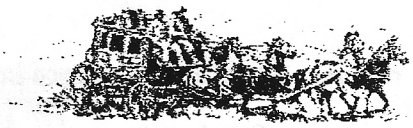
TEMECULA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



NEWSLETTER

December 2002 Vol 2 Issue 7

SNAPSHOTS IN TIME

To continue her 5-part series on history of the Temecula Valley, Myra Gonsalves presents the Mexican Period and discusses the division of church lands into Ranchos and their transfer to private ownership.

Often referred to as the most historically significant area of Riverside County, the article includes information on the Mexican-American War and carries us forward in time to the California Gold Rush.

See inside for Part 3, Mexican Period.

President's Corner

I WANT TO GO BACK TO THE TIME WHEN.....decisions were made by going "eeny-meeny-miney-mo." Mistakes were corrected by simply exclaiming "do over!" Money issues were handled by whoever was the banker in "Monopoly." Catching the fireflies could happily occupy an entire evening.

-- Greg Cowdery, Patterson House Museum, Winchester, California

Some of us did happily return to a different place in time when we celebrated "Remembering the 1940s" in food and costume. The Annual Meeting was intended to be more fun than business, and we did accomplish that! Thank each of you who helped with planning and preparation, to those who helped with clean up, and especially to everyone who attended. My grandmother used to say, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It seems that we have found a way to turn the work of the Society into pleasure.

I am indebted to the devoted Board members who have contributed so much time and energy to making 2002 a year of progress and achievement for historical preservation and education in Temecula Valley. Each of you has endured long, and sometimes dull, meetings. Yet you persevered, you met the challenge, and we can press on for even greater things in 2003.

Our two new Board members, Felicia Hogan and Roger Sannipoli, begin three-year terms on January 1. And we welcome the continued service of Bill Harker, Wendy Lesovsky and Bruce Singer for renewed terms.

Thank you Bonnie Reed, Phyllis Bettleheim, Loretta Barnett, Myra Gonsalves and "sis" Herron for serving as the Nominating Committee.

Charolette Fox

THE DIARY OF A DESERT TRAIL continues....

We left the narrative dangling with "Brownie", a brown yearling steer whose personality had endeared him to the cowhands. Such was their affection, that Edward Vail wrote, "the men all agreed that if Brownie gave out [on the trail] they would put him in the chuckwagon and haul him to California". Surely no four-legged critter, "muy valiente" or not, had more appetite than Brownie. It's reported he not only ate camp scraps, but all the barley and corn the horses spilled.

Inside, we return to the series beginning with a few words about the cowhands themselves.

ENJOY!

Our Readers Respond...

Belated, but appreciated...

Thank you so much for the packet of wildflowers and the newsletter which we found very interesting. History is a subject that the Corona family feel is so important to preserve for future generations.

Actually, the piece that was written by Anne Miller, Ph.D., on Pablo Apis struck a familiar note and had me digging into some of my own books to find the book "Rancho Cucamonga and Dona Merced" by Esther Boulton Black. I have not had time to completely re-read the book but now have renewed interest. It seems that Pablo Apis and his family were connected to Isaac Williams who was an integral part of the Inland Empire history, and although limited, gives quite a bit of information about the Apis family.

Mrs. Mary Corona

October 28, 2002

I wanted to write and commend you on the great job you are doing with the newsletter. I read the November issue cover to cover. I especially enjoyed the "The Diary of a Desert Trail" and look forward to its continuation.

William J. Stone

November 4, 2002

My husband and I volunteer at the Pleasant Hill, Mo. Historical Society Museum, where he is volunteer Curator. We have been trying to get in touch with Myra Gonsalves....I found her in your Historical Society on the internet.

We are trying to locate Myra, because we have a manuscript by Kathleen Sears to which Myra had added a 'preface' in 1981. The subject matter deals with the Civil War and the family that [some of our ladies] are researching....

Let me know if you are able to contact her.

Beverly Kennedy, Pleasant Hill, MO

Yes, Beverly, Myra lives in Temecula and we understand that "connections" have been made and all is well. Editor

email to Jeffery Harmon dated Oct. 30, 2002

It's good to know Ralph [Friedeman] and his mother Pat are doing well. My dad used to spend some vacation time with them; he and Ralph's father grew up together (Bill Jr.).

It's funny how you forget about people and don't think about them after they have moved away. I remember stories told around town of how many times Jessie [Friedeman] sold her finger, at the meat market. People would joke about her putting her finger on the scale to increase the amount she would charge for your purchase.

Jessie's brother Carl and his wife Edna ran the little cafe that housed the town telephone switchboard, and they were our phone operators. They had the only public telephone in town and also were the Greyhound bus stop. Their place was located north of the Bank of Mexican Food. I remember saving up 50 cents "working" in grandpa's garage [Al Knott's Garage] and going to Edna's Cafe, buying a hamburger and coke, and having a little change left over.

