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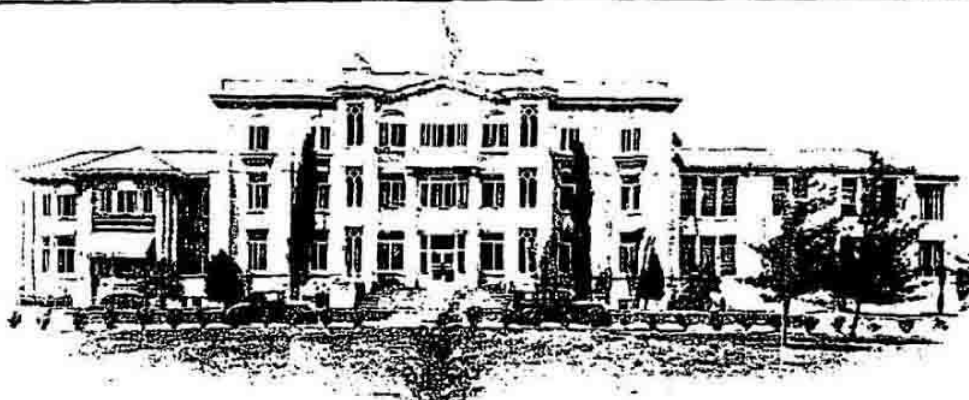


ODYSSEY

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San Bernardino County General Hospital

MY FIRST YEAR AT THE COUNTY HOSPITAL

By Blanche Tompkins

It was the first Sunday in September 1948 when I arrived in Colton on the Southern Pacific train. As I stepped off the train a blast of hot air struck me. I immediately had my misgivings about coming to this place. It was the hottest place I had ever been in. The taxi driver also had his misgivings when he saw my luggage. I had several suitcases and a trunk for I had come to stay. On the way to the County Hospital I learned that it was 112' and that this was a 'Santa Ana wind'. I had never heard of a 'Santa Ana wind' before.

I had accepted a job as a Medical Technologist at the San Bernardino County Hospital. This had been arranged by the Agency. The Agency was the American Society of Clinical Pathologists. Openings were listed and you could apply where you wished, but if you were accepted and took the job you had to forfeit 1/2 of your first months salary. As my salary practically doubled, this did not bother me. I was to live at the County Hospital, at Cottage 6. Cottage 6 consisted of a living room, small kitchen, three

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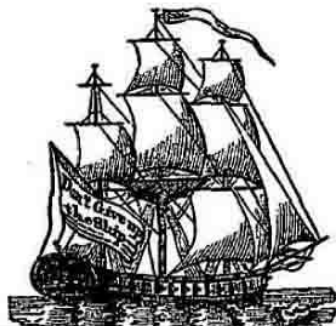
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PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

PURPOSE OF THE SOCIETY

When the City of San Bernardino Historical and Pioneer Society was founded back in 1977 its By-Laws included the following goals:

To stimulate public interest in the rich heritage of the city of San Bernardino and to preserve and protect the archives and historic sites of this city.

To welcome persons of all ages who share a concern for the history of the San Bernardino Valley.

To record, display, publish, and reprint material of historical interest and significance of the city of San Bernardino.

To provide for the future a permanent and appropriate home for the historical archives and artifacts.

I feel that we have made great progress toward reaching these goals, however, I encourage each of the members to voice his or her opinions on this matter as well as for preparing a calendar of events for 1991 so that we stay on the right track by contributing at our monthly meetings or by calling me at 887-0567. Please remember that you are a valuable member...and in fact, the Society would not even exist if it wasn't for you.

FIELD TRIP TO CASA DE RANCHO CUCAMONGA

Although a specific date hasn't yet been made, there will be a field trip to "Rancho Ways" at the Casa de Rancho Cucamonga during the month of May. Now a satellite of the San Bernardino County Museum, this red brick home first owned by John and Maria Merced Rains in 1860, will feature 19th century weaving, quilting, branding, china painting, and butterchurning, as well as exhibits and food from that period. We will find out when "Rancho Days" will be held as soon as the Casa Rancho Cucamonga Historical Society lets us know, and on that day we will caravan from the Heritage House parking lot at 10:00 A.M.

ORANGE SHOW EXHIBIT

Also during the month of May, the San Bernardino Historical and Pioneer Society will have an exhibit at the Orange Show which will run from May 9 through May 19.

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bedrooms, one bath and two large porches, one of which was a sleeping porch. The newcomers were expected to sleep on the porch but we did share a room to keep our clothes in. I decided that night that the sleeping porch was not such a bad deal, as it was cooler. We took our meals in the dining room after procuring a meal ticket. Meal tickets were \$10.00 and entitled you to 30 meals. There were numbers 1 to 30 around the border and each time you ate the waitress punched a hole in the border. The meals were not bad, but it was institutional cooking and soon got old. They did make delicious Spanish Omelets, and I marvel at how they could do it. The ice cream was homemade and was a real treat. It was served every Sunday.

I soon learned why living quarters were provided. Every 3rd and 4th night you were expected to 'take call'. If you did not have a car, and very few of us did, you needed to be close by. 'Call' meant that you had to go out usually in



Medical Technologist Blanche Tompkins
January 1951

the middle of the night to take care of whatever emergencies might arise. Friday and Saturday nights were the worst for that was when men went out on their drunken sprees, got into an argument and were either stabbed or shot. The blood loss needed to be replaced and a crossmatch was ordered. I was intimidated to request the patient to make a fist for fear he would misinterpret my request and resume the fight with me. However I soon learned that the fight had left him by that time.

The laboratory occupied the east end of Ward B which was the Psychopathic ward. The rooms in this ward were actually cells with bars on the windows, resembling a jail more than a hospital.

As a result of this 'poor planning' the laboratory personnel were often subjected to the cries and screams of the demented both day and night. It would become most unnerving at night when you were alone in the laboratory. I vividly remember one night during the fall months when the leaves were thick upon the ground and sidewalk. I had been called out to do some emergency work. As I walked along the sidewalk adjacent to Ward B the leaves rustled and crunched beneath my footsteps. I heard this person cry out, "Oh Lord, I hear him coming after me. Save me, save me!"

As I approached her cell, her screams of terror rose to a high pitch. "He is coming closer, save me!"

This had an almost paralyzing effect upon me. I was terrified! I hurried as fast as I could and breathed a sigh of relief when I reached the door of the laboratory. You can be assured that when I finally finished my test, I took a wide detour around Ward B, walking in the middle of the street instead of the sidewalk.

