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Heritage Tales

The Memoirs of Janet Miles:
San Bernardino 1901-1994



Part Two



Heritage Tales



City of San Bernardino
Historical & Pioneer Society



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1998

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The Memoirs of Janet Miles: San Bernardino 1901-1994

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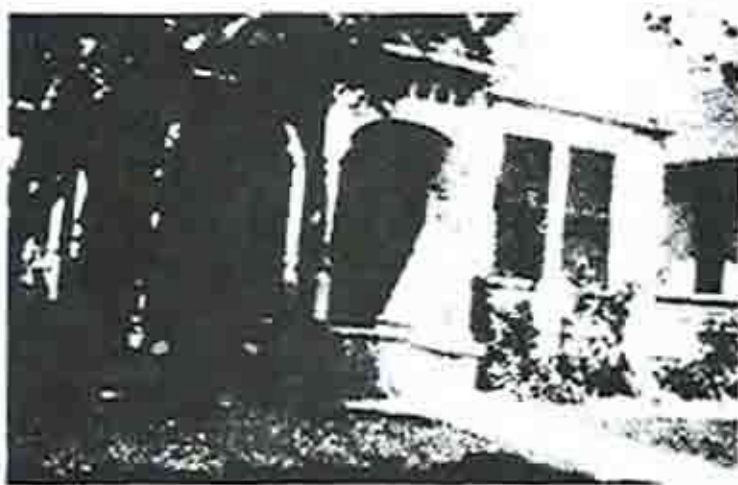


"The Way We Were"
Early day resident, Janet Miles

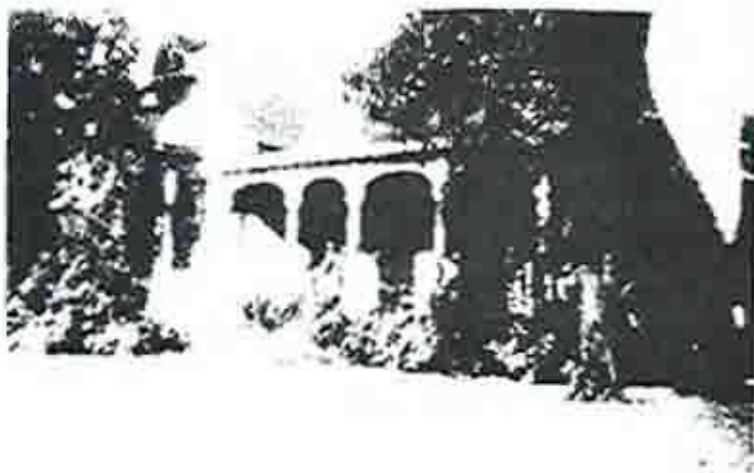
Chapter 3

My Background and Neighborhood History

Why not start with the history behind the 800 block of F Street, where I lived at 860 F Street almost my entire life?



860 F Street, front view



860 F Street, side view

About 1870 there was a young man in Boston, Thomas Smith, my uncle, who was in poor health. His doctor told him to go to a warmer, drier climate, so he came to Southern California. He bought property in Los Angeles at Third and Spring. He may have also gone to San Jacinto, where there were hot springs and a health resort. He did come back to San Bernardino where he bought an acre of land in the middle of the block facing F Street at 860 F Street from a Mr. Potter who must have owned nearly all of the north half of the block. There was a story drifting around that a man by the name of Sherwood had buried gold on the property, but even though many searched, to my knowledge it has never been found.

Mr. Potter had two daughters I can recall. They both had homes on the south side of Ninth street. Mrs. Knadler's property was a big lot to the rear of the Smith property and a house and lot facing Ninth street. Mrs. Cram, the other daughter, had a lot facing Ninth street and touching our north line. They had five or six children. One daughter, Irene, married the boy next door and lived there many years. Another daughter, Leila, married Charles Ralphs, the son of Sheriff Ralphs. They built a house facing F Street and lived there until they moved to Imperial Valley. Charlie managed the Ralphs' farming properties.

My uncle was a carpenter and builder. He built a small house on the property and planned to build a Victorian-type house there in a few years when he was well. He planted English walnut trees along both the north and south boundaries of the property.