Gene Knott

email to Jeffery Harmon dated Oct. 31, 2002

Grandpa always had two cooking vats going in the back of the [Friedeman] Meat Market. One was full of hot water and the other had hot lard. Everyday the local kids would line up at his back door. Grandpa would take pig tails, put them in the hot lard, then take them to the back door and give them to the kids. They loved them grease and all. It was like candy to them. The word got around, more kids showed up and Grandpa finally would run out of pig tails.....some of the locals may remember eating pig tails from grandpa's meat market.

Ralph Friedeman

November 12, 2002

Dear Charolette & Board:

Neal and I want to thank all of you for letting us share "Remembering the 1940s" with you last Friday. The entire evening was a delight, from the original skit, through the slides of Wolf's tomb refurbishing, to the meatloaf and mashed 'taters dinner with banana split for dessert!

A further treat, however, was my winning the video of the huge oak, which we've visited twice, and shown to friends from Ohio.

Thanks to all of you for your dedication to preserving Temecula's history. You are greatly appreciated!

Neal and Dawn McKenzie

On behalf of the Board, thanks for these kind words. The Society will only be as good as the membership who supports it. We are pleased that you are helping make a difference by championing historical research, preservation and education for Temecula Valley.

Christmas Past in Temecula

Excerpts from the Lake Elsinore Valley Press newspaper, researched by Jeffery Harmon.

December 29, 1916

The Christmas exercises at the Temecula Union School by the children were a grand success and enjoyed by all with the exception of the accident that happened to Felipe Magee, who was playing Santa Claus. While distributing the presents the cotton on his clothes caught fire from a burning candle. His arms were burnt in trying to put the fire out, but not seriously.

The credit of successful Christmas entertainment is due to the Misses Eady and Alma Friedemann, teachers, who take great interest and have much patience with the children.

December 28, 1917

The Christmas tree and entertainment at the Union School which was held Friday, December 21, was a grand success. Every school boy and girl who had part in the program did his best and it was an excellent entertainment which goes to show that the teachers, Miss Alma Friedemann and Miss Alma Wilson, take a great interest in the children.

December 27, 1918

The Christmas tree at the bank hall for the little children by Charles McVicker, was a great success. All the older people who were there enjoyed it as much as the children.

December 19, 1919

Miss Libbie Nienke is now employed in the store of George A. Burnham & Son. Owing to the Christmas Rush they had to employ an extra clerk.

Historical Plaques

Thanks to Rhine Helzer, three of the four available historical plaques have been erected. It is obvious Rhine takes great pride in his work. The care and time he puts into this project appears to be a true labor of love. (Sandy Helzer assures us, "it is".)

Three more plaques are currently on order: The McConville plaque, the Knott Family Home plaque, and the former St. Catherine's Catholic Church (Chapel of Memories) plaque. Installation of these three should begin after the first of the year.

The City of Temecula recently granted $2,500 more toward historical plaques. The committee has discussed some possible sites worthy of historical markers. Since thirteen locations were already submitted and approved by the City, we will be choosing from among those properties. The following sites are under consideration:

- **the Friedeman Meat Market**
- **the Stone House at Temecula Creek Golf Course, and**
- **a plaque commemorating the former California Southern Railroad.**

Pam Grender, Chair

MISSION STATEMENT

The mission of the Temecula Valley Historical Society is to identify, preserve and promote the historic legacy of the Temecula Valley and to educate the public about its historical significance.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS !!

October 15 to November 15, 2002

New Members

James Knott

Roger Sannipoli

Gifts, Grants & Donations

City of Temecula

Alhadeff & Solar

Maggi Allen

Germaine Arenas

Eve Craig

Volker Lutz

Mr & Mrs J. Neal McKenzie

Dick & Cathy Rainey

Dr. Byron Sansom

www.tvhs.homestead.com/FrontPage.html

CHECK IT OUT !

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you moved? Changed your email or phone number? Don't forget to report these changes to us. We depend on the accuracy of our mailing list to keep your newsletter coming.

Send a postcard, FAX, or call:

Newsletter Editor, 32800 Hupa Drive, Temecula, CA 92592; phone (909) 302-0180, FAX (909) 302-0171.

THE DIARY OF A DESERT TRAIL

by Edward L. Vail

The first part of Part I, featured in the November issue, continues the story of determination and true Western grit to drive 1000 steers across some of the fiercest deserts of Arizona and California, to Warner Ranch and thence to Temecula. This was a journey not to be undertaken lightly. It exemplifies resourcefulness and endurance to combat the 25% increase in rate being levied by the Southern Pacific Railroad to certain California points. When negotiations broke down between cattlemen and the S.P. Company, Edward, brother of Walter L. Vail, and trusted ranch foreman, Tom Turner, set out on January 29, 1890. This section of Part I picks up the story when the drive has reached Maricopa, AZ. At this juncture, Edward reflects on the cowhands.

