends in the community dedicated the Jerry Broadwell Children's Room at the Arcadia Public Library as a living memorial to him.

Chief David Lugo, along with Deputy Chief Richard Brown, who is also the fire marshal, now lead the Arcadia Fire Department with a staff of fifty-eight into the city's second century. Three fire stations house a variety of equipment, including three fire engines, one ladder truck, two paramedic ambulances, and other emergency apparatus. The Arcadia Fire Department is proud to be one of only a few fire departments in the nation that carry the elite distinction of being rated a Class 1 department by the Insurance Services Office.

Dave Hamada is a sixteen-year resident of Arcadia. He volunteers his time and computer knowledge at both the Arcadia Police and Fire Departments. In 2003, he was named "Volunteer of the Year" by the Arcadia Fire Department. He offers special thanks to Neil Conrad, Tony Sadler and the Arcadia Fire Department history file for information contained in his essay.

TWENTY YEARS OF MEMORIES AT CITY HALL

by Cindy Flores

The past twenty years as an employee of the City of Arcadia have passed far too quickly, and yet that time frame translates to one-fifth of the Centennial we are celebrating. My employment by this "Community of Homes" blossomed from a "job" to an exciting career in local government with opportunities to grow and develop, not only as a government manager, but also as a professional and as a person.

My most vivid memory includes working with twenty elected city officials, most of whom shared a great love and affection for their community, and many of whom became my close, personal friends. I also was fortunate to meet and work with officials at the county, state, and federal levels as well as representatives from other communities, resulting in an on-going relationship with dedicated people working together for the greater good. The experience has been both challenging and rewarding and *never* boring.

A myriad of change has taken place in my Arcadia twenty-year window: multicultural influences, technological advancements, economic trends, legal mandates, and societal values are but a few. Only a hint of that 1982 community remains today and in its place is a mid-size city of cultural diversity, a mix of socio-economic groups, greater political awareness (especially by the young), complex statewide issues, and a global approach to the way we view our responsibilities.

The great strides in computer technology alone have had a major impact in the way government workers conduct business. In 1982, there were no personal computers for Arcadia employees; memory typewriters were brand new and secretaries were thrilled to have them. Today there are no secretaries, only administrative assistants to carry out clerical duties, while managers type their own documents. In 1982, internal communication was in-person, by telephone, or by memorandum. Today, e-mail has become the major communication tool and, while efficient, there is less emphasis on the importance of developing good interpersonal skills. In 1982, a handshake was a binding promise. Today multi-page contracts are required to formalize an agreement. In 1982, the world was a larger, more mysterious place. Today, via the internet, information from distant places is ours in seconds. Change is imminent as we move through history and as we grow as a community. It is how we handle the change that determines its success.

What has *not* changed in the past twenty years is the city's commitment to its residents. The philosophy that Arcadia's citizens deserve only the best has

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remained strong despite the changes and provides an underlying explanation for its reputation as a premiere community. The professionalism of its staff, the involvement of its citizenry, and the effectiveness of its leadership have set Arcadia apart from other communities. There is a reverent respect for the past and an unshakeable enthusiasm for the future and, as we celebrate the Arcadia's 100th birthday, I am proud that I have been part of this community and part of its success.

Cindy Flores is special assistant to the city manager in Arcadia. She has worked for the City of Arcadia since 1982. She lives in Fontana, California.

COMING BACK TO ARCADIA AS CITY MANAGER

by Bill Kelly

Although I have limited memories of my arrival in Arcadia in 1950 at age two, I have vivid memories beginning about the time I learned to ride a bicycle. It was then that I began my adventures from the south part of the city (where we lived) to the middle of the city and up to the north. In those days, you could ride your bike anywhere from sunrise to sunset without a problem.

Live Oak Avenue was a thriving commercial area with food stores, Jack the Toy Man's store, a bakery, and four gas stations (Mobil, Richfield, Shell and Union 76) at the corner of Second Avenue/Tyler Avenue. When was the last time you recall seeing a gas station at each of four corners of any intersection? And it was possible to use the roads across the wash as hills to ride my bike up and down; this was before they built the concrete channels and flat bridges over the wash.

I recall having to mow two lawns in order to make \$1.50 so that I could go to Jack's toy store and buy a model car. I would spend a half-hour building the car and then try to figure out what to do next. More often than not I would get back on my bike for a ride to the bakery to get a chocolate éclair. In those days having fun was simple.

One of my childhood memories that has stayed with me to this day is the time my mother put my three younger sisters and me in the car for a ride up Double Drive (now Santa Anita Avenue) to find my father who was a Los Angeles County firefighter fighting a fire in the Arcadia foothills. We were trying to bring him another pair of socks because it was getting so cold at night. We did not find my father that night, but I still remember what it was like to see the large row of fire engines parked on Double Drive up toward the hillside.

In December of 2000, when the Arcadia hillsides were again on fire, memories came rushing back. There was another line of fire trucks sitting on Santa Anita Avenue waiting to go into the hills to fight the fire. The scenery was the same, only now I was Arcadia's city manager and was there to help with the evacuation of the neighborhoods. I had changed from being a youth with wide open eyes wondering what was happening to being an adult with wide open eyes who knew full well the impact the line of fire trucks would have on the firefighters and the community at large.

Because I grew up in Arcadia and now serve as its city manager, I have a unique perspective on the community in terms of how things were "back then" and how they have changed. Although I worked in seven other cities before Arcadia, I always maintained close contact with what was happening here

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because my parents remained in the same house until my father passed away. And, of course, it is my "home town."

When you think about it, not much has changed since 1950. Sure, there are more buildings, more people, and different societal issues, but the core of what makes this city great is still intact. In 1950, Arcadia was a beautiful, safe community filled with people of character and integrity. In 2003, it is still a beautiful, safe community filled with people of character and integrity. I am hopeful the same will be true in 2103.

I feel fortunate to have grown up in Arcadia, to have experienced what it was like to be a young boy, a teenager, and then an adult here. As city manager for the last nine years, I am extremely proud to be able to give something back to the city that gave me such wonderful childhood memories.

Bill Kelly was raised in Arcadia and has been the city manager of Arcadia since 1994.

ANSWERING THE CALL AS AN ARCADIA RESERVE POLICE OFFICER

by Mike Daleo

While growing up and attending school in Arcadia, I really never thought about the crime in our city. It was something that never entered my mind. It was as if there was no crime in Arcadia. What occupied my time were school, my car, my part-time job, and the Beach Boys. After completing my education, I got a job that required me to work in downtown Los Angeles. It was then that I realized that there was crime and that it was occurring everywhere. But everyday when I came home from work to Arcadia, I still did not think that we had any crime in our quiet community.

As I grew older, I got involved in community activities in our city and was on several boards for organizations such as the Chamber of Commerce, YMCA, Jaycees, and Lions Club. It was at these meetings that I became aware of residents' concerns about crime occurring in their neighborhoods. I knew that I had to do something—something more than attending meetings and just listening to complaints. Hearing that the Arcadia Police Department had a reserve police officer program that allowed concerned residents to get involved and make a difference, I decided to make the commitment in 1976.

I went through the stringent process required to apply for the job and was accepted. I attended and graduated from the Rio Hondo Police Academy and, soon after, was sworn in as an Arcadia reserve police officer. Now, twenty-seven years later, I have no regrets. I have enjoyed every minute of every shift and detail I have worked. I know now that I am contributing to the safety of Arcadia: a city where residents can jog with their pets at night, use the ATM, play tennis at a local park, walk to the market and, all the while, feel safe. Arcadia is also a city where you feel comfortable raising a family as my wife Marilyn and I have. We raised two wonderful children, Tim and Jennifer. They both attended Arcadia schools and, in fact, had some of the same teachers that I did. The Arcadia Police Department certainly achieves Chief David Hinig's goal to provide safety and service to all our residents.

Today, there are eleven reserve police officers working with the Arcadia Police Department. They are eleven different, but dedicated individuals. The program requires a minimum of twenty hours of work a month. The Arcadia Police Department provides the reserves with ongoing training on a monthly basis that includes changes in the California Vehicle and Penal Codes, weapons training, driving techniques, and officer safety issues just to name a few.

I usually put in my time by working a patrol shift during the week with

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another reserve police officer. There is no difference in appearance between a reserve police officer and a “regular” officer. Some of my more rewarding experiences have come from “call outs” during emergencies such as windstorms, forest fires, structure fires, barricaded suspects, hostage situations, and severe traffic accidents. These calls can come at any time of the day or night. A recent “call out” for me came with a telephone call at 3:28 in the morning on January 6, 2003, when twenty-nine utility poles on Live Oak Avenue between Santa Anita Avenue and Mayflower Avenue were knocked over because of gale force winds that hit the city.

I continue to serve my community as a reserve police officer with the support of my wonderful wife Marilyn. This year, 2003, I am the president of the Arcadia Reserve Police Officers Association and look forward to leading the group during the city’s 100th birthday. In addition, I even have a “day job” now as a crime analyst with the Arcadia Police Department, an assignment made possible by my reserve police officer experience, retirement from corporate management at an early age, and the support of a department with great officers and employees. Serving Arcadia in a law enforcement capacity has been very rewarding.

Mike Daleo has lived in Arcadia since 1955 and is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 1960). He is a reserve police officer and crime analyst with the Arcadia Police Department.

RACETRACKS, BOOKSTACKS, AND ARTIFACTS

by Janet Sporleder

It was the horse racing that brought me to Arcadia. Back in Boston, in the middle of winter, the idea of watching thoroughbreds race at sunny Santa Anita Park sounded divine. To be able to admire the snow on top of the San Gabriel Mountains instead of shoveling it off the front walk was a fantasy I entertained with regularity. I never expected to *stay* for the next thirty years after I got here, however.

I'd been to racetracks back east, but none of them were the equal of Santa Anita. Truly a magnificent setting! Add in the thoroughbreds and the colorful crowds—irresistible!

When I joined the staff at the Arcadia Public Library, I learned about Arcadia's most colorful character of all: Lucky Baldwin. Lucky's adventures and accomplishments are chronicled elsewhere, but I read once that of his many achievements, he was most proud of the racetrack. Lucky's first track is gone, but his legacy lives on at Santa Anita, surely one of the most beautiful horse racing tracks in the world.

Over the years, the library became the focus of my attention instead of the racetrack. I learned about Arcadia's rich and interesting history. I met the people who lived in the community and made many friends. The years went by quickly as I watched children grow, checking out the puppets and picture books one year, researching term papers another, and looking for parenting books later on when they had children of their own.

As the community has evolved, the library has changed. Where we once had LP records, we now have videos, DVDs, and CDs. Giving up the old card-catalogs in favor of a computerized catalog was traumatic, but the new on-line information systems have dramatically enhanced our ability to provide residents with timely information. Some of our services are now available remotely to anyone with computer internet access. Keeping up with the changes in technology continues to be a challenge for all librarians.

Arcadia's first library was opened in 1914 after a group of dedicated women realized there was a need and petitioned the Los Angeles County Library for a branch. In 1920, when Arcadia opened its own municipal library, 300 people checked out fewer than 4,000 items. This past year, over 50,000 registered borrowers checked out over 500,000 items. That first library had 940 books. We now have over 180,000 items. The library has grown and it has changed over the years, but its core mission remains the same: to provide full and equal access to material, information, and services that meet the needs of the community.

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When the city dedicated the new Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum in 2001, I was invited, as city librarian, to be involved. There was a recognition that the two institutions, the library and the museum, share some core values. They both appreciate the importance of preserving the history of Arcadia, of providing programs and services that enable us to share our lives—past, present, and future—with others. They both were made possible because dedicated citizens and volunteers knew it was important to have institutions that will bring us together as we celebrate our heritage.

When Arcadia celebrates its bicentennial in 2103, the community will know that it can look to its public library and historical museum to have saved the documents, photographs, directories, yearbooks, scrapbooks, and artifacts that tell Arcadia's unique story.

Janet Sporleder has worked at the Arcadia Public Library since 1979. She is currently Arcadia's director of library and museum services.

TWENTY YEARS WITH ARCADIA SENIOR SERVICES

by Betty Harris

When I came to work as senior citizen coordinator for the Arcadia Recreation Department in 1969, the Golden Age Club established by John Panatier was the only senior activity. The job was twelve hours a week and paid at the same hourly rate as the teenagers working the playgrounds. There was no space in the recreation department for a desk, so my home became the "senior services office" and our telephone became the "senior services phone." Since I was a forty-five-year-old woman with a college degree and work experience beginning at age fifteen, this was a bit of an ego buster. But I thought, "It is only twelve hours a week, it should be fun, and the four-minute commute is a rarity." It was fun and I was soon "hooked" on senior citizens. . .for twenty years.

As the club members began to look to me for answers to all sorts of questions, calls would come any time of day or evening and any day of the week. There were many interrupted meals and bridge games. But the Sunday morning the phone wakened us at six o'clock and a club member feebly described the pool of blood she was lying in was the clincher. After hastily calling the paramedics, I pulled on my clothes and arrived with the police at her address, only to discover that her daughter had recently found it necessary to move her mother to the nursing home from where she had called. The daughter kindly took the club roster from beside her bed so that this routine could not be repeated. Soon I began to share a desk and telephone in the recreation department offices with another part-timer.

For many Golden Age Club members, coming to the Assistance League of Arcadia chapter house for "Club" on Thursdays was the highlight of the week. They loved the interaction with the League women who served them dessert. My job was to attend all meetings, make announcements of interest, keep order in the closet library of jigsaw puzzles, paperbacks and rotating books from the Arcadia Public Library, and produce a monthly one-page newsletter called the *Gold Leaf*, which was always printed on gold paper. From these announcements and newsletters grew the employment file for housesitters, petsitters, plant waterers, in-home care, security guards for Home Savings, Santa Clauses for JC Penney, and vacation substitutes at the Chamber of Commerce. Many members appreciated both being useful and the few extra dollars.

One day, one Maude Campbell told me about her brother Lloyd Hollywood who was an artist and willing to give free lessons if I could set it up. Mr. Hollywood was eighty years old and a talented, beloved teacher. His class was

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so successful that thereafter I always listened to suggestions or offers of help. Twenty years later, we had the expertise of seventy-five volunteers reporting to senior services staff and doing anything that could be broken down into routines requiring only a few hours per week.

The Golden Age Club was full and the waiting list was long. Members would arrive hours ahead of time to reserve their seat in the main hall because the overflow was seated in a smaller room across a breezeway. Starting a new club seemed a good idea to the Assistance League and recreation department. It would meet on Wednesdays with the same format, and I would work fifteen hours a week. This group brought in many new retirees in good health and raring to go. Their first choice of a name for themselves was "The Swinging Seniors." The term "swinging" in the early 1970s meant participating in group sex. Out of respect for my unwillingness to write publicity for "swinging seniors," they settled on a second choice, the Senior Friendship Club. I still feel guilty over not permitting them the name of their choice.

Men, outnumbered by the women, needed a club of their own. Arcadia Senior Men's Club was the result and I was working twenty hours a week. This group is still a place for camaraderie on Mondays for the retirees who have "graduated" from the Rotary Club. My favorite Senior Men's Club story is that of Harry Stone who loved to play bridge. One Monday, immediately after bidding and making seven no-trump, Harry fell face forward on the table. The paramedics were unable to revive him, but most of us who are bridge players believe this was a great way to go. Harry was in his nineties and most certainly died happy.

Before the workload grew to forty hours a week, there was time for graduate study in gerontology at USC. After being credentialed, I taught a "Challenge of Maturity" class for Pasadena City College at the Assistance League chapter house. Attendance averaged fifty "students," but there were eighty the day I brought in a retired USC professor to talk about "Romance and Marriage for Older Adults." Only three attended the day the subject was alcoholism. Many new programs were outgrowths of this class as I explored community resources and brought them into the classroom.

The establishment of a Senior Citizens Commission by the Arcadia City Council during Mayor Floretta Lauber's term led to writing a proposal for an Older American's Act grant. To the surprise of many, the proposal was successful. Staff was hired and we began providing social services. The senior services offices grew proportionately and some city hall space was carved from the personal department to house us. Senior housing, the dial-a-ride program and construction of the community center were achievements that were initiated by this commission. Among those dedicated first commissioners were Richard Gaspari,

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Isabel Hooton, John Joseph, Anita Santo, Warren Shaw, and Mary Young.

Arcadia Travelers, formed in 1981, was an instant success. They met in the city council chambers as did Gray Law legal services and DMV older drivers workshops. Arcadia County Park welcomed our community service advisor volunteers and exercise classes. Surplus food was distributed from the park. As the senior population and the programs and services grew, we became more and more fragmented. Individuals often went to the wrong site. The Arcadia City Council agreed with the Senior Citizens Commission that a senior center was needed. Under construction in 1989, the community center was going to be a dream place to implement senior service programs. It was tempting to meet the challenge. But I turned sixty-five that year and decided it was time to explore other paths.

There had been so many wonderful role models, club members, volunteers, staff and caring people in the community. It was a twenty-year learning experience, and the lessons will never be forgotten.

Betty Harris was senior citizen coordinator for the Arcadia Recreation Department from 1969 to 1989. She is an active member of Friends of the Arcadia Public Library and president of NAMI (National Alliance for the Mentally Ill) San Gabriel Valley Affiliate. She has lived in Arcadia since 1962.

MEMORIES OF WORK AND PLAY

by Ken Petty

I was born on March 11, 1954, in Pasadena, California. My parents and one older brother were living in Sierra Madre at that time. We moved to Arcadia when I was two years old and I still reside here. When my parents were all finished and done, there were six kids in our family. We all went to Highland Oaks Elementary School, Foothills Junior High School, and then Arcadia High School.

As a youngster, I started playing sports while attending Highland Oaks Elementary School. The Arcadia Recreation Department had great afterschool sports programs back then (and now). After the "Arcadia Rec" sports programs were finished for the day, a lot of the boys in town went to BCL (Boys Christian League), which is now called KARE Youth League. BCL had a bus that would go to all the elementary schools and pick up boys who were playing sports. However, the thing I remember the most about BCL was catching pollywogs and frogs in the wash that ran through their complex.

As I got older, I played baseball at Vista Park with most of the boys in my neighborhood. Vista Park is now called Lojeski Field after former Arcadia City Council member and mayor Dennis Lojeski, who died in office in 1996. The big treat after the games at Vista Park was riding our bicycles to Leo's Penny Burger on Huntington Drive. It was mid-block between Santa Anita Avenue and First Avenue on the north side of the street. Leo's special was five little hamburgers for one dollar. His place was just a little hole in the wall, but produced great hamburgers and memories.

Other places that were fun to visit were Cinemaland movie theater (where Colorado Place and Huntington Drive meet), Henry's drive-in (also on Huntington Drive), Bob's Beef Burger (southeast corner of Huntington Drive and Second Avenue), A&W Root Beer (northeast corner of First Avenue and El Dorado Street), Pellegrino's (southwest corner of First Avenue and Alta Street), Bob's Big Boy (northeast corner of Baldwin Avenue and Camino Real), Thrifty Drug Store with its soda fountain and grill (northwest corner of Huntington Drive and First Avenue), and Shakey's Pizza Parlor (on Foothill Boulevard). These were all hangouts for the youth of Arcadia. Only Shakey's Pizza Parlor remains.

At Foothills Junior High, I played football in the ninth grade. All the sports we played in elementary school and junior high school created a good rapport among many of the boys throughout Arcadia.

I started to work odd jobs when I was in junior high school. I had a paper

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route and mowed lawns. I did not have the time in high school to play sports because I wanted to work. I worked for Johnson Tree Service when I was a sophomore and stayed with them until I finished high school. After graduating from Arcadia High School, I worked for Discovery Foods, an Italian meat processing company owned by Frank Pocino who lived in Arcadia. I went to school with his son Dennis, and when Frank opened up his new location in City of Industry, Dennis asked six of his friends if we wanted to work there. We all worked there for three or four years until the employees went on strike.

My friends and I just wanted to work, so we went our separate ways to seek employment elsewhere. I got a job with Arcadia Unified School District as a delivery person, then went into general maintenance and stayed with the district for eleven years. There was an opening with the City of Arcadia in the public works department, so I applied and was hired on for the cement crew and the tree crew. After that, I became a recreation supervisor with the Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department where I currently work. I was also an Arcadia reserve police officer for fifteen years from 1979 to 1994 until I had to resign because of a knee injury.

These are some of the memories I have about working, playing, and growing up in this great city of Arcadia.

Ken Petty moved to Arcadia in 1956, where he still lives. He graduated from Arcadia High School in 1972. He is a recreation supervisor with the Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department and former Arcadia reserve police officer.

SERVING ARCADIA

by Gerald A. Parker

Here we have worked, some for many years,
Most came in our youth, seeking careers.

We created the classes, for young and old to grow,
At the schools and center, where all safely could go.

We paid the payrolls, bills for services rendered,
Collected the revenue, guarding all that was tendered.

We stood at our posts, facing each disaster and fear,
Banded together, protecting all we hold dear.

We provided the services—water, sewer and street,
Enforced all the laws, patrolling each beat.

Our councils have led, the city has prospered,
Honesty, integrity were the goals that were fostered.

We continue to serve, through some challenging days,
Our earnings to provide for the families we raise.

We number in the hundreds, municipal employees are we,
Making Arcadia a better place with each effort and deed.

Thus, I remain humbly just one of the many,
Who know Arcadia will never be second to any.

Gerald A. Parker is the financial services manager and city treasurer for the City of Arcadia. He has been an Arcadia employee since 1980.

Chapter 12

Helping Hands

THE EMERGENCY ROOM

by Helen Sansui

My husband Dean and I moved to Arcadia with our daughter Maria in August 1973. I was pregnant with our second daughter Lynn and delivered her soon after our arrival. I started attending Church of the Good Shepherd in Arcadia in January 1974, and Maria started nursery school there.

In 1974, Maria, Lynn, and Dean were in the family room at our home on San Luis Rey Road. I was in the adjoining room. Suddenly, I heard some confusion and Dean started calling me. By the time I got to his side, Dean had pulled a chopstick out of Maria's mouth. She had taken it away from her baby sister knowing it was dangerous. For some reason, however, she put it in her mouth just for a second and that very second she fell flat on her face. The chopstick went down her throat. Dean told me to take the baby across the street to our neighbors Lanne and Mitch Mitchell. I rang the doorbell, told Lanne I had to take Maria to the hospital and left Lynn with her.

