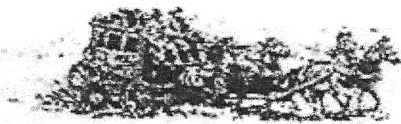


TEMECULA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



NEWSLETTER

February 2003 Vol 3 Issue 2

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SNAPSHOTS IN TIME

Beginning in 1900, ribbons of road, rail and telephone line connected Temecula Valley to the world. Part 5, the *Twentieth Century*, encapsulates 100 years of local history and in camera fashion presents a composite image for us. Only with close and continuous curiosity will we peel through the layers, only with interest will we locate the many threads that weave the cloth, and only with concern will we identify and preserve that which remains of earlier eras.

Thank you Myra, for brining to us some of the story and some of the resources we can use to continue our search about this fabulous treasured place.

In conclusion, see Part 5, *Twentieth Century*.



THE DIARY OF A DESERT TRAIL *continues...*

Part III, the concluding episode of this remarkable cattle drive, includes cooked rattlesnake, death by shooting, and an end to the desert crossing. The final paragraphs reveal plans to improve the trail in anticipation of further drives, improvements that became unnecessary when Southern Pacific Railroad Company reversed its 25% rate hike for stock cattle shipped to California.



President's Corner

Adventure comes in many guises. Recently I had a long conversation with a newcomer to California -- a woman who survived 9/11 on the east coast and whose sense of history is very vivid. Less than 1 year in Hemet, she has already begun a historical society and immediately set the preservation and restoration of the Hemet Stockyards as the group's first project. Her "new" eyes saw what all of us saw, but amidst our complacency we failed to say, "It can be saved!"

These stockyards incorporate grandstands, penning areas, arenas, and several acres of land in the heart of Hemet. Once a bustling ranch-era facility, it now sits unused and faces demolition. Only quick action and a viable plan for reconstruction and an adaptive use will save it. Once reopened, the site can serve the community and the region with events and exhibits to become a place of education and entertainment.

"The twin towers were modern, but historic *before* they went down. We on the east coast usually consider anything built after 1900 to be modern, but 9/11 made the modern historic for us too. When I came to Hemet, I found a cause ... and I'm doing everything I can to [muster support] for this project."

Bravo!! Bravo for the project and bravo for the visionaries willing to see it through!!

Charolette Fox

Work on Wolf's Tomb continues and ideas for landscaping are progressing. Directors will meet the principals of Urban Logic and the Alhambra Group, two highly qualified firms, at the regular Board meeting on February 7.

RAILROAD SPIKES

This material was first printed May 16, 1964, by Richard V. Dodge, Jr., in the Dispatcher, a newsletter of the Railway Historical Society of San Diego.
— Editor

