

TEMECULA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



NEWSLETTER

March 2003 Vol 3 Issue 3

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SNAPSHOTS IN TIME

Oh, give me a home...

This issue features stories of women whose memories of Temecula Valley harken back to an earlier time women who formed lifetime friendships and alliances with schoolmates, teachers and neighbors. There is a homage due them for their character and the influence they have quietly exerted over community life here.

These stories and memoirs, told with humility, let us glimpse into a country kitchen, a school classroom, a living room with fireplace and rocking chair, or walk the tilled fields or family garden to smell the fragrant earth.

Enjoy these vignettes, and join me in appreciating the warmth, humor and straightforward accounts of these women -- who are only a few of the many deserving the title, "woman of grit."



Memoirs: The Series

The April issue will begin a series on the adventures (and some mis-adventures!) of Mary Jane Welty, early settler and woman of grit. Now buried in the Temecula cemetery, Mary Jane's stories will be taken from her own book and be presented for us courtesy of Laverne Parker, present owner of the Welty Hotel, Main Street, Temecula.

President's Corner

This year marks the 100th anniversary of the Wright brothers first flight. Perhaps some of the people gathered at Kittyhawk were just curious townspeople who little understood the principles of aviation, aeronautical engineering, G-forces, weightlessness, or meteorological forecasting. I wouldn't have understood it then, and don't understand it all today. But that does little to diminish the admiration we should hold for those who do, and for those whose personal quest is greater than our own. They are the pioneers of history.

The Board of Directors has chosen the 100th Anniversary of Flight as the theme for the Annual Meeting in November. Help is needed to research and coordinate a program which highlights the story of aviation for the Temecula Valley. If you have photos, videos, documents, or other personal memorabilia you are willing to share, please contact the Board, 302-0180.

On February 1, seven people with daring spirits and a sense of service to science and mankind re-entered earth's atmosphere from outer space. We remember the mission of the **Columbia** and its crew. Their journey is a legacy, and their history becomes the history of us all.

Charolette Fox



TOURS

Saturday, March 22
Temecula Valley Car Club
invites you on private tour of
Herc Bouris' collection of antique
and modern farm equipment

Tour begins at Siggy's (Jefferson Avenue)

8:30 am

with a gathering of classic old cars,
then caravans to Herc's farm in Menifee.

Following the tour, those who wish may meet for lunch at the French Valley Airport Cafe.

No cost for tour; lunch is on your own; you do not need to own a classic car to participate.

For planning purposes, a response is requested.

Contact Charolette at 302-0180.



HUMAN HISTORY TOUR
of
the old adobes at

SANTA ROSA PLATEAU

Wednesday, April 23
2:00 - 4:00 pm

cost of tour is \$3.00 per person

contact Myra Gonsalves at (909) 699-1030

or email NDM74@earthlink.net

TEMECULA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PO BOX 157, TEMECULA, CA 92593

Growing Up in Murrieta

by Loretta Erdell Barnett

What a lucky girl I was to have grown up in Murrieta!

We came to California from Missouri using [gas rationing] stamps given to us by family and friends for gas, and retreads too, I think. During the war, my dad, Clayton Erdel, worked at North American building planes for the war. The first house we lived in was on Ivy Street. It had three small rooms and no modern conveniences. My mother heated water on the stove so that we kids could bathe in a galvanized tub. First kid in got the clean water. With no indoor plumbing, we used the outhouse and traditional catalogue. After the war, we moved to a house on the corner of Ivy and Washington. Here we had about an acre of land and all the modern conveniences.

Dad bought and operated the Chevron gas station on the corner of Ivy and Jefferson. My mother, Nadine, helped out by pumping gas and doing lube jobs, while dad did the mechanical work. Those were the days when windshields were washed, oil and tires were checked, and customer service was important. Mom did it, rain or shine.

My brother Bruce, sister Dianne and I attended the 3-room school on 2nd Street. It was such a pretty little school. Our janitor/gardener kept a nice green lawn in the courtyard and flowers, too. Those that got to school early, got to ring the schoolbell. The bell could be heard for miles. We had the kind of desks that had inkwells, and the girls always had little wildflowers in the inkwells that we picked from the fields during recess. Red-rover and ante-over were favorite games. I don't remember anyone ever taking us to school -- we either rode a bike or walked.