He had met Mary Boyd, a young woman from Nova Scotia, while in Boston, so he sent for her and they were married. Since he had tuberculosis, they went to the desert for a time and he seemed to improve. But as is often the case with this dread disease, he had a relapse and died in

1879 at age 36. He and Mary had no children. Mary Boyd Smith was a skilled dressmaker. She had a beautiful Newfoundland dog for protection and companionship. Her health broke at the age of 45 when she got Brights Disease, so she sent for a younger sister, Sara Elizabeth Boyd, who was living with a third sister, Mrs. Theodore (Adelia) Boyd Mills and family in Ontario, Canada. Sara Boyd came and took care of her older sister, Mary, until she passed away in 1892 at age 45. Mary Boyd Smith gave her property at 860 F Street to Sara Elizabeth Boyd on her death.

In the early 1890s, a new high school was being built on the southwest corner of 8th and E. One of the contractors was George Hutchin Raitt. He was born about 1849 in Montrose, Scotland. He migrated to Canada, first Toronto and then Winnipeg. His first marriage was to Maggie Scales, a lovely red head who died young after having two sons, William and Charles. George came to the San Bernardino Area with his two sons, and started working in the area.

Mr. Raitt noticed a pretty lady, Miss Boyd, who passed by frequently. As a result of his attraction, he courted and married Sarah Elizabeth Boyd in 1892 or 1893. Since he was a widower with two sons, and the house at 860 F street was a small one with only four rooms, he enlarged it to make room for everyone. He bought a splendid horse and buggy for Aunt Sada. He also was a contractor on the new courthouse at Court Street and E. He had built buildings in Ontario, Colton and Bakersfield. Unfortunately he contracted pneumonia and died in 1900.

In the meantime, Mrs. Sara Boyd Raitt had persuaded her sister's family, Theodore and Adelia Mills, and their two daughters, Ada Bertha and Mary Helen, to come to San Bernardino. They rented the Suhr house at 360 C Street, now known as Arrowhead Avenue. It was there I

was born on April 5, 1901, to Margaret Adelia Boyd and Theodore Hardin Mills; I was their third daughter. At the time of my birth my oldest sister Ada was 21 and Helen was 18. My given name was Theodora Adelia Mills.



Janet Miles in a Victorian baby carriage

When I was a baby, my mother fell ill with stomach pains, perhaps gallstones or inflammation of the gallbladder, developed jaundice, and died. My father was in shock and so Aunt Sada brought her sister Helen, Theodore, my sister Helen, and the baby to live with her at 860 F Street. Ada had been married in May and was already out of the house. Helen finished high school and went into training as a nurse at the California Hospital in Los Angeles.

Before she died, when I was about two months old, my mother asked her sister Helen to raise the baby. I was very well taken care of by my two aunts, Aunt Sada and Aunt Helen, who doted on me through the years. My fa-

ther moved to Redlands and lived in a nice, six-room house. He came over every Sunday for dinner on the electric car. However, in 1923, he bought a Ford sedan automobile and



Aunt Helen and Janet Miles, 1901

would drive over and take us out for drives which we loved. He worked as a locksmith.

A lot of living happened at 860 F Street, through the 93 years I lived there, and details of my life are recorded in a separate book.

Let's continue with a look at the neighborhood surrounding 860 F street, meet the neighbors, and hear all the stories that transpired in the early 1900s in San Bernardino.

The property adjoining ours on the north was owned by Mr. Berryman and his wife. They had two grown children, Ordra and Golden. They built a very nice six-room house on the property. The metal numbers, 8880, are still