I must say a few words about our Mexican cowboys; most of them were very good hands and some of them as fine ropers as I have ever seen. They knew how to handle cattle on a ranch and in a roundup. Driving cattle a few miles to a corral or throwing them together in a rodeo is a very different thing, however, from driving them five hundred miles on the desert with water fifty miles apart in some places. Practically the only trouble we had with our men was to keep them from driving too fast. Traveling behind a herd day after day on a dusty trail is certainly a monotonous job, but we knew the only possible way we could expect to reach the Warner Ranch with our cattle alive was to hurry them only when it was necessary.

After the cattle got used to the trail, at night we usually had only two men on guard at a time. When camp was made, the first guard had supper and four hours later were relieved by the men who, in turn, went off duty when the last guard went on about two A.M. As soon as it was light the latter would start the cattle grazing in the direction we were traveling, and most of the day our steers wandered along browsing on mesquite, sage, and sometimes a little grass. Even travelling that way they did not get much to eat and I often wondered what kept them alive. When we reached Maricopa, the only water we found for our cattle was a ditch near the railroad and it was probably an overflow from the water tank or from a recent rain. We finally got all the cattle and horses watered and let them rest a while.

Watering cattle in a small water hole, a ditch or a mud tank, takes considerable time and a lot of patience. A few at a time are allowed to go to the water and then are driven on to make room for others, while the main herd is held some distance away to keep them from interfering with those that are drinking. It is a tedious job and everyone is tired before it is finished. I will quote some remarks overheard on a cattle trail, made by an irritated cowpuncher to his companion: "Tex, I think that if a full grown man can't learn enough to make a living at anything but punching cows he should be locked up as loco! Now just look at that — — old long-horned steer! Why he sucks a few cups of muddy water out of that old wagon track?"

But the foreman speaks up and says, "Let him alone boys! I reckon he likes it as it is the nearest imitation of water we have offered him for some time past on this trail!"

Cattle naturally begin to graze as soon as they leave their watering place and as the grass nearest the water is eaten first, the distance between water and feed is gradually increased. In dry seasons cattle are frequently compelled to travel five miles to water. Young calves, of course, are not able to make the trip, so their mothers – by instinct or reason – place their calves under the protection of some friendly companions in the herd. It is no uncommon thing to see a cow, or even an old bull, watching a lot of very young calves whose mothers have gone to water. The guardian will protect the little calves from coyotes, dogs or any other enemy until their mothers return.

A cow will place her calf behind a bush and, apparently, tell it to stay right there until she returns. If you should happen to go near the calf it will lie down and pretend it does not see you. If you chase it a short distance and then watch it for a few minutes you will find that it will go back to the very spot where you found it. If a mother comes back and doesn't find her calf just where she left it she is very much worried, she will sniff all around the spot where she left it and run around bawling for it.

In the afternoon we hit the trail for Gila Bend and driving out slowly about ten miles on the old stage road along the north side of the railroad, we made a late camp for the night. The next afternoon we reached Estrella which is at the head of a rather pretty valley if it were not so dry; there are desert mountains on each side and south of the little station a mountain higher than the rest form a rincon. Tom concluded we would turn the cattle loose that night by grazing them in the direction of that mountain and guarding them only on the lower side, thus giving them a chance to lie down whenever they liked or eat any grass or weeds they could find. I remember it was a beautiful night and not very cold. In the moonlight I could see the cattle scattered around on the hills and could hear the boys singing their Spanish songs as they rode back and forth on guard. I am not sure whether cattle are fond of music or not, but I think where they are held on a bed-ground at night they seem better contented and are less excitable when the men on guard sing or whistle. This custom is so common on the trail that I have often heard one cowpuncher ask another how they held their cattle on a roundup. The other would reply, "Oh, we had to sing to them!" meaning they had to night-herd them.

When cattle have to be night-herded, the foreman usually rides out and selects a suitable "bed-ground," a place where they are as free from rocks and holes as possible. Bottomland should not be chosen as it is apt to be colder at night. The cattle are grazed in the direction of the spot selected and the men ride slowly around them pushing the stragglers in until they commence to lie down.

Mexican cowboys seldom use a watch when guarding the cattle at night. Instead, they use the clear sky of Arizona as their time-keeper, and it is astonishing how closely they can measure the time by the stars.

The Great Dipper revolves around the North Star once in twenty-four hours; so in six hours it completes a quarter of the circle. When the first guard goes on the boys notice carefully the position of "the pointers" (as they call the two stars Alpha and Beta), in their relation to the North Star, and when "the pointers" or "hands" have reached the right position the next guard is called.

The Mexican cowboys call this big celestial clock of theirs "El Reloj de Los Yaquis," — The Yaquis' Clock — because it is used by the Yaqui Indians.

Tom Turner told me a story of a black man in Texas who evidently had not studied the stars. Tom pointed out the North Star to him and said, "When that star sets call me." Just as it was getting light that poor man rode into camp and said, "Mista Tom, I dun watch dat dar star all night an he nevah move a bit!"