The laboratory had been constructed in the Year One, when toilets were placed in closets-hence the name 'water closet'. There was only one 'water closet' in the lab which was used by men and women both. There was not room for a wash basin as sanitation was not in common practice in Year One. When I first came the janitor kept his mop and broom in the water closet. Thus it soon acquired the title of 'Broom Closet'. When the Supervisor of the laboratory heard this, she requested the janitor to find another place for the mop and broom. Although he did (I cannot recall where), the title of the 'Broom Closet' stuck. It was always known as the 'Broom



Blanche Tompkins with a patient. 1951

Closet'.

Winter came and with it snow and ice. That sleeping porch was for the birds! Electric blankets were making their advent about that time and I promptly invested in my first electric blanket. It was marvelous! I slept warm and cozy after that. The orange growers lighted their smudge pots. The air was thick with soot.

Progress came. We welcomed with open arms our first secretary in the laboratory. She answered the phone which rang incessantly and filed and delivered the hundreds of reports that were done daily. This had previously been the responsibility of the technologists. We were thrilled when the medical students at Loma Linda applied for night calls. I couldn't imagine anyone wanting to do that!

A new hospital was built in 1960. We said goodbye to Ward B and moved in on the ground floor next to the clinic. The County Hospital had caught up with the times, with all modern facilities.

A GREAT UNCLE BILLY

By Pauliena B. LaFuze

If you asked any citizen of San Bernardino to name the "Uncle Billy" who made the greatest impression on the San Bernardino Mountains, he would likely answer "Uncle Billy Holcomb". And he might be wrong.

There was another-whom no visitor of that generation would ever forget.

There came to the San Bernardino Mountains in the 1880s- possibly at the instance of far-traveled freighter Sheldon Stoddard-an immigrant Scottish professor named William S. Stephen (M.A. from the Universtoy of Edinburgh). As a new United States citizen he had taken a homestead among the big trees around Ukiah, California and had engaged himself at chopping and building to prove up on it until the fog and rain caused a break in his health. Sheldon Stoddard's tales of the climate of the Southland called for a testing. At any rate, in August of 1894 we find Professor Stephen touring southern California's 'highland peaks and tarns', and camping near Skinner's Mountain Home Ranch in Mill Creek Canyon, writing letters about the "health and avoirdupois he has gained in the exhilarating salubrity of this elevated region". He must have stayed the winter and attended the meetings of the six-

year-old Pioneer Society. In addition to a way with words and an interest in the absorbing tales of the early settlers, he proved to have a way with song. Accompanying himself on a well-worn concertina, the professor sang "Days of '49" for them and "Sweet Betsy from Pike"; also, in March of 1895, many verses of an original "God Bless The Pioneers" song set to the tune of the British "God Bless The Prince of Wales". Soon every pioneer was booming:

"O'er every vale and mountain
In all the coming years
Still let this prayer re-echo
'God bless the Pioneers'."

Not only did the Pioneers find Stephen good company in town, they invited him to accompany them on their ritual visits to famed spots on the mountain heights, where they learned he also had a way with cooking pots. The ease with which he dropped into a Highland Fling, a Sailor's Hornpipe, a comic song, or a ghastly ghost story did not lessen the camaraderie around the campfire. Stephen attended the Society members in August of 1896 when they gave the name "Pioneer Camp" to a spot near the spring at the head of the old Mormon Road, 'in an amphitheatre commanding a magnificent view', and was with them three years later when, because of the addition of an early-day judge who resembled our martyred president, they decided to re-christen the place, "Camp Lincoln". Their guest immortalized that occasion, too, with a fitting poem, and was chosen (because of his 'fine fluency') to relay events to the newspaper. He paid poetic tribute, also, to their dedication of "Smithsonia", a guest ranch in an orchard below Little Strawberry Peak in whose rooms and campground Pioneers were welcomed.

For a while the versatile little Scotsman divided his attentions about equally between the towering peaks behind Forest Home and the crest of the mountain range north of San Bernardino. By 1901, however, his loyalties were cast; he found opportunity to spend the winter as caretaker of Guernsey's timber interests in the northern mountains centering on a lumber warehouse within a stone's throw of the popular Camp Lincoln. He beguiled the winter hours of resident mill and orchard people, snowbound Arrowhead Reservoir Company tunnel men, and the winter staff at exclusive Squirrel Inn Mountain Club with so many songs and stories that he wore his concertina threadbare.

With the completion of Skyland Inn, tenthouses, campground, store and postoffice at the head of the

switchbacks in 1903, the professor's circle of boosters swelled. Under his direction the tourists hiked to places of interest where he arranged fireside and bonfire entertainments. Young ladies did book-auction charades, 'beauty machine' stunts, and 'silhouette sociables' for chuckling audiences. Old timers sang songs, played saws or combs, and did Indian war-dances. San Bernardino's Mayor McNabb rolled them with his parody of an "Old Fashioned Preacher". Young lawyer John Brown Jr. conducted a mock trial, convicted the professor of 'grandiloquency', collected the \$25 fine from the benevolent jury, and gave it to the victim. Young Ranger Awl was good enough at 'step-dancing' to join the professor's climax performances. "Stephen, the celebrated comedian, as an anonymous column to the city newspaper announced, fairly electrified the notably intellectual gathering with his Shakespearean impersonations. Scottish ballads, and forceful recitations."

After the Pioneers on their annual trek presented him with a new Made-in-Germany concertina, he lured Justus Morse with his fiddle and Francisco Baca with his Spanish guitar to the Stephen summer domicile, an independent tent and hearthside, where they worked up some mutually known 'foot-ticklers'. Among the groups they made happy were the seventy Gregory-Baker millmen and twenty comely young ladies congregated for dancing at Mapstead Camp (below Monte Corona, the present day Conference Center). Dancing ran all hours. None too modestly the Gulielmus column in the Times-Index claimed Comedian Stephen "contributed vocally and mimistically to the general delight of the merry outdoor gathering".