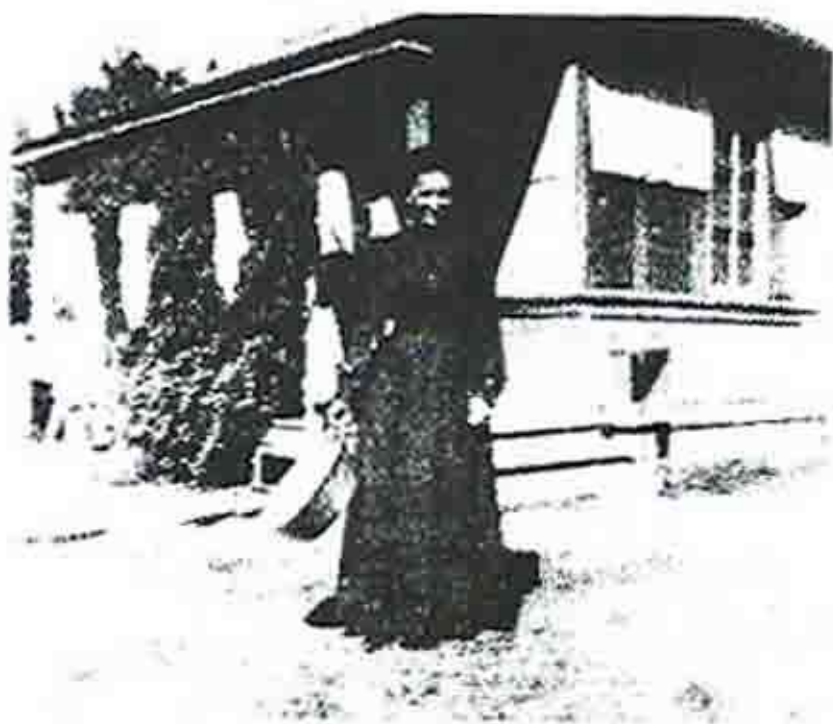
embedded in the front walk. Mr. Berryman was a city fireman. He was instrumental in the publishing of the 1901 firemen's book. Businessmen bought advertising space and interested citizens bought space for photographs of their homes. Presumably the money so raised was to purchase more fire fighting equipment.

Mr. Berryman accused Mrs. Raitt, my Aunt Sada, of cheating him out of three feet four inches of land. This was discovered when for some reason a survey was made. The reason for this discrepancy was that when the town was laid out, the surveyors were not accurate. Each block was supposed to have a 600 foot frontage, but their measurements were not accurate. If the first deed out called for a 1,150 foot frontage, that was given. If a second or third deed called for a certain frontage, it took its share of the shortage. This was not known by either Mr. Berryman or Mrs. Sara Raitt, so a feud developed.

The Berrymans moved to Turlock and the daughter, Ordra, took possession of the property. She had married Albert Reitz, the son of Camille Esler. Mr. Esler was one of the owners of the Ingersol and Esler Saloon. He owned one of the first automobiles in town. Mr. Reitz would drive it home for lunch, etc. Clair was their only child and I remember playing with her.

The automobile was a Reo, I think. It had large headlights, big running boards, and tufted upholstery. The horn was of metal with a big black horn. The Reitz family lived there until Ordra died at a young age. This property was sold to one family or real estate agent after another and sometimes was rented. One family who bought it was the Duncans. He was a Santa Fe engineer. They had two children, a boy and girl. The boy became quite a famous artist.

The three feet four inches again became an issue with the Duncans. He accused Mrs. Sara Raitt of robbing him



Aunt Sada, 1901



*Aunt Sada, Janet Miles, Aunt Helen, sister Helen, and Theodore Mills,
Janet's father*

Mrs. Sara Raitt, my aunt, then had the property surveyed and Mr. Duncan dug up the survey stakes. He didn't believe the survey was accurate.

My sister, Ada, gave me a beautiful Black Java



Frank Perkins, a neighbor's grandson, and Janet Miles

rooster which I named Blackie and loved dearly. One day, he wandered into the Duncan yard and we found Blackie lying on our side of the fence with his head wrung off. This when I was in my 20s.

Much later, this property was purchased by the Taylor family. Mr. Taylor was born in Iowa and married his school sweetheart. Developers were opening up land in Montana and he went to the Missoula area where he planted apple orchards to show off and to be sold. Their orchard was the model used to entice buyers. He won a gold medal at the big San Francisco exposition for the best apples in a certain class.

The Taylors had a large family—ten children, I think—many of them married and living in various parts of the country. Three girls, Etta Mae, Iva, and another girl, and two boys, Barnard, and Cleve who was recently divorced, lived at home. They were good, kind neighbors.

They lived there until two of the girls died and the men moved away. One of the boys worked for Charlie Carter as a salesman.

The father was my good friend, and I called him, "Father Taylor." When it would get too much over at his house, he would come over to our house. Sometimes all the girls' fusses would get to him. His wife, who was a little woman, died not too long after they moved to San Bernardino. My yard never looked so pretty, as when he lived nearby and would come over and help us. I was very fond of him.