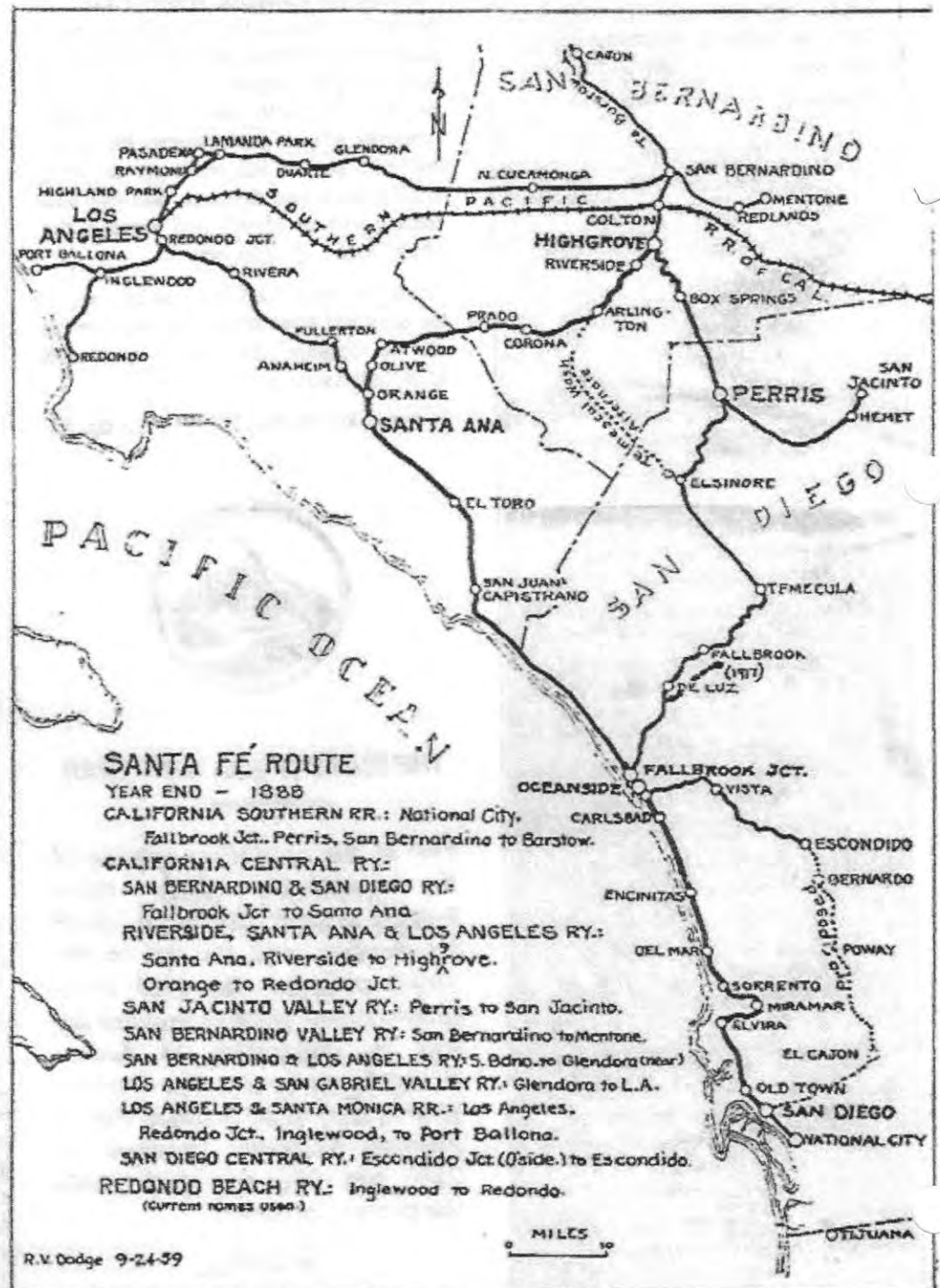
Residents of the village of Old San Diego began efforts in the 1850s to obtain rail transportation, but 30 years of effort produced little. In 1879 the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad was set to build west and, due primarily to the energy of Frank Kimball of National City [San Diego County], a deal was struck between backers of the Santa Fe and capitalists of Boston, Massachusetts. The line to be built would be from San Diego to Yuma in the Arizona Territory. But before grading began, the contract was cancelled.

In the meantime, the Santa Fe formed a partnership with the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway, more commonly known as Frisco, and acquired rights-of-way for a line to be built on the 35th parallel from Albuquerque to the Colorado River and enter California. Kimball renewed negotiations and a new contract was executed, forming the California Southern Rail Road to stretch from National City to San Bernardino and then onward to connect to the Atlantic & Pacific in Northern California. No one knew where that point would be.

With National City as the initial terminus, equipment and supplies were brought into San Diego by ships coming around Cape Horn from Belgium and Germany. The locomotives and some of the rolling stock came from eastern states either around the Horn or overland to San Francisco and transferred to boats there. By

January 1881, surveyors had located and staked the line as far as Fallbrook Junction, then headed northeasterly up the Santa Margarita River, reaching Hayden's in April. The name was changed to Fallbrook for the depot but the Post Office was known as Howe.

Temecula Canyon presented formidable difficulties. There were seven miles in the upper canyon through rock with almost perpendicular cliffs. A grade of over 140 feet per mile was required for three miles, the summit being at 970 feet elevation. Many low bridges had



to be constructed, the line crossing and recrossing the river many times. Hundreds of Chinese laborers were brought in to work on the roadbed. It was hot, dusty and the wind would blow a gale. One of the Chinese commented: "All the same Hellee, you bet."

Trains were running from National City to San Luis Rey [renamed Oceanside] by January 1882. A wooden turntable was being built in National City for installation at Fallbrook. The Temecula station was to be 11.5 miles from Fallbrook. The road was pushed north to Big Laguna [Elsinore], up San Jacinto Railroad Canyon to Pinacate [later moved and renamed Perris], and continued to a point 16 miles south of East Riverside. A not-too-friendly newspaper account read: "There is a short strip of railroad called the California Southern, which begins nowhere and ends nowhere...the little Boston engine puffs and pants in an agonized and agonizing manner. The engine draws two small box cars, and one passenger coach....Temecula was the last place touched by the Maker's hand..."

Others were more favorably impressed. The National City Record said, "The scenery through Temecula Canyon is well worth the price of a trip." (\$9 round trip) And tourists acclaimed that "the best and most cheerful railroad eating house is the celebrated tent at Fallbrook, a delightful nook in Temecula Canyon." But the Southern Pacific in those days was not a friendly railroad. A competition ensued between the Atlantic & Pacific and the California Southern to see who would win the right to enter San Bernardino. The victor was California Southern and a passenger train arrived on

September 13, 1883. The next skirmish occurred when the Southern Pacific hastily built a railway from Mojave across the desert to Needles and got there before the Atlantic & Pacific reached the Colorado River and California's state line.

