

Early Development

Written by Administrator
Wednesday, 30 June 2010 13:23 -



Pictured above: Joseph Allan and Carol Beek

Early recounts from **Anita Yount Wonder**:

At the age of 11 in a small town of Redmon, Illinois (about 100 miles south east of Chicago) I took part in a 6th grade class project. We were to collect information about a state of the union

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other than Illinois. Several classmates wanted California. I did because my Grandmother, great uncle and several cousins lived here. We chose a number between 0 and 10 and my number was right on. I wrote to "A Senator" not knowing at the time that there were 40 senators in the California Legislature. Therefore, my letter went to the Secretary of the Senate's office. There after started a friendship between Joe Beek and me. After corresponding for a few exchanges, my Mom wrote to thank Mr. Beek for the attention to a very shy little girl. Joe started exchanging letters with both my parents and offered them jobs in his newest endeavor...to be called "Forest Hills." It was later found that there already was a Forest Hills, California so the name was then changed to *Lakeview Hills*.

Mom was concerned for our future since Dad was a welder who carried large debts from farmers who couldn't pay and got additional work from oil fields that would like panning for gold in Illinois. After considerable discussion my parents decided to sell their home and property and move to California. On July 5, 1955 we relocated to Hidden Valley in an area called at that time "the trout ponds." We were given a camp trailer to live in with an out door privy and a 6X6X8 in sink for bathing. My bed was a dust filled couch that made into a bed in the front of the trailer. Joe Beek took us all out to dinner often and one night when he brought us home he came into the trailer. He pointed out a black widow spider hanging above my bed.

When winter started we moved to an unfinished home. When we moved in there was only sub-flooring, and no kitchen. We did have an indoor bathroom with a real shower!!! Dinner was soup in a coffee pot. One day Mom was sweeping the floor when a frog jumped up through a knot. Right behind it was garter snake which ate the frog and then disappeared down the knot hole. Hardwood floors followed soon after! When the house was finished it sold fast so we moved into a tract home in Loomis. I get a kick out of telling people I used to live in the south bound lane of I-80.

The first "home" in *Lakeview Hills* was the realestste office. My Mom designed the home and had it built with salvage materials from the Yuba City flood (1957) and Wood's Brother's salvage in Sacramento. The bathroom fixtures were from the tearing down of the Sacramento Hotel in Sacramento. The only item Mom would not scrimp and save on was a full length plate glass windows facing the lake. People interested in property would come in the front door and be facing a full view of the lake framed with honey suckle and fushias. Needless to say the lots facing the lake went fast.

How the Roads in Lakeview Hills got their names:

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After the lots were surveyed and the roads mapped, the next task was to find names. My Mother and I made out a list which was influenced by our great senses of humor. My father merely chuckled and stayed out of it. Our choices included:

Gopher Gulch

Rattle Snake Run

Jack Rabbit Drive

Lake Circle Drive

Enter the decision - Mrs. Carol Beek. Mrs. Beek was a cultured woman from a higher education family.

Her brother, Ernest Guillou, lived in Hidden Valley and was a PhD of Engineering in the Food Science and Technology Department at U.C. Davis.

He invented the refrigerated railway cars that made it possible to ship fruits and vegetables from California to consumers throughout the USA.

Ernie's first wife died while they lived in Hidden Valley, and soon afterwards he moved to Davis and subsequently remarried the head librarian of the University.

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During my first semester of my freshman year at UCD, I stayed with them until I could get a room in the dorm on campus.

Education and Culture were the focus of the family and a sense of humor was much less obvious.

Carol Beek, the major partner's wife, vetoed the "creative names" chosen by my Mother and me in favor of Upland, Midland, and Lowland. The one consolation was North and South Lake Circle Drive.

If you appreciate the refined names of your streets then you have Carol to thank.

If, however, you would have enjoyed living on Gopher Gulch or Rattlesnake Run, you have Carol to blame.