There was a two-story house on the lot at the southwest corner of Ninth and F owned by Captain Gill and wife. He may have been a captain in the Civil War. I have no recollection of him, but I do remember Mrs. Gill. She was a small woman and quite pretty. There were two children—a boy, Ross, and a girl, Nellie. She married a cattle man in some western state. They had two sons. They came to visit the family infrequently. It seems they were isolated on the cattle ranch and did not have other children to play with. They invented a language between themselves. Ross lived at home with his mother. They made an apartment or had rooms to rent. I believe Mrs. Gill died here. Ross married and purchased a home on East Highland Avenue where he and his wife lived.

One of their tenants was the Wilson Ross family. He was a plumber. They had two daughters, Delta and Wilsey. When Delta graduated from high school, I think they moved to Berkeley. Delta graduated from U.C. and became a doctor. Wilsey was a designer.

The Ross family moved from the Gill house to a house of their own on the corner of Berkeley and Eighth Street. This house was built of tile and was one of the first of its kind. It is still standing and is owned by Mrs. Flo-

rence Costakis.

About the middle of the 600 block of Ninth Street, on the south side was the Hammer property. It abutted our property. The property was purchased by Dr. Rene, an early physician who practiced in San Bernardino. His daughter was named Amelia and married Carl Hammer, who was a member of the German group that immigrated to San Bernardino in the 1880s. Mr. Hammer was a large courtly gentleman. He and his partner, Mr. Behrends, also a German immigrant, owned a saloon. It was patterned after the German beer gardens. Mrs. Hammer was a small, dainty woman. Their eldest daughter, Carla, was small and dainty like her mother. She married Walter Wagner, a public official; they had four or five sons. Their son, Carl Junior, also became a public official. The other children were Rene and Douglas. I believe Mr. Wagner was a brother of Mrs. James Fleming. He held a public office until he was employed by a state agency to help develop a huge water project in the San Joaquin Valley.

The third child in the Carl Hammer family was Amy. A whole book could be written about her! She was a character, and she was a tomboy. She was sent to the private school operated by the Hicks family. She had a gift for music. She studied with Professor George Skinner for years. When he gave her a new lesson, she would ask him to play it for her, never touch it until her next lesson, yet play it perfectly. She had a square grand piano and could play all the popular music. She married Russell Todd. They rented a small house owned by Mrs. Raitt on the corner of H and Ninth. I can remember standing beside this piano and singing a popular song, maybe, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," when I was a small child. Sometime later, the Todd family moved into a small house on Ninth Street owned by the Cram family. I remember seeing the piano out in

the backyard. Rene Wagner, her nephew, rescued the piano and had it made into a desk.

Amy Todd loved to tell the story of working for hours with me as a very small child trying to teach me to talk. The first words were to be "dirty devil." This was to plague my staid, proper aunts! She had a great love for children. When it seemed the Todds could not have children, Amy and Russell adopted a little boy they called William, nicknamed Bill. Then they had a child of their own, a little girl named Doris. Then along came another son they named Richard.

Amy married Russell Todd much against her mother's wishes. He was poor and didn't have much education. We called him Rommy and Amy called him Russell. He was a tall man, rather slender and a good, hard working man. He was employed at one time by Will Holcomb who operated a coal and wood yard at the southwest corner of Ninth and G.

Amy Todd could swear like a man o' war sailor. She lied when the truth would do better. As you can guess, our family was on the outs with her many times. She could sew, and was a good cook and housekeeper. The Todds went through bankruptcy several times for she rarely paid a bill. For instance, when she bought a bill of groceries, the grocer had plenty of food left, didn't he?

Amy always wore a diamond ring set low that her father had given to her. They didn't tell their adopted son, Bill, that he was adopted until the day of his marriage. One can only imagine how upset he was. Like so many young people in this situation, he was determined to find out who his parents were and he did. I don't know if his birth parents were alive or not nor how many brothers and sisters he had.

Amy Todd's father Mr. Hammer worked as a guide

at the Patton State Hospital for several years before he died. When her parents died, the property came to Amy. Then the Todd family moved into the Hammer home, eventually built a house on the rear of the lot, and converted the front house into two apartments to rent. She operated a foster home. She had some children until they grew up. She made clothes for the girls. She may have only taken girls. Amy became ill and was in the hospital for a time. She later moved to San Diego to be with her youngest son, Richard, and his family. She passed away there. Her husband Russell passed away before Amy, probably when he was in his 50s. The property was sold to Latinos. This family had many children of all ages. After some of them were grown, they got into a lot of trouble, but one or two were honorable people.