In February 1884, it rained and rained. Floods poured down Temecula Canyon. R. V. (Dick) Dodge was the engineer on the last passenger train out of National City. A point just downstream from Fallbrook was reached when a bridge went out. An attempt was made to back the train to Oceanside, but the track was impassable -- the train was stranded. Six days later one passenger got back to San Diego, having walked most of the way. He reported that the railroad had made no effort to rescue the passengers or the mails. The crew remained with the train several days, subsisting according to Victor Westfal of Fallbrook, on gophers and the like, then walked back. Much of the California Southern's roadbed was a shamble, eight of the twelve miles through the canyon completely washed out. Ties and bridge timbers were found floating out in the Pacific Ocean. The railroad, as a separate corporation, was bankrupt.

Assessments were levied on the stockholders and bondholders had to exchange their First Liens for income bonds. The track was rebuilt and trains were running again to San Bernardino on January 6, 1885. During this period, Southern Pacific was forced to enter into a joint track agreement with Atlantic & Pacific for the line from Needles to Barstow and Mojave. Work extended the California Southern from San Bernardino through

Cajon Pass and south from Barstow. The last spike was driven in the Pass on November 9. The Santa Fe's first through passenger trains for the Pacific Coast left from Barstow and National City on November 15, 1885, making Fallbrook a station on a transcontinental main line.

In 1888, two additional passenger routes opened; the Surf Line was completed from Fallbrook Junction to Los Angeles, and the California Central line opened from Los Angeles to San Bernardino. Soon only freight trains were operating through Fallbrook. A consolidation of lines took place in 1889 and the California Southern was merged into the Southern California Railway.

Trains continued to run through Temecula Canyon until February 1891, another very wet month. All railroads in Southern California were washed out. The estimated cost of rebuilding the Temecula "branch" was tremendous. There was a pretense of finding a route via the San Luis Rey River but no train ever ran again between Fallbrook and Temecula.

In 1893, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad went into receivership, emerging later as the Santa Fe, and took over the Southern California Railway. Mixed trains rambled back and forth between Fallbrook and Oceanside until January of 1916 when another flooding washed the roadbed away below the Fallbrook station. That line was abandoned and a new section was laid up the hill to Fallbrook proper in 1917.



TEMECULA VALLEY HISTORY

by Myra Gonsalves

Twentieth Century

Walter Vail, one of the most successful ranchers in Arizona, purchased the lands of Temecula and Pauba in 1905 and contracted for the Santa Rosa, making his headquarters near the Wolf Store [Hwy 79S and Margarita Road]. Attacking Apache Indians and a deadly Gila monster could not kill Vail; instead, he died from injuries caused by being crushed between two street cars in Los Angeles in 1906. His son, Mahlon Vail, took over the management of the Temecula Valley ranches.



*The Vail Ranch Cowboys
photo by Erle Stanley Gardner, courtesy of
Sandy (Vail) Wilkinson*

The Vail Ranch affected the lives of the majority of the families in the area, providing both employment for the residents and economic support for the businesses in Temecula. Temecula slipped back into a ranching community with Saturday night dances and Sunday picnics — events that filled scrapbooks rather than newspapers. Babies were born, death occurred, churches and schools were built. After the winter rains, cattle would be driven up to the Santa Rosa for the grasses. August brought the beginning of the cattle roundup and the drive to waiting cattle cars at the train depot. The end of the roundup signified the beginning of the rodeo, which was a three-day gala.

By 1909 the first telephone exchange was in Temecula and by 1914 the electric lines had reached Murrieta and the ranchers of Temecula anxiously waiting for the extension of the line to get lights and power. The year of 1914 also brought the opening of the First National Bank, called the "hockshop" by Mahlon Vail. At least three murders are on record during those early years, and one bank robbery. The last person legally hung in the state of California was a blacksmith from Temecula who was sentenced to death for killing his wife with a washing machine wringer in 1937.

St. Catherine's Church (1917) was the first church built in Temecula with money collected at a barbecue fundraiser at the Vail Ranch. Mahlon Vail donated a steer, beer and hotdogs. Feminine entertainment was provided along with an athletic program and gambling. The Riverside County District Attorney was invited but he declined because of Prohibition. Enough money was raised for both the church and a car for the priest.