Dean carried Maria while I drove to Methodist Hospital. She was limp and not moving at all, not even crying—not a sound. I dropped them off at the emergency room and parked the car. I ran into the ER waiting room and everyone just pointed to the door to enter the treatment area. (There were a lot of people in the waiting room, but the hospital took us right away.) X-rays were already taken and a doctor was checking Maria. By this time, she was whining because she was bleeding out of every opening—ears, nose, and so on. They decided to keep her overnight in pediatrics. I stayed with her while Dean went home to get Lynn. The next day, Maria was paralyzed from the neck down. The chopstick had just missed her jugular vein and bruised her spinal cord. She was promptly taken to intensive care where she stayed for almost two weeks. During this time, Dean also had to take Lynn for tests at the hospital because she was having convulsions. The doctors finally said Maria could return to pediatrics and start physical therapy.

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As Maria started to re-learn to walk, her baby sister was learning to walk for the first time. They had not seen each other for weeks and, of course, it was against hospital policy to have a baby in the hospital room. So, I had Maria go to the glass door. Lynn was on the other side of the door. They touched hands through the glass. That did it; the nurses could not stand it. They allowed Lynn to wobble into the doorway. Maria wobbled to Lynn and they hugged each other without saying a word. But, we were all crying by then.

Maria recovered and never stopped. She grew up in Arcadia to dance, swim, play water-polo with the boys, march with the Arcadia High School marching band, serve as a “candy striper” at Methodist Hospital, and be active in our church’s youth program. She married Ruemruk Malasarn (an Arcadia-educated Eagle Scout) two years ago. Their first child, a son named Dylan, was born on April 10, 2003. Yes, he was delivered at Methodist Hospital.

That night in 1974, when Maria and Lynn hugged each other without saying a word, I made a promise to myself that I would help Methodist Hospital in any way I could. And, I have kept my promise. For the past fifteen years, as a member of the hospital’s auxiliary, I have made two hundred patient-tray favors for ten holidays each year and work at the auxiliary’s annual Holiday Homes Tour. It’s a labor of love—because my daughters are still here to smile and hug.

Helen Sansui moved to Arcadia in 1973. She is an active member of the Methodist Hospital Auxiliary and Church of the Good Shepherd.

THANK YOU, ARCADIA

by Sherry Wang

His parents came from overseas,
After school, they stayed because she said "please."
Jobs were stable, a young family formed,
They settled down in Arcadia, The City!

His brother was only one year older,
But he seemed so much stronger.
They'd play, eat and sleep together,
As if good time would go on forever.
School started, the boys became as busy as ever,
Vacations came, cruises couldn't be nicer.
When everything was just perfect,
His brother's sudden death changed his family's lives forever.

"Oh no, it couldn't be, not to our Jesse!"
News like this belongs to the papers, not to his family.
His parents were busy making arrangements,
But he had to secretly wonder, how could it be?
Arcadia seemed different, all of a sudden,
Daddy couldn't work, Mom cried often.
But he still held his head up high,
Refused to let Jesse's spirit die.

As his family quietly worked to cope with the situation,
Arcadia neighbors approached with caution.
Friends took over daily chores,
Neighbors visited with love and affection.
Dinners at the door,
Balloons around their garden.
Friends took turns babysitting,
They'd always bring him an ice cream carton.
Flowers made his home beautiful,
And cards of love lessened his mom's burden.

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Police officers came forward,
Hospital personnel patiently awaited.
His teachers kept close attention,
Many school parents visited.
There was no blame, only sorrow,
There was no regret, only hopes to follow.
Time was the best medicine,
But he could not have pulled it through,
Without his neighbor's reminder that says,
"It will be a better day tomorrow."

Some people watched him from afar,
But he knew their blessings were all over the star.
Neighbors became close friends,
Because they all want to mend the scar.
Many new friends were made
As it was their fate.
He is still a top student,
"A fine young boy" everyone would say.

Death of a young one is a tragedy,
So sensitive in a foreign land, especially.
Lucky he lives in the City of Arcadia,
Where neighbors come together tightly.
It's more than the beautiful homes, schools and trees,
It's the people that made Arcadia indeed.
They're here to share, love and support,
Without segregation, queries and pity.

Thank you neighbors, thank you God,
He is becoming a fine young boy.
Alongside his parents and friends,
As one big family at heart.

Sherry Wang is a member of the Arcadia Centennial Commission and past president of the Arcadia Chinese Association. She has lived in Arcadia since 1990.

METHODIST HOSPITAL'S CENTENNIAL MEMORIES

by Sue Francis

Methodist Hospital of Southern California came to Arcadia in 1957, but its history (like the city's) goes back one hundred years. Founded by the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Southern California Conference, the hospital opened in 1903 with five beds in a two-story house on Hewitt Street in downtown Los Angeles. The first patient was a Chinese woman. In 1915, a new 100-bed "thoroughly modern" facility was built on South Hope Street in Los Angeles. Thanks to strong leadership and philanthropic support, the hospital survived the financial challenges of the Depression years. Its prestige continued to grow during the post-World War II era. The hospital established a school of nursing, which continued until 1958 when nursing education was incorporated into the state's higher education system. In 1951, the hospital was approved for internship and residency training by the American Medical Association.

As the postwar population grew in the Los Angeles suburbs, the City of Arcadia saw the need for a hospital to serve its community. On May 6, 1957, Methodist Hospital moved to a 22-acre civic-center campus where a new \$3 million, 138-bed facility had been constructed, supported in part by fund raising in the community. It was the first community hospital in California to include a psychiatric unit and one of the first corporate entities in the nation to offer day-care facilities for its employees.

A number of additions to the original structure have been made during the intervening forty-six years. A west wing opened in 1967, increasing capacity to 284 beds. New surgical, laboratory, emergency, and critical care facilities followed. The state-of-the-art Nor and Fran Berger Tower was completed in October 1998.

Now a 450-bed comprehensive healthcare facility, Methodist Hospital has a medical staff of 600 in fifty specialty and subspecialty areas, and more than 1,200 employees. A not-for-profit organization governed by a volunteer board, the hospital serves tens of thousands of patients annually, conducts health education and clinics for the community, and provides millions of dollars in charity care for those in need.

The story of Methodist Hospital's one hundred years is best told through the people who have been an important part of the hospital's history: patients, doctors, nurses, volunteers, staff, and friends. What follows are just a few of the memories from the Centennial collection at Methodist Hospital. Each "Methodist Memory" is a commemoration in the writer's own words of past experiences and contributions and a tribute to the personal values and hard work

that have brought the hospital to its high level of distinction today. From the joy of birth to emergency room visits, surgery, and even to the end of life, these Arcadians and many others remember the dedicated group of healthcare professionals at Methodist Hospital and the generosity of a community wanting only the best in care for everyone.

The Joy of Childbirth

DR. JAMES SLATER (Arcadia): *“Opening night”—I delivered the first baby at Methodist Hospital in Arcadia, Lisa Ann Lambert, on May 27, 1957. The hospital was new and virtually empty. Mrs. Lambert came in about 6 p.m. and delivered shortly before midnight—attended by two nurses in Labor and Delivery, two nurses on the floor, and two nurses in pediatrics. Dr. Robert Johnson was her pediatrician. No baby ever received so much attention! Afterwards, I averaged about 10 to 15 deliveries per month. At that time, there were no cell-phones or beepers, and I always felt guilty going to play a round of golf in the case one of my mothers came in for delivery. So I took up bowling!*

Nursing

SUSAN ANN NUNEZ, RN, Medical/Surgical Staff Developer: *In March of 1980 my husband and I were looking for a home in the San Gabriel Valley. He had a friend that lived here in Arcadia, so we looked here first. What impressed me about the town was the closeness of the foothills filled with snow. I had been a nurse for a few years working in a burn unit at Torrance Memorial Hospital. At 24 years old, I was looking for a job in critical care. I left the building, glanced at the yellow cross turning in the wind, and wondered what the future would hold for me here at Methodist Hospital. Well, 22 years later, I’m as happy here as I was when I started. Methodist has given me an opportunity to grow professionally.*

LINDA J. WHITE, RN: *Janet Williams (Methodist Hospital nurse) was here when my daughter was born in May 1967. I never realized then that I’d become a nurse, work at Methodist, and have my daughter attend Kathy Kredel Nursery School.*

Patient Care

LIRA GARDNER (Arcadia): *I’ve told this story many times over the last 34 years to friends and relatives about how wonderful Methodist Hospital is. My son needed his tonsils taken out when he was 20 months old. Being he was so young, I was very worried. Methodist Hospital was wonderful to him and me. After his surgery, while in recovery, a nurse kept coming out to tell me how he was progressing about every half hour (“He’s starting to stir.” “He’s starting to*

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open his eyes.” “He’s starting to move.” “He’ll be out soon.”) until he was brought back to his room. This kept my stress and nerves in check until I saw him. And he was back to his normal pace soon after leaving the hospital. I’ve never forgotten how wonderful the nurses were at Methodist Hospital. Thank you.

MILDRED A. “MICKEY” HARBUR (Arcadia): *In July 1979 it was necessary for me to have an operation (my first) and I was scared. Prior to entering the hospital, I had a conversation with Walter Hoefflin, the hospital president, and he helped to put my mind at ease, as did his secretary, Carm Piscitelli, two very special people.*

GIAN WARDELL (Arcadia): *Through the years, Methodist Hospital has taken care of us many times. All of my family has used the hospital in the 43 years I have lived here. My youngest daughter and my son had stitches. My oldest daughter had an appendectomy. My middle daughter had a broken arm and surgery.*

GARY KOVACIC (Arcadia): *I was about 8 years old, so my first Methodist Memory occurred in 1959. Besides me, it involved a neighbor by the name of Nancy McKenzie (also about 8 years old) and an unknown emergency room doctor who stitched up my forehead. I grew up on Louise Avenue in south Arcadia. Our street was a cul-de-sac with lots of kids. It seemed like we played all day in the street and yards. One day during a friendly game of croquet in Nancy’s front yard, I must have said something inappropriate because Nancy answered with a swing of her croquet mallet to my forehead. My mom rushed me to the emergency room of Methodist Hospital for the first of many visits over the years. I don’t know where Nancy is today, but I still have the scar.*

SHERRY WANG (Arcadia): *Jesse, our oldest born, died without any reason at Arcadia High swimming pool on July 10, 1997. He was sent to Methodist Hospital’s emergency room. Dr. Andrew Lee’s wife Ulanda was in the waiting room all the way. The staff really prepared us for this bad news. We were able to use a small room to pray for 8 hours. Everyone was extremely supportive. Although we were heartbroken, we learned how good neighbors can be. We became more active with community service.*

Spiritual Care

ALICE SCHUREMAN PRITCHARD, Volunteer (Arcadia): *Eleven of my family members, including husband, daughter, and myself, have been patients at Methodist. Four relatives had successful surgery there. I have heard nothing but praise from them all. Brenda Simonds, Chaplain, was a blessing to us all on more than one occasion.*

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Rev. DON and PAT LOCHER (Sierra Madre): *We have spent many hours at the bedside of friends, family, and parishioners at this fine hospital, including our beloved United Methodist Bishop, Jack Tuell. We helped the Chaplain and good friend Rev. Paul Jochenk, and are great supporters of Rev. Brenda Simonds, the current Chaplain.*

Volunteers

BARBARA S. BOSS (Arcadia): *We moved to Arcadia in 1955, the same time the Methodist Hospital was moving to Arcadia. The women of Arcadia started the Auxiliary and a friend invited me to join. We met at the Methodist Church and worked on boutique items to help make money for the hospital. Mr. Hoefflin was so proud of the hospital he would take us over and show us the progress.*

MARGUERITE "MEGS" GROGAN (Newport Beach): *In 1954 and again in 1959, I was elected as the President of the Arcadia Hospital Auxiliary. We met in the Fellowship Hall of the Church of the Good Shepard on Duarte Rd. in West Arcadia. We conducted our business there and made many needed items for the expected new babies, plus other handmade supplies for the hospital. We organized our first event, "Hospital Party Week," April 11-18, 1955, where individual members planned a unique party in their homes and invited special friends to attend. It was a great success and created much interest in our Auxiliary and the new hospital.*

ELSIE HILDEGARD HETHERINGTON (Arcadia): *In either 1953 or 1954 our Santa Anita Village Association was asked to collect at least \$30 from each family to build the Hospital, same for all the other associations in the area. I attended the first Auxiliary meeting, May 1954, 3 years before we had the Hospital. Mrs. Russell Seibert was vice-president of the Auxiliary. Dues were \$5 per year. The first "Holiday Homes Tour" in Dec. 1954 was proposed by Mrs. Seibert and tickets were \$2.50 each. Our first Holiday Homes Tour paid for bassinets in the hospital nursery. We members did loads of sewing, both caps & garments, for M.D.s as well as boutique items at Mrs. Busbey's home. The Hospital opened its doors May 27, 1957. I was quite involved in being a tour guide. We conducted many tours for the Methodist Women's Society of the Arizona-California Conference of the Methodist Church, who wanted to see where their contributions went!*

MARY B. YOUNG (Bradbury): *In 1956, when volunteers were needed to go door to door requesting donations to help the hospital make the move to Arcadia, I volunteered. If we got 50 cents we were happy. If we got a dollar we were ecstatic! In the new hospital, I guided tours and washed down the walls of the operating rooms.*

MARIAN A. BEERMAN (Arcadia): *As a new Auxilian being interviewed*

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by Margaret DeLong, Director of Volunteers, I told her one of my activities at St. Mary's Hospital in Knoxville, TN had been making artificial flower arrangements to sell at the Gift Shop. I immediately became a member of the "flower department." I was to make arrangements for the hospital lobbies and also visit the patient's rooms, taking care of their flower needs and watering their plants. I had second thoughts about this job when Margaret told me I was to go to the Church of the Good Shepherd every Monday morning and select flowers from their altar arrangements. While I felt like I was stealing from God, after a few Mondays it did not bother me so much. I knew He would understand as these flowers had served their purpose on Sunday, and now they would be used to help brighten the day for hospital visitors.

Sue Francis is the director of gift planning at Methodist Hospital of Southern California. She has lived in Arcadia for seven years and is a member of the historical committee of the Arcadia Centennial Commission.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT METHODIST HOSPITAL

by Dennis M. Lee

As Methodist Hospital looks forward to its Centennial anniversary in 2003, we look with pride at the service it has provided to the communities of Southern California over the last one hundred years. Of course, there are many milestones reached over the span of our history, but there are a few interesting facts I would like to share that perhaps are not well known.

The first relates to my being hired as the chief operating officer in 1991. Until early 1991, I was working at Scottsdale Memorial Hospital in Arizona. The recruiter who was assigned to this position told me that the hospital already had three qualified candidates and that it wanted someone from California, since California's health-care environment was so different from other states. However, he told me he would submit my resume, anyway.

A week or so later, I received a call that Fred Meyer, chief executive officer of Methodist Hospital, wanted to interview me. As it turns out, he offered me the position and my first day on the job was April 8, 1991. After I was hired, and I was meeting with the other management staff, I found out that most people were surprised when they met me. The reason is that my resumé indicated that I spoke Chinese (which I learned while in the military), I had lived in Taiwan for two years, and my last name was "Lee." So, everyone expected that I was Asian. In fact, I am Caucasian and the coincidence of me speaking Chinese was just that—a coincidence! Apparently, it did play into the hiring decision as Arcadia and its surrounding communities had large Chinese populations.

Another interesting fact relates to the Nor and Fran Berger Tower, which was opened in October 1998, and became fully operational in April 1999. When the hospital plans were submitted to the state's Office of Statewide Health Planning and Development in early 1994, it was just after the Northridge earthquake. During this earthquake, many buildings that were of a "moment-frame" structure failed at some of the joints between the columns and the beams. So, the state sent back our plans and asked us to redesign the frame using more steel; testing the joints in a laboratory, submitting the results from those tests, and then resubmitting the plans for final approval. Since the state had not decided on new standards for such construction, by the time the plans were approved the type of frame we decided to use could withstand an earthquake of magnitude 8.5 on the Richter scale! What was originally budgeted as a \$32 million project ended up costing \$44 million. Not all of that increased cost was attributable to the

increased steel in the frame; we also decided to finish off two additional floors from the original plans. However, the cost of construction was indeed higher than was originally budgeted. The good news is that Methodist Hospital was the first hospital in the state to become compliant with the new seismic standards resulting from the Northridge earthquake.

A final interesting fact relates to the shape of the Berger Tower. When I first came in 1991, the hospital was in the process of finalizing a campus plan that would specify where a new building would go and how big it would be. The popular belief at the time was that a triangular shaped building was the most efficient operationally. This is because such a building made the most efficient use of land. It allowed us to design nursing units that had thirty-six beds and provided the shortest “traveling distances” for the nursing staff from patient rooms to supply/support areas in the core of the unit.

However, when the architects started to design such a building, they found that it was difficult to get a proper-sized building on the available area of land and still have it articulate to the existing surgical wing. So, the architects played with the triangular concept and came up with a curved design on the east side of the new building. There was some controversy with this design because the construction cost would be higher for such a curve. Ben Earl, the owner of his own construction firm, rightfully pointed out that it is more expensive to build based on a curved design than a design with right angles. However, the estimated increased cost associated with the curve was about \$900,000. With a project of this magnitude, this was thought to be a reasonable additional cost to enhance the appeal of the design.

These are just a few of the many interesting facts about Methodist Hospital in the 1990s that could get lost as time moves on. We are proud of our close working relationship with the City of Arcadia and celebrate with the city and its residents one hundred years of service to our community.

Dennis M. Lee has been the chief operating officer at Arcadia Methodist Hospital since 1991. He lives in Chapman Woods, California.

A PHYSICIAN'S LIFE WELL LIVED

by Rev. Brenda Simonds

It is no small wonder that the first soap operas and the most current Emmy winning TV shows take place in hospital settings. Over a one-hundred-year history shared with the City of Arcadia, Methodist Hospital has participated in the life stories of countless people, each one of them unique and special in its own way.

I have spent the last twenty-three years of my life serving as the chaplain at Methodist Hospital. I have been blessed by the examples that patients, their families, and staff have offered through their courage, selflessness, and even through their fears and their brokenness. But in any case, their lives have offered me important life lessons. More than anything, I have learned that in observing the lives of others we can find direction for our own lives. God has inspired me when I watch a physician spend his summer vacation in a primitive village in Haiti using his skills and compassion to tend to the desperate physical needs of people. I have also been inspired in the intensive-care unit when I watch a son having to say good-bye to a parent he has not talked to for nine years over some forgotten dispute. I have learned to seek qualities that have been modeled, and I have been called to accountability for qualities in myself that I need to unlearn.

Shortly after I became director of pastoral care, I received a telephone call from a woman named Marge Garrett. She said that my predecessor Paul Johenk had baptized her daughter and several other children in the family in the hospital chapel. This had become a meaningful tradition in their family that they wanted to continue. I became curious and wanted to find out why.

Marge's father Robert O. Wilson was born to Methodist missionaries in Nanking, China in 1906. His parents and an uncle helped shape many of Nanking's educational institutions. Robert spent much of his childhood in Nanking. As a teen, he studied geometry from Pearl S. Buck who was a neighbor in Nanking. Robert was an exceptionally bright child and he was given a scholarship to attend Princeton University at the age of seventeen. After teaching two years of Latin and mathematics in a high school, he enrolled in Harvard Medical School, serving his internship at St. Luke's Hospital in New York. It was there that he met and fell in love with the head nurse Marjorie. They were married and in 1935 he and his new bride headed for his hometown of Nanking, where he began his medical practice at the Nanking University Hospital.

They enjoyed life in Nanking for the first two years until the threat of war with the Japanese began. When the Japanese started bombing Nanking, which

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was the capital at that time, Dr. Bob (as his friends and colleagues called him) sent his wife and their infant daughter Elizabeth back to the United States for safety. The Chinese were his people and he decided to stay.

As the horrors of war became more and more threatening, many physicians left Nanking. Dr. Bob would be the only surgeon to stay, even though he knew that the Japanese had no qualms about bombing hospitals.

As the Japanese invaded the city, the atrocities grew and Dr. Bob tirelessly cared for Chinese soldiers and civilians. Thousands of civilian men were tortured and murdered. The women were raped and tortured and often killed without mercy. Dr. Bob was shocked and horrified by the inhumanity that he witnessed but could do little to stop it. However, this did not stop him from confronting Japanese soldiers who constantly threatened him; he expected to be shot in the back at any time.

The Nanking University Hospital became a refugee camp because Dr. Bob refused to discharge patients who had no safe place to go. He worked with almost superhuman strength. His selflessness is remembered almost sixty years later by survivors who spoke of Dr. Bob with great reverence. His family sincerely believes that his faith and his love for China gave him the courage he needed to survive.

After leaving China, Dr. Bob returned to the United States, joined the United State Army, and was stationed in Panama. While he was in the army, his second daughter Marge was born.

Dr. Bob's parents, by now retired missionaries, had moved to Arcadia. Dr. Bob's wife Marjorie and children joined his parents in Arcadia while waiting to be reunited with Dr. Bob. After the war, Dr. Bob and his family made their home in Arcadia and Dr. Bob began his medical practice at St. Luke's Hospital in Pasadena. The Wilson's third child Robert Jr. was born at St. Luke's Hospital. Not long after arriving in Arcadia, Dr. Bob formed a partnership that would become the Arcadia Medical Clinic with his partner Dr. J. Kendall Mc Bane. Over the years, several prominent physicians including his good friend Dr. Julian Love would practice with Dr. Bob.

When Dr. Bob heard that the Methodist Hospital was looking to move out of the downtown Los Angeles area, he became active in petitioning the powers that be to find a way for the hospital to move to Arcadia. Dr. Bob became the first chief of surgery at the new Methodist Hospital facility in Arcadia.

Dr. Bob was also active in the community. He and Marjorie were among the first members of the newly established Methodist Church of the Good Shepherd on Duarte Road in Arcadia; they were active in all aspects of the church. He was also a member of the Arcadia Rotary Club and the Rogues, which promoted blood donations for the Red Cross. He played golf, chess, bridge, and the piano,

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and he lived a full and productive life. He died at the young age of sixty-one from a heart attack suffered during gall-bladder surgery on November 16, 1967.

In honor of Dr. Bob's heroic background in Nanking, his influence in establishing Methodist Hospital in Arcadia, and his medical contribution to the community, the hospital's board of directors dedicated the then new chapel to his memory.

Dr. Bob died just months before his daughter Marge gave birth to her third child, Janel. In helping the family deal with their loss, Marge decided to have her baby baptized in the chapel named for her father. Paul Johenk, the chaplain of the hospital and a friend of Dr. Bob, baptized Janel and Robert Jr.'s two children, Timothy and Emily Wilson, before he retired.