Play Day was a special event. We competed against the kids from Temecula, Wildomar, and Alberhill. There were events such as broad jump, run & jump, jump & reach, hop, skip & jump, 50-yard dash, etc. One year I broke the Riverside County record for hop, skip & jump in my division. I also tied the 50-yard dash record. Ribbons were awarded for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place. Each year the event was held at a different school.

After school was unlimited playtime. We never had to tell anyone where we were, as long as we were home by dinner. On weekends, we hiked all over the valley. It was no big deal to be gone all day. However, if we had been playing in the foothills, we had to get an inspection to make sure there weren't ticks in our hair when we got home.

I was about 10 years old when I got my horse Ace. He was a rather spirited horse and always shying at unexpected things. I can remember riding him in the Centennial Parade in Temecula. In the staging area, which was where the old Temecula Grammar School sat, a band started playing. I guess Ace had never heard music like that and he bucked for a good 5 minutes. During the parade, he was still so excited that he walked/pranced sideways the entire time. I was so embarrassed! Most of the time, he

was a pretty good horse and I saw lots of the valley from his back. All the kids rode bareback. My jeans would be so crusty from salt and sweat that they could almost stand in the corner by themselves.



The rides to Temecula's blacksmith to have shoes put on Ace was another memorable event. My friend Peggy and her horse Buck came, and my dog Rusty tagged along. We followed the old Hwy 395, past the Burma Shave signs to Temecula, to Al's Garage. The old highway used to go through Murrieta and it was always fun to watch the military convoys coming and going between March Air Field in Riverside and Camp Mathews in San Diego.

In 1946, the home of Peggy Thompson, one of my best friends, burned down. As a result, a year later the Murrieta Volunteer Fire Department was formed and the 1st of the Annual Bar-B-Q's were held. My dad was one of the 10 original volunteers. And there was always a small rodeo held in conjunction with the Bar-B-Q. The girls from the 4-H Club helped with cleaning the tables, and wives of the volunteers did the serving. Every year now, the Annual Bar-B-Q in Murrieta is like a mini reunion for those of us that attended the very first Bar-B-Q.

I must have been in the 4th grade when I was able to join the 4-H Club. We were called the Murrieta Livewires, and we learned to sew and do a little cooking. Each year we entered our sewing projects in the Hemet Farmer's Fair and were awarded ribbons for our efforts.

Another summer pastime was swimming in the local reservoirs. The best one belonged to Ross Rail. It was small, but had cement sides. Others in the valley were made of dirt, and I never liked the feel of oozing mud between my toes. The Rail reservoir usually had a pretty thick layer of moss to get through, but the water always felt good. When we got older, we were allowed to use the plunge at Guenther Murrieta Hot Springs, IF we had a family member working there. My grandfather, Roscoe McDaniel, worked in the card room, so my brother, sister and I were finally able to swim in a nice clean pool.

We always had venison in the freezer, as deer were plentiful. Dove and quail were also hunted, but weren't as fun to eat for two reasons: a lot more work to clean, and they were usually full of buckshot! But they were good.

Eighth Grade graduation was a very special day for the entire class of 8 students. The 6 girls all wore fussy dresses and white gloves. The 2 boys also dressed up. After getting our diplomas, we all piled into Mrs. Harmon's car, the mother of one of the girls, and went to Temecula to the B-Bar-H cafe for malts.

Yes, I feel that I was very fortunate to have grown up in Murrieta when life was simple and uncomplicated. To this day, some of those classmates are still very good friends.



Posed in front of the Temecula Elementary School, built in 1915, the entire student body of 1925 pictured left to right is: 1st row, Vern Knott, Don Clogston, Nicholas Hendrichs, ___ Price, Clarence Freeman, Benny Hitt, Francis Barnett, Lloyd Arviso, Paul Flores, Grant Bowers, Charles Powell, Leon Serval. 2nd row, Mildred Sweet, Jessie Nicolas, Rosagra Nunez, Gladys Bowers, Vera Knott, Erma Woods, Olive Wells, Tete Freeman, unknown, Elaine Watson, Margaret Roripaugh, Lena Watson, Emile Ceas, unknown, Bertha Hendrichs, Marjorie Swanguen, Annie Speziali, Leona Serval, Peggy Walters. 3rd row, Tony Tortuga, Frank Gonzales, George Fuller, Raymond Flores, Billy Friedemann, Stanton White, Donas Vejar, Jimmy Arviso, Harry Helms, Horace Parker, Ivan (Tad) Clogston, Harvey Freeman, Red Wells, Gilbert Helms, Vern Otto, Chester Barnett, Albert Ceas.
Teachers: Mrs. Canterini and Mrs. Murray.