The center of activity for the Murrieta community was the Fountain House, which also attracted guests traveling through the area. The Murrieta Hot Springs shared visitors with the hotel who would spend the night there before catching their morning train. The hotel would go through several owners until 1931 when it became a private home for the Curran family. The Fountain House came to an end in 1935 when a fire destroyed the property. With the help of townspeople, a new house of "lath and plaster" was built for the Curran family where the grand old hotel had stood.

P. W. Tarwater, who had established his first business in 1888, built his new general store in 1917 in historic Murrieta at the intersection of Washington and B Streets. In the back of the store, customers gathered to chat by a large pot-bellied stove where a pot of coffee was kept brewing. In front was a counter with a free supply of crackers, cheese and seasoned fruit.

During Prohibition, the Ramona Inn, on the corner of Front and Main, was a legal saloon owned by Joe Winkel who served bootleg booze. Customers were served beer in unmarked mason jars, which was called "blind pig" because all you had to do was find it by following your nose. The Burnham Store, the first brick building in Temecula, opened for business in 1891 and operated as a general store until 1953. Hollywood used Temecula for filming early westerns and a new hotel was added in 1927, which eventually became the Palomar Hotel.

In 1933, Highway 395, a narrow two-lane road, was opened connecting Temecula to Rainbow and Fallbrook in San Diego County. Trucks supplanted the rail line for transporting cattle after the Colton/Temecula line shut down. It was in 1937 that Earl Stanley Gardner, author of the Perry Mason mysteries, discovered Temecula and with the help of his dog, Rip, lived on his ranch along Pala Road [Pechanga Parkway]. Rancho Paisano, now known as the Great Oak Ranch, is presently owned by the Pechanga Band of the Luiseno Mission Indians.

In 1906 the population of Temecula was 201. By 1959, it had grown to 361 with a telephone directory that filled one-half page. When the cattle ranching business was no longer profitable for the Vails, they sold it to developers in 1964. Mahlon Vail told Tom Hudson in a 1956 newspaper interview that only the taxes would force him to sell. He died six months after the sale. The planned community was called Rancho California and envisioned two cities,

subdivisions, horse ranches, wineries, and golf resorts. Callaway vineyard was established in 1974.

The late 1970s brought change to some of the original Temecula Old Town sites, as they were converted into antique stores and new restaurants. In memory of early Temecula Valley pioneers, the "They Passed This Way" monument made of granite quarried over one hundred years ago near Temecula, was dedicated in 1970 at Sam Hicks Park. Fifty-seven names are cut into the granite, ending with Walter Vail.



*They Passed This Way Monument
Sam Hicks Park, Old Town Temecula*

The I-15 corridor between Los Angeles and San Diego Counties was completed in the early 1980s and the subdivision land boom began. Incorporated in December

Middle School History Contest

Every year in February, history contests are held in local schools. Winners at the local level then compete in regional, state and national contests. On Tuesday, February 21st, members and friends of the Temecula Valley Historical Society judged the entrants for Van Avery Prep Elementary in Temecula.

Every participant deserves congratulations for a job well done! The categories allowed individuals or teams to present a project, explain their research and relate their knowledge to the judges.

So here's a big **Well done** to everyone!

Thanks to these judges!

Rebecca Farnbach
Duane Preimsberger

Charolette Fox
Norm Taylor

Diane Brandt

1989, the citizens voted to officially name their city "Temecula." The City of Murrieta soon followed. A portion of the Santa Rosa Plateau became the Santa Rosa Plateau Ecological Reserve.

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See this at the Temecula Museum

History of
Guenther's Murrieta Hot Springs
1902 - 1969
Photographs & Memorabilia

FEBRUARY 1 - APRIL 21, 2003

LECTURE SERIES PROGRAM
THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 6:00 P.M.
presented by
MEMBERS OF THE GUENTHER FAMILY

Temecula Valley Museum
28314 Mercedes Street
Temecula, CA
for more information call 909-694-6450

THE DIARY OF A DESERT TRAIL

by Edward L. Vail
PART III (conclusion)

"I believe if the history of that desert could be written it would prove very interesting reading for anyone who cared for real tragedy."
Edward L. Vail

From fish to rattlesnake, from desert floor to grassy mountain foothills, the story continues to hold fascination for us as a journal of unvarnished fact. Plainness of speech rounded out with an explanation or two, brings the reader completely into the recount. But hang onto you hat! The ride isn't over.

We left the story after an encounter with Cocopa Indians. Giving up what provisions could be spared, the drive continued on to a lagoon of water. Tom and Edward have ridden ahead to scout the next water hole. We pick up the narrative as they rejoin the herd....