Upon Paul Johenk's retirement after twenty-five years at the Methodist Hospital, I became chaplain. I was honored when Janel called to ask me if I would baptize her daughter Morgan in the chapel where she had been baptized twenty-nine years earlier. In following years, I baptized two more of Janel's children. Her second child Salvatore (Torre) was the last child baptized in the Robert O. Wilson chapel, as a new and larger chapel was built at the hospital. Janel's youngest child Nicholas was the first child baptized in the new chapel in the baptismal font dedicated to the legacy of Dr. Robert O. Wilson. At that baptism in 2002, we were greatly honored to present Marjorie Wilson, ninety-four years old, with the plaque that the board of directors first hung in the chapel in honor of Dr. Bob.

Rev. Brenda Simonds is the director of pastoral care at Methodist Hospital in Arcadia. She credits *The Rape of Nanking: The Forgotten Holocaust of World War II* by Iris Chang (Penguin Books, Ltd., England, 1997) for some of the historical information in her essay.

MY NEIGHBORS

by Loretta Huang

Arcadia is a City of Love. Ever since the first day I moved to Wistaria Avenue in 1993, I have had the blessing of living next door to two great Arcadians who practice the virtue of love every day. They are the much-adored William (Bill as I always call him) and Arlene Marshall.

On February 1, 1997, I was injured at work. The swelling knee left me on crutches and unable to walk. Ever since that day, Bill has been ferrying my trash cans from the street into the backyard for me. To date, he has done this incredible deed of kindness for 308 weeks, traveling 28,644 yards in total! I once wrote to him, thanking him and suggesting that he retire from the “unpaid job,” as my knee was fine after nearly six years. When he saw me the next day, he light-heartedly joked, “Are you trying to fire me?” Each time when I see the empty trash cans sitting in their place in the yard, I always send warm thoughts to my kind neighbors and precious friends who take such good care of me.

The Marshalls always watch out for me—morning, afternoon, and night! When I was burglarized twice and robbed once in front of my house, Bill and Arlene promptly came to my rescue and support. One late afternoon, I returned home exhausted. I parked my car in the driveway, instead of in the garage as usual. I went into the house for a short nap before my next engagement in a couple of hours. While I was resting, Arlene telephoned and asked whether I was all right. I responded that I was fine and went back napping. When I was about to leave for the evening event, I noticed a police vehicle in front of the Marshall’s house. An officer promptly approached me and asked kindly whether I was okay. I responded cheerfully that I was fine, thanked the officer and left for the appointment. The next day, I found out that Arlene had called the police to check on my well-being because of all the “suspicious signs”—the unusual parking in the driveway, my dull voice on the phone, and the quiet, dark house. They suspected foul play against their “fair neighbor”!

Both Bill and Arlene are enthused horticulturalists. They planted an ever-green ground cover and annually beautify the flowerbeds that lie between our houses. One year, my daughter Grace brought home bare-root cherry bushes as hedges for the front yard. The following year, to my great joy and surprise, I found huge cherries hanging on the bushes. We were all greatly amused when I realized that those were not the “real crop,” as Arlene had tied succulent Bing cherries on the branches! When the real cherry crop ripened the subsequent year, we had great pleasure picking and sampling the tiny, sour cherries, for the taste of friendship was grand and sweet!

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Another time, I had a serious engine oil-leak and a huge puddle of oil soiled my garage. Due to a demanding schedule at work that kept me busy day and night for a couple of days, I was unable to take care of the messy spill. However, Bill took the time and energy to make my garage floor spotless while I was away! There was no way to ever reciprocate his kindness, but I treated Bill and Arlene to one of his favorite meals at Edward's Steakhouse.

I feel that my house is an annex of the Marshalls' and their family has adopted me. Their numerous kind deeds surely demonstrate that loving neighbors like Bill and Arlene are true treasures of Arcadia!

From the bottom of my heart, I dedicate this account of love to dear Bill and Arlene Marshall in commemoration of Arcadia's joyful Centennial in 2003.

Loretta Huang has lived in Arcadia since 1993. She is a member of the Arcadia Centennial Commission. She credits *Luke 10:27* and *Leviticus 19:18* as inspiration for this essay about her neighbors.

TWICE-SOLD TALES: LIBRARY SUPPORT FROM THE FRIENDS

by Doris and Jerry Selmer

Webster's Dictionary defines the word "friend" as "a person who gives assistance; a patron; a supporter"—as in Friends of the Arcadia Public Library. Members of this group feel a special affection for our library ever since the organization was founded in 1956.

Everybody knows to go to our library for books. But how many people realize the funds this group raises every year for the betterment of this precious cultural and educational resource? Since its founding, the Friends have provided significant private financial support for our library.

From the beginning, the Friends have relied on the public to turn in their unwanted books for resale. The funds raised from these "Twice-Sold Tales" are the primary source of the financial support that the Friends provide.

The pioneering leadership in this effort came from long-time resident Cay Mortenson (for whom our library's auditorium is now named). She established and supervised an annual book sale that was a prominent event in Arcadia beginning in 1960. The book sale was held one weekend each year and featured a wide variety of categories and low prices. Volunteers spent long hours throughout the year in the basement of the library sorting, pricing and boxing books. In the hours before the sale, additional Friends appeared to unpack and arrange the books by category on display tables in the auditorium. Other Friends staffed the checkout tables and collected the money. Indeed, at times the auditorium resembled more of a "free-for-all" than a book sale. It really was a "happening."

The first sale began on a small scale with total receipts that year of \$447. At the time of the final yearly book sale in 1994, that amount had increased to \$10,782. It takes a huge number of books to make up that figure since most of the items were priced between twenty-five cents and five dollars. The total generated from all the annual sales was approximately \$163,000.

With the remodeling of the library in the mid-1990s, it was agreed that the Friends should have space for an ongoing used-book store. This store opened in October of 1996 and has been a most successful operation. Since its beginning through December of 2002, the store sales have generated income amounting to over \$131,000. Volunteers staff this facility seven hours a day, six days a week. Without their loyalty this endeavor would be impossible.

Donated books are also sorted carefully to provide items for the ongoing silent auction. This popular activity is in its nineteenth year with total income

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realized of approximately \$33,000. The excitement builds when several active bidders vie for the same publication. Through the years, the Friends have also sponsored seven live auctions with guest auctioneers for a total income of \$20,000. There is a twenty-five-cent book cart for patrons to pick and purchase somewhat worn, but readable copies of a variety of titles. In addition, we have also conducted a number of specialized sales that have produced further revenue.

After forty-six years of collecting, sorting, pricing, and selling books, the Friends are proud of raising a grand total of \$334,000, all of which has been used to help support the myriad operations of the library. Unfortunately, we have no idea of the total amount of the countless volunteer hours that the Friends have contributed.

The Friends of the Arcadia Public Library understand Webster's definition of the word "friend." They have been friends to the library, friends to the community, and plan to continue in the same way in the years to come.

Doris and Jerry Selmer have lived in Arcadia since 1960. They are lifetime members of the Friends of the Arcadia Public Library. Doris served two terms on the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees from 1983 to 1991. Jerry has been a member of the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees since 1998.

SECRETS OF THE ARCADIA WELFARE AND THRIFT SHOP

by Jo Ann Scott

The Arcadia Welfare and Thrift Shop is more than a resale store located at 323 North First Avenue in Arcadia. It is the home of a welfare program that assists as many as fifty to seventy needy individuals each month. It is where sales of donated clothing, appliances, furniture, books, and other items make that welfare program possible. "It's probably one of the best kept secrets in Arcadia," according to Ruth Gilb, a long-time supporter, volunteer, and past-president of the Arcadia Welfare and Thrift Shop board of directors.

The thrift shop opened on October 28, 1931, at a time when people had more time on their hands than money. The original intent of founders Elrena Ellison, Jane Adcock, and Ellen Norris was to provide food and clothing for families hard hit by the Depression. While tending to the needs of the people in the early 1930s, they also set the guidelines for future years of service to the community. Their vision was to have each member of the community acting as a shareholder in the participation of its welfare activities.

Through the years, this vision has been reaffirmed every December with community participation in the White Christmas program. The program began back in the early 1930s when Elsie Porri, principal of Holly Avenue School, suggested that instead of the usual exchange of Christmas gifts, the teaching staff bring flour, sugar, and other staples to give as gifts to families in need. "In December, the White Christmas project brings together churches, Parent Teacher Association, organizations, service clubs, police department, school children, and private citizens, each sharing what they have with others not as fortunate," according to a 1965 article in the *Arcadia Tribune*. "What they give is not welfare, but an overflowing of the Christmas spirit."

Each year since its inception, the annual White Christmas program has assisted hundreds of families. Donations from individuals and various community organizations are used to purchase food and clothing certificates, toys, and gifts, while Arcadia school children contribute canned goods for food baskets.

In December 1979, an editorial in the *Arcadia Tribune* pointed out that "White Christmas has a special meaning in Arcadia where there hasn't been snow on the ground since the 1940s. Our first memory of White Christmas in Arcadia is of children solemnly marching to the front of the cafetorium to deposit their white-wrapped gifts of canned food under the tree, later to be picked up, sorted and put into baskets for needy families. Through the years the custom has continued with some slight modifications. The need, even in this so-called affluent community, is still there."

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The first thrift shop was located down the street from the current facility on First Avenue. Faced with financial problems in the early years, it was operated by the Community Chest, which later loaned funds to purchase the existing premises. Chartered in 1948, Arcadia Welfare and Thrift Shop remained a member of the Community Chest until 1960, when it became selfsupporting.

In addition to making clothing and household items available at more affordable prices, the thrift shop is a source for props used in school plays. A large book and magazine inventory has also been useful in preparing many school reports through the years. But it is also important to note that proceeds from sales at the thrift shop make possible a welfare program that assists many individuals each month. Recipients might be given such things as canned food, clothing, grocery gift certificates, gasoline, lodging, and Meals on Wheels certificates, as well as rent and utilities assistance. A limited amount of transient aid is given in the form of clothing, meals, transportation, or a night's lodging. If a transient is able and willing, he or she is given the privilege of working in the thrift shop in exchange for any needed help.

Requests for assistance are handled confidentially by a trained case worker who is available for emergencies on a twenty-four-hour basis. Services range from immediate, short-term aid to obtaining expert counseling services for personal or family problems. The primary aim is to help people help themselves; not only to become self-supporting, but to be substantial and useful citizens.

"Hidden Poverty Coexists with Arcadia Affluence" was the headline of an *Arcadia Tribune* article in 1969. Reporter Tom Livingston wrote, "Hidden behind attractive apartment walls, cramped into houses behind houses and secluded along alleys, Arcadia's poor scratch out a living in the third wealthiest city in California." The writer went on to point out that the Arcadia Welfare and Thrift Shop helps these people who are temporarily in need of assistance.

Arcadia Welfare and Thrift Shop is a nonprofit organization governed by an unpaid board of directors. Donations of clothing and household goods, as well as money, keep the shop in business. To this day, the thrift shop continues to assist persons of limited income by making needed items available at a low cost and raising revenue for temporary emergency aid.

A motto found on in a 1959 brochure for the Arcadia Welfare and Thrift Shop says it all: "Your help helps us to help others."

Jo Ann Scott has lived in Arcadia since 1961. She is a member of the Arcadia Centennial Commission. She served two terms on the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees. She is past president of Assistance League of Arcadia, Arcadia Public Library Foundation, Highland Oaks Elementary School PTA, and Arcadia Council PTA.

TEDDY BEARS FROM ARCADIA

by Sylvia Bartlett

Hillsides Home for Children is a residential and community treatment center that creates safe places for children at risk and their families. Children living at Hillsides have been abused, abandoned, or neglected and may suffer from severe emotional disturbances. Located in southwest Pasadena, the facility serves children from all of the San Gabriel Valley including Arcadia.

Beginning in 1984, a small group of tennis players who competed primarily at the Arcadia County Park tennis courts decided to add a new activity to the group's annual Christmas party. With the invitations that year, the invitees were requested to bring an unwrapped Teddy Bear or other stuffed animal to the party to be donated to the then fifty-seven residents of Hillsides.

I decided to spearhead this effort because of the obvious need. The social workers involved in the Hillsides programs on campus and in the community saw the immediate success of the project with the happiness it brought to the children who received bears. They requested that additional animals be found for their children if possible.

The Teddy Bear Collection Project was soon expanded with its adoption by the staff at Dorn Realty, a local real-estate company established in Arcadia in 1937. The agents solicited both clients and friends at Christmastime. More than two hundred stuffed animals were donated that first year. The animals were given not only to the residents of Hillsides, but also to students at its educational center, teenagers at its two off-campus sites, and the children of the families within the community served by its "Families Together" outreach program.

Since 1996, Dilbeck GMAC Real Estate (the new owner and name of Dorn Realty) has continued this tradition. The Arcadia tennis ladies' annual Christmas party, which celebrated its thirtieth anniversary in 2002, also continues with its annual collection. More than three hundred stuffed animals were collected and donated this past Christmas.

Many Arcadia residents have involved their own families, businesses, and organizations (including many Girl Scout troops) in collecting stuffed animals for the children of Hillsides. As Arcadia celebrates its Centennial, we can be proud of Arcadia's participation in this happy project, which is truly in the spirit of the Christmas season.

Sylvia Bartlett collects Teddy Bears and sponsors an annual charity tennis tournament for Hillsides Home for Children. She has lived in Arcadia for thirty-six years.

ARCADIA EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION: A UNIQUE COMMUNITY PARTNERSHIP

by Doug Failing

In 1981, a group of parents and community leaders committed to preserving academic excellence in the Arcadia Unified School District founded the Arcadia Educational Foundation (AEF). The establishment of this nonprofit organization was largely in response to substantially reduced federal and state funding for California public schools.

The foundation's sole purpose is to raise funds for the Arcadia Unified School District. It is administered by a board of trustees made up of volunteers representing each of Arcadia's ten public schools. Nearly one hundred percent of all funds raised benefit the more than eight thousand elementary, middle, and high school students in the school district. AEF is the single largest financial booster of the Arcadia Unified School District, which is the second-lowest state funded school district in the Los Angeles County and the fifth-lowest in California.

Over the last twenty-two years, AEF has contributed in excess of \$4.5 million to a wide range of urgently needed instructional materials, computer software, science lab renovations, teacher enrichment grants, college scholarships for students, musical instruments, and library media centers. It spearheaded a capital campaign that successfully raised the necessary funds to implement the school district's Technology Master Plan. It provides \$25,000 in annual teacher grants to add valuable equipment and instructional aid in the classroom, and also awards \$10,000 in annual college scholarships to Arcadia High School seniors.

During the school year, AEF sponsors and administers drama, music, and Spanish classes at many of the elementary schools that benefit over three hundred students. The AEF summer school program at Arcadia schools serves more than twenty-six hundred students by offering enrichment programs for the K-12 grades and academic credit courses for the 9-12 grades. AEF established this private school in 1994 to supplement the education opportunities being provided by the school district. All funds raised by the AEF school are used to provide these programs and any profits are donated to the school district.

Due in part to the many successes of AEF, Arcadia public schools are moving steadily forward when so many other schools in California are foundering. Consider the following:

- Over the last ten years, Arcadia public school students have averaged over thirteen National Merit Finalists per year. Most school districts average less than one National Merit Finalist per year.

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- Each of the three Arcadia middle schools has been designated as a “California Distinguished School.”
- More than ninety percent of Arcadia public school students go on to college. In fact, Arcadia Unified School District students have the highest number of acceptances to University of California campuses of any high school.
- Arcadia student test scores rank in the top fifth percentile of students in California.

The Arcadia Educational Foundation actively supports exceptional learning experiences for the youth of our community. Its mission is to create financial opportunities to raise and distribute funds for new and innovative programs that enrich the Arcadia Unified School District and benefit our students, teachers, and community.

It is a unique community partnership that helps our exceptional students and teachers meet the challenges of today and prepare for the challenges of the future.

Doug Failing is president of the Arcadia Educational Foundation in 2003–2004. He is active with the music clubs at First Avenue Middle School and Arcadia High School. He was also president of the PTA at First Avenue Middle School. He has lived in Arcadia since 1994.

CHAPTER 13

Getting Involved

PHILANTHROPY IN ARCADIA

by Mickey Segal

Philanthropy is a big word that has different meanings to different people. The dictionary defines philanthropy as goodwill toward others or an active effort to support other human beings. Eighteen years ago, when our family arrived in Arcadia, philanthropy to us was a big word with an undefined meaning. Over the ensuing years, the Arcadia community has taught our family about philanthropy and the many different ways to be philanthropic.

How do Arcadians learn about philanthropy? The first lesson in philanthropy comes from a concern about the education of our children. We learn to commit time and effort to the Arcadia schools to insure our children get the best possible education. We learn to give money to PTA events that support our schools and school activities for our children. As our children progress through school, we learn to support other organizations that help our children. These organizations include the Arcadia Educational Foundation, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Arcadia High School Athletic Boosters Club, and Arcadia Music Club. These organizations provide our children with activities that complete the well-rounded education that Arcadia schools deliver every year.

As our children grow, we become more involved in activities in our great city and begin to find ourselves supporting other philanthropic causes. The choices for support in our area are many including Methodist Hospital Foundation, The Wellness Community, Foothill Family Services, Arcadia Coordinating Council's campership program, American Red Cross-Arcadia Chapter, Arcadia Child Health Council, and National Childhood Cancer Foundation. These charities provide a wide range of services for our children and adults in Arcadia. These causes help extend lives and make everyday living better for many members of our community. As we become more active in these philanthropic causes, we learn the level of time and financial commitment that our fellow Arcadians give to these various charities. We learn the importance of

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giving back and helping others. We see incredible examples of philanthropy at work every day in Arcadia.

Over the last eighteen years, each member of our family has become active in the Arcadia community. We have observed and been taught the true meaning of philanthropy. We have witnessed firsthand that Arcadians are true philanthropists. They continue to see the need for giving and helping others. For example, the 2001–2002 Methodist Hospital maternal/child health campaign truly demonstrated that Arcadians have learned the lessons of philanthropy. That campaign raised over \$5 million in just fourteen months. The prior campaigns never raised more than \$2.3 million, even with a longer period of time to raise funds.

Philanthropy is alive and growing in Arcadia. As my fellow Arcadians find the causes that fit their desire to give, philanthropy will continue to thrive in our great city.

Mickey Segal has lived in Arcadia for twenty-one years. He has been a member of the Arcadia City Council since 2000. He was mayor in 2001–2002 and is one of the Centennial Mayors. He is also a board member of Methodist Hospital of Southern California, Methodist Hospital Foundation, United Jewish Welfare Fund, Arcadia Educational Foundation, and Arcadia High School Booster Club. Mickey and his wife Lee were the honorees at the 2003 Crystal Ball held by the Methodist Hospital Foundation.

A HISTORIC DUO

by Linda Garcia

In 2001, with a background of community service that is second to none, Ruth and Charles Gilb gave Arcadia residents the ultimate gift—a home in which to house memorabilia and artifacts that commemorate and celebrate Arcadia's history. An official City of Arcadia facility, the Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum would not have come to be if it were not for the persistence and generosity of this special couple.

With years of public service behind them (and many more to come), the Gilbs were trying to find a way to leave the community with a permanent legacy as we embarked into a new century. It would be a legacy not to themselves, but to the people and events that combined to make Arcadia's first one hundred years rich, interesting, and full of pride. After considering several options, Ruth and Charles decided to approach the city with the idea of building a new historical museum, one that would be able to house and display all of the mementos that had been painstakingly collected for years by members of the Arcadia Historical Society and others. Along with the concept, they offered several hundred thousand dollars to help cover the cost of construction.

The grand idea was to build a place where people could visit to learn, share, reminisce about the past, and look toward the future. School field trips, visitors from out of the area, old and new residents, historians. . . wouldn't it be nice to have a place to celebrate Arcadia's unique history? Art shows, historical displays, special events. . . friends, neighbors, teachers, volunteers. . . all would be brought together for the purpose of celebrating something each of us has in common—an interest in and a love of Arcadia.

On October 20, 2001, the Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum opened to an enthusiastic crowd. As it makes its way, guided by the Arcadia Historical Museum Commission, city staff, and the loving care of the Arcadia Historical Society, the building is becoming increasingly popular. Twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five, even one hundred years from now, people will visit this special place and be amazed at all that has taken place in our city. They will be fascinated by Lucky Baldwin's antics, the city's evolution from ranch to suburb, the creation of a world famous racetrack, the preservation of the region's most beautiful botanic garden, the construction of state-of-the-art health and safety facilities, the precision of the best high school marching band in the state, and the lasting beauty of our community of homes. They will also be impressed with the people who truly make Arcadia what it is—the moms, dads, grandparents, aunts, uncles, educators, public employees, friends, volunteers, veterans,

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artists, poets, authors, athletes, musicians, philanthropists, photographers. . .

In our bicentennial year of 2103, Arcadia's history will still be shining with the brightest light. Our legacy will never fade because of Ruth and Charles Gilb's enduring legacy of foresight, generosity, and service.

Linda Garcia is the communications, marketing, and special projects manager for the City of Arcadia. She has been an Arcadia employee since 1990.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ARCADIA HOT DOGS

by Maryann and Pat Gibson

It is unlikely that there is a single couple in the history of Arcadia that has flipped more hamburgers, cooked more hot dogs, poured more Cokes, set up and put away more folding chairs, or generally logged more volunteer hours in support of this community than Jim and Margaret Barrows.

They raised three kids and put them all through Arcadia schools and the typical programs for Arcadia kids—AYSO Soccer, Little League, softball, band, and many others. Except Jim and Margaret did not just send their kids to these activities, they practically joined in. The Longley Way snack shack was virtually run and staffed by the Barrows single-handedly (or in this case double-handedly). After almost thirty years of practice, Jim makes a mean sno-cone.

For many years, the West Arcadia Band Review was managed by the Barrows. The event has changed its name to Arcadia Festival of Bands, but not its key volunteers—the Barrows are still involved. It is a well-known fact in this town that if you can get one of the Barrows to sign up to chair or work on your committee, you get the team of both Jim and Margaret. It is also a well-known fact that neither of these people knows the meaning of the word “no,” so you do not often hear it from either of them.

Hardly an April goes by that you do not see the Jim and Margaret team putting up campaign signs on neighbors’ lawns in support of their favorite candidates. In Arcadia, the savvy politician signs up Jim and Margaret for this task even before pulling candidate papers.

Now that their kids have all graduated from college, it might be expected that they would retire from all this volunteer stuff. Not a chance! Having the kids gone and Jim being retired from his job at Edison simply give both Jim and Margaret more time to do other volunteer work. Margaret works as the librarian at Baldwin Stocker Elementary School (she is paid for three hours a day, but typically spends about six hours a day there). One of her tasks is to keep Jim out of the library because he teaches the kids filing “shortcuts” that take Margaret days to unscramble. Jim serves as a lunchtime kindergarten proctor at Baldwin Stocker—a job that he says is the hardest eight hours of work he ever put in over a two-hour period. He now has a greater respect for kindergarten teachers. Jim is on the Arcadia Recreation and Parks Commission. Both Jim and Margaret serve on the Arcadia Centennial Commission and are volunteer patrol officers for the Arcadia Police Department. They were also both active in the Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association and spent at least two years as director(s) of fields for AYSO—by far the hardest and most thankless AYSO job.