There was one thing about our trip that may seem funny now, but it did not seem so at that time. When we commenced making dry camps and using water from the barrels on our wagon we found it had a very disagreeable taste. I supposed the barrels I bought in Tucson had been used for whiskey or wine, a flavor to which I think a cowboy would not seriously object, but they proved to be old sauerkraut barrels! We had no chance to clean them thoroughly until we got to the river; then I took the heads off the barrels and cleaned out all the kraut and soaked them in the river.

The next day we drove the cattle about ten miles down the winding canyon along the railroad

toward Gila and made our third dry camp west of Maricopa. Before leaving Estrella I begged water enough from the section foreman there to water our wagon team.

My brother, Walter Vail, and I had many warm friends among railroad men of the Tucson division and often when driving or holding our cattle along the railroad track, the conductor and trainmen would wave their caps at us from a passing train and sometimes throw us a late newspaper.

We expected to reach Gila Bend on the river the next evening and started the cattle early in the morning toward the Gila Valley. When we had reached a point which was clear of the hills on a big flat that gradually sloped towards the river, the big steers in the lead suddenly threw up their heads and commenced to sniff the breeze, which happened to be blowing from the river, and a weird sound like a sigh or a moan seemed to come from the entire herd. I had been driving cattle many years then, but had never heard them make that noise before. They were very thirsty and had suddenly smelled water! They had been dragging along as if it were hard work even to walk, but in a minute they were on a dead run. Every man byt one was in front, beating the lead cattle over the head with coats and slickers trying to check them, as we feared they would run themselves to death before the water was reached. Close to the river we turned them loose, or rather, they practically made us get out of the way.

Then we found that one of our men had been caught in the rush of cattle. They had outrun his already tired horse, but he was doing his best to keep it on its feet. If it had fallen with him the cattle would probably have trampled the man to death. Here several of our men showed quick action. Pushing their horses against one side of the string of cattle that was rushing towards their companion they pressed it back far enough to release him from his dangerous position. The lead steers plunged into the Gila like fish-hawks, drinking as they swam across to the other side. The drags (or slow cattle) must have been at least three miles behind us when the first steers reached the river, and after watering our horses, which we did carefully, some of the cowboys went back to help the man we had left behind to follow them in.

We grazed our cattle and horses at Gila Bend for several days and gave them a chance to rest. Turner or I generally did some scouting ahead to find a good watering place for our cattle and the next day's camp.

We were looking for a short cut to Oatman Flat as we did not want to drive the cattle over the long, winding, rocky road. On the south side of the river and about thirty feet above it there was a narrow trail cut in the side of the mountain. This had formerly been the old stage road but was so badly washed out by high water that in places it was barely wide enough for the steers to travel single file. On the other side of the river was a steep mountain. We finally decided to drive the cattle over the narrow trail by the river and send the wagon by the longer road. So we started them on the trail with a rider leading, as usual, and as soon as a few of the lead steers were on the way the others followed like sheep. So many cattle walking single file was an unusual sight. All reached Oatman Flat safely. There we met the Jourdan family with whom we were acquainted. They were farming and also had some cattle. Turner and I spent the evening rather pleasantly at their house.

Oatman Flat is a nice piece of land that was named for the Oatman family, nearly all the members of which were killed by Apaches in 1852.

Gila Bend is about half way from Tucson to Yuma and from what I saw of the Gila Valley I did not think much of it as a cattle country. We had some trouble with quicksand when watering cattle in the river. If a steer got stuck in the sand the only way to get him out was to wade in and pull out one leg at a time and then tramp the sand around that leg (this gets the water out of the sand which it holds in suspension). When all the legs were free we would turn the animal on its side and drag it back to the bank with our riettas. I never saw so many quail in my life as I saw in that country. Frequently John, the cook, would take my shotgun and kill a lot of them. At night when he called us to supper he would say, "All the boys come plente quai