When the sale of Smithson's 'Strawberry Farm' in 1904 caused an exodus of Pioneers to a new base in the Gregory-cutover valley behind Skyland Peak, the Stephen trio provided music and entertainment for some two-hundred early San Bernardinans who danced on an open-air platform near spring-fed mess tents, and happily toured the mountains through every July and August. The group seemed to be glad to be a little out of the way of teamsters hauling steamshovels and ore cars and big machinery up the Arrowhead Road for the beginning of Little Bear Dam. The bouncy professor's legs and columns to the newspaper kept up with jollities and improvements in all directions. Therewere the laying of an inclined railroad up Skyland Peak and the founding of Crestline, the building of



A cartoon poster of "Uncle Billy."

rustic cabins and a central resort village by Smithson's successor, Dr. Baylis. There were the presence of cultured and clever people at Squirrel Inn's annual gatherings, and of hundreds of workmen clearing Little Bear Basin who 'did not speak the American language'. Likely both Stephn's head and feet were glad when Arthur Gregory sent him to guard eastward-spreading timber investments.

Before his old friends would allow him to leave the western brow of the mountains where he had been first familiar, they gave an "Uncle Billy Benefit" on Skyland's Sunset Heights that would have done credit to a chautauqua. Every number was a voluntary token of regard laid at the feet of the dewey-eyed prof by people whose talents he had awakened and trained. The program, the generous purse, the glittering new concertina that was the

private gift of the pioneers, moved Uncle Billy to his favorite form of expression:

"I sing tonight of these mountains grand
Where we dwell in the summer time,
And I see as I sing to this listening band
Lowland lights, like the stars sublime.

They gaze and smile at the giant wall
'Tween the valley and desert wide,
And they seem e'en to nod toward this modest hall
Where the Juliets and Romeos glide.

I see as well such a host of friends
From the inns and camps around
That I need no lamp, for each twin orb sends
Choicest cheer in its rays profound.

Forgive my tears! As I proudly scan
Myriad faces with love aglow,
Must I vow more regard for my fellow man
And, grateful, make obeisance low."

Gregory Forest and Cottage, half a mile north of Strawberry Flat crossroads, was Uncle Billy's assigned beat, but when he saw that some drivers of the jingling Arrowhead Company cement wagons had overnight camps at Strawberry Spring, as had sawmillers of old, he could not resist setting up his tent under a big sugarpine nearby.

Never was there a fitter place for thumbing the pulse of mountain life. The driver hauling perishables to the Chinese cooks at Little Bear mess halls was at Strawberry Flat for daytime repose. The A.R. & P. boss, himself, halted his rig and blooded mares for a chat. Hunter's camp-wagons came through, and the racing loads of iced trout-cans for planting in back-country streams. Young engineers fielded his gay repartee. Thaddeus Lowe Jr. of Pasadena fame and fisherman guest, Senator Bell, compared college songs with him and traded bon mots. Two canny teamsters who hauled cement sacks up and Suvurkrup lumber down the mountain road had a rough stable and bunkroom near the Strawberry watering-trough. Some of the wives chose to minister to their men at a mountain campfire rather than at a hot range down town. Barrel stave hammocks, gramophones, and mandolins came along with them. Jeff Daley, old in mountain ways and years, camped under a favorite oak and hosted many another pioneer. Rangers came to fill waterbags and check camp housekeeping.

To Uncle Billy this was all a veritable Garden of Eden. He could not

let the Lord's fruits go ungarnered.

So-o he began to lead the campers to whatever joys were there for the taking, and he began to write columns about their activities for publishing in the newspapers down town. Festivity moved democratically from one cone-decked, rock-rimmed camp to another, drawn by surging talents and extrovert sociability, the one necessary leavening for 'Auld Billy". Daytime tours and midweek stunts and night-time song-fests began to take place. Soon a bower stage appeared at the crossroads, and split-log seats behind a big fire-ring. The Ruiz brothers sang ballads to the strumming of their Spanish guitars. Frank Baca's daughters danced clicking Mexican folk dances. A caretaker at one of the apple orchards sang like Harry Lauder. One native violinist was a music student in Redlands University. Sometimes there was a real elocutionist among the tourists, with a repertoire of dialect poems as good as the professor's own. Sometimes there was an accomplished cornetist. For a while the to-be-famed Edmund Jaeger gave nature talks. There, some crowds leaned to tableaux set to music, others to comedy skits. When all else palled, blackface supplied amusement. No traveler from any walk of life considered missing Strawberry Flat.

One summer led into another, fuller, friendlier. Occasionally Uncle Billy would winter with friends in the valley, but usually he moved into the Stone-Burton or Shelly cabins, kept wood cut for a pot of beans, joined the Pinecrest or Squirrel Inn caretakers for holiday feasts, read his Bobby Burns, wrote his poems and a few columns to town, and visited with every traveler who came through. He would, on occasion, hike down the trail for Admission Day, for a Centennial Parade, for the Orange Show or a Circus, especially after he was favored with a Press Card by the San Bernardino Sun.

The age of horse travel (except perhaps for cement wagons) changed to motor travel. Motor-powered stages brought sportsmen, newsmen, businessmen, or even movie companies. After 1913 Kalem, Kinemacolor, Nestor, Morosco, Pathe and Universal companies began to come to the mountains to make either winter or summer scenarios. Quite often the talented Scottish professor was invited to play a character role, which delighted him even more than the generous stipend.

His columns, paid for by the inch and therefore omitting no detail, which could have been mere lists of people around cookfires, were instead



Uncle Billy Stephen

experiences dressed with importance, detailed with zest and perfection, and reflective of the wide interests and analysis of the writer. If they were also masterpieces of invitation and curiosity-whetting, they were none the less sincere recognition of the rare menu of pleasures offered each mountain visitor. Almost incidentally, his column appraised readers of progress toward completion of Little Bear Dam, of its power line and the intake tunnels power was enabling them to bore, of Forestry's preservation problems, of its wintertime trail and firebreak building, of its allotting of summerhome tracts and homesteads in suitable places. He traced the fortunes of Pinecrest during all of Dr. Baylis' careful building, on thorough his dramatic presentation of the completely self-sufficient mountain resort to the use of the public, through the days of its immense popularity and perfect functioning under a fine helpful staff.

With fine appreciation of the effort workers put into their successes, the gracious professor passed out 'Kudo's', sometimes prose, most times poetry: to Dr. Baylis 'for his Kohinoor,

Pinecrest'; to Roxboro of Skyland for saving fishermen hungered in a snowstorm; to campers who cleaned and opened a public spring; to performers in a minstrel show; to good Uncle Sam; to Robert Burns on his birthday; to workers great and small; to the wonderful mountain climate; to California on her Natal Day. He could give 'kicks', too, in just as polite verse. He scored the Arrowhead Company for the littering of powerline right-of-ways, and for shutting out fishermen from their 'Wee Bruin' pond; he scored the people who wanted to homestead shady, well-watered Strawberry Flat, so beloved of campers; also those rootless Federal men who gave another name to historic San Bernardino Forest; hunters who used squirrel guns on deer; and crews who failed to open roads.