Life in Temecula in the 1920s and 1930s

by Mildred (Sweet) Tobin

My grandparents, Maggie and Amos Kolb, raised my brother Walter and me. We lived near where the Catholic Church is today. The cemetery was just over the hill from home. We had no electricity so we used kerosene lamps and cooked on a wood stove. What delicious food my grandmother could prepare on that stove! In the summertime she cooked on a kerosene stove. There was no bathroom in our house so we used an outhouse. No phone or radio, but we got along just fine. My grandfather always had a large vegetable garden. We had chickens, a milk cow, pigs, fruit trees and grapes. Grandma cured olives (they were so good!), and did lots of canning. We had 2 large umbrella trees in our front yard. In the summer, grandpa would sprinkle the yard and it

was nice and cool to play there. We would move our beds out under the trees and sleep there at night.

We walked to school about a mile and a half each way, rain or shine. The school was where the Motel 6 is today. The picture of the school was taken in 1925 and is the entire student body, grades 1 through 8. We would all line up in front of the school each morning, salute the flag and go into class. The janitor would have the stoves going so we would be comfortable in class. Recess and lunch were always fun with everyone playing games. I took my sandwich to school wrapped in waxed paper. It was great when I could keep the wrapper clean, put it under me on the slide and slide down really fast. Once a month we had family night at school, with a potluck dinner and games and dancing.

A couple times a year the county doctor and nurse would come to the school and check all the students.

We all got an exam -- shots, weight, height, eyes, ears, etc. The year I graduated from 8th grade, there were five of us...4 girls and 1 boy. My cherished friend, Annie (Speziali Knott) Santa Maria and I started 1st grade together and remained together until we graduated from Elsinore High School. There were 36 in our graduating class.

Burnhams Mercantile had most anything we needed. What we couldn't get there, we'd order through Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalogue. Mostly from Sears. Once in a great while we'd get all the way up to Riverside. Friedemann's meat market was across the street from Burnhams. They had delicious meat at Friedemann's. Out-of-towners would stop there to buy meat, especially their ham and bacon.

The other establishments I remember were the Temecula Hotel, Ole Larson's barber shop, the bank, Scottie's shoe repair, the post office, Joe Winkle's, Machado Store, Mrs. Hall's Restaurant, a couple other cafe's, Knott's Garage, the Palomar Hotel, St. Catherine's Catholic Church, Mrs. Knott's Church, two or three gas stations and a wonderful dance hall.

Once in a while, some townfolks would get together and put on a play. These were always a lot of fun. Local residents played for dances at the hall or one of the outlying school houses such as Hyatt, Los Alamos, Cottonwood or Oak Grove. There was always a dance somewhere on a Saturday night.



We made our own fun. We played games and went on hikes. In the Spring, we went collecting wildflowers on the hills east of the cemetery. It was all wide open space. Since everyone knew everyone, we kids were free to roam. There were lots of parties, and grandma and grandpa played cards and games with us.

I remember herds of cattle coming past our place on the way to the train, some from the Vail Ranch and some from Aguanga. There were potatoe sheds by the train tracks where the potatoes were sorted and sacked to be shipped out from the potatoe fields that McSweeney Brothers leased from the Pauba Ranch. There was also a dairy on that ranch for several years. Once the trucking business started trucks weighed in empty on a large scale by one of the town cafes, then weighed in again when they were full.

We had a great men's baseball team. They played all over the area and always had lots of rooters. There was also a girl's softball team and we played all around also.

Where the antique store is now across from Butterfield Square on Old Town Front Street, Bob White had a small short-order cafe and gas station which then changed to a small store and gas station. Bob put in a miniature golf course in the late 1920s or early 1930s, and there were tournaments and lots of fun competition. In my early teens I worked for Bob on summers and weekends. We had no phone, so when he wanted me to come run the place he would park his car at the side of the building. This was his signal and I knew I had to get cleaned up and go to work.

If I wasn't busy, I'd sit out in front and count the cars going by. Sometimes I'd get to 20 or 30. Front street was the main route from Riverside to San Diego. Six generations of the Kolb family have lived in Temecula; today there are still four generations of us living here.



My brother Walter and me in front of my grandfather's car.



Temecula's First Vineyard

by Audrey Cilurzo

My husband Vince and I visited Temecula early February of 1967. We fell in love with the valley and bought 100 acres. At the time, Vince was a lighting director at ABC TV network and I taught first grade.