We rode a long way that day and came back to camp late quite discouraged. Owing to the condition of our cattle which had grown quite thin we were afraid of driving them a long distance. When we reached camp we were surprised to find several tents pitched close to us on the lagoon. We inquired of our men who the people were. They did not know, they thought they were engineers of some kind. Tom and I immediately went over to see and introduced ourselves to the head man who proved to be a civil engineer. His name was D. K. Allen, and he told us he was surveying the line for a railroad from Encinado, Lower California, to Yuma, and that he had been out on the desert all winter. We then told him our troubles about finding water and he assured us there was plenty of water on the desert and that the first water that we would find was only 17 miles from our present camp. This he said was not sufficient water for all our cattle but that ten miles further on just across the line, near the boundary monument on New River there was quite a large charca in the channel of New River which would probably water all our cattle for a week.

While we were at Mr. Allen's camp his cook was preparing supper and we asked him what he was cooking. He said it was a rattlesnake and he invited us to have some. We passed it along to all our crew who had gone with us to call on Mr. Allen. People were scarce in that country and those men were as much interested in meeting someone as we were. The only man among us who tasted the snake was Jesus Maria Elias, who told us that when he was with General Crook as his chief trailer he had frequently eaten it. I had known Elias and his family well for many years but I had never known that he was as celebrated a man as he

really was. Afterward I found out that he had been the leader of the celebrated so-called "Camp Grant Massacre". He, with William Oury, eight Americans, several Mexicans and a lot of Papago Indians marched over to the mouth of Arivipa Canyon, which was right in sight of the old Camp Grant then occupied by American troops, and nearly exterminated the band of Apaches. They killed all but the children whom they brought to Tucson as prisoners. This expedition was sent out because of the constant raids the Apaches made against the settlers on the San Pedro and Santa Cruz rivers. A full account of this interesting expedition can be found in the 2nd vol. of Farrish's History of Arizona.

I found Mr. Allen to be a very interesting man. He had traveled extensively throughout Old Mexico and was very much interested in everything that he saw in the wild part of that country. He asked us if we had any beef that we could let him have as he had been eating rattlesnakes for some time because he had not other meat. So we sent him a part of the beef we had bought from Joe Carter. We asked him in regard to the trail across to Carriso Creek and showed him the maps of San Diego County which then extended to the Colorado River. He marked out all the watering places that we knew about, the last one of which would bring us to within about 40 miles of Carrizo Creek. He also said that he would send one of his own men who knew the country with us if we had any trouble finding the watering places and would send back for the man. He was a very generous man who did not expect any compensation for helping us. Mr. Allen was afterwards editor of a Yuma paper, I think it was The Sentinel.

The next afternoon we bid good-bye to Mr. Allen and the Colorado Valley and drove out 10 miles and camped for the night. Early the following morning we were on our way and in the afternoon we reached the first watering place that Mr. Allen had referred to. We had held the cattle back some distance from this water and Turner and I went ahead and looked at it as we were afraid that the cattle would rush for the water. After looking at the water we decided we would be able to water only the weakest of the cattle. We then cut our herd in two. As the stronger cattle were ahead on the road we drove them on and let the weaker ones have the water. About dark that night we reached the second watering place. This was near the old New River stage station on the old overland road just across the California line, where the town of Calexico now stands. We were quite pleased with the looks of the country thereabouts. The mesquite was beginning to bud out and there was plenty of old grass around. The grass was the kind that is commonly called guayarra.

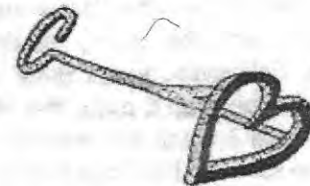
The green shoots grow out of the old roots and come to a head like timothy. Also there was a great deal of what cattlemen call the "careless weed". All the cattle ate heartily and enjoyed the first good meal they had had for days. We concluded to stay several days and give our cattle a chance to rest.

The next day Turner and I thought we would take a ride over to Indian Wells, the next watering place. We easily found the water and the ruins of the old stage station. This is near what is called Signal Mountain, a very striking peak. It was the only one I saw in the desert as the country all around is very level. The water at Indian Wells was in a round basin with mesquite trees growing all around it. We stretched out under the trees to rest. I soon fell asleep. Some kind of bird cried over my head and made a noise like a rattler. Turner afterward told me it was a cat-bird. I don't know what it was but at the time I nearly jumped into the water. As it was getting late we concluded that we had better be getting back to camp. While we were there Turner's horse was taken sick and seemed to be in considerable pain. So we decided to leave it there and tied it up. I was riding a little horse which, although small, proved to have plenty of endurance. We put both of our saddles on my horse, one on top of the other. We took turns riding. One would ride ahead, then dismount and walk leaving the horse for the one on foot to catch up and ride. Alternating in this way we had no difficulty in getting to camp.