By 1914 or 1915 the 'kudos' came more and more his way. As press groups traversed the New Rim of the World Road, the 'Bard of Strawberry Flat' was chosen for interviews. The Forest Supervisor appointed him as official Forest Guard to issue fire permits and game licenses and attend camping safety. Teamsters brought him ducks and venison (always under some other name). Cultured friends brought him newspapers and roast chicken. A Kier young man brought him a Scottish tam for his shining pate. Several brought him -ah-'bottled restoratives', of which he knew how to make use. About every five years the Pioneers brought him a new concertina. The natives gave him apples and cider and garden sass. Any left over supplies of campers went automatically to Auld Billy's larder.

One cold winter had seen him forced to mount his woodstove on top of a table because of a broken stovepipe joint. He sat next to it in his rocker blithely reading Bobby Burns. A number of his friends became concerned that he should have a more fitting shelter. Through August and September of 1915, they gave benefits paid for or not. Two young men friends built him a solid two-room cabin and woodshed which he could get into before cold weather. They even scrolled the name "UNCLE BILLY" across it. Other well-wishers provided him with a stove and woolen underwear. It was a good thing, too. That winter was the wettest, the snowiest, the coldest one on record. Such joy as Uncle Billy took, sitting in his snug warm cabin, receiving visitors by his own fireside.

That summer the Native Sons of the Golden West, meeting at Thousand Pines in Gregory Valley, gave Uncle Billy perhaps his greatest honor. Taught as

they were by their sires that the revered Uncle Billy Stephen, alone of all the mountain boosters, spread praise of mountain charms for the happiness of the partaker and not with thought of gain for himself, The Native Sons gave token of their regard with many laudatory speeches and a silver loving cup filled with silver dollars!

The remainder of the beloved professor's years were marred by concern over the European War to the point that he suffered a partial stroke and was taken to the County Hospital. But even there he was visited and tendered flowers by the pioneer families, because

he would not 'enjoy the ones placed on his bier'.

Parts of two summers he spent in his cabin at Strawberry Flat, every meal catered by friends, special entertainments brought before his eyes. He squeezed his concertina, tapped his foot, and twinkled with pleasure to the last. When his days were over, the Pioneer Society gave him a couch of green among their sleeping sires, and made a monument to 'W.S. Stephen, altruistic mountaineer, singer, dancer, musician, actor, and poet'.

If the harvest was friends, he was a great "Uncle Billy".

SCHOOLDAYS AT AGUA MANSA

By R. Bruce Harley



First school in San Salvador School District was the adobe structure above which was put in use after the great flood of 1862.



Third school to serve San Salvador School District was the building above, built in 1918.



Present school serving San Salvador district was built in 1951. It is a four classroom stucco building. Recently, a new multiple-purpose building was constructed in the district.

Background

After the pioneer emigrants from New Mexico moved from La Politana on the Lugo rancho and became settled again at La Placita (1844) and Agua Mansa (1845) on the Bandini rancho, their thoughts turned quickly to establishing a church and a school as vital parts of their communities. About 1844 or 1845, a volunteer teacher named Manuel Ochoa gathered a few children together in the La Placita settlement and taught classes in the Spanish language. Senor Ochoa's name does not appear on the original list of settlers nor on Cornelius Jensen's census in the next decade, so he might have been a transient arrival from Los Angeles. (On the other hand, the Ochoa name is still listed in the Santa Fe telephone directory a century and a half later.)

At any rate, this informal parish school, located adjacent to the community's enramada (brush covered altar), continued to provide the rudiments of education for a number of years under the schoolmaster's guidance. When the community built an adobe chapel on the Agua Mansa side of the Santa Ana River in 1853, the school followed. An adobe structure was soon erected near San Salvador Church, and classes continued without a break under the same teacher, although the school function had not yet been linked to that of San Bernardino City or County. The school itself carried the same name as the church parish, a name also used for township and precinct designations when the new county of San Bernardino was organized upon its separation from Los Angeles County in 1853.

since 1863 and used that date to celebrate its centennial in 1963. By that time, a third schoolhouse had been built in 1918, which in turn was replaced by a structure on the same site erected in 1950. Two well-known pioneers served on the school board: Cornelius Jensen was the clerk from 1866 until he moved to Rubidoux in 1870, while Peter C. Peters served as clerk from 1876 to 1883 and again from 1890 to 1903.

Primary education in California in the mid-nineteenth century probably resembled very closely that of eastern schools, since most teachers had emigrated from the east, according to Bernard Rest, who taught at San Salvador in the 1950's and 1960's. "The materials of instruction were narrow and traditional, ... and almost always wasteful. As a rule, the teachers were untrained and worked blindly at their task." However, San Salvador was fortunate in having teachers of high caliber who periodically received praise from the county Superintendent Charles Paine in 1876. He reported from his visit that the pupils "understand the English they read by their ability to translate into Spanish." As for the teacher who had been there since 1872, he felt that Mr. Lujan "should more carefully learn the accent and pronunciation of English in order to teach it correctly." In commenting on the overall school situation, the superintendent wrote in his visit diary that "This school is peculiar and quite



Old San Salvador School
Photo taken by Arda Haenszel 1967

different from schools of American children," a statement which ignored the fact that all Agua Mansans and their descendants had automatically become American citizens at the time of California statehood in 1850.

A chart depicting the size of the school's student body over the years shows only small deviations in the average daily attendance. This average held generally true despite the formation of other schools from the original district's boundaries. Attendance figures approached about half the enrollment for many years. After 1900, the two totals more nearly matched.

Year	San Salvador School	
	Enrollment	A.D.A.*
1865	43	29 ¹
1866	28	12 ²
1867	45	17
1868	40	20 ³
1869	33	18 ³
1870	36	23
1871	95	43
1872	54	32
1873	60	22
1874	93	33 ⁴
1875	81	31 ⁴
1876	72	38 ⁵
1877	62	34 ⁵
1878	54	29
1879	98	45
1880	76	35
1881	65	34
1882	101	36
1883	77	29 ⁶
1884	65	27
1885	59	30
1886	77	34
1889	78	41
1890	65	31
1891	57	29
1892	54	25 ⁷
1893	40	21 ⁷
1894	49	28
1895	56	30
1896	61	36
1897	62	34
1898	35	27
1899	44	32
1900	33	33
1901	31	28
1902	44	28
1903	30	28
1904	29	26

* A.D.A. = Average daily attendance.