The Vail family was still running cattle throughout the valley. Our land was called "Yoder Camp". It had two big barns, a very small three-room house, an old cook house on wheels and a shower house. The shower house had a water tank on the roof, the sun warmed the water all day and the ranch workers could take showers after a hard days work. I believe a family by the name of "Rice" lived in the house. I heard later on that they moved to Rainbow.

We came to Temecula every weekend and started to explore the area. So many people had so many stories about the history of Temecula. In those days the only store was the Temecula Market in Old Town and everyone met there. Two little old ladies ran the Greyhound Bus Depot and if people wanted to purchase the L. A. Times newspaper, they paid 50 cents the day before and the bus dropped off the number of papers the ladies ordered. If you didn't pick up your paper by 10 a.m. they sold it to someone else, but there was no refund.

I was teaching in Burbank and met a teacher who had spent her summers as a child in Temecula with the Ludy family. She introduced us to her great-uncle, Chris Ludy, who was in his 80's. He told us many, many stories about Temecula before and after the turn of the century, as well as stories about the Vail boys.

After our escrow closed, Leo Roripaugh drove over to welcome us. We were his closest neighbor -- about 8 to 10 miles away! The Vail family had put weather stations every few miles over the ranch and one of them was in our front field. There was ten years of raw weather data available there. Vince and I started to compile all the information. How cold was it in the winter? How hot in the summer? Around this time we met a man named Dick Break who was doing agricultural consulting for the developer Kaiser. Dick became a close friend and teacher. He had graduated from University of California at Davis in viticulture (growing grapes), and enology (winemaking). From him we learned about growing grapes and making wine.

Grape growing in California is divided into five growing regions. Region 1 is very near the ocean. Region 5 is the hottest and is good for table grapes and raisins, but poor for wine grapes. He taught us how to determine what region Temecula Valley fell into. We discovered that Temecula has the same climate as the mid part of the Napa Valley. In 1967 and 1968, we did all these studies by hand. Nowadays the weather service on the Internet makes it easy to track the weather regions.

In the spring of 1978, Vince and I decided to plant a vineyard. This was to be the first commercial vineyard in the Temecula Valley. Dick Break oversaw the planting and Leon Borel and his crew did the actual planting. We planted Petite Sirah and Chenin Blanc. Just as our vines were developing leaves, we learned that hoards of grasshoppers were eating their way from Mexico through San Diego County to Temecula. The grasshoppers were so thick the vines were covered with insects!

Dick Break telephoned and reached the Department of Agriculture in Sacramento and persuaded them to spray Malathion from the air. As I remember, water tankers sprayed a mist using one pint of Malathion per acre. We all stood outside at 5 a.m. and applauded and thanked God for the planes. By 4 o'clock that afternoon, the grasshoppers were all dead. Driving along Rancho California Road, the dead grasshoppers covered the road. In spite of the spraying, we still lost 51% of our vines and had to replant. By the way, what is now Rancho California Road was then called Long Valley Road. Old maps show it about 50 to 100 feet south of the present Rancho California Road.

Three years later, our first crop of Chenin Blanc was ready to be picked when a huge rainstorm was forecast. It rained and rained for days. The ground was so wet the crews could not get into the fields to pick the grapes. We had projected about 250 tons of grapes to harvest and instead we got only 60 tons of moldy grapes. The valley smelled of fermenting grapes for weeks! In those early days, we sold the grapes to Brookside Winery, and later the Petite Sirah went to Callaway Winery.

Our daughter was born in November of 1968 and we named her Chenin, which means "a strong wine". Our son Vinnie arrived in 1970. I am sure the children's first memories were of playing in the vineyard while Vince and I pruned vines. Vince continued working in television and was gone three to five days a week. Later when we started the winery in 1978, we did much of the crushing, etc., on weekends when Vince was home. Everything was done by hand and many friends and volunteer strangers, who became friends, helped in making that first wine.

Growing up on Pujol Street

from a press interview, 4-20-99

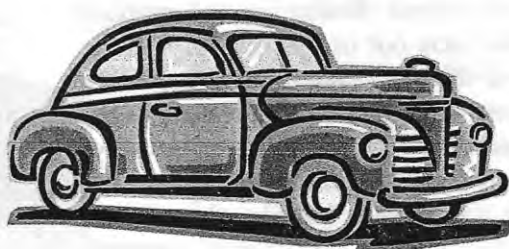
Who lived there? What is historic about that house? Or, that hotel? As the Society identifies buildings worthy of a plaque, the stories of the properties and their owners unfolds in rich detail. This is one such story ... the story of Evelyn Otto Zinn.