While camping at New River we found many things of interest. Most of the country was covered with very small snail shells. They were so small that at first I took them to be seeds of some weed. However, they were perfect shells although not larger than the head of a pin. I gathered some of them as curios. In looking around we found signs of cattle herds which had crossed the desert years before. At one place we found where cattle had been bedded for the night and the tracks of the horses and wagons were still distinct. The soil was a sort of heavy clay which must have been wet when the cattle were there. Judging from the size of the bedding ground and from the bones of cattle that we found scattered around, some of the skeletons were complete, it must have been quite a large herd. We followed the wagon tracks a short distance and found the large mesquite trees had grown up between the wagon tracks. Those tracks must have been made at least 20 years before as the trees were easily that old, judging from their size, as trees have such a slow growth on the desert. Later on we found a human skull which we put in the wagon and carried the rest of the way with us. We also found a wrecked wagon, with the

axle broken, which apparently had been abandoned. Afterwards I heard that it probably belonged to some people who had perished on the desert. I believe if the history of that desert could be written it would prove very interesting reading for anyone who cared for real tragedy.

From our camp at New River we dropped to Indian Wells, north of Signal Mountain. Late on the next day we started for Carriso Creek, which makes the western boundary of the desert. This was the longest drive without water we had to make in crossing the Colorado desert. I think it was about forty miles. Our cattle had done well while camped at New River as there was more pasture for them there than at a place on the trail since we left the Empire Ranch. The country was open so we loose-herded them. Strange to say the only steers we lost on the desert were the two that were drowned in the Charco at New River. They were young and very weak and probably got their feed fast in the mud of the middle of the pool. In the morning we found them there, dead, with their heads under the water.



The heart brand of the Vail Ranch

We drove frequently at night as the days were warm on the desert. We hung a lantern on the tailboard of our wagon and our lead steers would follow it like soldiers. Before we reached Yuma only one man was necessary on guard; so we changed every three hours, which gave the men more sleep, but it was rather a lonesome job for the fellow that had to watch the cattle.

The road had a decided grade as it approached the mountains and there was much heavy sand most of the way which made it quite tiresome. I am not quite sure how long we were making that part of the drive, as we had to rest the cattle every few hours. When we reached Carriso we found a shallow stream of water in a wash, the banks of which were white with alkali. Not only the stream but the hills, barren of all vegetation, were full of the same substance. I never saw a more desolate place in my life. In all of Arizona there is nothing to compare with it that I know of.

The next morning the cattle were scattered up and down the creek, most of them lying down, but a few of

them were eating what little salt grass they could find. They had come through all right from our last camp, except for one young steer that could not get up. We tried to lift him to his feet but he could not stand, so I told the boys that I was going out to see if I could find bunch grass along the hills and the youngest of the Fox brothers offered to go with me. He was a good looking young man nearly six feet tall and about 20 years old, I should think. His brother was rather short and heavily built. These boys had worked cheerfully since they met us and were on good terms with all of our men. Young Fox was a pleasant young fellow and said that Tom Turner had offered to give them work on the Empire Ranch if they would go back there with our men.

A little later I was surprised to see a carriage with four men in it coming toward our camp from the west. One of the men beckoned to me and I walked over to see what he wanted and who they were. They were the first people we had seen since we left the Colorado River about a hundred miles back. He said he was a sheriff from Arizona, and as he spoke I recognized him. He then asked if we had two Americans with us who had joined us near Yuma and I replied that we had. Then he introduced me to the other three men, one of whom was his deputy, and the other, his driver, who was from Temecula, California, was I think he said, a deputy sheriff there. The fourth man, the sheriff told me, came with him from Arizona and was the owner of some horses which he said the Fox boys had stolen from his ranch. The sheriff then told me that he and his deputy had followed the Fox brothers all the way to Yuma and then they had followed our trail after the boys had joined us, until we crossed the line. They then returned to Yuma and took the train for California, as the sheriff could not go into Mexico.

As nearly as I remember I said: "Sheriff, you know the reputation of our outfit; it has never protected a horse thief and has always tried to assist an officer in the discharge of his duty." I also told the sheriff that the boys had done the best they could to help us in crossing the desert and that I was sorry to hear they were in trouble. I felt it was my duty to tell him that the boys were well armed and quick with a gun. "You have plenty of men to take them," I said. "Be careful, I don't want to see anybody hurt." The sheriff answered, "If they ask you anything tell them that we are mining men, going out to look at a mine."

I knew if the boys were sure that the men were officers there would be bloodshed at once. It was a very unpleasant position for me as I really felt a good deal of sympathy for the brothers and I knew them to be young

and reckless. The older one came to me and said, "Who are those men and what do they want?"