- 1 Temescal District formed.
- 2 Chino District formed.
- 3 Jurupa District formed.
- 4 Trujillo District formed.
- 5 Colton District formed.
- 6 Agua Mansa District formed.
- 7 La Loma District formed from Trujillo.

The average daily attendance continued at that level for another two decades and then gradually increased to the 50-60 level until after World War II. Since 1959, the figures achieved the 70-90 range. After 1944, the school ceased to be in the one-teacher category; by 1953, there were four teachers, the same number as in 1963 at the time of the centennial. Shortly after that, the district was annexed to the Colton unified system.

But the 1862 school building remained standing to the north of and next door to the 1950 structure. After 1918, the adobe was again occupied as a residence. Its modern location is on Agua Mansa Road at Fifth St. in Colton.

Agua Mansa School

After responding to the needs of other growing communities beyond the Agua Mansa area, the San Salvador district yielded territory in south Colton in 1883 to create a new school on South Riverside Avenue named appropriately for the pioneer settlement. Many of the descendants of the emigrant settlers had moved to that vicinity for economic betterment.

As the chart shows, this school, which started off with a new building, did not have a large attendance throughout the nearly forty years of its existence. Ironically, the initial enrollment was the highest in its history, and it stood at only 26 in 1920.

Year	Enrollment	A.D.A.
1883	35	21
1884	28	12
1885	27	15
1886	22	10
1887	23	11
1888	23	11
1889	30	15
1890	27	16
1891	29	20
1892	24	16
1893	17	12
1894	21	12
1895	19	10
1896	34	20
1897	23	16
1898	16	11
1899	29	13
1900	34	18
1901	29	20
1903	30	19

This situation eventually led to the school being made a part of the Bloomington District, which had been formed in 1892. Grace Stanley, who was the County Superintendent from 1915 to 1922, remarked on the situation thusly in her end-of-tour report:

The shortage of teachers hastened the movement to eliminate small districts where that could be done to advantage. This sometimes caused quite a struggle when the pride of a locality was at stake. An illustration of this was the situation in Agua Mansa, (descended from) the oldest district in the county, then a sparsely settled community (Crestmore) near the growing town of Bloomington. Agua Mansa had a few pupils and an excellent teacher. Bloomington was long on children and short on money. As a temporary measure, the teacher and the children were transported to Bloomington, and the emergency was met to the satisfaction of all. When Agua Mansa was faced the next year with the proposition of making the arrangement permanent, (that) district could not accept dissolution without a struggle. The board decided to be independent and have their own school and teacher, even though their good teacher decided to stay in Bloomington. But it was easier to lose a good teacher than to find another good one, and soon they were begging help from the county office, to get rid of the burden they had chosen. There was nothing to do but sweat it out, and the next year (1920) the consolidation was effected on a permanent basis.

Trujillo School

As noted, San Salvador School's enrollment continued to climb in its early years despite subtractions from the district's responsibilities in 1865 (Temescal), 1866 (Chino) and 1869 (Jurupa). Soon, it was necessary to form two more districts for Colton (1877) and La Placita (1875).

La Placita had not suffered as badly as had Agua Mansa from the 1862 flood. After recovery, it became a growing community, which meant that an increasing number of children were having to make the difficult trek across the river without the benefit of a bridge (not built until 1878) and then east on Agua Mansa Road for another two miles. Accordingly, a new school was opened in the fall of 1875 to serve the historic town which had not had its own school at a convenient location since 1853. To honor the founder of the 1844.



San Salvador School,

the class of 1897

Kate McLaughlin, Teacher
Print from Steele Photo Service.

community, Lorenzo Trujillo, the school was named for him. (The town of Riverside had been founded in 1870 a short distance away on another part of the old Jurupa Rancho. The newcomers, mostly from the east, referred to the settlement as "Spanishtown," and it naturally followed that "Spanishtown School" was the Anglo's colloquial term for the Trujillo School).

Whatever it was called, La Placita's school, although the fourth district to be severed from the original one of San Salvador, was the first offspring designed to serve a segment of the original constituency dating back three decades. A one-room adobe building was constructed in the vicinity of Center St. in today's Highgrove (founded in 1886), on the mesa between Orange St. and La Cadena Drive.

The new district's school board consisted of Thomas Archuleta, Ramon Trujillo and Jesus Baca as trustees. They engaged James H. Roe as the first teacher, who agreed to organize the school and stay one year. Mr. Roe, a pioneer settler in Riverside, was a well-educated easterner. After service in the Civil War, followed by graduation from the University of Chicago, he became a druggist in Iowa. Moving to Riverside in 1872, he established a drug store downtown and taught for a year in the city's newly-established public school (split off from the Jurupa District in 1871). After his subsequent stint at the Trujillo School, he founded the forerunner of today's Press Enterprise newspaper and also served as city librarian for several years. He finally sold both his drug business and newspaper in the mid-1880's and then engaged in the paint and wallpaper

business until his death at the turn of the century.

At Trujillo, he was paid \$80 per month and had "about 35 pupils" at the school's opening, "including some Indians." He described the workplace setting of September 1875 as follows:

The schoolhouse was of adobe brick, places for windows but no sash or glass, no seats except boards along the sides of the room propped up by adobes, and no blackboard. These matters were rectified afterwards, and I found it a very pleasant school to teach. In their language I was Maestro de l'escuela, and to them I have been 'maestro' ever since. Clarence G. Haskell succeeded me as teacher and after him M.V. Wright.

Mr. Roe also experienced the same teaching problems as the younger Wozencraft had at San Salvador School. County Superintendent Henry Goodcell's diary entry for June 30, 1876 reveals the situation:

Visited the school in Trujillo in the forenoon. This school is composed wholly of Spanish children, and the teacher, wholly ignorant of Spanish has labored under great disadvantages, but has made better progress than I could have supposed. I am sure, that, had he given more attention to the language he could have been more useful. Comparing the pronunciation (at) Trujillo and San Salvador, I believe a more correct English accent is learned from an English teacher than from a Spanish, unless the Spanish has been carefully taught....