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When Arcadia High School wanted to find someone to manage the football/track/baseball snack shack, the choice was obvious. Jim (read Jim and Margaret) orders the food, manages the volunteer staff, runs the “chefs,” monitors the inventory, does the accounting, and spends every event in the snack shack to make sure things are running right. All this so that other volunteer groups can use the snack shack as a fundraising opportunity.

Arcadia’s summer concert series, Holiday Festival, and Lucky Baldwin Day community picnic are staffed by the volunteer Barrows and, like many other events in town, they simply run better because the Barrows were involved in the planning, execution, and clean-up of the event. They get no (nor do they seek) credit for their participation. They just show up and do whatever job is needed.

Jim and Margaret have been part of this community for almost thirty percent of its history. Each year has been filled with community projects and committee assignments that benefit from their hard work to make this a better place for our kids.

Arcadia is a special place to live and raise families. Jim and Margaret Barrows are two of the special people who make Arcadia great.

Maryann Gibson has lived in Arcadia since 1979. She is serving her fourth term as a member of the Arcadia Board of Education. She was president of the Arcadia Council PTA in 1989–1991.

Pat Gibson has lived in Arcadia for twenty-four years. He served on the Arcadia Recreation and Parks Commission from 1986 to 1992 and 1995 to 2003, and is a former commissioner of Region 2 (Sierra Madre/Arcadia) of the American Youth Soccer Organization.

TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE

by Paul Yeh

When my wife Rose and I first arrived in Arcadia fifteen years ago, we were attracted by the friendliness and tranquility present, as well as the wonderful education system. We enrolled our son Jon in kindergarten at Highland Oaks Elementary School and he attended Arcadia schools through high school. For the most part, school was smooth sailing for Jon, Rose, and me. However, on Jon's first day at Arcadia High School, a dilemma arose. As I dropped my son off that morning, I was appalled at the amount of traffic present. Parents were speeding and double-parking everywhere, while students scrambled to cross Duarte Road and Campus Drive to get to the high school campus. I decided something had to be done.

I contacted Gary Kovacic, Arcadia's mayor at the time, and presented my concerns. Unconvinced the meeting would have an impact on the situation, I tossed his business card in the trash. In my mind, politicians are polite but hardly ever take action. Much to my surprise, Gary called me back a couple days later and guided me through the process required to implement my proposed changes. First, I needed to present my case to Ed Cline, the city's traffic engineer and an Arcadia resident. With my friend Mike Green, I met with Ed to address our concerns. Ed was very helpful as well, and we worked together to make proper adjustments to my proposed solutions.

With the help of Lee Segal (Arcadia High School PTA president at the time), and other parents, we formed a traffic safety committee to analyze the situation and gather support for our proposals. In 2000, the committee in coordination with Arcadia's development services department reviewed the numerous issues and developed alternatives for consideration. After reviewing many concepts, the city approved the enlargement of the passenger drop-off and loading zones. Perhaps most importantly, the city also approved the installation of a new traffic signal at the mid-block Campus Drive crosswalk to facilitate pedestrian crossings.

By bringing devoted community leaders and concerned parents together, we were able to make the streets surrounding Arcadia High School safer. It was a great experience to work with everyone in the community as a team.

Arcadia, what a wonderful city in which to live!

Paul Yeh moved to Arcadia in 1987. He has been involved with the "Designing Dads" support group at Highland Oaks Elementary School, Chinese Parents Club at Foothills Middle School, and the traffic safety committee of the Arcadia High School PTSA.

AN ARCADIA COUPLE

by Mary Ball

Arcadia means Mildred and Warren Shaw to their multitude of friends and admirers.

For fifty years, these delightful Arcadians have been leaders of city commissions, county committees, and state associations. Their contributions of leadership, membership, and financial support have given Arcadia a reputation of stability, security, and hospitality.

Warren's engineering background, including service with the United State Air Force for eleven years and at Aerojet for another twenty-five years, greatly benefitted Arcadia. He was a leading member of the city's Senior Citizens Commission and its committees that helped establish the Arcadia Community Center, paramedic ambulance insurance program, congregate meals program, and IRS service center for seniors. He also contributed countless hours to the American Red Cross-Arcadia Chapter's disaster action and earthquake preparedness teams, Arcadia Coordinating Council, Arcadia Welfare and Thrift Shop board of directors, Citizens Organized for a Police Station (COPS), and Church of the Good Shepherd board of trustees. There have been even more presidencies and leadership roles with the Lions, Arcadia Historical Society, Santa Anita Bowling Green Club, and Senior Men's Club.

For all of the above, Warren Shaw has received, and truly deserved, trophies and awards from the City of Arcadia, County of Los Angeles, and State of California. He believes his greatest award is all the friends he has made and the satisfaction he gets from being useful.

Mildred Shaw stands side-by-side with Warren in service given and rewards received. For twenty-seven years, she was an audio-visual aides coordinator, librarian, art consultant, and instructional services consultant for the Duarte Unified School District. Upon retirement, she helped organize a local division of the California Retired Teachers Association and served as its president for fourteen years, before she became blind. She served as president of the Arcadia Historical Society and on its board of directors for six years. She has also been a member and officer of the Arboretum District of Garden Clubs, Friends of the Arcadia Public Library, Arcadia Branch of the American Association of University Women, the Arcadianns, Delta Kappa Gamma, Floralia (a group dedicated to the study of floral arrangements), Santa Anita Bowling Green Club, and Church of Good Shepherd Foundation board of trustees.

Mildred has written for *School Arts Magazine*, *Instructor Magazine*, *Grade Teachers Magazine*, *Arts and Activities Magazine*, and was staff writer for

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California State Garden Clubs Magazine. Also, she wrote articles for all the newsletters of her clubs and associations. Warren is currently working on a collection of Mildred's writing.

If you enter the Arcadia Public Library, Methodist Hospital, City of Hope, Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum, Church of Good Shepherd, or the Arcadia City Hall, you will find the names of Mildred and Warren engraved on the walls to commemorate their generous support. Each of them has been honored as Arcadia's Senior Citizen of the Year. They are truly a "couple for all seasons."

Mary Ball has lived in Arcadia since 1999. She is a docent at the Charles and Ruth Gilb Arcadia History Museum.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ARCADIA VOLUNTEER

by Kathy Kimball

I can still remember the spring day in 1983 when our realtor suggested that we look at the community of Arcadia. It was one of those days when the sky was crystal clear against the backdrop of the mountains. One of our first priorities in finding a new home was a safe community with an excellent school system. As we traveled north up Santa Anita Avenue, I took particular note of Highland Oaks Elementary School and thought what a wonderful neighborhood school it would be for our then eighteen-month-old son. As we pulled up to a home on Rodeo Road, we knew that we had found the perfect home, and community to raise our family. The realtor made a very easy sale that day.

Eventually our family expanded to three sons who all attended Highland Oaks Elementary School. Little did I know when I attended my first PTA meeting at Highland Oaks that one day I would be president of the PTA there. Although I had done some limited volunteer work before having our children, I remember how intimidated I felt at that first PTA meeting. I had never seen such a dedicated group of parent volunteers. I marveled that these women were raising children and finding the time to volunteer, too. Initially, I only felt comfortable taking very small jobs. Well, one small job led to many big jobs and, before I knew it, I was president of the Highland Oaks PTA.

From that first small step of taking on a small job, I eventually found myself serving as Arcadia Council PTA president for two terms, president of the Arcadia High School PTSA and executive board member of the First District PTA. I also became co-chair of the "Mentor Mom" program and Grad Night 2003 at Arcadia High School. These volunteer activities soon led to other community and church-related volunteer activities.

Currently, I am in my second term as chair of Arcadia's Youth Services Coordinating Council. This has been a very exciting time for the council. Thanks to a financial partnership between the City of Arcadia and the Arcadia Unified School District, the cafeteria at Arcadia High School was remodeled and renamed "The Apache Pit." This facility is open Monday through Thursday afternoons to all high school-age students in Arcadia. Students have the opportunity to play pool, board games, and ping pong, study or just hang out with friends. Leaders from the Arcadia Recreation and Community Services Department provide supervision. For a nominal fee, students can enjoy a variety of chai teas, smoothies, and cappuccinos. Our council is indebted to the city and the school district for making "The Apache Pit" possible and giving our students a safe place to spend the afternoon.

Chapter 13. Getting Involved

Although I have many fond volunteer memories, one of my fondest memories is my involvement with the “Tea, Language and Craft” (TLC) program that was started at Highland Oaks Elementary School by parent Hsiang Hsiang Huang in 1994. The TLC program was designed to bring people of different ethnic backgrounds together to do a craft, share traditions, and enjoy refreshments. Language was not a barrier doing a craft. We all learned that we were much more alike than we were different. The TLC program was so successful that it was soon adopted by other district schools including Hugo Reid Elementary School and Foothills Middle School.

Another of my memorable volunteer activities has been with the intercultural group at the Arcadia Unified School District. Monthly meetings bring people from every ethnic background together. Meeting topics have included sharing traditions and holidays, travelogues, field trips, and even tips on the etiquette of dating in the United States. Once a year, the intercultural group and the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce sponsor an intercultural dinner at the Arcadia Community Center. There is a different culture featured each year. The dinner in 2002 celebrated “The British Isles” complete with shepherd’s pie and bagpipers from Foothills Middle School. This special evening has become so popular that it is sold out every year. This is another example of the partnership that exists between the city and the school district, and underscores how our community embraces diversity.

I am often asked what motivates me to volunteer. Volunteering has given me tremendous personal fulfillment, and I have gained the friendships of many people who I would not ordinarily have had an opportunity to meet.

Every day when I drive past Highland Oaks Elementary School, I am reminded of that spring day in 1983 when I first drove up Santa Anita Avenue. My oldest son is now in college, and my twin sons will graduate from Arcadia High School with the Class of 2003. I will always remember my volunteer days in Arcadia and be grateful to the realtor who introduced our family to such a special community.

Kathy Kimball has been president of the Highland Oaks Elementary School PTA, Arcadia High School PTSA, and Arcadia Council PTA (two terms). She is currently chair of Arcadia’s Youth Services Coordinating Council. She has lived in Arcadia since 1983.

VOLUNTEERING IS COLOR BLIND

by Hsiang Hsiang Huang

My name is Hsiang Hsiang Huang, an uncommon name in America. I am a Chinese immigrant who moved to Arcadia with my husband Gene, a more common name, and my daughter Mitzi, who Americanized her name herself after seeing a lovely cheerleader by that name at Chuck E. Cheese's restaurant. We moved in 1986.

When Mitzi was three years old (I won't tell you how old I was), we sent her to the Sierra Madre Community Nursery School and were introduced to parental involvement American-style by the Arcadian mothers. Room-mothers and parents volunteering in the classroom were new concepts for me as an Asian American parent. But it didn't stop there.

When Mitzi entered kindergarten at Highland Oaks Elementary School, she joined the Indian Princesses program sponsored by the YMCA. Busy fathers put aside a few hours each month to volunteer their time and share experiences with their daughters and with each other. Some of the parents became best friends through this volunteering activity.

As an Asian American, naturally I am interested in fostering good understanding among people with different cultural backgrounds. I joined the PTA at Highland Oaks and started volunteering with other parents to promote and create programs within the community that foster unity and to assist parents in developing the skills they need to nurture children. Arcadians are a unique blend of rich and diverse cultures. In order to foster the most positive atmosphere for our students, parents, and community members, it is important for everyone to communicate with one another both within our own cultures as well as between our cultures. Prejudice often becomes endemic when we separate ourselves into groups that are defined by our ethnic or culture background. Therefore we must make every effort to come together to learn about one another with respect and honesty.

Over the years, I have been fortunate enough to have gone to several statewide PTA conventions as a representative from the Arcadia schools. It is very heartening to find that there are so many parents willing to volunteer their time and money to participate in their children's schools. It always makes me proud that, whenever we have discussions about innovative programs that would further benefit the schools and communities, Arcadians always are among the leaders of the pack.

On January 29, 2002, President George W. Bush said, "My call tonight is for every American to commit at least two years, four thousand hours, over the

Chapter 13. Getting Involved

rest of your lifetime, to the service of your neighbors and your nation. Many are already serving, and I thank you." America has a proud tradition of neighbor helping neighbor. It is evident that we, as Arcadians, set a shining example on volunteerism. I think what makes Arcadia such a great community is that whatever we Arcadians pursue, we are mindful of why good race-relations are a key in multicultural America.

Hsiang Hsiang Huang moved to Arcadia in 1986. She has been very active in the Assistance League of Arcadia, Methodist Hospital Foundation, and PTA.

A MAN WITH A VISION

by Sue Nevin

In 1994, during his term as a member of the Arcadia Library Board of Trustees, Jesse Vanlandingham (known to his friends as “Van”) realized the need to establish a library foundation. The Arcadia City Council had just approved funds to renovate and expand the library. Additional funds were still needed for the interior of library—basics such as reading chairs, tables, cabinets, carrels, and computers to name a few.

In 1995, the Arcadia Public Library Foundation was formed with Van as president. A capital campaign goal of \$1,219,700 was established for fundraising. A brochure was published offering pledges and “naming” opportunities for individual items that were necessary for the functions of a well-run library. Van was determined to reach the goal that was set. His motivating philosophy was “if you don’t ask, you don’t get.”

In 2000, the foundation’s goal for funding was completed, a donor recognition wall was installed, and an endowment fund established. The foundation board voted to renovate the south patio off of the library’s main reading room as a tranquil respite for library patrons and dedicate it to Van. Unfortunately, Van became seriously ill and passed away in August 2000.

In 2001, the patio area became a garden memorial for Van, complete with a bubbling fountain. It was funded entirely by friends of Van and the H. N. and Frances C. Berger Foundation. A permanent wooden plaque with Van’s photo and an inscription is mounted on the interior library wall next to the patio. The inscription states, “Through his vision Jesse Vanlandingham made learning and knowledge part of our lives.”

Today, the Arcadia Public Library Foundation continues the vision of Jesse Vanlandingham: to improve, secure, and provide funds for new services, equipment, and special enhancements for the library.

Sue Nevin was a forty-two-year resident of Arcadia. She was extremely active in numerous community activities including the PTA, Arcadia High School Athletic Booster Club, Assistance League of Arcadia, Foothill Area Panhellenic Alumnae Association, and the Arcadia Public Library Foundation. She died on January 28, 2003.

MAJOR INVESTIGATIONS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE SENIOR CITIZENS COMMISSION

by Warren C. Shaw

The Senior Citizens Commission was established by the Arcadia City Council in 1978. Since its founding, the commission has been challenged to conduct several major investigations into special projects concerning senior citizens. The following is a summary of the commission's investigations and accomplishments from 1978 through 1995.

The commission's first major task was trying to accommodate the need for low-cost housing for Arcadia senior citizens. At that time, apartment rents in Arcadia were being raised substantially each year. Many long-time Arcadia senior citizens were being forced to move to other cities. The commission researched financing, available sites, types of facilities, and management. The result was the development of Naomi Gardens, a low-income senior housing project that opened in Arcadia on March 26, 1986. The U. S. Department of Housing and Urban Development managed the project. Renting of the units was open to any low-income senior citizen who wanted to apply. Because of the overwhelming number of applicants, no Arcadia senior citizen was successful in securing a unit. This was a disappointment to the commissioners. Although the initial objective of providing low-income housing for existing Arcadia residents was not met, the project provided a benefit because the low-income senior residents of Naomi Gardens are now contributing members of our community.

In 1982, there was a great deal of discussion concerning the need for a senior center in Arcadia. The Senior Citizens Commission appointed an ad-hoc committee to study the matter and submit recommendations to the full commission. The committee made formal visits to the Los Angeles County Area Agency on Aging and senior centers in ten cities. A list of about twenty questions was asked during each visit including: How did you get your funding? What are your operating costs? What services and activities do you provide? How big is your staff? The ad-hoc committee concluded that Arcadia needed a multipurpose senior center, that Arcadia could greatly expand the services and activities it currently provided senior citizens at a very small increase in operating costs, and that the average daily attendance would be greater than two hundred seniors.

After two years of investigation, a twenty-page report was submitted to the City Council recommending that a multipurpose senior center be built in Arcadia. In August 1985, the City Council voted not to build a senior center because of lack of funds. As City finances started to recover during the

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology

1987–1988 budget year, the City Council voted to build a senior center. The Senior Citizens Commission was asked to submit recommendations for the center including layout drawings and a list of needed furniture and equipment. Two months before the dedication of the building, the name of the building was changed from Arcadia Senior Center to Arcadia Community Center. The building was dedicated on July 19, 1991. In October 1991, the City Council adopted a use policy, which gave senior citizens exclusive use of the facility Mondays through Fridays from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Other groups were allowed to use the facility during evenings and on weekends.

The Senior Citizens Commission also received complaints about the high cost of ambulance services because most health insurance companies only paid part of the actual cost. Some senior citizens were refusing to be transported by ambulance because of the financial and emotional stress caused by the experience. An investigation found that the services provided by Arcadia Fire Department paramedics were more extensive than those provided by private ambulance companies, and in line with Los Angeles County paramedic practices. The commission learned that three Orange County cities had a paramedic insurance program. The cities were contacted and the commission received copies of their insurance policies and procedures. The commission presented its investigation to Arcadia's fire chief, who had also been investigating the idea of a subscription ambulance service for all residents. In 1994, with the full support of the Senior Citizens Commission, the Arcadia paramedic ambulance insurance program was started for a nominal fee, solving the problem of high ambulance costs for participants.

In September 1993, the Senior Citizens Commission asked its special projects committee to look into the need for congregate meals for senior citizens in Arcadia. Committee members met with three agencies that provided meals to seniors in Los Angeles County, visited their kitchens, and ate meals at several senior centers. They talked with staff and the seniors eating the meals. After a thorough investigation, a recommendation to begin a congregate meals program was sent to the Arcadia City Council. However, Arcadia's application for such a program was not approved by the Los Angeles County Area Agency on Aging because Arcadia had too low a percentage of low-income, minority senior-citizen residents. In July 1994, the Senior Citizens Commission directed the special projects committee to look into a senior meals program without federal support. A meals luncheon program survey indicated a real need for a meals program. Caterers were interviewed, kitchens were visited, and food service specifications were written. The City Council approved use of a portion of the city's share of Community Development Block Grant (CDBG) funds to underwrite the cost of a senior citizen congregate meals program. The first luncheon was served on

Chapter 13. Getting Involved

January 9, 1995, at a nominal cost to each senior.

Finally, the Senior Citizens Commission asked the special projects committee to look into the need for a senior day-care center in Arcadia. The committee visited adult day-care centers funded by the government, attended a two-day meeting on state policies and procedures for adult day-care facilities, researched building and personnel requirements, and analyzed insurance requirements. The committee determined that medical expertise and support were important to establish a senior day-care facility. The committee also considered and endorsed a proposal by the Southern California Hospital Systems Association to establish a new adult day-care facility in east Pasadena. That facility was never opened by its investors. However, the committee also found that the Community Assistance Program for Seniors (CAPS) adult day-care center on Sierra Madre Boulevard in Pasadena was well run and accessible to Arcadia residents. Based on this investigation, the committee recommended that Arcadia not establish a senior day-care facility.

Warren C. Shaw is a former member of the Arcadia Senior Citizens Commission. He has also served on the boards of numerous organizations and clubs in Arcadia. He was named Senior Citizen of the Year in 1981. He and his wife Mildred have lived in Arcadia since 1953.

WORKING TOGETHER FOR MEASURE C

by Gary A. Kovacic

With our ever-increasing diversity, there is often a feeling that we are nothing more than a collection of parallel communities. We live within the same city boundaries but are seemingly separated by differences in appearance, language, food, and custom. One group shops here, the other there. One group joins this club, the other supports that organization. One group of students eats in the school cafeteria, the other out on the lawn.

The differences are not always racially based. Residents take sides over a local land use issue and refuse to compromise. One faction favors more city programs or facilities, while the other opposes any new fees or taxes. One side of town thinks the other side of town is always getting the better deal.

A real sense of community, one that places the common good above individual or group interests, is often missing.

That is why the election results in Arcadia on November 2, 1999, were significant.

We live in an era where it is virtually impossible to pass any new tax or assessment, especially by the requisite two-thirds super majority. Two past attempts in Arcadia to raise funds by the ballot box failed miserably. Even a popular school bond issue several years ago needed two attempts before it barely succeeded.

But on that Tuesday, over seventy-eight percent of those voting in Arcadia said "yes" to Measure C. And a community came together.

Measure C was a bond issue to raise \$8 million for a new police station. The need was obvious. In 1956, Arcadia built its station to serve a much smaller police force and community. The population had grown from 36,000 to over 52,000; the total police staff by over one hundred. In 1998, there were over 30,000 calls for service compared to 7,000 in 1956. The detectives were housed in a trailer, files and evidence were stored in a shed, and computer cables competed with cops for space.

What was not obvious was the willingness of so many people, from so many different groups, to come together for a common cause. A grassroots organization called Citizens Organized for a Police Station (COPS for short), which included representatives from every segment of our community, was formed to promote Measure C. Volunteers translated information about Measure C and the election process into Mandarin and Cantonese. Local businesses, some of which would pay the most if the measure passed, contributed more than enough funds for publicity and advertising. Support came from every current city

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council member and every former mayor still able to voice an opinion. Rivals put aside their differences, more or less, for the cause.

There were, of course, political lessons learned from this election. Off-year elections and low voter turnout favor a bond election. The lack of an organized opposition is critical. You must have a worthy cause, a well-run support group, lots of volunteers, and the ability to communicate effectively with the voters.

But you also need a sense of community; a real sense that the common good takes precedence over self-interest.

As we enter our second century, Arcadians must realize that we are all in this together; that our community will survive only if we act like a community. A sense of community is vital for the lasting health of a community. In Arcadia, on November 2, 1999, we were on our way.

Gary A. Kovacic has lived in Arcadia since 1952. He is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 1969) and a former member of the Arcadia Planning Commission. He is a two-term member of the Arcadia City Council (1996 to 2006) and served as mayor in 1998–1999 and 2000–2001. He is one of the Centennial Mayors in 2003. A version of this essay originally appeared in the *Pasadena Star-News*.