I had to tell him what the sheriff told me to say, viz., that they said they were mining men going out to look at a mine near there. I could see he was not satisfied and was still anxiously watching the sheriff's party. The newcomers then said they were hungry and I told the man who was cooking to get them something to eat. While they were eating they talked about the mine they were going out to see and I think the boys were less suspicious of them.

Very soon after that while I was standing on one side of the chuck wagon and the elder brother was leaning against the tailboard, with the other brother standing near the front wheel on the opposite side of the wagon from me, I suddenly heard a scuffle and when I looked up I saw the sheriff and another man grab the older boy and take his gun. His deputy and an assistant were holding his brother on the other side of the wagon. They had quite a struggle and young Fox pulled away from them, ran around the wagon past me with the deputy in pursuit. He had run about a hundred yards up a sandy gulch when the deputy who was quite close to the boy suddenly raised his gun and fired. Young Fox dropped and never moved again. I was close behind the deputy, as I had followed him. When he turned toward me his six-shooter was still smoking and he was wiping it with his handkerchief. "I hated to do it," he said, "but you have to sometimes."

I was angry and shocked at his act, as it was the first time I had ever seen a man shot in the back. I then saw the other Fox boy walking towards his brother's body which was still lying on the ground. The officers who had him handcuffed tried to detain him, but he said, "Shoot me if you like, but I am going to my brother." He walked over to where the body lay and looked at it. Then he asked me if we would bury his brother and I told him he could depend on us to do so.

Then I told the sheriff there was no excuse for killing the boy as he could not get away in that kind of a country. He replied that he was very sorry about what had happened, but said, "You know, Vail, that I got my man without killing him, and that it was impossible for me to prevent it, as I had my hands full with the other fellow at the time."

Tom Turner was not in camp when this happened as he was riding around the cattle. The sheriff and his posse left shortly after and took their prisoner with them but they left the body of young Fox lying on the ground

where he fell. We dug a grave and wrapping the young man's body in his blanket we buried him near the place where he fell. It was the best we could do. I saw a man in Tucson last week who told me he was at Carriso Creek a few years ago where he saw the grave which has a marker with the inscription: "Joe Fox, age 19, Murdered."

We were all glad to leave Carriso the next morning and be on the way to our destination, the Warner Ranch. The country was dry and barren until we reached Vallecinto Creek which is in a pretty little valley with green grass growing in it. Between Vallecinto Creek and Warner we passed the San Felipe Ranch and from there on to Warner's the road ran through better country for cattle. Finally, we reached the Warner Ranch and it looked good to us and I have no doubt our horses and cattle enjoyed the sight of it as much as we did. The grass was six or eight inches high and the entire ranch of 50,000 acres was as green as a wheat field.

We had been about two months and ten days on the trail since we left the Empire Ranch. There was not a man sick on the trip. We had slept on the ground all the way except at Yuma for a few nights when our blankets were in the wagon across the river. Our men had been loyal and cheerful all the time and I was glad to have all of them share with Tom Warner and myself in the success of our drive. After we reached Warner, the justice of the peace sent for me and inquired about the trouble at Carriso Creek. I told him what I saw just as I have related it in this diary; he then told me that the officers were out of their jurisdiction in California as they had no papers from the California governor at that time. I believe they did obtain them later.

We had to hold the herd for a few days until they were counted and received. Most of our men were at liberty and we all went to the Warner Hot Springs and took baths which all enjoyed. The Indian women seemed to be always washing clothes and our men would join the groups and wash their own and sometimes borrow soap from an Indian girl. There was a good deal of laughing and joking in Spanish during the performance. The water as it comes out of the ground is hot enough to cook an egg. Close by and running parallel to it is a stream of clear, cold water.

The San Luis Rey River rises on the Warner Ranch and there are large meadows and several lakes as well as beautiful live oaks on the foothills of the mountains that surround the ranch. Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson

spent some time here and at Temecula gathering data for her celebrated novel, "Ramona".

Very soon all the cowboys were sent to Los Angeles where they remained a few days to see the sights of the largest city they had ever visited, but after a short time they said their legs and feet were sore from walking and that they were all right on horseback but no good on foot, so we shipped them back to Tucson and the ranch.

A short time after our return, a meeting of cattlemen was called at the Palace Hotel [later the Occidental] in Tucson, which was then owned by Maish & Driscoll who were at that time among the largest cattle owners in Arizona. The object of the meeting was to consider the matter of establishing a safe trail for cattle from Tucson to California. From our experiences I was able to make some suggestions, viz.: to build a flat boat to ferry cattle across the Colorado River; to clean out the wells at the old stage stations on the Colorado desert, and put in tanks and watering troughs at each of them and if necessary to dig or drill more wells. Without delay all the money necessary for this work was subscribed.