The lot between the so-called Cram property and the Hammer property was owned by Captain Singer. I don't know anything about that family. The one that lived there as I can recall was the Isaac Girard family. He was a harness maker with a shop on Third Street. I can't recall Mrs. Girard, but I do remember the two boys, Leo and Howard, and their daughter. Later the Girard children sold the property and moved away.

In the early days, everyone had their own well in the backyard. The pipes of our well are still in our rose garden. Before so much water was taken out of the basin, the wells overflowed a little bit if not capped.

The south east corner of Ninth and G was vacant for a long time, but finally someone built a small store there. On the east side of G Street about the middle of the block the Combs family lived. I think he was the bookkeeper for the Suverkrup Lumber Company. They had a son, Walter, and a daughter.

There was a big lot of land belonging to the Knadlers

in the center of the block. It was three or four feet lower than our property. Someone said the dirt to make adobe brick for the Stewart Hotel came from there. The Stewart Hotel was located at the Corner of Third and E. Much later, Jack Coyle purchased the Knadler property for his back lot.

To return to the 800 block of G Street, the property in about the middle of the block on the east side was owned by Rance Meecham and his family. I believe they were early settlers. One thing I recall about them was they used a lot of canned food and threw the empty cans into a pile at the rear of their lot. There was a huge pile of rusting cans and when the property was sold, the new owner had to haul the mess away.

The property on the south of the Meechams was purchased by Dr. Devening, a dentist, who built a two-story house there. It still stands. They had two sons. One was named Daniel. Mrs. Devening was very active in the Women's Club.

The house at the northeast corner of Eighth and G was built by the Stewart family. It was sold and perhaps rented. In later years, a retired Christian minister and his two daughters lived there. I don't think either of the women were married. They loved cats and made a home for many strays.

The property to the east of them, facing Eighth Street, was owned by the MacDonald family. I think he was a carpenter and may have worked for the Santa Fe. Mrs. MacDonald was a handsome woman with white hair. They had three daughters: Jessie, Kathryn and Florence. Mrs. MacDonald was a practical nurse. Kathryn became a nurse and lived in Hollywood. Florence was a beautiful woman. It was rumored she was the mistress of a well-known business man.

Jessie MacDonald's story was a big sensation in town. She was reported missing but was found living in a dentist's office in a building in the middle of the 500 block of Third Street. She had been his office assistant and reportedly had been held prisoner. She bore him a son. The dentist was sentenced to a term in jail. Jessie returned to her family. She later married and raised her son to be a dentist too. She was a lovely woman and was accepted by society. She held a responsible position until she left to live in Hollywood to be near her family.

The Thomas family bought property to the east of the MacDonalds. They built a nice home there. He was employed by the Santa Fe. Their daughter taught school for years. One son lived in San Diego and was a mail carrier. When he retired, he came to San Bernardino to live with his mother and wife. Mrs. Thomas was from New England. She used the big backyard to raise chickens for sale and did a thriving business. One summer her son, Leon, took her with him to visit relatives in the New England states and to see the country. It was a wonderful experience.

The Thomases' second son was named Verne. I think he too worked for the Santa Fe. He had a love affair with Geneva Flagg who lived next door, but Mrs. Flagg didn't approve of him, so she broke it up. Verne died at an early age.

John Flagg, one of the founders of the Santa Fe Building and Loan, bought the property next to the Thomases. He moved his family from the house at the corner of Seventh and D to a splendid new two-story house there. It had a music room as well as a living room. The yard was spacious and Mr. Flagg planted a variety of fruit trees, and had a garden too. I remember their youngest daughter, Marjorie. I would often go over there to play with her. We

were scared to pull up the young onions to eat, so we ate the tops and I was sick. Marjorie married Neal Bowen. Their son was a prominent dentist. Mr. Bowen was a deputy sheriff for many years.

The next piece of property in the block is the big lot at the corner of Eighth and F. My understanding is it belonged to the Wixom family. There was a small house at the southwest corner of the property. There were tall trees—eucalyptus among them—with a barn near the center of the lot. In the early days, Hanf Worthington used the barn for his horses when he brought his freighter down from the mountains. We knew when he was coming because one of them had a collar of bells around its neck. This was to warn other freighters on mountain curves.