The next teacher, Mr. Haskell, seems to have been infected by his pupils' desire to "play hookey." Twice in the next school year, the teacher was not in evidence when the superintendent called. A diary entry by Superintendent Charles G. Paine for October 24, 1876, noted that school was not in session. Another effort on June 22, 1877, resulted in the comment:

"Visited in the forenoon the school in Trujillo District taught by C. G. Haskell. I had every reason to believe school was in session. I was obliged however to pass by, having visited only an empty school house."

Year	Trujillo School	
	Enrollment	A.D.A.
1876	44	24
1877	36	17
1878	33	25
1879	40	20
1880	28	12
1881	40	16
1882	33	17
1883	28	15
1884	45	20
1885	42	N/A
1886	34	11
1887	34	11
1889	52	19
1890	36	23
1891	58	24
1892	62	30

As the chart indicates, the initial enrollment of "about 35" pupils increased by 10 during the year. However, the number did not increase any more for nearly a decade. By the early 1890's, the total was at a point that either two teachers were needed to carry the load or another school building ought to be built. As fortune would have it, Riverside County was formed in 1893; the new boundary line instead of following the course of the river south of Colton, cut through the La Placita community not far above the existing school. This meant that another school had to be built to serve the San Bernardino side of the line. Enrollment at Trujillo was thereby halved; by 1926, there were only 15 pupils when the school was closed and the district consolidated with the nearby Highgrove School (established in 1889).

La Loma School

With the formation of San Bernardino County in 1893, a second school had to be established in La Placita to accommodate pupils no longer eligible to attend Trujillo School in the new Riverside County. La Loma School was in the same category as its counterpart across the river at Agua Mansa. It started with an enrollment of two dozen and never expanded, tied as it was to the economic vicissitudes affecting the parents.

Nevertheless, the school and surrounding community had an interesting history for the nearly three decades of its existence. Aside from the arbitrary boundary line, the La Placita denizens had a close-knit community and merely looked upon the two-school situation as the quirk of bureaucratic policy. The



San Salvador School
Used after the 1862 flood.
Print from Steele Photo Service.

memory of La Loma was kept alive in part by Salvador Alvarado, who lived in the area most of his life (1887-1977). He received his grade school education there, having entered first grade in 1894.

Two of his reminiscences dealt with those turn-of-the-century schooldays in a rural farming area. His writing style captured the flavor, and the stories should be quoted, rather than paraphrased to retain the proper feeling. Senor Alvarado remembered his first Christmas at school thusly:

La Loma School -- Christmas 1894

La Loma School in the '90's was located about four miles south of Agua Mansa, across the Santa Ana River and about one and one-half miles from La Placita on Main Street. It was bordered by hills of various altitudes on the east, and by pasture land, woods and the Santa Ana River on the west.

Facilities like electricity and piped-in water were uncommon in the rural areas. Kerosene lamps were used for lighting and wood for heating. The well with a pulley, rope and bucket provided drinking water. A big "olla" stood on the hallway table, with a dipper--for the children to satiate their thirst. In back of the schoolhouse was a barn containing hay, wood, and space for the teacher's horse--even the buggies.

A large tick-tock clock indicated the time of day, and a bell in the belfry--smaller than those used in churches rang at different intervals. The teacher had a small desk bell to indicate entrances and exits and to call special attention to classes. There were huge

blackboards, furnished with chalk and erasers, in the classroom.

Two ditches brought water to the homes and were used for irrigating the fields.

Such was the order of existence then common in rural districts.

At Christmas time the children and their parents entered the schoolroom, where a Christmas tree was lighted with small colored wax candles, and gifts laid at the base. A number of lamps hung around the walls. Santa Claus walked in with his cotton costume and began to distribute gifts, telling us his amusing tales of his trip through the snow--when suddenly he became a ball of fire when his costume came in contact with the wax candles. Instantly he almost flew down the aisle and over the stairway and landed in a ditch full of water nearby. He was hardly scarred due to his hurried exit. His name was Luciano--we could have called him Lucky Luciano. All ended well.

Other Memories from school were told as follows:

Jose started attending La Loma school at the age of seven years. Before that Felipe, his brother, taught him how to read and write Spanish. He wanted him to get acquainted with his family's traditional language. He had him read the Bible, "Don Quixote," "The Three Musketeers," and other books in Spanish. At school his teacher was mainly Guadalupe Estudillo, a scion of the owners of the San Jacinto Grant and El Sobrante. His school mates were many. They were all members of the first settlers. There were his cousins, Laura, Mary and Ysabel Garcia, Chris and Stella Trujillo, Martin Andres, Victor and Yani Pena, Manuel Alvarado, Michael Romo and Henry Romo, Susan Montijo, Ricarda Rubidoux, Lisardo Rubidoux and sisters Ostenia, Chonita and Christina Rubidoux. Fred and Byron Scott came to school from Highgrove and over the hills in a little wagon, a copy of a Studebaker farm wagon, the motive power of which was a little donkey. Sometimes others from La Placita attended the school.

At recess the teacher joined at playing tennis and horseshoes and other games. A well with a hand pump supplied the water needs. An olla and a dipper stood close by. They were all a healthy bunch. No one had any illness for long.

Jose's teacher lived in Riverside, and

her vehicle was a version of the sulky, a two-wheeled cart hauled by a beautiful horse. Sometimes she rode on horseback, using a side saddle.

Most of the time Jose attended to her horse's care. On one occasion a lady with a baby asleep in a carriage, came to visit just close to the time that the students were to be dismissed. Jose had saddled the teacher's horse and rode it and waited for her to come out. Fact is, he was half asleep on the horse.

The teacher and the visitor were chatting at the doorway. The lady, describing something, lost grip of the carriage which came tumbling down the steps. The horse being scared pulled away from Jose so suddenly it left him lying flat on the ground. Unhurt, he picked up the uninjured baby and recovered the horse.

But La Loma suffered from the same problem as the small Agua Mansa School--low enrollment and the teacher shortage stemming from the World War I period. The chart below indicates the enrollment/attendance trend.

Year	La Loma School	
	Enrollment	A.D.A.
1893	N/A	15
1894	22	15
1895	25	11
1896	14	10
1897	23	12
1898	15	11
1899	20	14
1901	24	19
1903	20	17
1906	15	10

County Superintendent Grace Stanley thus viewed the two small schools as twin facets of the problem. Accordingly, with La Loma having only a dozen pupils in 1920, she closed the school. The district had already been combined with the nearby Terrace District in 1911, another San Bernardino County school across the river founded in 1893 at the time of Riverside County's establishment.