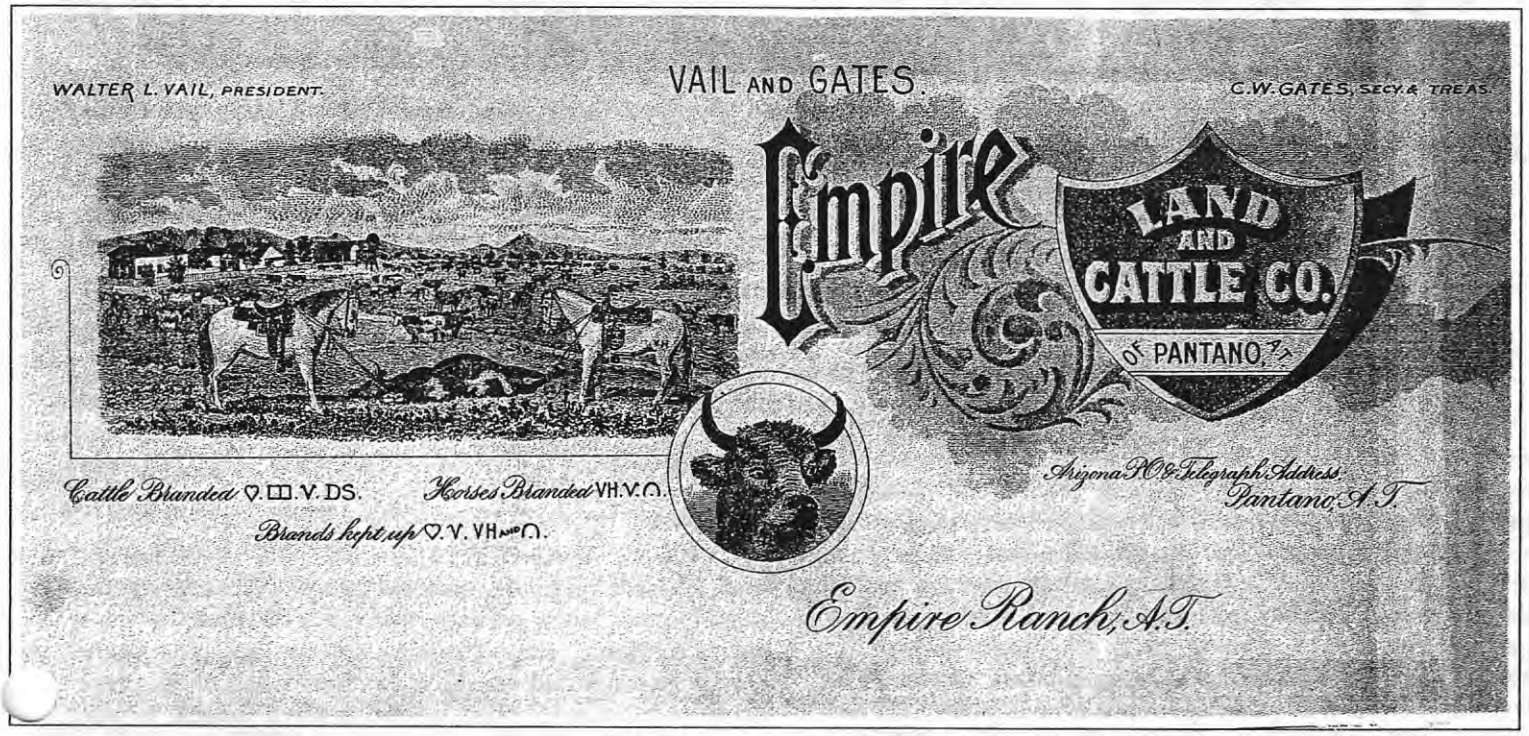
tonight." He could not say "quail."

There were very few incidents of particular interest on the trail down the Gila Valley to Yuma. One evening when we were ready to camp for the night, John drove his team down on a little flat near the river where there were quite a number of willow and cottonwood trees. When Tom rode over and saw the place he told the Chinaman to hitch up his team and drive up on higher ground near where the cattle were to be held that night. But the cook did not want to go and said, "See what a pletty place this is, Mr. Tom!" Tom replied that it was "Pletty" all right, but too far from the cattle in case of trouble, and too far for the men to go in the night when the guards changed.

The next morning when we awoke we heard a great roaring from the river. We lost no time in riding over to see what had happened and found the Gila was a raging flood, and the place John had picked out to camp was eight or ten feet under water. If we had slept there that night the men on guard would have been the only survivors of our outfit. Later we heard that the Walnut Grove Dam, situated on a branch of the Gila River, had given way, and quite a number of people were drowned in the valley below the dam.

We were compelled to leave some of our cattle before we reached Yuma, as there was scarcely any grass or weeds and the mesquite and other forage had not yet budded out. Some steers died, but most of them gave out and we turned them loose. I kept a list of those we left. I think there were about twenty-five or thirty in all.

While we were at Gila Bend I went with the cook and his wagon to Gila Station and bought barley for our horses, also provisions. Before we reached the Agua Caliente (Hot Springs), near Sentinel, I rode ahead, as we had heard there was a store there, and laid in another supply. The Hot Springs are on the north side of the Gila River and as there was considerable water in the river, a man with a boat rowed me over. I took advantage of the opportunity and enjoyed a good bath in the warm water, which is truly wonderful. I doubt if there is any better in the country. At that time the accommodations were very poor for persons visiting the Springs, especially for those who were ill. (to be continued)