Later, the house was rented. The barns fell into decay and the weeds and flowers took over the lot. It was a fire hazard. Now the city sends out a crew to cut the weeds. There was some mix up in the title, so the property was never sold. Jack Coyle, bought it for his car agency when he moved from downtown. He had a quiet title suit to clear the property. When Mr. Coyle moved his agency, Jack Coyle Chevrolet Agency, near Base Line and the freeway, because it was a better location, somehow the property fell into the hands of Mr. Burton. I heard he has sold an interest in it to 32 people. It is still vacant property now. It is next to my home at 860 F Street.

The property at the northeast corner of Eighth and F was owned by the Legaire Allen family. I think he was in business in the early days, or was a public official. As I recall, the house was two-story and faced Eighth Street. Two or three of the downstairs rooms had been converted into a grocery store operated by Mrs. Allen, sometimes aided by her son. The son had built a house facing F Street at the rear of the lot and lived there with his family for a

time. When the Allen family no longer managed the store, Robert Matthews and his wife operated it for many years. He and his wife built a home on the south side of Eighth Street between F and G. Mrs. Matthews given name was Josie.

The property to the east of the Allens was owned by the Lang family. They had a son, Clarence, who was slightly retarded. In school, the kids called him "Butterlegs," because his coordination was not good.

The property on the southeast corner of Union and F was owned by George Heap. The family operated a transfer business. The horse corrals were at the south end of the land. When the corrals were torn down, Mr. Heap built a two-unit apartment for rentals on the corner.

The name "Union" was given to the street that ran from E to F in the 800 block. We dubbed it "Holcomb Alley" because several members of that family lived there. The land just east of the Heap property was owned by William Holcomb and his wife. He was called "Pap" and she was called "Mam." They were really early settlers in San Bernardino. He discovered gold in Bear Valley, where there was a gold rush at one time.

He was a politician and a mountain man. His story is tied into Bear Valley. I can recall Mam. She would come over to visit us and we would get her to tell us of the time her group of people crossed the plains from Utah to come to San Bernardino Valley. She told us the wagons were placed in a circle at night with men on guard against native American attacks. They ran so short of water that during a rainstorm they would spread out oil cloth in such a way as to collect the rainwater. En route they camped one night near the scene of the Mountain Meadow massacre. [The Mountain Meadow Massacre occurred in the 1800s. An immigrant train of English people was traveling across

the plains and the Mormons killed all the people on the train, because they didn't want anyone else in their valley.] She vowed the wind had a wailing sound. Mam's sister, Trishia, married a Mr. Hudson who lived with his family on the banks of Town Creek just as it crossed Ninth and E. One of their granddaughters was Daisy Slater, a long time city employee.

Mam and Pap had a daughter, Mamie, who was a school teacher. She married a Baptist minister, Mr. Robinson. The daughter lived in a house next door to her parents. It was identical. Further down Union was a house where their son, Charles, and his family lived. They had several children. I can only recall the name of the girl—Helen. Charles Robinson moved his family to Chino where I think he went into the grocery business.

The Byers family also owned a home in this block. Their son, Harold, was one of the earliest casualties of World War I. One daughter, Hazel, and another, Mildred, taught the kids in the primary Sunday school.

Another family built a home on the north side of the street. Their name was Boehm and they were from Sweden. Their son was a long time city employee. Their neighbors were the Osprinks. He was a hardwood floor man. Another family I recall was named Hermes. They were German. He worked for the Santa Fe. Their house was made of concrete blocks. The Hermes were thrifty and accumulated considerable property. Paul was the eldest son and looked after the property when the mother and father died and did odd jobs. I think the younger son, Irving, was a gambler at Las Vegas.

The Ninth Street School was located on the northeast corner of Ninth and E. I don't know when it was built. It was a two-room brick building with a fairly sizable school yard. There was an entrance porch facing Ninth Street and

a foyer and clothes room inside the door. Then there were the classrooms. It was heated by a huge coal stove in each classroom.

The two teachers from 1905 on for a time, were Bessie Knapp who taught first and second grade and Bessie Hattery who taught third and fourth grades. Miss Knapp's desk was in the center of the room near the north wall.



*Aunt Helen, Janet Miles, Aunt Sada, sister Ada,
and sister Helen, 1913*

The blackboards were on the north and south walls, I think. There were sliding doors between the two classrooms that could be drawn back when classes had a joint meeting. Miss Hattery was rather tall. Her desk was near the south wall of her room. There were venetian blinds on the windows. The floors were pine and kept oiled. Each child had a desk. These desks were connected. The back of one seat formed part of the desk behind it. There were perhaps 30 children in a room. There were two outside toilets, one for boys and one for girls.