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology



Arcadia firefighters in front of old Fire Station No. 2 at 1420 South Baldwin Avenue in 1948. Today's fire department is designated as a "Class 1" department by the Insurance Services Office, a designation held by only forty-one fire agencies in the United States.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Arcadia's vintage 1926 American LaFrance fire engine in the 2002 Arcadia Festival of Bands parade on South Baldwin Avenue.

Courtesy of Dave Hamada

Photographs 3



Erickson Air-Crane helicopter dropping water on Santa Anita Canyon fire in 2002. The helicopter holds up to 2,500 gallons of water and delivers up to 30,000 gallons per hour.

Terry Miller Collection

Arcadia police officers in front of old police and fire station located on Wheeler Avenue on April 17, 1932.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology



Aerial view of new police station under construction at civic center in April 2003. The ground-breaking took place on September 28, 2001. The project was made possible by voter passage of Measure C, a general obligation bond issue in November 1999. The new police building will replace the existing station (shown in the foreground) built in 1956. The new Nor and Fran Berger Tower at Methodist Hospital is in the left background.

Arcadia Police Department



View looking east on Huntington Drive near intersection with Santa Anita Avenue circa mid-1940s.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection

Photographs 3



First Avenue looking north from intersection with East Huntington Drive circa 1920s. The old city hall is to the left.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



First Avenue looking north from intersection with East Huntington Drive in 2003.

Terry Miller Collection

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology



Southwest corner of East Huntington Drive and First Avenue circa 1934. Opened in 1929, the drive-in market was one of the first in the country. The Pines Coffee Shop is at the right.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



Southwest corner of East Huntington Drive and First Avenue in 2003.

Terry Miller Collection

Photographs 3



East Huntington Drive looking west from intersection with First Avenue in 1938. The old city hall is to the right. The Arcadia Theater, the city's first moving picture theater, is mid-way on south side of street with a large banner advertising a Charles Laughton film.

From the "Dick" Whittington Collection, Courtesy of The Huntington Library, San Marino, California



East Huntington Drive looking west from intersection with First Avenue in 2003.

Terry Miller Collection

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology



View looking north on South Baldwin Avenue about three hundred feet south of West Duarte Road circa 1922.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



View looking north on South Baldwin Avenue about three hundred feet south of West Duarte Road in 2003.

Terry Miller Collection

Photographs 3

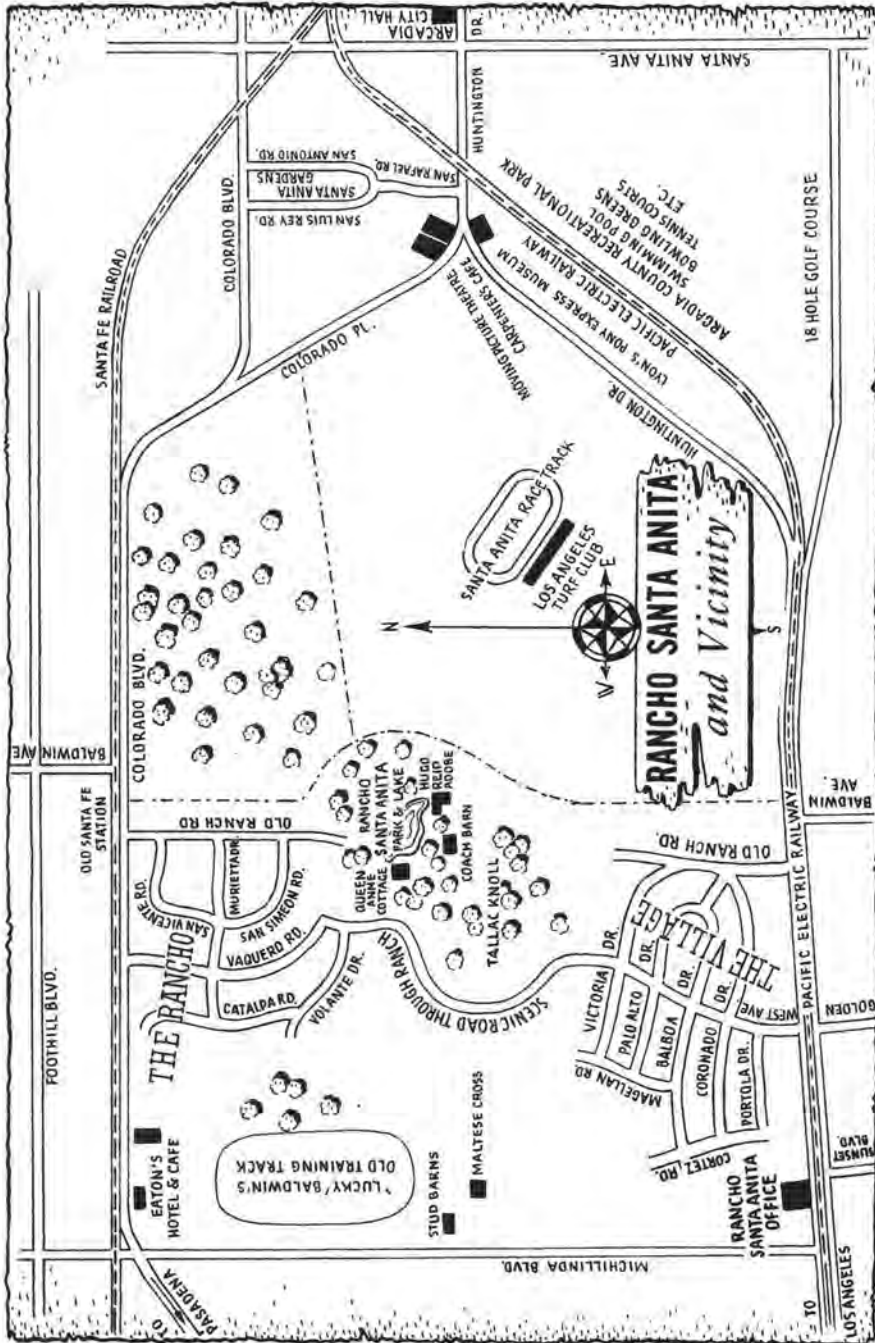


The 1000 block of South Baldwin Avenue in 1930.
Arcadia Public Library History Collection



The 1000 block of South Baldwin Avenue in 2003.
Terry Miller Collection

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology



Map from *The Romance of Rancho Santa Anita*, published by Rancho Santa Anita, Inc., owners and developers of Rancho Santa Anita, circa 1948.
 Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum

Photographs 3



View looking north into the Santa Anita Village at the intersection of Golden West Avenue and West Huntington Drive circa 1940.


Arcadia Public Library History Collection



View looking north into the Santa Anita Gardens tract on San Antonio Road near San Rafael Road in 1941.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection

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EATON'S

Santa Anita

Located at
RANCHO SANTA ANITA
ARCADIA · CALIFORNIA

For the Finest
CHICKEN DINNERS
in the World
visit **EATON'S**
CHICKEN HOUSES
WILSHIRE BLVD. at ARDMORE
La CIENEGA at BURTON WAY



Lunch and Dinner in an
EARLY CALIFORNIA SETTING
at **EATON'S RANCHO**
Ventura Blvd. at Laurel Canyon in Studio City
at **EATON'S STEAK & CHOP HOUSE**
6950 Wilshire Blvd. at Beverly

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN CHICKEN 1.00

Choice of one
Salad Bowl, French Dressing
Cole-Slaw, Sour Cream Dressing
Hearts of Lettuce, French or Mayonnaise
Sliced Tomatoes, Thousand Island
Chicken Broth with Rice * * * * * Tomato Juice

Half of Disjointed Colored Chicken
Old Fashioned Chicken Gravy
Fresh Vegetable * * * * * Whipped Potatoes
Hot Biscuits * * * * * Apple Butter

Desserts
Caramel Cup Custard * * * * * Ice Cream or Sherbet
Apple, Cherry or Boysenberry Pie * * * * * Layer Cake
Real Homemade Lemon Pie * * * * * Fruit Jell-O
Chocolate, Marshmallow or Pineapple Sundae * * * * * Coffee * * * * * Tea * * * * * Milk

All White Meat, 1.85
CHICKEN DINNER SERVED TO CHILDREN UNDER 12 — 60c

DAILY SPECIALS

\$1.00

Choice of one
Salad Bowl, French Dressing
Cole-Slaw, Sour Cream Dressing
Hearts of Lettuce, French or Mayonnaise
Sliced Tomatoes, Thousand Island
Chicken Broth with Rice * * * * * Tomato Juice

Tenderloin Slices a la Minute
Fresh Vegetable * * * * * Baked or French Fried Potatoes
Mashed, Baked or French Fried Potatoes * * * * * Hot Biscuits * * * * * Apple Butter

DESSERTS
Caramel Cup Custard * * * * * Ice Cream or Sherbet
Layer Cake * * * * * Fruit Jello
Apple, Cherry or Boysenberry Pie * * * * * Real Homemade Lemon Pie
Chocolate, Marshmallow or Pineapple Sundae * * * * * Coffee * * * * * Tea * * * * * Milk

EATON'S PRIME RIB DINNER 1.00

Choice of one
Salad Bowl, French Dressing
Cole-Slaw, Sour Cream Dressing
Hearts of Lettuce
with French or Mayonnaise
Sliced Tomatoes, Thousand Island
Tomato Juice
Chicken Broth with Rice

Thick Cut Eastern Prime Rib au Jus
Fresh Vegetable
Baked or Whipped Potatoes
Hot Biscuits * * * * * Apple Butter

Desserts
Caramel Cup Custard * * * * * Layer Cake
Ice Cream or Sherbet * * * * * Fruit Jello
Apple, Cherry or Boysenberry Pie * * * * * Real Homemade Lemon Pie
Chocolate, Marshmallow or Pineapple Sundae * * * * * Coffee * * * * * Tea * * * * * Milk

PLANKED DOUBLE NEW YORK SIRLOIN DINNER 3.20

(Served for two)

Choice of one
Salad Bowl, French Dressing
Cole-Slaw, Sour Cream Dressing
Hearts of Lettuce, French or Mayonnaise
Sliced Tomatoes, Thousand Island
Chicken Broth with Rice * * * * * Tomato Juice

Planked Double New York Sirloin Steak
Grilled Tomatoes
Fresh Vegetable * * * * * Shoestring Potatoes
Hot Biscuits * * * * * Desserts

Caramel Cup Custard * * * * * Ice Cream or Sherbet
Layer Cake * * * * * Fruit Jello
Apple, Cherry or Boysenberry Pie * * * * * Real Homemade Lemon Pie
Chocolate, Marshmallow or Pineapple Sundae * * * * * Coffee * * * * * Tea * * * * * Milk

CHARCOAL BROILED STEAK DINNERS

Choice of one
Salad Bowl, French Dressing
Cole-Slaw, Sour Cream Dressing
Hearts of Lettuce, French or Mayonnaise
Sliced Tomatoes, Thousand Island
Chicken Broth with Rice * * * * * Tomato Juice

New York Cut Sirloin Steak 1.60
Our Special Steak 1.35
Tenderloin Steak 1.35
T-Bone Steak 1.35
Tender Ham Steak (Candied Yams) 1.25
Broiled English Mutton Chop (Pickled Walnut) 1.25
Fresh Lamb Chops (Double Thick) 1.00
Calves' Liver Steak with Onions or Bacon 1.00
Broiled Hamburger Steak with Smothered Onions 1.00
Barbecued Eastern Spareribs 1.00
Top Sirloin Steak 1.00
Fresh Vegetable * * * * * Baked or French Fried Potatoes
Hot Biscuits * * * * * Desserts

Caramel Cup Custard * * * * * Ice Cream or Sherbet
Apple, Cherry or Boysenberry Pie * * * * * Layer Cake
Real Homemade Lemon Pie * * * * * Fruit Jell-O
Chocolate, Marshmallow or Pineapple Sundae * * * * * Coffee * * * * * Tea * * * * * Milk

TOP SIRLOIN STEAK DINNER SERVED TO CHILDREN UNDER 12 — 60c
Roguefort or Caramelized Onions Served on Dinners, 15c Extra
NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR LOST ARTICLES
2% SALES TAX WILL BE ADDED TO ALL TAXABLE ITEMS

PLANKED PORTERHOUSE DINNER 2.70

(Served for two)

Choice of one
Salad Bowl, French Dressing
Cole-Slaw, Sour Cream Dressing
Hearts of Lettuce
with French or Mayonnaise
Sliced Tomatoes, Thousand Island
Tomato Juice
Chicken Broth with Rice

Planked Porterhouse Steak
Grilled Tomatoes
Fresh Vegetable
Shoestring Potatoes
Hot Biscuits * * * * * Desserts

Caramel Cup Custard * * * * * Layer Cake
Ice Cream or Sherbet * * * * * Fruit Jello
Apple, Cherry or Boysenberry Pie * * * * * Real Homemade Lemon Pie
Chocolate, Marshmallow or Pineapple Sundae * * * * * Coffee * * * * * Tea * * * * * Milk

FROM OUR CHARCOAL BROILER

New York Sirloin Steak	1.35
Extra Cut New York Sirloin	1.85
Double New York Sirloin	2.70
Double Porterhouse	2.20
T-Bone Steak	1.10
Our Special Steak	1.05
Tenderloin Steak	1.10
Eaton's Club Steak	.75
English Mutton Chop with Pickled Walnut	1.00
Tender Ham Steak with Candied Yams	1.00
Double Thick French Lamb Chops	.75
Calves' Liver Steak with Onions or Bacon	.75
Hamburger Steak, Smothered Onions	.60
Broiled Mushrooms on Toast with Bacon	.85
Fresh Mushroom or Bordelaise Sauce	.40
French Fried Onion Rings	.25
Smothered Onions	.15

Choice of Baked or French Fried Potatoes with all Steaks and Chops

Whipped Ice Cream Maple Flavored Ice Cream Tiramisu Sauce

ALL STEAKS AND CHOPS ARE CHARCOAL BROILED

Menu from Eaton's Santa Anita restaurant circa 1940.
Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum

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Photographs 3



View looking east on West Colorado Street from Michillinda Avenue circa 1940. Eaton's Santa Anita restaurant, which opened in 1939 and closed in 1969, is to the right.

Arcadia Public Library History Collection



View looking east on West Colorado Street from Michillinda Avenue in 2003.

Terry Miller Collection

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El Rancho Market at 1101 West Huntington Drive (northwest corner of West Huntington Drive and Sunset Boulevard) circa 1958. It is now a Ralphs market.

Courtesy of Arcadia High School Arcadian Yearbook



A & W Root Beer drive-in at 422 South First Avenue (northeast corner of South First Avenue and El Dorado Street) circa 1962. It is now El Loco drive-in restaurant.

Courtesy of Arcadia High School Arcadian Yearbook

Photographs 3



Bob's Beef Burger drive-through at 218 East Huntington Drive (southeast corner of East Huntington Drive and Second Avenue) circa 1969. It was demolished for a new retail center built in 1989.

Courtesy of Arcadia High School Arcadian Yearbook



Frank Perini (third from left) and friends cut jockey Bill Shoemaker's hair in 1958. In 2004, Frank's Barber Shop (now Perini's Hair Plus) will celebrate fifty years at the same location (73 East Foothill Boulevard) in Arcadia.

Courtesy of Frank Perini

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology



Memorial fountain at southwest corner of Huntington Drive and Santa Anita Avenue. The fountain was originally sponsored by the the Arcadia Rotary Club and dedicated in December 1962. A mosaic tile motif resembling peacock feathers was subsequently designed and applied by students and community volunteers, and the fountain was rededicated in memory of the victims of 9/11 on April 8, 2002. The Van de Kamp's/Denny's windmill is in the background.

Terry Miller Collection



First annual Day of Remembrance ceremony at Arcadia City Hall on September 11, 2002. Arcadia firefighters are in the foreground. The large American flag was retired after being displayed continuously for one year following the 9/11 tragedy.

Terry Miller Collection

Photographs 3



City of Arcadia's float *100 Years of Good Health, Happiness & Prosperity* in 2003 Pasadena Tournament of Roses Parade. The float celebrated Arcadia's Centennial and won the Queen's Trophy for best use of roses.

Terry Miller Collection



Arcadia High School Apache marching band in 2003 Pasadena Tournament of Roses Parade.

Terry Miller Collection

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology



Sixteen of the twenty living mayors of Arcadia at the Centennial Recognition Dinner held at the Arcadia Community Center on January 18, 2003.

Courtesy of Cindy Flores



Centennial banners hanging over the entrance of the Arcadia City Council Chambers in 2003. Over 430 banners were purchased by Arcadia residents and businesses with the proceeds funding Centennial activities. The banners, which feature the sponsor's name, were hung on street light poles throughout the city for the entire year.

Terry Miller Collection



Official city seal from 1936 to 1971. City of Arcadia Ordinance No. 324, adopted on April 21, 1936, stated that this seal shall contain the words "Arcadia the Queen City" and include "characterized environment and industry, namely, orchards, poultry raising, rabbit raising, truck gardening, citrus fruits, the rising sun, the ideal climate, the foothill location, the ideal home city and good boulevards." On August 17, 1903, the city's first seal was commissioned by City of Arcadia Ordinance No. 4. It was supposed to include "an engraving of the Winged Victory of Samothrace." However, the first seal ended up being an engraved impression of a wingless Greek goddess (most likely Athena) in full skirt, wearing a helmet and holding a sword and shield. It was replaced by the "Arcadia the Queen City" seal in 1936.

City of Arcadia and Mary Beth Hayes

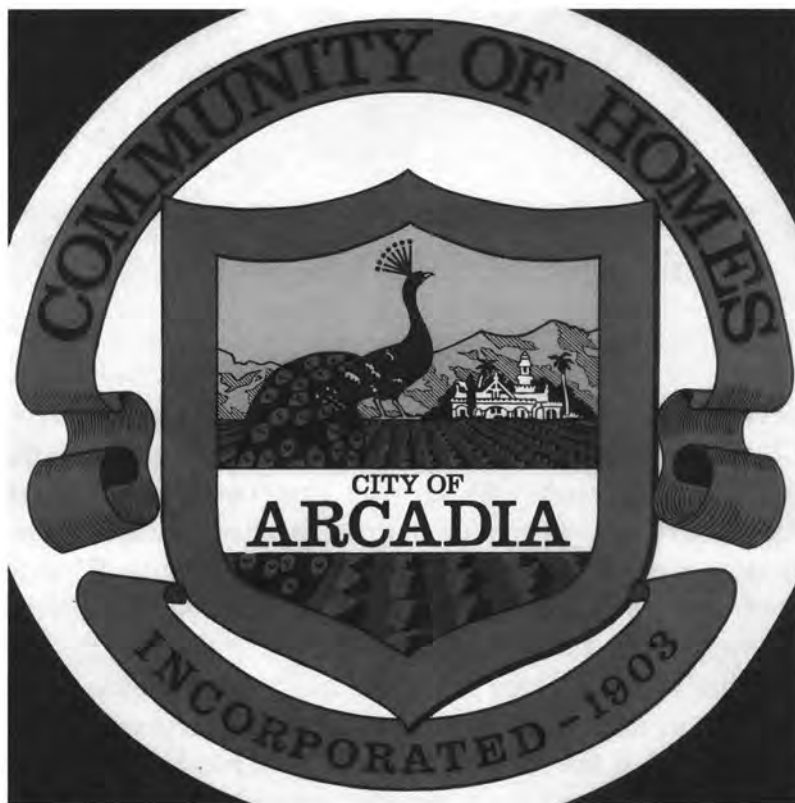
Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology



Official city seal from 1983 to 1987. The seal was adopted pursuant to City of Arcadia Ordinance No. 1777 on July 5, 1983, and included two large peacocks, oak leaves and acorns, horses racing around a track, and the Queen Anne Cottage. The ornate design did not transfer well to the smaller size needed for stationery and pins, and also included the wrong date of incorporation (August 17, 1903, which was the date of the first meeting of the board of trustees). Although replaced in 1987, this seal is still displayed on the City of Arcadia flag.

City of Arcadia and Mary Beth Hayes

Photographs 3



Official city seal from 1971 to 1983 and 1987 to present. This seal was originally adopted pursuant to City of Arcadia Ordinance No. 1429 on May 18, 1971, and depicts a peacock, the Queen Anne Cottage, the San Gabriel Mountains, orange groves, and the motto "Community of Homes." The Arcadia City Council voted to return to this seal in June 1987.

City of Arcadia and Mary Beth Hayes

CHAPTER 14

Our Town

THE NEIGHBORHOODS OF ARCADIA

by Jeffrey K. Bowen

Besides being known as a prestige area of genuinely gracious suburban living, the City of Arcadia is unique for its collection of distinctly identified, individual neighborhoods, each with its own name-recognition. Some of these neighborhoods have more history or “lore” than others, but the city in general is filled with deep roots, high standards, and traditional values. What follows is a collection of brief stories about the individual neighborhoods that collectively make up the special place called Arcadia.

The Upper Rancho. Often referred to as the most estate-orientated neighborhood in Arcadia, the Upper Rancho was developed between the 1930s and the early 1950s. Large lots line the streets of this very prestigious area of beautiful homes, with lush and carefully manicured grounds. The area is bounded by Michillinda Avenue on the west, Orange Grove Avenue on the north, Foothill Boulevard on the south, and Baldwin Avenue on the east. The southeastern portion of the Upper Rancho is the former site of Anoakia. Prior to its tenure as a private girls school, Anoakia was the home of E. J. “Lucky” Baldwin’s daughter Anita. The mansion was demolished in 2000 and the approximately nineteen-acre site was developed with over thirty upscale new homes. In 2001, it became the second gated neighborhood located in Arcadia. For the very finest living among the neighborhoods of Arcadia, or for that matter in all of Southern California, the Upper Rancho is an optimum choice.

The Santa Anita Oaks. Nestled in an area of seclusion and privacy, north of Foothill Boulevard, is a neighborhood most often referred to simply as “the Oaks.” Many of the finest homes and estate properties in Arcadia are located in this choice area. Bounded by Orange Grove Avenue on the north, Santa Anita Avenue on the east, and Baldwin Avenue on the west, the Oaks is one of the best areas of traditional Arcadia living. Many feel that the Oaks is a comparable

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neighborhood to the Upper Rancho and, in many ways, it is. Both of these lush and elegant neighborhoods offer Arcadia at its best.