letterhead of Vail and Gates

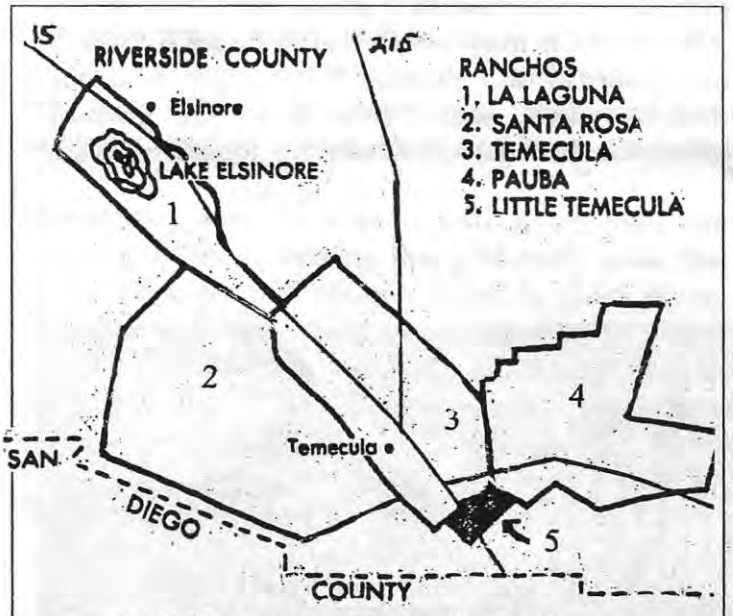
TEMECULA VALLEY HISTORY

by Myra Gonsalves

Mexican Period

The Mexican government divided the land holdings of the missions and made grants of them. Many of the Luiseno remained at the mission because native economics had been disrupted by this time. But with the settlement of the Mexicans on the new acquired lands, the Luiseno were forced to accept the rule of the Mexican grandees living under a rustic kind of feudalism with the rancho owners fuling as minor lords.

Some of the Luiseno sought land for farming and raising livestock. Among them was the Luiseno leader Pablo Apis who initiated an effort to gain title to the Temecula lands in the early 1830s. Both Antonio Estudillo (in 1835) and Pio and Andres Pico (in 1840) petitioned for the Temecula lands, but the Temecula Indians protested the grants as they needed the land for farming and grazing, so the Californios were granted land elsewhere. It was during this time that the plateau was given the name Santa Rosa, probably after Saint Rose of Lima.



Land Grants of the Elsinore-Temecula area

The grants in Temecula Valley became part of the rush in expectation that the United States would soon be in charge. Rancho La Laguna and Temecula in 1844, Little Temecula in 1845, and Santa Rosa and Pauba in 1846 were some of the so-called "midnight grants" by Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California. To obtain a grant, a person had to be a Mexican citizen, over eighteen and Catholic. The petition was usually granted under the condition that the citizen improve the land by building a house, stocking the land with cattle and planting crops. It is unlikely that the grantees of Temecula Valley lived on their ranchos, but lived in Los Angeles using majordomos.

- **Rancho Temecula (portions of Temecula and Murrieta) was granted on December 14, 1844 to Felix Valdez, a Mexican army officer, who lived in Los Angeles. His ownership was brief and was passed on to Jean Louis Vignes, who was a noted winemaker in Los Angeles. Vignes, visiting his rancho only once, stayed at the mission house, the only available housing in Temecula.**

- **Rancho Pauba (Paula Valley near Redhawk) was granted to Vicente Moraga in 1844, and the following year, he petitioned with Luis Arenas for dual ownership of the rancho. By 1848, the rancho passed finally to Vignes, who combined the Pauba and Temecula into one operation. In 1853 he sold both ranchos to Jacob Snyder of San Francisco and his partners.**

- **Rancho Santa Rosa was granted to Juan Moreno in 1846. Juan Moreno appears to have moved his cattle onto the Santa Rosa in the spring of 1845. He had perhaps up to a hundred head of cattle, a house and a small plot of ground cultivated with grains and vegetables. Juan Moreno, born in Los Angeles, was the sone of Jose Cesar Moreno and Maria Guadalupe Gertrudis Perez, who was part of the Rivera expedition of twelve families that founded Los Angeles in 1881. His daughter, Catarina Moreno, was the companion (no marriage record) of General Andres Pico, brother of Governor Pio Pico. Like the other grantees, Moreno never lived at the Santa Rosa.**

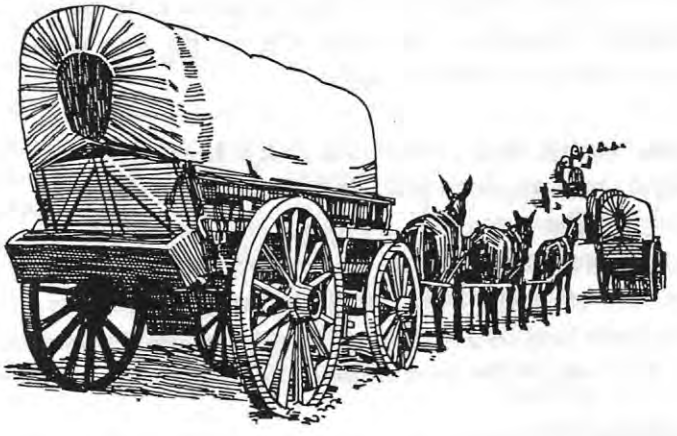
- **Rancho La Laguna (land surrounding Lake Elsinore) was granted to Julian Mariquez in 1844. After his death in 1852, the family sold the rancho to Abel Stearns. Three years later, Augustin Machado, who had purchased the Santa Rosa in 1855, obtained the land. With his sone, Juan, quartered at La Laguna, the two ranchos may have been managed together running cattle and sheep.**