Miss Knapp's family members were early day residents. I believe they lived on north Mt. Vernon Avenue. Miss Hattery's father was Captain Hattery and perhaps served in the Civil War. Their home was in East Highlands.

Professor W. Conrad, the city superintendent of schools, lived across Ninth Street. I remember his visits to our classes. He told us of Charles Dickens who wrote under the name of Boz. Some of the children who were in these classes went through school together until they graduated from high school.

This is a partial list of the pupils, probably in the fourth grade at Ninth Street School in about 1911 or 1912: the Adair twins, Crutchfield and Mary Ellen, Margaret Leonard, Evelyn Grow, Horace Martin, Ailene Feetham, Hilda Spitler, Frances Boone, Percival Chase, Bruce Landers, Myrtle Bloomer, and Maurice Wood. The Ninth Street School property was sold to the Mormon Church and remodeled, or was it torn down, and a church building erected at the southwest corner? This building is still being used for church purposes.

When Sarah Boyd Raitt, my aunt, came to San Bernardino in the late 1880s or early 1890s, a family by the name of Rowell lived in the 900 block just north of Ninth Street on the west side. They became life long friends. Later,



Aunt Sada with Betsy and Old Dick

Mrs. Rowell moved to a location in Riverside County, on the west side. The Rowells had a daughter who married Ben Worley and inherited the property. She became a nurse and was on the staff at Patton for years. At one time she lived on a little ranch on the road that led up into a Mill Creek Canyon, east of the area known as East Highlands. I remember as a child my Aunt Sada and me getting up before dawn, hitching up Old Dick and driving to spend the day with Mrs. Rowell, Mrs. Worley, and Hilda. The stars were still shining as we left home. It was a great adventure for me. Mrs. Rowell later married a man by the name of Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowell's daughter, Mrs. Worley, had a daughter, Hilda Worley who lived with Mrs. Raitt for a time, because her mother lived at Patton where she worked as a nurse, and there was no place there for a child to stay. Later, Hilda lived at the convent orphanage when my Aunt Sada could not take care of her anymore. Hilda recalled wheeling me up and down the street in my baby carriage. She

was mad at Howard Ham because he said I was bald or ugly. Mrs. Worley built a nice home on the property on F Street after her retirement from Patton State Hospital as a nurse and lived there until she died. The property went to her daughter, Hilda Worley Sharpe, and then on to her son, Thomas Sharpe, a long time county employee. The house Mrs. Worley built was destroyed by fire. Tom Sharpe and his wife Patricia lived in San Bernardino on the property for many years, until he and his wife bought a home on Broadmore in the country club area. Their five children live in the area and I believe one of them may live in Washington D. C. Her husband is in the air force.

Hilda Worley was married three times. She was married the first time to Sam Payne and they had one son, Stanley. I believe they were divorced and Hilda then married a Mr. McKeever. He also worked at Patton. They had a home on the west side of F Street between Sixth and Seventh about the middle of the block. They were also divorced. Her third marriage was to Mr. Sharpe who operated a nursing home in the Pasadena area. They had one son, Thomas.

At one time there was a magnificent tree growing on the northwest corner lot, of Ninth and G. The block had been subdivided but the corner lot was vacant. Quite a number of years ago, the man who owned it felt he needed money, so he wanted to sell the land. There was a movement for the city to buy the lot and make a park under the tree, but it was too idealistic. The lot was sold and the magnificent tree cut down. I secretly hoped nothing would prosper on the lot. A service station was built on it, but it is gone.

At the turn of the century, Will Holcomb and his wife owned the land. He was one of the sons of Pap and Mam Holcomb. Will operated a coal and wood yard there.



Janet with pet parrot, Polly

One of his employees was Romeo (Russell) Todd who married Amy Hammer. With the development of natural gas and electricity, the coal and wood business came to an end. At the western end of the lot, Will planted an experimental grove of eucalyptus trees. The property was broken up into family lots and houses built on them. Will put his son through Stanford. He became a well-known local lawyer and finally mayor of the city.

I do have a recollection of Town Creek that ran from Base Line and G diagonally across the blocks until it emptied into Warm Creek at Meadowbrook Park. I think its origins must have been springs because its water ran all year. I can't recall its path cutting through the blocks north of Base Line.