The Highlands. This northernmost section of Arcadia is nestled against the foothills, north of Foothill Boulevard and east of Santa Anita Avenue to the Whispering Pines ridge. This area was primarily developed in the 1950s under the direction of Santa Anita Improvement Company, which was headed by developer George W. Elkins and automobile builder E. L. Cord. Early residents will remember when the area north of Elkins Avenue was a strawberry patch and the center of Santa Anita Avenue (also called "Double Drive") was a dusty equestrian trail. Homes in what is traditionally referred to as "the Highlands" are typically California ranch in style, very well maintained and occasionally have views of the city lights below. Views are often blocked by the lush landscape and beautiful variety of trees that dot the area. Probably the most quiet neighborhood in which to live, the Highlands is also the home of Wilderness Park. While the biggest homes and lots in Arcadia are not found in the Highlands, many feel this neighborhood is "as good as it gets" in Arcadia for both privacy and value. Adjacent to the Highlands, west of Santa Anita Avenue, is a neighborhood often referred to as the "Anita Crest" area. This area is bounded by the Sierra Madre city limits on the west. The attractive neighborhood was developed at approximately the same time as the Highlands (1950 to 1960).

Whispering Pines. The residential development in Arcadia that is called Whispering Pines is what locals have referred to as "Bluth Hill" after the first mansion-like estate home appeared on the hill. It was built by developer Chuck Bluth, who lived there. For years, this 1980s development had the distinction of being the only security-gated neighborhood in Arcadia. It is located north of Foothill Boulevard, bordering the city of Monrovia along the ridge north of Foothills Middle School. The views of the valley and lights below are spectacular.

The Colorado Oaks. This relatively small "island" of homes is located directly north of Santa Anita Park. Developed in the 1950s, the streets are named after well known universities including Stanford, Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, and Princeton. The custom homes are well maintained and are similar in style and landscape to those of the Lower Rancho and the Highlands neighborhoods. This desirable area offers easy access to Westfield Shoppingtown and the Foothill (210) Freeway. It is bordered by the Arboretum on the west and Colorado Boulevard on the north.

The Lower Rancho. Developed in the 1950s under the direction of F. Wesley Davies, this beautiful area was originally known as "The Rancho." It should not be confused with the "Upper Rancho," which is located to the north above the Foothill (210) Freeway. This neighborhood is more commonly

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referred to as the “Lower Rancho” today. The Lower Rancho is bordered by the Arboretum on the east, Michillinda Avenue on the west, Colorado Street on the north, and Hugo Reid Drive (named after Arcadia pioneer Hugo Reid whose adobe is located nearby in the Arboretum) on the south. Beautifully landscaped with many large trees and attractive yards, this area has always been one of the most desirable of Arcadia’s neighborhoods. Because of its close proximity to the Arboretum, peacocks have roamed the streets in big numbers with their “call” often heard filling the air. E. J. “Lucky” Baldwin is reported to have imported the first of the Lower Rancho’s well-known peacocks from India in the 1880s. Baldwin is also responsible for the hardline on removal of oak trees and protection of the peacocks, still in force today. The Lower Rancho is excellent for raising families, as it is secluded and ideal for bike riding and walking with limited traffic interference.

The Village. Development began in the 1940s in this area, located north of Huntington Drive, west of Baldwin Avenue, east of Sunset Boulevard, and south of Hugo Reid Drive. Many young couples have started out in what is called “the Village,” and moved up into other neighborhoods as their families grew. A dairy once occupied the area where Hugo Reid Elementary School is today. Less traffic and more neighborhood privacy were created by the one-way (out only) access when leaving the area via Hugo Reid Drive. This change of traffic pattern was the result of a vocal group of residents in the 1970s who complained about racetrack traffic, compounded by future concerns over added traffic to be generated by the opening of what is now Westfield Shoppingtown Santa Anita. The convenience of the Ralph’s (formerly El Rancho) shopping center, Westfield, and the West Arcadia shopping district are a definite plus for residents. As with the Lower Rancho north of it, this area is ideal for raising families. It shares the same seclusion and desirability for bike riding, walking, and exercise. History buffs will likely notice the “explorer” street names in the Village including Drake, Cortez, Cabrillo, Coronado, and Magellan. As with the Lower Rancho neighborhood, F. Wesley Davies was in charge of development of the Village for its owners, the prominent Chandler family of the *Los Angeles Times* empire.

West Arcadia. The residential neighborhood of West Arcadia is located south of Huntington Drive, primarily west of Baldwin Avenue, north of Duarte Road, and east of the border between the county area and the westerly city limits of Arcadia. It is popular for its many condominium and apartment homes. The neighborhood’s best-known streets include Arcadia Avenue, Fairview Avenue, and Golden West Avenue. West Arcadia also includes a business district that was developed in the 1950s and originally called “The Hub.” It was anchored by Hinshaw’s department store (now a Burlington Coat Factory store), Nash’s department store (now a Ross Dress For Less), and numerous specialty stores

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and shops that prospered along Baldwin Avenue into the 1980s. Tucked in behind the former store fronts along Baldwin Avenue is a newer center of retail activity, anchored by a large Pavilions store. This area is more business and multifamily orientated.

Baldwin Stocker. Named after Arcadia pioneers “Lucky” Baldwin and his daughter Clara’s husband, Harold Stocker, this area of Arcadia housed chicken ranches well into the 1950s. Large and beautiful homes line many of the streets in the Baldwin Stocker area, well maintained from their early roots. Also known as the “Holly Avenue” area, development was gradual, spanning the late 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s. Lots are larger, many half to three-quarters of an acre in size. One of the main streets in the area, Longden Avenue, has the same name as legendary jockey Johnny Longden, who curiously lived for many years on nearby Lemon Avenue, not on his namesake street. Over the years, many of the homes in the Baldwin Stocker area have been enlarged or upgraded, which would surely please Messrs. Baldwin and Stocker if they were alive today. The Holly Avenue area, south of Duarte Road and west of El Monte Avenue, was gradually developed from the late 1920s to the late 1940s and beyond. Many lots were originally larger and later made smaller through lot-splits to accommodate several homes.

Camino Grove and South Arcadia. This popular area is located south of Duarte Road and east of Santa Anita Avenue. It is often referred to simply as “South Arcadia.” Many of the homes in this area were built in the mid-1950s. A typical home was built on an 8,000 to 9,000-square-foot lot, with a 1,500 to 2,000-square-foot home. Over the years, and particularly from the mid to late 1980s, large two-story homes have replaced the older ones. As a result, a mix of old and new homes offers many sizes and architectural design options to those looking to buy a home in this area. The area became known as “Camino Grove” partly because of the area street name, and partly because of Camino Grove Elementary School, located on Sixth Avenue. However, most still refer to this large area by its more generic name, “South Arcadia.”

The Gardens. Located east of Santa Anita Park, west of Santa Anita Avenue, and north of Huntington Drive to the railroad tracks, this neighborhood has always been known simply as “The Gardens.” Developed in the early 1940s, the most unique feature of this development is the way the streets are laid out. To look at a map, the streets resemble a harp-like, stringed instrument called a lyre. For this reason, some old-timers have referred to this area as the “Harp Streets.” This area, and the area south of Huntington Drive between Santa Anita Avenue and Second Avenue, are the closet residential neighborhoods to the old downtown business district. While smaller, the homes in “The Gardens” were generally similar architecturally and well maintained. Today, many of the small-

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er homes have been replaced with much larger two-story designs. History buffs will likely remember the Pony Express Museum, which for years was a very popular attraction just south of “The Gardens,” on Huntington Drive (where the Santa Anita Inn is today). Carpenter’s restaurant, a popular drive-in and hangout for teenagers, and an Edwards movie theater were across the street from the museum—all but faded memories today.

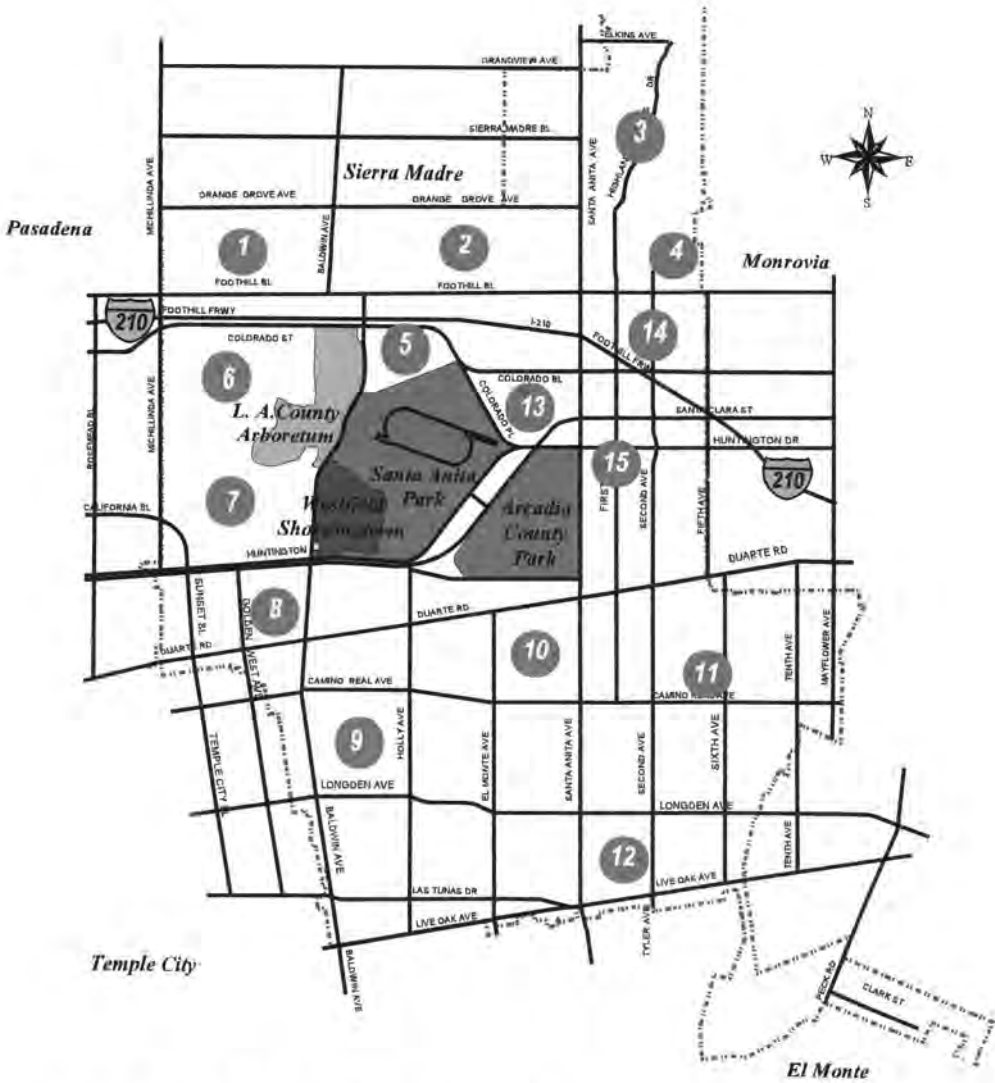
Eisenhower Park. This neighborhood is located east of Eisenhower Park, which fronts on Second Avenue just north of Colorado Boulevard. Streets in this area include Laurel Avenue, Floral Avenue, Haven Avenue, and Newman Avenue. The area is south of Foothill Boulevard and borders Monrovia on the east at Fifth Avenue. The development of “Eisenhower Park” as a neighborhood began in 1939–1940. Lot sizes were in the 6,000 to 8,000-square-foot range. A typical house was a two-bedroom of 1,200 to 1,400-square-feet in size. Over the years, larger homes have been built and others remodeled to add square footage. This area is close to convenience shopping on Foothill Boulevard and is easily accessible to the Foothill (210) Freeway.

Downtown Arcadia. Many years have passed since Downtown Arcadia was the center of business activity in Arcadia. Single family residences, apartments, and an increasing number of condominiums dot the streets south of Huntington Drive and east and west of First Avenue today. Arcadia’s city hall, public library, and other municipal services that were all once located in the downtown area have relocated in other parts of town. A plan to revitalize the downtown business district was completed in April 1996. Planters, streetlights, benches, and other improvements were added throughout the area of First Avenue and Huntington Drive. The project, referred to as “Downtown 2000,” was meant to pave the way to the future of this area.

Whether you are a new resident looking forward to living in Arcadia, or an old-timer just looking back, it is my hope that you perhaps now have a better perspective on the neighborhoods of the beautiful city of Arcadia, its colorful and unique past, and its bright future.

Jeffrey K. Bowen moved to Arcadia with his family in 1950 and is a graduate of Arcadia High School (Class of 1959). He is president of the Highland Home Owners Association.

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The Neighborhoods of Arcadia

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <i>1. The Upper Rancho</i> | <i>6. The Lower Rancho</i> | <i>11. Camino Grove</i> |
| <i>2. The Oaks</i> | <i>7. The Village</i> | <i>12. South Arcadia</i> |
| <i>3. The Highlands</i> | <i>8. West Arcadia</i> | <i>13. The Gardens</i> |
| <i>4. Whispering Pines</i> | <i>9. Baldwin Stocker</i> | <i>14. Eisenhower Park</i> |
| <i>5. The Colorado Oaks</i> | <i>10. Baldwin Stocker adjacent</i> | <i>15. The Downtown Arcadia Area</i> |

THE SURVEYOR OF ARCADIA

by Harold K. Hedlund

Greetings fellow Arcadians,

Have you noticed that many areas of Arcadia have mostly curvilinear streets? I would like to introduce you to a very unique individual. His name is Egil Hopen. I am proud that Egil was my father-in-law, mentor, and good friend.

Egil Hopen was born, raised, and educated in Bergen, Norway. Upon arriving in the United States, he engaged in various phases of land surveying and civil engineering. In the 1930s, he became involved with property owned by Anita and Clara Baldwin. The lands included Ranchos La Cienega, La Merced, Potrero Chico, Potrero Grande, and La Puente as well as Santa Anita. Egil worked closely with the Baldwin Family administrator Raymond Nicely, Clara Baldwin's grandson Joe Mullender, and realtor Raymond A. Dorn in the development of Baldwin Hills and Arcadia.

Since more and more of Egil's time was being spent in Arcadia, he moved here from Los Angeles in 1938 along with his wife Esther and daughter Kathryn. Joe Mullender built and sold them a house on West Las Flores Avenue in a new development called Baldwin Stocker Acres. In that area of town, a lot cost \$1,200 and a house cost \$3,700. Egil provided the surveying. He continued his work in Baldwin Hills while proceeding with the design of the major developments in Arcadia. These Arcadia developments included the Upper and Lower Rancho, the Oaks, the "Oakless Oaks" (the area immediately northeast of the intersection of Baldwin Avenue and Foothill Boulevard), the Village, and lastly the Highlands. Egil also designed the developments of Trousdale Estates in Los Angeles and Friendly Hills in Whittier.

Egil was a shy but stubborn little Norwegian who insisted that the land not be abused and that nature be protected. His designs were made to fit the topography. The result was the many curved streets and preservation of trees in Arcadia.

Egil was very proud of Arcadia and considered it a privilege to perform his tasks here. He enjoyed the opportunity to associate with Ray Dorn, Joe Mullender, Ray Nicely, George Elkins, Vido Kovacevich, and Wesley Davis as well as Arcadia City Engineer Ray Rogers and Arcadia Planning Director Les Talley.

Egil was also a proud member of the Arcadia Rotary Club. He passed away in 1981 while still a resident of his original Arcadia house at 311 West Las Flores Avenue.

Thank you for letting me share this.

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Harold K. Hedlund has lived in Arcadia since 1958. He served on the Arcadia Planning Commission for seventeen years. He is also a former commissioner of Region 2 (Sierra Madre/Arcadia) of the American Youth Soccer Organization.

FLORA AND FAUNA OF WEST ARCADIA

by Carol Libby

My first recollection is of West Arcadia in 1956. I drove down Norman Avenue beneath a canopy of huge carob trees with branches nearly meeting. The largest tree of all was located in front of my destination, the home that would be mine for over forty-five years. It was a low white bungalow, set back amongst white birch, grapefruit, avocado, and a variety of citrus trees. Inside, a fireplace of Batchelder tiles caught my eye, but it was the rear yard that held my interest and would for years to come. Nestled under large walnut trees was a quaint little guest house that I later learned was a transplanted "Balloon School" building.

A family friend and longtime neighbor, Mr. Cross, took a special interest in me and became a self-appointed advisor on how to cure olives, rid the garden of nut-grass, raise canaries, graft avocados, trap gophers, and plant vegetables. He went to much trouble to obtain a mate for a misplaced bobwhite, only to lose the pair to a stray cat. That cat also did away with a family of quail that lived in the yard. His pet deer "Bambi" gave our children respect for its power and strength when it got loose.

Springtime brought a succession of blooming bulbs, mostly blue ones, all unusual and some rare—grape hyacinths, crocus, Peruvian lilies, some Star of Bethlehem, and a carpet of blue campanula and violets. There were yellow daffodils beneath a mountain lilac. The profusion of blue-bells in a good year could stop traffic. A small clump of Easter lilies was a joy until a young son plucked every bud before its time and a gopher devoured the entire bunch.

Each September, our children and the neighbors' children picked, cracked, roasted, and sold walnuts door to door and at the curb. They called themselves the "WPA"—Walnut Pickers Association. Without fail, their hands were stained for the first day of school.

It was a great yard for children—trees for climbing, dirt mounds for digging, making roads, and creating battlefields, and plenty of mud for pies and squishing. A forest of camellias provided hide-and-seek opportunities.

Over the years, change has come to the garden. Crows have arrived to irritate resident scrub jays and mocking birds, squirrels have claimed the walnuts and citrus, and gophers and moles have disappeared. Our children have grown and left; grandchildren visit and explore. The oaks now provide a canopy for camellia trees. An enormous magnolia and a deodar cedar give spectacular views if climbed. Each spring the gardens explode with color for the annual egg hunt.

Carol Libby has lived in Arcadia since 1956. She is a member of the Arcadia

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Centennial Commission and an active volunteer for the Arcadia Historical Society, Arboretum, Altrusa, and Methodist Hospital Auxiliary. She was named Citizen of the Year by the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce in 1978.

OUR SISTER CITY OF NEWCASTLE

by Charles E. Gilb

In 1954, President Dwight D. Eisenhower instituted a nationwide sister city program to promote world peace and understanding on a city-to-city, person-to-person basis.

In 1972, a group of folks from Arcadia were visiting Australia. Alderman Bernie Gosper from Newcastle went down to Sydney to meet the group and discuss the possibility of a relationship with Arcadia. This group had C. Robert Arth, a member of the Arcadia City Council, in attendance and he brought the proposal back to Arcadia. Many meetings were held with Arcadia officials and citizens. We already had one sister city—Tripolis, Greece. Also in 1974, Arcadia had a city council election and Robert Arth's term limit was up.

The new city council vigorously discussed the issue and alderman Bernie Gosper visited Arcadia with a group from Newcastle. Newcastle met the people-to-people criteria because during World War II, our countries were great allies; Australians and Americans are still very proud of that alliance. The city council voted to approve the relationship. To finalize this action, a "twining ceremony" had to be organized. A friendship club was organized under the chairmanship of Myree Gudus. And on August 17, 1975, a trip to Newcastle was in process of being organized.

The group left on September 4, 1975, with Mayor Charles E. Gilb heading a delegation of Sister City Commissioners to finalize the twining of the sister city resolution. The group numbered close to fifty Arcadians.

The group stopped in Hong Kong and Singapore for few days before going on to Sydney.

Upon arriving in Sydney, we were met with about fifty people from Newcastle, plus a television crew. When we arrived in Newcastle, we were met by a large delegation of friends and citizens. Everyone was assigned to a home to stay and spent the entire stay at those accommodations.

The official ceremony was held at Newcastle's council chambers in a new city hall. The Lord Mayor was Joy Cummings, a delightful lady. The ceremony was very complete and very formal. We exchanged documents.

Newcastle has over two hundred thousand residents and is the second largest city in New South Wales. It is one of the first-settled areas of Australia because of the coal deposits. It is situated on the coast and adjacent to the Hunter Valley, about one hundred miles northeast of Sydney.

Many activities have come from this initial twining. The Arcadia High School Apache band went to Newcastle and marched in many parades and

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appearances. Because of this, a band was organized in the Newcastle area. The "Marching Koalas" subsequently came to Pasadena and marched in the Tournament of Roses Parade. Approximately two hundred people from Newcastle made the trip and stayed in Arcadia homes through arrangements made by Jack and Barbara Saelid.

In the spring of 2002, Tom Landes, music director at Arcadia High School, was invited to visit Newcastle as a thank you for his efforts twenty-five years ago in helping to organize and teach the "Marching Koalas" how to march and present themselves. The citizens of Newcastle paid all of the expenses for this trip.

Our's has been a great relationship that has made many lasting friendships between the citizens of Arcadia and Newcastle.

Charles E. Gilb has lived in Arcadia since 1959. He served four terms on the Arcadia City Council and was mayor in 1975–1976, 1981–1982, 1987–1988 and 1991–1992. He has been honored twice as Citizen of the Year by the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce; in 1977 and with his wife Ruth in 2002. The Charles and Ruth Gilb Arcadia History Museum is named in their honor.

A TRIP TO TRIPOLIS

by Al Bippert

In 1978, my wife Lori and I went on a vacation that included visits to Rome, Greece (including the islands), and parts of Turkey. Bob Arth, our friend and a former mayor of Arcadia, gave me a letter of friendship in case we were able to visit Tripolis, Greece, which is one of Arcadia's two sister cities. It was my understanding that the relationship between Arcadia and Tripolis was somewhat broken.

While traveling from the top of Greece to the bottom, we asked our tour guide if we were going anywhere close by Tripolis. We explained our reason. She said, "no problem." It turned out that she was a friend of the mayor of Tripolis, having gone to school with him. She called ahead to make the arrangements for the meeting and gave us most of the day to spend with the mayor. She also served as our interpreter.

At first, the mayor of Tripolis was a little apprehensive. But after my wife and I introduced ourselves, and told him the reason for our visit, he ordered food and we had a nice visit. I presented him with Bob's letter and the mayor gave me a book about Tripolis and stamped it with the city seal.

The mayor and a councilman showed us around the city hall. They especially wanted us to see a plaque in front of the city hall commemorating the sister city relationship between Tripolis and Arcadia.

After we returned home, I presented the book to the Arcadia City Council. Perhaps our visit helped strengthen the relationship between the cities.

The relationship between the cities has at times been very strong. Delegations from both Arcadia and Tripolis have visited the other's city. The City of Arcadia named the public park at the southwest corner of Golden West Avenue and Arcadia Avenue after Tripolis. Most recently, Dimitris Talaganis, an artist and vice-mayor of Tripolis, attended the Centennial Recognition Dinner held at the Arcadia Community Center on January 18, 2003. At the dinner, he presented a medal and proclamation to each member of the Arcadia City Council. He also presented to the City of Arcadia a sculpture that he created in celebration of Arcadia's Centennial.