Conclusion

The pioneer Hispanic communities of Agua Mansa and La Placita were well served by four schools for nearly a century. The mother district of San Salvador was not only the first one but also the only one to survive, still serving the area long after the original group of settlers and their direct

descendants had died or moved to another place. The first subdivision of the original district for the New Mexican pioneer tract resulted in the founding of the Trujillo School in 1875, followed by Agua Mansa in 1883 and La Loma in 1893. The latter two were closed in 1920, whereas Trujillo continued until 1926. If Americanization along the lines of the "melting pot" theme coupled with achieving literacy in the English language were the chief goals of the educational program, then these early Hispanic schools succeeded in the face of adversity.



Old San Salvador School
Photo taken by Arda Haenszel 1967



Adobe school, the first one built in 1854, Agua Mansa Road, Colton

Continued from Page 2

Although it hasn't yet been decided what our exhibit will include, the theme will center around citrus art.

This will be a golden opportunity to stimulate interest in what our society is all about, as well as increasing the public's knowledge and appreciation of San Bernardino's heritage. We will need assistance with this project, so if you are interested in helping out please let me know.

Nicholas R. Cataldo

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETINGS

The meetings for the next five months are as follows:

7:00 P.M. Thurs. January 3--JERRY WEITZMAN will give a talk on the "History of the Wilsonian Club and its interaction within the community."

3:00 P.M. Wed. January 30--DIRECTORS MEETING.

7:00 P.M. Thurs. Feb. 7--HAZEL OLSEN, author, historian, and artist from Colton will discuss the "Early days in Colton's history".

3:00 P.M. Wed. Feb. 27--DIRECTORS MEETING.

7:00 P.M. Thurs. March 7--DENNIS EMMANUEL, collector of weapons and uniforms of the United States Cavalry dating back to the mid-19th century, will give a fascinating program on "The Life of the Cavalryman...1865-1890."

3:00 P.M. Wed. March 27--DIRECTORS MEETING.

7:00 P.M. Thurs. April 4--JOHN W. ROBINSON, well known author of books pertaining to the San Bernardino and San Gabriel Mountains, will talk about his latest gem--"The San Bernardinos".

3:00 P.M. Wed. April 24- DIRECTORS MEETING.

7:00 P.M. Thurs. May 2- J. DAVID WOOD, long time local resident and collector of Civil War memorabilia will give a presentation on the Civil War and how it affected San Bernardino.

3:00 P.M. Thurs. May 29--DIRECTORS MEETING.

CHALLENGE OF THE DESERT

By Russ McDonald

(I cannot say how the truth may be; I say the tale as 'twas told to me.)
 -Scott, Lay of the Last Minstrel.)

The impulse to reproduce the species, the impulse to protect offspring, the impulse to wrest gold from the earth--a man can never know which of the three can operate the most madly and fiercely. The last, usually carried on away from the humdrum of family cares, seems most romantic. A man who lived among the early California gold hunters wrote thus:

"I felt as though I had been translated to another planet. There was nothing here that I had ever seen or heard of before. The great forests, the deep canyons with rivers of clear water dashing over the boulders, the azure sky with never a cloud were all new to me, and the country swarmed with game, such as elk, deer and antelope, with occasionally a grizzly bear, and in the valleys were many waterfowls. Tall bearded men were digging up the ground and washing it in long toms and rockers, and on the banks by their sides were sheet iron pans in which were various amounts of yellow gold. These men had neither tents nor houses. They camped under a lofty pine or spreading oak trees. They were strong and healthy and lived a life as free as the air they breathed...

"Where all that gold came from was a much mooted question, and they pondered deeply over it and finally settled down to the belief that it must have been thrown out by volcanos, as the country bore evidence of ancient volcanic action.

"Now, as soon as some of the miners heard this story, they at once said, 'That's just where we thought this gold came from, and why should we be here digging for a few hundred dollars a day when we can search out the volcanos and shovel it up by the ton?'

"As incredible as it now seems, several of them abandoned rich claims and went off into the desert.

"Nothing in nature is more maddening than a summer sandstorm in the desert. The thermometer mounts to 110, 120, even more in the blazing sun. The wind rises and begins shifting the dunes. Above the swirling, cutting sand

the sun becomes a dim copper disc; then there is no sun. The peaks of arid mountains, generally so well defined in the distance, blur out. A man caught in the storm cannot see his own hand. In the deadliest wastes of the desert there are no grazing grounds nor water. A lizard does well to live there.

"In 1862, the word came down that all hell was breaking loose in a new discovery centered around Austin, Nevada. Staying in Los Angeles at the time were three men, without funds or means of conveyance, but were determined to get to the Reese River in Nevada, some four hundred miles north across the most desolate, forbidding and inexorable region of mountain and desert on the North American Continent.

"Their names were McLeod, O'Bannion and Breyfogle. All people of sound judgement took the stage route to Sacramento then cut east. Some of the miners took the short cut and paid for it with their lives in the area called Death Valley. Breyfogle and his partners set out for the Nevada silver afoot. They decided to cut straight across.

"It was about the first of June, summer in the desert, when they set out, carrying some provisions, a blanket apiece, canteens, and rifles with which they hoped to procure jack rabbits. At San Fernando Mission the padres tried to persuade them to abandon such a perilous undertaking, but they trudged on. They crossed the Mojave Desert, skirted the southern spurs of the Argus Range, crept across the glittering waste known as Panamint Valley, and at length began ascending the awful Panamint Mountains, from the heights of which can be seen to the east the weird, unearthly basin of horrors called Death Valley and on beyond it the Funeral Range.

"On the eastern slope of the Panamints they came, following a crude Indian trail, to a rock tinaja in which they found water. There they prepared to spend the night. The ground was so rough that they experienced great difficulty in finding smooth places on which to lie down. McLeod and O'Bannion made their pallet together near the water hole; Breyfogle found a bedding place about two hundred yards down the slope. The men slept with all their clothes on, removing only their shoes.

"That unusual separation of himself from his comrades saved his life. He woke in the middle of the night to hear shouts and groans and to realize that Indians were murdering the other sleepers. He jumped from his blanket, grabbed his shoes, and with nothing else in his hand, fled barefoot to the valley below. Only a crazy man of brute toughness could have run barefooted in the darkness over rocks and thorn stubble. Breyfogle was very near the brute both physically and mentally, and now he was crazed with fear.