- **Rancho Little Temecula was granted in 1845 to Pablo Apis, who had been an alcade [Spanish mayor; having judicial powers] at Mission San Luis Rey and one of the few Indians granted land in 1845. Pablo chose to build his adobe downstream from the first Temecula, locating where the Red Hawk Bridge now crosses Temecula Creek. This would become the second Temecula. Other Luiseno from the mission would move there to be near the water source for farming and irrigation.**

The rancho period of California has been greatly romanticized by books, movies, and television programs. Unfortunately, these portrayals of ranch life tend to portray only the "fiesta" side of rancho life and not the work of raising livestock and providing for daily needs of the people living on the ranch. Most rancheros hired Indians to work as vaqueros, craftsmen and house servents. The Luiseno were considered to be a hardworking and honest people and

the ranchos of Temecula Valley could not have survived without them.

Thus in the last years of Mexican control of California, all the Temecula lands of San Luis Rey were in private ownership and of the land promised to the Luiseno, they only retained Rancho Little Temecula. The basic economy of the area was still primarily a pastoral region, cattle and horses being the predominate interest. This era was a time of prosperity for the Californios and a time of feudal serfdom for the Indians being employed as laborers on the ranchos.



MEXICAN-AMERICAN WAR

American Troops were sent to California when war between the United States and Mexico started in 1846. Near the end of the war, came the famous "Mormon Battalion" led by Colonel Philip St. George Cooke on their way to San Diego after a 2000-mile march from Ohio. Their guide was Jean Baptiste Chabonneau, the son of Sacagawea, who had carried him as an infant on her back all the way to the Columbia River and back to the Missouri River as a member of the Lewis and Clark party that explored the American West in 1806 and 1807.

The battalion, a volunteer force of five hundred men, brought the first wagons on the southern route hacking out a route through solid stone to get through Box Canyon, which is now part of Anza-Borrego Desert State Park in San Diego. While passing through Temecula, the battalion helped protect the Temecula Indians as they buried their dead from a battle fought the day before with Cahuilla Indians and Californios seeking revenge for an earlier attack by the Luiseno. Known as the Temecula Massacre, the number of Luiseno killed varied from thirty-eight to more than one hundred. They were buried on the north bank of the Temecula Creek, near the old Wolf Store.

The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which ended the war between the United States and Mexico was ratified in 1848, just months before the gold discovery at Sutter's Mill in Northern California became known. Temecula, which was only an Indian settlement and rancho in the new Territory of California, became a popular place to camp along the Gila Trail on the way to the gold regions. Now called The Southern Immigrant Trail by historians, it entered present-day Riverside County near Aquanga and passed by Pablo Apis' adobe on the way to Los Angeles.

When Benjamin Hays passed through Temecula on December 29, 1849, with his party traveling overland from Missouri, he found Apis living in an adobe house of several rooms. Nearby were thirty thatch houses where other Indians lived. The Indians spoke Spanish "familiarly" he noted. The gold rush had a tremendous impact on the newly established territory of California with people arriving en masse from the east, overwhelming a population that had consisted mostly of Mexican Californians and Native Americans. The gold discovery was wonderful news for "the restless rovers of all nations, particularly the enterprising and impudent Yankees." At the height of the gold fever in 1849, more than nine thousand people passed through Temecula to reach the goldfields.

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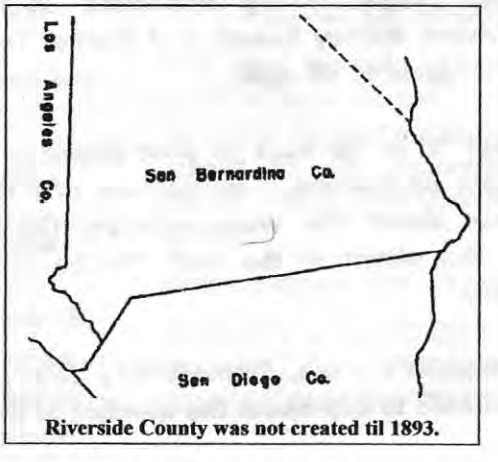

Riverside County was not created til 1893.

The Language of the People

originally published in Fiat Lux magazine as
"Takic Language Project"
by Kris Lovekin,
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Tony Foussat drives north from Escondido to the Pechanga reservation near Temecula to learn Luiseño, the language of his grandfather. He is not expecting a certificate, or to advance his career as a sheet metal foreman. He just wants to recapture a piece of his history and then hand it down to his daughter.