Al Bippert is a docent at the Charles and Ruth Gilb Arcadia History Museum and helps with senior services at the Arcadia Community Center. He is active at Arcadia's Lutheran Church of the Cross and has lived in Arcadia for thirty-five years.

BALLOONS AND A B-29 NAMED *CITY OF ARCADIA*

by Mary Ball

As a docent at Arcadia's historical museum for over thirteen years, I have discovered many interesting facts about my town. Here are two with an aerial theme:

The Balloon School

Around 1917, Anita Baldwin sold the site of her father "Lucky" Baldwin's racetrack, some 185 acres, to the County of Los Angeles. The county then deeded this land to the United States War Department for aerial observance training—a balloon school. One like it had been operating in Texas in case the country entered World War I.

It was named Ross Field Balloon School in memory of Lieutenant Cleo J. Ross, an Arcadia resident who was killed in action in France in 1918.

The facility was located on the site of "Lucky" Baldwin's old racetrack. Barracks and storehouses were converted stables and large tents housed the balloons. A hospital, officers' quarters, machine shops, command headquarters, and recreation center were also built. A nearby city reservoir was used as a swimming pool.

The new balloon school held thirty-five hundred men. Only officers (a sighter and a radioman) were assigned to ride in the wicker baskets that hung below the hydrogen-filled balloons. The balloons were not free-floating; they were attached to heavy military vehicles and required sixty men to set them aloft and return them to the ground. An estimated forty-eight men were required for maintenance.

In the 1930s, the United States War Department sold all 185 acres back to the County of Los Angeles for recreational use. With the help of the Works Progress Administration (WPA), the acreage was converted into a golf course, tennis courts, lawn bowling greens, baseball diamond, swimming facility, and picnic grounds that became known as Arcadia County Park.

A B-29 Bomber Named *City of Arcadia*

Cartoons, graffiti, and Petty Girls were often displayed on the fuselage of World War II planes for informal identification and as a morale booster.

When the crew of Major Charles B. Hawks Jr. prepared to paint the fuselage of their B-29 bomber, they deferred to their pilot Major Hawks' choice. Knowing his wife Mabel Re's disgust for the pictures of the buxom, scantily clad Petty Girls displayed on many of the squadron's planes, Major Hawks chose *City of Arcadia*. He had lived in Arcadia some years in his past and it still held fond memories for him.

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The crew of *City of Arcadia* included William Hagedon, Ira Zippert, Robert Garney, Allen Halling, Douglas Coster, Edward Schlimgen, Henry Krolkowski, John Schuler, and twin brothers Donald and Ronald Miksch.

Major Hawks and his crew were assigned to the 29th Bomber Group stationed in Guam under the command of Colonel Carl R. Storrie. The 29th Bomber Group completed sixty-six combat missions over Japan before Japan's surrender on August 14, 1945. The *City of Arcadia* flew a mission over Japan that very day and the crew heard about the surrender on its return from that last mission. Major Hawks and his crew completed thirty missions in World War II.

On September 2, 1945, the *City of Arcadia* was in the fly-over of the USS *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay when General of the Army Douglas MacArthur officially accepted the surrender of Japan, ending World War II.

Arcadia Mayor M. H. Ormsby wrote to Major Hawks expressing the city's thanks for naming the plane *City of Arcadia*. Hawks replied on September 15, 1945, enclosing a picture of the bomber. The mayor replied with an invitation to the whole crew to visit as guests of the city.

For years, the crew of the *City of Arcadia* were life-and-death friends. After thirty-eight years, the crew met again at a reunion in Millersburg, California, to reminisce and josh about their times aboard their B-29 bomber.

In 1998, Major Hawks sent a box of memorabilia including pictures, letters, and squadron records to Captain Ted Luke, a flying companion and former resident of Arcadia. Ted turned the box over to Warren Shaw, himself a navigator aboard B-29 bombers, and his wife Mildred, past president of the Arcadia Historical Society. The Shaws, in turn, gave the memorabilia to Arcadia's historical museum for display on Veterans Day. Warren Shaw also donated his large model of a B-29 bomber to the museum for the display.

Major Hawks, who now lives in Chino Valley, Arizona, has been thanked profusely and sent pictures of his contributions on display.

Mary Ball has lived in Arcadia since 1999. She is a docent at the Charles and Ruth Gilb Arcadia History Museum.

THE ARBORETUM: HOLLYWOOD BACKLOT

by Sandy Snider

Welcome to deepest, darkest Africa. . . or maybe a tropical island, the wild wild West, South America, or the Far East! Arcadia's Arboretum has a long history as a movie and television studio backlot, a natural setting that has added a touch of realism to a hundred and more motion pictures, television specials, series episodes, mini series, commercials, and even music videos.

Since 1936, when Rancho Santa Anita, Inc. (a real estate syndicate headed by Harry Chandler of the *Los Angeles Times*) purchased the property from E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin's daughter Anita, and continuing through acquisition by the County of Los Angeles in 1947, the Arboretum has provided the setting for a number of Hollywood greats and almost greats. Old Baldwin Ranch lands were subdivided and sold as residential lots in the 1930s, but the central portion around Baldwin Lake was put "on loan," if you will, to the Assistance League of Southern California, a philanthropic group with which Anita Baldwin had been active. Lee Wray Turner, film location manager for the Assistance League, was responsible for writing all the contracts with the movie studios, the proceeds of which went to the Assistance League. Interestingly, when the Arboretum and its foundation came into being in 1947-1948, Mrs. Turner was hired as the first executive secretary and, with her excellent contacts in Hollywood, she continued renting the grounds; only now the rental fees went to the fledgling Arboretum.

The first documented film shot at least in part at the Arboretum was *Tarzan Escapes* in 1936. The first we have a photograph of is *The Buccaneer*, a Cecil B. DeMille film released in 1937 with Frederic March as Jean Lafitte helping President Andy Jackson repel the British during the War of 1812. For filming purposes, our wonderful native Engelmann oaks were festooned with Spanish moss to transform Tallac Knoll into the deep South! And on it went! The year 1939 was a bustling one with Paramount Studios alone shooting parts of at least four big movies on the Arboretum site. A huge set was constructed on the east shore of Baldwin Lake for *Road to Singapore*, the first of the Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Dorothy Lamour "Road" pictures; Fred MacMurray spent a *Honeymoon in Bali* while lounging on the porch of the Queen Anne Cottage; Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Madeleine Carroll's paddlewheel boat inadvertently sank during the filming of *Safari* (though the airstrip in today's Meadowbrook area worked out splendidly); and Dorothy Lamour, in her famous sarong, met Robert Preston in *Typhoon* with scenes shot in the old jungle area north of Baldwin Lake.

Over many, many years, Olympic swimming champion Johnny

Weissmuller, as Tarzan, swung through Arboretum jungle trees, first with Maureen O'Sullivan (1936) and later Brenda Joyce as Jane at his side. A local newspaper article reported that Weissmuller set an unrecorded swim record in Baldwin Lake while filming *Tarzan and the Huntress* in 1946—it seems caged crocodiles on the shore somehow got loose and decided to go for a swim with Johnny! Poor Mr. Weissmuller! According to movie critics, as Weissmuller got older and a bit less svelte, it was decided that he would look better in safari clothing than loincloth. Voilà he became Jungle Jim and back to the Arboretum he came for fifteen *Jungle Jim* movies. Tarzan, meanwhile, continued with other stars, including Lex Barker and Gordon Scott in the title role. There was even a Japanese Tarzan movie (*Brooba*) shot at the Arboretum in 1955. Yoshihiro Hamaguchi portrayed “Brooba,” with Yuko Yashio as “Reiko” (or Jane). Mr. Hamaguchi, in a parallel to Johnny Weissmuller, was Japan's 1952 Olympic swimming champion. This was his first acting role, and the movie *Brooba* was the first Japanese film made entirely in the United States.

Lots of “B” movies, a dose of low-budget horror flicks (*Attack of the Giant Leeches* with Yvette Vickers and Ken Clark was classic), bits and pieces of early television series episodes (*Lassie*, *Daniel Boone*, *Green Hornet*, *Mission Impossible*, *Six Million Dollar Man*, and *Bionic Woman*), and the occasional name movie shared Arboretum acreage through the late 1950s, 1960s, and early 1970s. I began my career as historian at the Arboretum in 1972 and well remember being asked to personally escort Sir Lawrence Olivier on a tour through the Queen Anne Cottage while he awaited set changes in the small piece of *Marathon Man* (1976), shot lakeside near the house. Wow! Memorable, too, when television mini-series were the craze in the late 1970s, the Arboretum played host to one of the more famous ones, Alex Haley's *Roots II*. James Earl Jones portrayed Alex Haley and Baldwin Lake was the “river” traversed to return to Kunta Kinte's African village. The “African” village itself was set up in our Australian section where non-African Eucalyptus trees in the background didn't seem to bother anyone other than Arboretum botanists!

Ricardo Montalban and Herve Villachaise didn't have quite the star power, but their vehicle, the television series *Fantasy Island* (1977–1984) really put Mr. Roarke, Tattoo, and the Arboretum on the Hollywood map. The pilot movie and parts of several episodes were filmed at the Arboretum. The exterior of the Queen Anne Cottage was used extensively, including stock footage in the opening sequence with the amphibious plane landing on the lake and Tattoo ringing the bell while yelling “da plane” from the tower of the cottage. The original plane, in fact, was a registered Scan-30 Widgeon leased for two days from Long Beach Airport. It was brought in by crane, but actually taxied across Baldwin Lake, the illusion of “just landed” speed created with aid of a quick-release rope

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secured to the tail then released when the engine was revved up. A plywood facsimile of the fuselage was mounted on a floating platform at the old Baldwin boathouse thereafter, where it was used regularly for the endless guest stars arriving at *Fantasy Island*. The Queen Anne Cottage, incidentally, remained so closely identified with *Fantasy Island* that even five years after its run, the television series *Murder She Wrote* felt it necessary to paint (temporarily!) the Cottage in rainbow sherbet stripes as a backdrop for star Angela Lansbury.

Night-time soap operas *Knot's Landing*, *Flamingo Road*, and *Falcon Crest* visited the Arboretum in the 1980s, but king of the genre, *Dallas*, probably generated the most excitement when stars Larry Hagman, Patrick Duffy, and Steve Kanaly all showed up in 1981. The storyline for the Arboretum episode involved the three men searching for their father's downed airplane. They set up camp in our Australian section and proved to be as outgoing in person as they were in character. Larry Hagman actually ran out into the road when one of our trams came by, flagged it down, jumped on board and announced to the startled visitors, "There are movie stars all over the place; you'd better get off and see!" Of course, they all did just that, and the tram driver was left wondering what to do next!

The past decade or so has featured everything from *Power Rangers* (many, many times) to Pamela Lee Anderson's sassy *VIP*. Mike Meyers and Dana Carvey brought their *Saturday Night Live* fame to the movie *Wayne's World* with scenery including Meyberg Waterfall and Meadowbrook. *Dave*, the movie, brought the White House, no less (or at least an elaborate facade), to our Bauer/Cal Phil lawn, which apparently matched the view of the real White House as seen on the back of the twenty-dollar bill. Stars Kevin Kline and Sigourney Weaver disembarked from a real helicopter (though not actually Marine One), strode across the lawn accompanied by scores of "extra" Secret Service agents, and waved from the east portico. Absolutely unnerving! *Spy Hard*, *Matilda*, *Anaconda*, *Little Nicky*, *Bedazzled*, *CSI: Miami*. . .the list goes on and alas so, too, do I. Hooray for Hollywood!!

Sandy Snider is associate curator for history at the Los Angeles County Arboretum & Botanic Garden. She is the co-author of *Arcadia—Where Ranch and City Meet* published in 1981, and the author of *Elias Jackson "Lucky" Baldwin: California Visionary*, published in 1987, and *Arboretum Album*, published in 1997.

THE ONLY KNOWN STATUE OF HUGO REID

by Zureta Kurten

Thanks to the efforts of the Arcadia Historical Society, and Carol Libby in particular, the County of Los Angeles is in the process of donating to the City of Arcadia the only known statue of Hugo Reid. He is shown with his wife Victoria, two of her children from a previous marriage, and their dog. This group rests on a base depicting several scenes from the Hugo Reid era of early California history. The twelve-foot high statue was created of cast stone or concrete by Preston L. Scott, a talented Los Angeles sculptor with many prizes to his credit.

The statute was dedicated in 1937 at the county's new recreation park in Arcadia on the site of the former Rancho Santa Anita. It has remained there to this day, just north of the park's swimming pools.

Reid wore many hats during his relatively short lifetime of forty-two years. An educated Scotsman, he first came to seek his fortune in California during the Mexican regime. He was master of a trading schooner that sailed between Hawaii, Mexico, and California. Then, for years, he was operator of a trade store in Los Angeles. He married Dona Victoria, an Indian woman raised and educated at the San Gabriel Mission, and adopted her four children from a former marriage. In 1841, Reid was granted the 13,319 acre Rancho Santa Anita by the Mexican government. Thus, he became the first owner of land comprising present day Arcadia.

In 1849, Reid was sent as a delegate from this area to the California State Constitutional Convention and helped shepherd our state through its transition from province to republic to statehood. He wrote extensively during his adult life and his library was considered one of the best in early California history. In 1851, Reid wrote a series of essays on the culture of local Native Americans with information supplied by Victoria. Published in 1852 by the *Los Angeles Star*, the city's first newspaper, the essays are regarded by Indian anthropologists as the most thorough, comprehensive portrait of these people.

Hugo Reid's only known statute surely merits a prominent spot, and it was relocated to the front of the Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum, the home of the Arcadia Historical Society, on May 2, 2003.

Zureta Kurten has lived in Arcadia since 1950. She is a docent at the Ruth and Charles Gilb Arcadia Historical Museum and has volunteered at the Arcadia Public Library.

ARCADIA LISTENS

by Jack Teel

Even though I left this town for another home, the community clings to me and I to it.

After more than three years, I still read the local paper thoroughly. I bond with friends and associates through e-mail, letters, and telephone, closely following passages and people. The activities of the city council, political campaigns, police and fire logs, and the departments' accomplishments bring focus to my mind's eye. I hear about sports, the demise and resurgence of Arcadia's participation in the Tournament of Roses Parade, changes and improvements to city structures (the police station and renovation of the city council chambers), Santa Anita Racetrack's proposed new looks, and the Westfield Shoppingtown mall expansion.

The list goes on.

I still feel excitement and anticipation hearing news about the efforts by movers and shakers of the community that bring fundraising successes and resulting improvements at Methodist Hospital and other deserving beneficiaries. The good works done by service clubs (Lions, Kiwanis, Rotary, Soroptimist, and more.) in conjunction with the Chamber of Commerce continue with great energy. I am proud to hear of the increasing significance of another major community entity—the Los Angeles County Arboretum—and its concerts, flower shows, and, yes, even the insect shows. With great interest, I track those who have become political candidates, what their major issues are, and who is on their supporting teams. I see what our outstanding students and teachers look like and know what their accomplishments are. How exciting that a new historical museum has opened, there to preserve the treasures that established the heritage enjoyed by more than fifty thousand grateful citizens! And I learn whether the limited real estate areas are put to good use—Wilderness Park and other city parks for all ages to use, the world class library, and the plethora of churches serving the spiritual needs of very diverse demographics.

These thoughts are not a prologue to a Chamber of Commerce brochure, but a recounting of some of the thoughts of a former resident who remains a loyal friend, 2,500 miles east and several years away.

But my deepest memory of the Arcadia community is not the events. It is of people's voices—those speaking on issues and being politely listened to by candidates at political forums, and residents who were always given quiet respect when they spoke at city council meetings during the time set aside for them. These were soliloquies of opinion, some friendly, some not. They were expostu-

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lations of little-known facts; maybe a bit of a travelogue; a recounting of an injustice, real or imagined; an effort to impress the captured audience attending and watching local public television; maybe the urge to inform or educate all within hearing. Their purposes didn't matter. Each one came prepared with notes or natural speaking ability. Never were they less than entertaining or lacking in sincerity. They all had the courage and commitment to speak out, even though some of the material may have lacked substance. Did they achieve results? Some did. The real value was that Arcadia listened. What more can someone expect from a gracious and caring community that lives long in this resident's heart?

Jack Teel lived in Arcadia from 1974 to 1999 and was involved in the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce, Arcadia Tournament of Roses Association, and Lutheran Church of the Cross. He now lives in Annapolis, Maryland.

CHAPTER 15

Odes to Arcadia

ARCADIA HERE WE COME

by Wesley Yang

The cloud in the sky,
The water in the lake,
The squirrel on the tree,
The peacock on the ground,
The racetrack is nearby,
Arcadia here we come!

Wesley Yang is in the second grade at Longley Way Elementary School. His poem "Arcadia Here We Come" won the Arcadia Centennial Poetry Contest in the Grades 1 and 2 category in April 2003.

ARCADIA ROCKS

by Yunzhi (Leon) Lin

Arcadia, Arcadia you are a beaut,
Arcadia, Arcadia you are so cute,
You are a famous city in my heart,
That makes you a masterpiece in art,
Children are writing in your schools,
Because they know learning is really cool,
Policemen keep the city safe and sound,
Of course it weighs more than one pound,
Teachers there are plenty to choose,
But any of them will win and never lose,
Firemen put your fires out,
They are heroes with no doubt,
Gardeners work all day in the sun,
Making your looks pretty for everyone,
Post officers are just like hail,
They keep on dropping lots of mail,
Arcadia, Arcadia, really what I am trying to say,
Is that you rock in a magnificent way!

Yunzhi (Leon) Lin is in the third grade at Longley Way Elementary School. His poem "Arcadia Rocks" won the Arcadia Centennial Poetry Contest in the Grades 3 and 4 category in April 2003.

HOME SWEET HOME

by Bonnie Cao

Multicolored parakeets
Streak across the sky,
Calling to one another
With their unmistakable cry.
Like a rainbow stretching out
Toward a glittering pot of gold,
Every time I saw it
It never did get old.

A short distance away
Is a racetrack roaring with noise,
With several thundering horses
That jockeys handle with poise.
Those in the stands holler
For their horse is in the lead,
The race has come to an end
And it was a good one indeed.

FORE! A golf ball is struck
'Cross the course it goes,
Flying straight and true like an arrow
As an awesome show of force.
A small white blur in the midst of green
Leaves everyone in awe.
"That may be the next Tiger Woods!"
Says anyone who saw.

Bustling with activity
Is the dear hospital,
Full of caring volunteers
Ages senior to the little.
Our first-rate doctors do THE best
At helping those in need,
Gentle nurses are there for you
And ALWAYS up to speed.

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Whenever you walk down
Any road, street, or avenue,
Trees and flowers on either side
Create a panoramic view.
Birds chirp from the trees above
And bees buzz down below,
The joy way deep inside of you
Seems 'bout to overflow.

Right after 9/11
Our country was in pain.
Our city pulled together
And proved we would sustain.
In front of City Hall,
Along the street we found,
A line of American flags
And we were certainly proud.

Where else does all this happen?
No, it's not the Astrodome,
It's where some people call Arcadia
But I call HOME SWEET HOME.

Bonnie Cao is in the seventh grade at Foothills Middle School. Her poem "Home Sweet Home" won the Arcadia Centennial Poetry Contest in the Grades 5, 6 and 7 category in April 2003.

HERE WE STAND

by Zar Phyo

Here we stand, for years and years.
So much has happened and so many changes.
We stand up tall and bold, diligent and all.
We're always at crest because we stand united.
A community of peace and love.
Arcadia, we stand above all.
A school built for the best education,
A library built for the best book collection,
A police station, always ready for duty,
A park for peace and tranquil for all,
Friendly people here and there,
Great service everywhere.
Arcadia, here we stand,
for years and years.
United as family,
working hard to build the best community of all.

Zar Phyo is in the ninth grade at Arcadia High School. Her poem "Here We Stand" won the Arcadia Centennial Poetry Contest in the Teen category in April 2003.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF ARCADIA IN FORTY-FOUR LINES

by Robert C. Harbicht

Near an artesian lake, a charming, roguish old rake,
One Lucky Baldwin staked out a claim.
He somehow got his hand on a great deal of land,
And our area would never be the same.

Now ol' Lucky had plans for the use of his land,
That were sometimes at odds with the laws.
So he said, "That's a pity, but if I start my own city,
Our own ordinances will iron out the flaws."

So in 1903 they held an election you see,
And Arcadia came into being.
Thirty-five voters came, though if you checked every name,
Some chicanery you might be seeing.

Five Councilmen were elected and then they selected,
Surprise, Lucky Baldwin the Mayor, their leader.
For many a day, Arcadia was wide-open they say,
But we'll defer to the sensibilities of the reader.

Now you may be grinning, but from this humble beginning,
Arcadia grew to become a great place.
But like many other towns, it had its ups and downs;
Without further ado we'll cut to the chase.

With houses of ill repute and gambling to boot,
Lucky had himself a pretty good deal.
To India he went and had some peacocks sent,
And they ended up on our city seal.

Lands sakes alive, they weren't the only birds to thrive,
For many years chicken farmers did well.
But after the war, building homes made much more,
Plus we had to get rid of that smell!

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Charles Strub had an obsession in the depths of the depression,
He would invest in a brand new sensation.
He built a racetrack and he made it all back,
Santa Anita became the toast of the nation.

Our destiny was set; not only could you bet,
But bring your family—children, husband and wife.
Arcadia it seems, became the place to build dreams,
And live what they call the good life.

Our community today has come a long way,
From way back in nineteen-ought-three.
Our schools are the best, our housing, the rest,
Are what other towns aspire to be.

Arcadia is winning, from our humble beginning,
We can be proud of what we've become.
And about all I can say, at the end of the day,
Is thank the good Lord that I call it home.

Robert C. Harbicht has lived in Arcadia for twenty-nine years. He is a former member of the Arcadia Planning Commission and three-term member of the Arcadia City Council (1986 to 1994 and 1996 to 2000). He was mayor of Arcadia in 1988-1989 and 1997-1998, and is currently president of the Arcadia Rotary Club. His poem "One Hundred Years of Arcadia in Forty-Four Lines" won the Arcadia Centennial Poetry Contest in the Adult category in April 2003.

CHAPTER 16

Our Future

HOW LUCKY WE ARE

by Bill Davila

I often reflect on how fortunate my family and I are to have lived in Arcadia for more than thirty years. Having grown up in an inner-city environment, I can truly appreciate our good fortune.

Arcadia is a city of charm and beauty. It offers so much of what is good in life. There is very little that we don't have nearby. Arcadia has churches of all denominations, department stores, food stores, hobby shops, flower shops, marvelous restaurants, theaters, youth activities and, above all, wonderful schools with extraordinary teaching staff for our children.