When the Southern Pacific Railroad Company heard of the proposed meeting they asked permission to send a representative and the cattle association notified the company that the cattlemen would be pleased to have them do so. Therefore, the S. P. agent at Tucson was present. The meeting then adjourned to meet at the hotel bar where they found the bartender was absent. At once they saw a chance to have some fun at the expense of Mr. Maish who had assumed his job. Every man agreed to ask for a different kind of a mixed drink which they knew the old man could not make. We all lined up at the bar and proceeded to call for various drinks we liked best. Mine host, Maish, looked along the bar at our smiling faces, stuttered a little and then said, "Damn it, boys, I can't make those things! Take it straight on me." We did not refuse this kind of an invitation and then took a few more on ourselves and on each other and departed.

Soon after our cattle meeting we received an official letter from the S. P. Company saying that if we would make no more drives, the old freight rate would be restored on stock cattle. The company kept its promise and it held for many years. Therefore, the trail improvements were never made.

The Society expresses its thanks to Sandy Wilkerson for his permission to reprint this family account in its entirety.

HISTORICAL PLAQUES

Three new bronze, historical plaques are ready to be installed at the following locations:


The Chapel of Memories (former St. Catherine's Church), the former home of Al and Freda Knott at "Antique Favorite Things," 28535 Front Street, and the McConville House at 28585 Pujol Street. Thankfully, Rhine Helzer has again agreed to donate his services for installation.

Approvals for four additional properties have been received and the committee will meet soon to determine the next locations to receive plaques. Under consideration are the Old Stone House on the Temecula Creek Golf Course, the Friedemann Meat Market at 42050 Main Street, and an Old Town location commemorating the former California Southern Railroad route through Temecula.

At present, we are compiling information for a self-guided tour brochure. The brochure will denote the history of the property, builders or owners, events, incidents and/or architecture of the site.

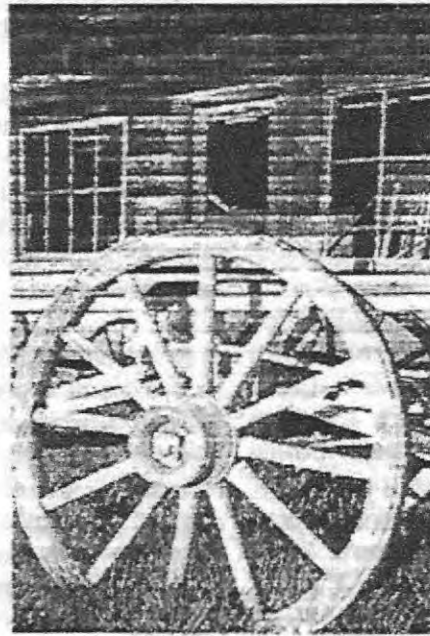
The Society offers an opportunity for individuals and businesses to support the plaques project through donations equal to the full or partial amount of a plaque.

Contact Pam Grender, 302-9578, for details.



correction

Parker Dear's wife was Elena Coutts, daughter of Cave Coutts and Ysidora Bandini Coutts.



Old Implements Get Restored

Farm wagons and tools are being readied for display in and around an implement barn to be rebuilt at the historic Old Vail Ranch site. Donated items are now being restored or reconditioned. These manual and mechanical tools will provide a window to the skills required of early settlers of this valley.

FOLLOW THE TRAIL

A June bus tour is planned of the Butterfield Overland Stage Route. The event will feature noted local historian Phil Brigandi as tour guide. The all-day event will be a fundraiser of the Temecula Valley Historical Society and proceeds will benefit ongoing projects.

2nd Annual Heritage Luncheon

Friday, April 4

(Watch for announcements and invitations)

SANTA ROSA PLATEAU

Wednesday, April 23

2:00 - 4:00pm

If you missed last year's highly interesting tour of the old adobes at Santa Rosa Plateau, or just want to go again, Rob Hicks will conduct a field trip for members and friends of the Society. The cost is \$3 per person, payable at the Visitor's Center where the tour begins.

Wear a sunhat and comfortable shoes; bring your own water or soft drink. Cameras are encouraged. Choose to walk or join a car pool for the three mile trip from the Visitor's Center to the adobes.

This amazing natural reserve is located at 39400 Clinton Keith Road, Murrieta, CA. See a slice of California as it was in the early 1800s. Reservations are recommended. Contact Myra Gonsalves at (909) 699-1030 or email NDM74@earthlink.net.





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Send a postcard, FAX, or call:

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

Calendar

Board meeting	Feb 7 - Noon
Board meeting	Mar 7 - Noon
Member program	see inside

Active Committees:

- Research & Preservation
- Wolf's Tomb
- Plaques & Markers
- Heritage Luncheon
- Bus Tour of Butterfield Stage Route
- 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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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.



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