Foussat, a 35-year-old member of the Pechanga Band of Luiseno Mission Indians, is one of about 60 new students in the Takic Language Revitalization Project, an ambitious partnership between Pechanga cultural leaders and UC Riverside to revive nearly extinct native languages.

"At home, after my lesson, I talk a little bit to my daughter," Foussat said. He has even taught some of the language to his wife, who is not even Indian, but still likes to try the throaty consonants and doubled vowels of the Luiseño tongue.

"It's hard, but he's a good teacher," Foussat said about Eric Elliott, a linguist hired by the project to teach classes for adults and children at the new Pechanga Tribal Government Center.

Elliott, who grew up in the Coachella Valley and learned Luiseño, Cahuilla and Serrano languages from elders of area tribes, is a shy professor-type who comes alive in front of a classroom. With power-point slides using celebrities such as Jiminy Cricket, Britney Spears and Mother Teresa, he tries to appeal to all ages.

"Make that 'k' as far back in your throat as you can without upchucking," he advises one recent adult class about the word qálwun, (kal-one) which is the plural of the verb "to be located somewhere."

At the children's class, immediately following, Elliott was able to ask about the number of tickets they had earned, and hear them answer in Luiseño

"Hík su?" (how many?) Elliott asked. "Maháar" (five), the children answered.

"It's easy if you know it from before," said Bianca, 12, whose family speaks some Luiseño at home. Her brother Trevor, 9, who wears his hair in a long braid below his waist, said one of the advantages to brushing up his Luiseño is to have a secret language. "We can talk so no one else knows," he said with a smile.

Theoretically, that won't last much longer as this project moves forward and more people take lessons. The younger students are catching on even more quickly than the adults, Elliott said. That makes him optimistic about the preschoolers, who have just begun their lessons. (at least when this appears in the magazine in November)

"Learning Luiseño is an important part of being Luiseño," said Gary DuBois, director of Pechanga Cultural Resources. "We challenged UCR to create a comprehensive model of revitalization, and they rose to the challenge."

Joel Martin, who holds the Rupert Costo Chair of American Indian Affairs at UC Riverside, pulled together a team that includes literary scholars, anthropologists and historians, as well as language experts and early childhood development professionals from UCR Extension.

"Without the second-language teacher training expertise provided through the International Education Program, we could not have gotten this off the ground and we wouldn't have such good prospects for success," Martin said. The team will write grants for new funds, and promote the project as a national model at conferences. This month, in fact, they will be presenting the program at the National Congress of the American Indian in San Diego.

"Language revitalization is difficult," Martin said. Not only are there distractions that pull people away from language learning, but many projects fail because they lack sustained tribal support or

systematic university involvement. "This project has both from the start," Martin said. Eventually, the project will become self-sustaining as tribal members take over the teaching roles.

"We would like to make language learning rewarding for all ages, part of a larger healing process, and an important affirmation of Native identity," Martin said. "California Indians have made it clear that they think this is a very important project and we have taken that to heart."

Foussat, the sheet metal worker who comes from Escondido to learn the language, said this project has filled a need for him.

"A few days before he died, my grandfather started speaking Luiseño to me, reverting back to his childhood." Foussat said he felt frustrated not to understand, to feel that distance between himself and his ancestral tongue. He wants to make sure his 7-year-old daughter, Tehya, does not go through the same thing.

Tehya means 'precious' but not in Luiseño. Foussat said he didn't know any Luiseño at the time she was born. She plays the flute like her father. She carries it to events on the reservation. At the last one, she held on to her father's arm tightly as she watched the dancers. "Afterward, she thanked me for taking her," Foussat said, his pride in his daughter visible on his face. "She has a good feeling about it."

Luiseño is one of approximately 100 tribal languages native to California. Fully half of those languages are now nearly extinct.

"We are hoping that the partnership at Pechanga blossoms and becomes a model for what can be done elsewhere," said Martin. "UCR is a neighbor to more than 30 federally recognized tribes as well as several unrecognized ones. What we need to do now is take a strong program and make it useful to all California Indians."

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Calendar

Board meeting	Dec 6 - Noon
Board meeting	Jan 3 - Noon
Member program	TBA

Active Committees:

- Research & Preservation
- Wolf's Tomb
- Plaques & Markers
- Newsletter
- Public Relations

Board meetings and member programs are held in the Conference Room of the Temecula Library, unless otherwise stated. No RSVP is required.

Date, time and location of committee meetings or special events fluctuates. For information, contact committee or event chair.

When possible, member reminders are sent via email or postcard 10 days prior to the meeting or event. In addition, public service announcements are usually placed in local newspapers.

The Newsletter

Articles must include author's name and contact information. Historical research, biographies, and local history articles will be given preference.

All submissions are subject to editing. Some articles may be held for publication in the next newsletter or in a journal to be published at a later time.

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