We have devoted men and women who give of themselves to be our mayor and members of the city council, competent and caring police officers and fire fighters, and dedicated doctors, nurses, and volunteers for Methodist Hospital. And speaking of hospitals, I believe that all five of our children spent time in the emergency room at Methodist. They were there so often I was worried that I might go to jail. Fortunately, that didn't happen, but I am very grateful to all those doctors and nurses who helped stitch them up and cast the broken arms. Our children were a lively bunch.

As you read through the pages of this book, I encourage you to become active in our city and dedicate some of your time to keeping Arcadia the crown jewel of the San Gabriel Valley.

As I said at the beginning of this message, our family is grateful for all that we have enjoyed by living in Arcadia.

Bill Davila has been an Arcadia resident for thirty years. The former president of Vons, he is extremely supportive of Methodist Hospital of Southern California and served on its board of directors.

A PRAYER OF INVOCATION FOR ARCADIA'S CENTENNIAL

by Rev. Msgr. Norman Priebe

Loving God, our Creator,
How may we count the blessings of one hundred years!

Colleagues, pioneers, Elias J. "Lucky" Baldwin,
far-sighted developers, wise city planners, courageous entrepreneurs,
visionary mayors, outstanding city council members,
educators and schools of excellence;
a cultural richness, a diversity of peoples,
streets and neighborhoods of beauty and serenity;
elegant botanical gardens;
"The Great Race Place," Santa Anita;
a devotion to order and safety and growth and progress;
a community of families and homes;
a city where all may feel welcome and where all may enjoy
the benefits of our American heritage and freedom.

Gracious God, how much we have to be thankful for!

We ask Your blessing tonight upon the uncounted ordinary citizens and
families who have made Arcadia their home through one hundred years,
raised their families here, opened businesses here,
and who have felt proud to call Arcadia their city.
Fill our hearts tonight with continued devotion to our wonderful city;
with a willingness to sacrifice and work hard for its preservation and growth;
with vision, to plan for the future;
with generosity, to share the blessings we have;
with a spirit of cooperation, to work together in cultural and ethnic diversity;
with a deep sense of religious faith and a trust and reliance upon the power
of prayer;
with a profound sense of our heritage,
yet a willingness to look to a future yet unknown,
and to work in mutual harmony to achieve the greatness
we have still to realize.

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Loving God, bless each one here this evening;
bless our friends who have come from Tripolis in Greece
to share this centennial celebration;
bless our mayor, and all who serve in our city government;
bless those who prepared the special Centennial display of our history;
and finally, bless the delicious food we will enjoy,
and the friendship we treasure, and the hopes we share.

Make us **one** tonight in celebrating the Centennial
of our beloved City of Arcadia.

Amen.

Rev. Msgr. Norman Priebe was the pastor at Church of the Holy Angels in Arcadia from 1991 to 2003. He delivered the Prayer of Invocation at Arcadia's Centennial Recognition Dinner on January 18, 2003.

A COMMUNITY OF CHANGE

by Craig Lucas

In 1956, the fifty-third year of the incorporated City of Arcadia, I was nine years old when I moved from Melbourne, Australia to De Anza Place in Arcadia with my parents and twelve-year-old brother. The route to our new home had passed around the world through Singapore, Thailand, India, Pakistan, Egypt, Greece, Italy, France, Germany, England, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway and across the United States west from New York City.

Although I was born in Pasadena, and looked like most of the other fifth-grade students at Hugo Reid School, I was a foreigner in every other respect. By my accent, everyone could tell that I was not from this community where everyone talked alike. After more than three years of cricket, football (commonly known as Australian Rules), parliament, and an English-style education, I did not know how to play baseball or football or the fundamentals of the United States system of government. I had traveled around the world while most of my classmates had never left the state of California. Even though I was a cultural outsider, I soon adapted to be like my contemporaries, whose names clearly indicated that their ancestors predominately had come from Europe as did mine. In the process of growing up in Arcadia, I purposely ignored or forgot all of those experiences that had made me a foreigner. In those days, I don't recall any children moving from other lands into my neighborhood. People who didn't look or speak like I did lived elsewhere—Monrovia, El Monte, Pasadena, and Rosemead.

Life as a boy in Arcadia in the 1950s was filled with the activities of the days before television monopolized young lives—bike riding, homemade skate boarding in neighborhoods filled with children of similar ages ("baby boomers" born in 1946), playing informal football and baseball games in the park across the street from my home, adventuring under fences into the Arboretum or golf course or Santa Anita Dam at night and into Santa Anita Racetrack in the off-season, hiking out of Chantry Flats, watching late-night street drag races on Campus Drive, exploring the tunnels of the city's flood control channels, body surfing in summers at Newport Beach, and Friday nights in the fall watching the Arcadia High football team lose another home game. In every way, as a child in Arcadia, it seemed to be a very carefree and innocent world.

Change came into my Arcadia world without warning and was often not welcome. First there was the destruction in 1958 of my two favorite huge pepper trees across the street in the park to make way for the grading and construction of a new Little League baseball diamond (now known as Windsor Field). I tried to sabotage this change to my world by removing the survey stakes placed

by the grading company. Nonetheless, the field was built and I went on to play on that field for a team sponsored by E. F. Hutton.

Another significant change that I remember was a mini-riot after a Friday night Arcadia High football game when jets of water from Arcadia fire trucks were used to disburse the crowd that had become unruly after a disputed call by the referee during a game with our rival Monrovia Wildcats. Looking back today, I think there could have been some racial elements to this event because the Monrovia team and its fans included people of color (not the term used in those days) and Arcadia had none and wouldn't for two decades. I can only remember one dinner-table conversation with my parents and aunt about race-relations. As I recall, it was all about someplace else and only of academic interest. I had no meaningful experience with people of color in my world as a student in Arcadia.

While on the subject of football, fortunately the losing seasons of the Arcadia High football team became a thing of the past, which was a welcome change. In 1960, Paul Duhart, a coach with a thick New England accent, came to Arcadia. Within a season, our football teams were winning the league championship. I played for one of those teams in a game against Muir High School in the Rose Bowl—we lost. In those days, both end zones of Arcadia High's field had bleacher seats in order to accommodate all of the spectators. In the 1960s, people of color and cultural differences came to Arcadia in the form of foreign exchange students. Then, it was mostly exchange students from Europe who came for a year of study at Arcadia High. My family hosted a student from Turkey in the same year that another exchange student from Malaysia was at Arcadia High. At that time, I knew of no other Muslim or Asian students at the school, certainly none that were speakers of languages other than English. Unfortunately for me, these students adopted our style and manners and I learned almost nothing of their world. Thirty years later my daughter attended Arcadia High with classmates whose parents had come from Argentina, Egypt, England, Greece, India, Iran, Italy, Japan, Korea, Laos, Mexico, New Zealand, Philippines, Taiwan, and Thailand. Arcadia had become abundantly enriched by the influence of so many cultures.

I now know that Arcadia was a monocultural community in the 1940s, 1950s, and 1960s by design. From the personal experiences of friends, I have learned that it was almost impossible for a person of color to purchase or rent a home in Arcadia in those years. And when those practices began to significantly change in the late 1970s, I know of the resistance and disdain with which those new residents were met by some in the community.

Today, in 2003, Arcadia is a progressive city in many respects. Our neighbors are from many different lands and they have invigorated our community, schools, and resources. The Arcadia Interfaith Action Group has formed to connect.

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Muslim, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and other groups in serving the spiritual needs of our community. Our governing councils, boards, commissions, and civic clubs involve every aspect of our community's diverse population. Our neighborhoods reflect a diversity of architecture and style. Our underutilized lands have been developed into a prosperous shopping center and multifamily dwellings. Our schools are pioneers in developing creative programs for students who speak more than thirty native languages. We are home to Methodist Hospital of Southern California, a center for excellence in healthcare for fifty years.

There has been and there always will be change in Arcadia as it presses ahead into its second hundred years.

Craig Lucas moved to Arcadia in 1956 and graduated from Arcadia High School in 1964. He is chairman of the board of directors of Methodist Hospital of Southern California and former president of Church of the Good Shepherd Foundation. He is currently a member of the Arcadia Planning Commission.

ARCADIA 2003

by Dorothy Denne

Gary Kovacic asked me to write about a special memory of a person, place, or event from my years in Arcadia. I couldn't single out just one memory from any of those categories. Mine is more a matter of personal involvement and overall feeling for the city.

My husband, Bob, has lived in Arcadia for nearly seventy years. I moved here when I said yes to him, so I've lived here nearly forty. From 1965 until 1994, when I started writing an Arcadia "Cityscene" column for the now defunct *Sierra Madre News*, my life here was pretty much just that of a happy resident in a pleasant city. I was only mildly involved—enough to feel comfortable voting in city elections.

Once I started writing "Cityscene," my involvement began big time. Bill Kelly, Arcadia's city manager, once remarked that I attended more meetings, did more interviews, and knew as much or more than any city staff or council member. My single achievement within the city of which I am most proud is being the one responsible for bringing a much-needed local newspaper to town in 1995.

My involvement has dwindled in recent months, but hardly disappeared. I serve on the Arcadia Centennial Commission, volunteer with our police department, continue to write for the paper, and keep getting caught up in various projects around town.

I do what I do because I feel so very blessed to live in a city where one of our major concerns is how many peacocks are roaming the streets.

My idea of the perfect place to live would be on a fifteen-square-mile green oasis with seventeen to eighteen thousand trees. There would be no car stereos blaring, no big trucks bumping by to rearrange my wall-hanging pictures, no leaf blowers, and no SUVs blocking the view from my driveway.

Given that, I would then want a top quality police department to keep it safe, a fire department with well-trained paramedics, and a dedicated maintenance crew to keep it beautiful.

Throw in the convenience of a local hospital, nearby shopping centers with goods for every fancy, supermarkets for filling the pantry, a plethora of restaurants to satisfy the palate, and the ambiance of an arboretum to nourish the soul.

That, dear readers, turns out to be Arcadia 2003. We do have blaring stereos, leaf blowers, bumpety trucks, and traffic congestion, but Arcadia 2003 is as close to perfection as any city can be.

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Dorothy Denne is a member of the Arcadia Centennial Commission and a volunteer for the Arcadia Police Department. She has lived in Arcadia since 1964 and writes a column for the *Arcadia Weekly*.

ARCADIA'S SPLENDID PAST AND EXCITING FUTURE

by Lee Shimmin

Few people could argue that Arcadia's founding father lacked vision. Elias J. "Lucky" Baldwin built a great farm, introduced the first Santa Anita Racetrack, established the Board of Trade (now the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce), and supported rapid transit for Southern California. Today, after we removed the Pacific Electric Red Cars from Huntington Drive in the 1950s, our city is in line to get the next extension of the Gold Line, linking us by rail to the rest of Southern California. The completion of this link will speed the delivery of new customers to our region, just as the internet now links us through cyber space with the rest of the world.

The wisdom of Arcadia's leaders started in the early days when they saved a portion of the tax revenue to fund city improvements. The wisdom of frugal planning made it possible to build an excellent water department, fire department, police department, and public library. It supported an infrastructure that brought investment to our area, producing great treasures like our public education system, healthy business districts, and diversification of cultures.

None of these achievements could have happened without caring citizens; people willing to join together to solve our problems and create opportunities for all of us. The volunteers of Arcadia made it all happen, and continue to do so. No one person can claim credit. We are all a part of the solution.

Here is an example of that Arcadia volunteer spirit. Several years ago, I was invited to George Fasching's home with other community members to meet Maestro Victor Vener and discuss the formation of a California Philharmonic Orchestra. This was, I thought, a crazy idea. We were asked to help organize a series of six concerts at the Arboretum, complete with a band shell like the Hollywood Bowl and lots of willing volunteers, in just ninety days. Needless to say, the idea worked and it created a great icon of culture during the summer. It brings beautiful music not only to Arcadia, but to the entire San Gabriel Valley and metropolitan Southern California. Our neighbors volunteered and made it a success, almost over night.

The giving nature of our residents compliments itself for the greater good. The dedication demonstrated by supporters of the summer concert series is repeated every day in every aspect of our community.

What is happening now is that recent arrivals from cultures that do not have a tradition of community involvement soon learn to volunteer. For instance, the many diverse members of the multi-cultural committee (started by the Arcadia

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Unified School District and the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce) come together each year to plan an annual dinner that celebrates the diversity of our great community. It all makes sense. When we give, we receive much more in return.

The future of Arcadia depends on volunteer participation, wise management of money, favorable business practices, and a positive respect for cultural diversity. We should be proud of our past transition as a community. We should continue to reach out to others so we can face the future together.

Our legacy will depend on empowerment through volunteer action. So many want to live here and enjoy the benefits that Arcadia offers. We should be happy with our blessings, but also commit to help other communities achieve their place in the sun. We must remain humble as we consider our own past struggles and the challenges that face all of us in the future.

My family is grateful to all of you who work together to make Arcadia a great community.

An individual cannot do it all. But collectively, we can accomplish anything we want. It is up to all of us to preserve the blessings of Arcadia's past, provide for its bright future, and keep its dreams alive for our children's children. Thank God for the opportunity to serve.

Lee Shimmin has lived in Arcadia since 1976. He is past-president of the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A publication of this magnitude is not the product of one person, although late at night it sometimes felt like it. Without the assistance of many good friends and colleagues, this project would never have made it past the dream stage.

Obviously, a lot of credit goes to the authors, over 130 strong, who had the faith and commitment to place their thoughts and memories about Arcadia on paper and entrust them to me for editing and publication. While some were undoubtedly challenged by “writer’s block” along the way, all came through with personal reflections and remembrances that make this anthology what it is and will be for generations of Arcadians.

And speaking of faith, a special thank you goes to the many individuals and organizations that made initial financial contributions to the cause based only on a promise that this anthology would somehow, some way, be published. Those good and generous folks who opened their wallets include Bill and Arly Barton, Jeff and Darlene Bowen, Dan and Bea Chute, Bill and Dorothy Davila, Vince and Dolores Foley, Bob and Marcia Garrett, Richard and Coyla Grumm, Tony and Kathy Henrich, Vern and Eileen Hubbard, Bart and Kathy Kimball, Jim and Barbara Kuhn, Tony and Jean Parille, Peter and Mabel Poon, Amy Poon, Glenna Rasmussen, Dean and Helen Sansui, Harriet Shroads, Randy and Marilyn Stoke, Robert and Dorothy Talty, Frank and Phyllis Tomkins, Pat Wallace, Shone and Sherry Wang, John Wuo, Paul and Rose Yeh, Fasching’s Car Wash, and the Arcadia Rotary Club.

Our volunteer staff was small, but mighty. Jerry and Doris Selmer combed the archives of Arcadia’s public library, historical museum, and city hall for photographs to add context to the text. Bob Green, a patent attorney by trade, helped clear the various legal hurdles that publishing a book surprisingly presents, while his wife Judy made sure all the paperwork and forms were in proper order. Computer guru Dave Hamada guaranteed that nothing was accidentally deleted as he bridged the significant gap between my vision and the realities of word processing and saving. My long-time law partners at Sullivan, Workman & Dee, LLP in Los Angeles also deserve special mention for providing me with the flexibility, copy machines, and postage meters to complete this project on time.

I also want to thank Arcadia City Manager Bill Kelly, along with his staff members Cindy Flores, Linda Garcia, and Lynda Cudlip, for doing all the not-so-little things that creep up on you when you publish a book—verification of facts, drafting correspondence, riding herd on the publisher, and keeping the book orders straight. Tremendous factual and photographic research support was provided by Director of Library and Museum Services Janet Sporleder and

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Principal Librarian, Adult Information Services, Mary Beth Hayes. As always, the efforts of the city's staff were excellent.

The professional assistance rendered by photographer Terry Miller and the good folks at Old Mill Graphics—Don Nelson and Bonnie Nelson—deserves special recognition and a Mayor's Certificate of Commendation for artistic vision and practical application.

Thank you also to Mary Bender of the *Pasadena Star-News* for providing good topic ideas along the way and writing a front-page article about this project that resulted in additional essays being submitted.

This publication would not have been possible without the vote of confidence, and "seed" money, provided by my colleagues on the 2002-2003 Arcadia City Council—Sheng Chang, Gail Marshall, Mickey Segal, and John Wuo. I have enjoyed working with them on this project (all contributed essays to the anthology), but I appreciate even more our collaborative efforts, shared vision, and mutual respect as the city council navigates some pretty challenging times in the life of our city, state, and country. I also want to acknowledge the many contributions and dedicated service of the other city council members with whom it has been my privilege to serve—Roger Chandler, Bob Harbicht, Barbara Kuhn, Gino Roncelli, and Mary Young. I would like to single out the poet Bob Harbicht for a moment. In 1996, Bob was the member of the Arcadia City Council who pushed for my appointment when Dennis Lojeski died. Bob and I had served on the Arcadia Planning Commission together in the 1980s and we did not always agree on development and architectural issues. It would have been much safer for Bob to seek the appointment of someone else, but he has a genuine love for Arcadia and wanted what he thought would be best for the community. I really appreciate Bob's initial support and continuing friendship. Bob started my career on the city council for which I am forever grateful.

Finally, I must acknowledge the contributions of my family. My mom Florence Kovacic thinks I can do no wrong, a myth that continues despite my constant lapses. Whatever talents I have as a writer are her fault. My daughter Kelly and son Casey have been forced to endure the unfortunate focus of being the children of a city council member and occasional mayor. But they have survived quite well with patience, maturity, and a sense of humor, and I am extremely proud of them. And the most credit goes to my wife and best friend Barb. Throughout this process, she has tolerated my late hours, stacks of papers, takeover of the computer, and generally obsessive behavior with a love and affection that I do not deserve. It was her constant assistance and gentle persistence that kept this project on track; not so much to honor Arcadia's Centennial with this publication as to get her home office back to normal sometime this year. After twenty-eight years of marriage, she continues to be the rock of our rela-

Visions of Arcadia: A Centennial Anthology

tionship and I love her madly.

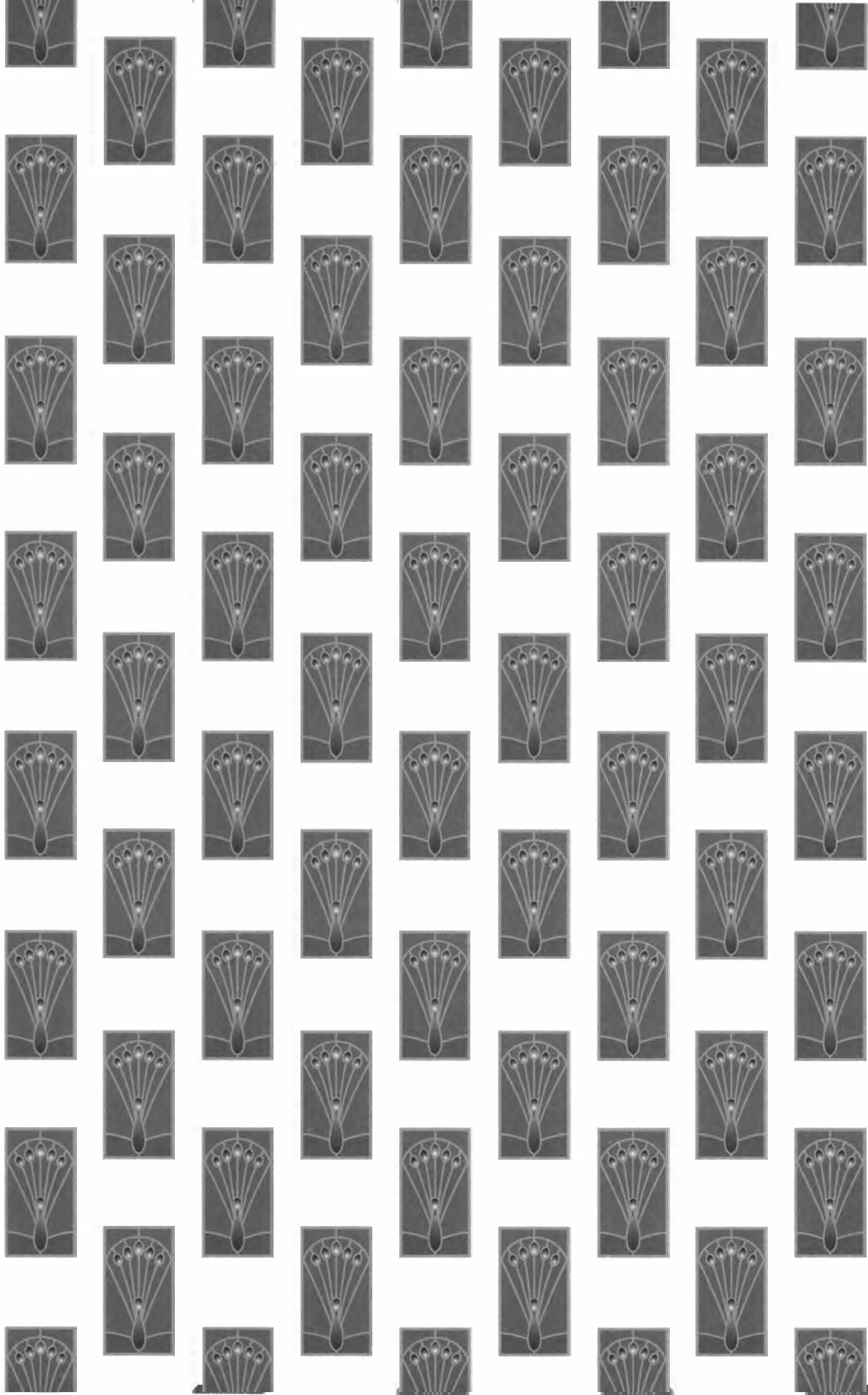
I hope you enjoy this anthology. It took a lot of time, effort, and help to put it together.

Gary A. Kovacic



Apache Memories, a collage of memorabilia assembled for the twentieth reunion of the Arcadia High School Class of 1969.

Courtesy of Scott Luke



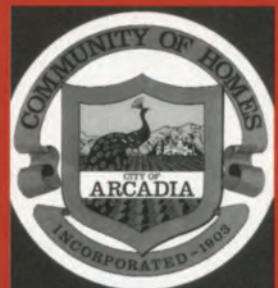
SANTA ANITA PARK RACE TRACK, ARCADIA, CALIFORNIA



City Hall - Arcadia, Calif. 2/88



SEABISCUIT, WINNER OF THE 1940



620 AN AVENUE BORDERED WITH PICTURESQUE EUCALYPTUS TREES



SANTA ANITA AVENUE, ARCADIA, CALIFORNIA



10-ton lighter from Bodie, Calif. 20 miles from Arcadia
Iron's Tony Express Museum