"At daylight he found himself down in the bottom of Death Valley. Fearing the Indians might be following, he secreted himself for several hours in a fold of gravel and sand before attempting to cross to the eastern side, a distance of about ten miles. His feet were so bruised he could not put on his shoes.

"The sun beat down on his bare head. Thirst became stronger than fear. In the afternoon he began walking toward the eastern edge of the valley. He came to a little geyser-like hole of alkali water. He drank the first water he had tasted since the day before. It made him deathly sick, but he soon recovered, and, filling his shoes with water—they were big shoes and they were stout—limped on.

"He traveled another hour into the lower foothills of the Funeral Range, then heaped some rocks to form a wall, he went to sleep. During the night he drank the contents from one shoe. At daybreak he drank the water from the other shoe and then set out to gain the top of the range some eight miles ahead. He was sick. The alkali water whetted more than it allayed thirst.

"About half way up the mountain he saw off to the south a green spot that he took to be growth marking a spring. He had covered about half of the three mile distance when his attention was arrested by float rock of a soft grayish-white cast with gold showing plainly all through it.

"Fearful as he was of Indians, exhausted and battered from the torture he had endured, mad as he was for a swallow of fresh, cool water, he paused at the sight of the ore. He picked up several of the richest pieces and tied them up in bandana. He started on again towards the green spot and had taken but a few steps when he came upon the vein itself from which the float had washed. Here the ore was pinkish feldspar, much richer in gold than the float. He quickly discarded his first samples and

gathered a bandana of the pink ore.

"Breyfogle limped on towards the green spot. It proved to be a low, bushy mesquite tree, very green and full of green beans. He ate so ravenously of them and was so disappointed in not finding water that he collapsed, and, as he afterwards said, lost his mind.

"But he apparently never lost his sense of direction. He recovered, though he could not recollect when. The days of endurance afterwards were absolutely blank. Water of some kind he must have found, but where? He know doubt ate roots and herbs. The fact is that he kept walking north, across the Funeral Range. At the clear water of Baxter Springs, two hundred and fifty miles from the point he emerged from Death Valley, he came to his right mind. After a few days rest, water and edible vegetation, he continued on for Reese River silver strike. He crossed the Smoky Valley and saw the first human being he had glimpsed since the murder of his partners.

"A rancher named Wilson came upon him. Breyfogle was all but naked. His pants were in shreds coming only to his knees, the tattered remains of shirt did little more than cover his shoulders. His black hair and beard were long and matted. Breyfogle was a Bavarian and was about forty-years old. He was heavy-boned, thick through the breast, stood all of six foot high, weighed, under normal conditions, about two hundred

pounds. He was bowlegged and had enormous feet. He appeared to Wilson a cadaverous giant parched and seared by the fires of hell. He still carried his shoes. In one of them was stuffed a bandana tied around some specimens of ore.

"The rancher took the wild man home with him where his wife provided him with food and clothing. A few days later he took him to Austin and secured a job for him with Jake Gooding, who put Breyfogle to work in a quartz mill.

"Breyfogle told Gooding all he could about his mine. The sample of ore he showed was almost half gold. Three months later, when the weather was cooler, Gooding and Breyfogle, along with six other men, all well provisioned, set out.

"Meanwhile authorities in Los Angeles had been notified of the fate of Breyfogle's partners and a search party had gone out and had found the remains of the victims.

"During the winter Breyfogle and the expedition found where Breyfogle had filled his shoes with water. Without too

much difficulty he led them to the area where his partners had been killed. From this he led them up on the Funeral Range and towards a spot no longer green, though only a few months before so green it appeared to mark a spring.

'This,' said Breyfogle, 'is where I gorged on the mesquite beans, fainted and lost my mind. We ought to have passed the gold on our way here.'

"Of course there were many other mesquite shrubs in the country but Breyfogle was sure this was the one. He was sure of the water hole; he was sure of the heap of rocks. But the gold? He went back and forth, searching. He saw another mesquite. He wavered. The other men searched also. Some of them began jeering him; some cursed him for leading them on a wild goose chase. Finally the party became so full of disgust they packed up and went home to Austin. Breyfogle left the country, and thus ended what promised to be an easy walk to the mine he gave his name to.

"But some desert rats keep searching. One was George Hearst, father of the notorious publisher. He secured a piece of Breyfogle's ore and for two winters kept prospectors looking for the lost vein. He believed in it. Many men

still believe in it, though most think that while Breyfogle was waiting in Austin for cooler weather before returning to claim his gold, a cloudburst swept down the slopes of the Funeral Mountains and covered it up. They are hoping another cloudburst will uncover it."

This is just one of the many stories about Breyfogle, each of them different. This one was told by Donald F. MacCarthy who had received the information from Jake Gooding. The story was repeated in *CORONADO'S CHILDREN* by J. Frank Dobie. Published in 1931.



A LARGER REALITY

By Paul Gagnon
Executive Secretary of the National Council for History Education.

The value of history—that is, of our knowing and understanding as much of it as we can—may be summed up in three phrases: it matures us; it heartens us; it sets us free. How do we grow in maturity, to understand the human condition and ourselves? First, of course, by direct personal daily experience. But second, we grow by extending our experiences. Through history, biography, memoirs, imaginative literature, we can know, to some extent, what it meant to be a slave, or fight the battle of Verdun, or work in the coal mines, or enter the Holocaust. We can enter a larger reality, place ourselves in time, compare ourselves with others.

The wider experience of history is not always cheerful. But neither will it justify despair. We come to understand what no other study makes so clear: the reality of both tragedy and comedy, of paradox, and the beauty of work well done, of daily acts of human nurture. We observe how hard it has always been to build and keep civilization, or to better human life. But we also observe that these have nonetheless been done by brave people in the past. While history denies us the easy comforts of optimism and pessimism, it gives heartening proof that effort is not always in vain.

Finally, the study of history, more than any other discipline, frees us to choose for ourselves the paths we wish to take as citizens and private persons. The dignity of free choice can arise only out of knowing the alternatives possible in public and private life, that immense range of approaches people have taken to order their political, and social lives, to pursue personal integrity, creativity, and private happiness. Without historical memory, we are amnesiacs, prisoners of our immediate milieu, ignorant of the possibilities for liberation that the past reveals. The first aim of education in a democracy is to confer upon as many people as possible the power to freely choose for themselves. The study of history is the precondition to that power, and to our free search for the larger meaning of human history and life.



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