Evelyn Otto Zinn grew up in the house on Pujol Street. Temecula wasn't bustling or brashy then, but it could be burly. Cowboys mingled with shopkeepers and Saturday night marked the end of an exhausting week. Edna played piano in Rainbow for dances that pulled folks from nearby communities for a bit of fun. These same folks bought their sausages from the Friedemann meat market, or drank a beer or two at the Swing Inn. She recalls those things fondly.

Born in 1920, her parents Albert and Christine Otto, moved from property in Aguanga to Temecula where Edna grew up in a house of green and yellow clapboard. Dad had a job driving the local school bus which brought elementary kids to the schoolhouse then on Front Street. Edna says her childhood was full of things to do, and she was busy taking in the essence of it all with no time to get into harm's way. That was the usual way of things in town then.

Occasionally things did get exciting and some real-life events were memorable for their daring, their audacity, or their sheer coincidence of timing. For instance, she vividly remembers August 13, 1930. That was the day the bank was robbed and there was a shootout right there, with folks chasing the robber through town. As a teenager, she was close by for another of the town's crimes -- and testified at the trial of John McNeill. John bludgeoned his wife with a roller from a washing machine, but he was seen in plain view entering the house by Edna. Blacksmith by trade, John was convicted and hanged at n Quinten.

In the days when gasoline sold for 17 cents a gallon and bread for 11 cents a loaf, Edna held different jobs, one of which was housework for the noted mystery writer, Erle Stanley Gardner. At other times she worked in her brother's service station. After World War II, she moved to San Diego and opened a beauty salon. That's where she stayed until returning to the house on Pujol Street in 1995 -- the house with some of the furnishings and all of the memories of her childhood -- and now a house with a plaque that proudly proclaims the Al Otto house as a structure worthy of our attention for the dusty roads, the hot afternoons, the quiet and the passion of Edna's life and the icon of Temecula's past.



**WATCH FOR OTHER STORIES OF HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS
IN FUTURE ISSUES**

A CONNECTION IN RAINBOW

by Liz Brown, Stratford, Ontario,
Canada

Liz contacted the Society for help to locate a grave or cemetery where she hoped she'd find the final resting place of a great great great great aunt, Sydney Hodge Nettleton who lived in Rainbow. Ms. Brown's narrative is a fascinating glimpse of a family whose American history is bi-coastal, and Canadian.

The journey of Sidney Hodge Nettleton through this life began on October 11, 1812 in Grenville County, Ontario, Canada and came to an end in Rainbow, California on December 4, 1899. Although her final resting place is not yet known, some details of her life have come down to us.

I became interested in Sidney and her family through the stories of my grandmother, who had heard them from her grandmother, Sidney's sister Eliza. The marriage of Timothy Hodge to Sidney Glasford, produced seven girls [one named Sidney, another named Eliza] and three boys. Originally from Connecticut and New York State, the Hodge family went to Grenville County on the Northern shore of the St. Lawrence River, following the Revolutionary War in which they had remained loyal to the British.

The family lived on a farm near Precott, Ontario. In the winter, my grandmother told me, the snow was very deep and there would be a shovelled path from house to barn, with banks higher than the children's heads. They loved to jump out of bed in their little long grey flannel nightdresses and race barefoot to the barn and back, and jump back into bed. Other stories told of a nearby house where no one lived; the doors banged all night even if securely locked, and there was a noise like a person blowing

the fire. It was said that a woman had been found drowned in the well, and many suspected that she had been murdered by her abusive husband. Another neighbor could tell you where any missing item could be found, and once directed Timothy Hodge to his lost logging chain in the woods.

The first move westward was when my great great grandmother Eliza, born in 1826, was about 14. The farm was sold, and the family traveled by horseback with all their goods in covered wagons, about 350 miles to Ingersoll, in Southwestern Ontario. They had just settled nicely on their new farm when disaster struck. Father Timothy, a horse breeder, was away from home. A thoroughbred stallion was tied to a big beam in the barn and a flock of sheep was in the field back of the house. Baby was in an oak cradle in the kitchen. The baby's mother, Caroline Hodge Brown, whose husband had been recently killed by a falling tree, was upstairs dressing in preparation to take her inheritance, a chest of gold coins, for safekeeping in Ingersoll. Mother Sidney and son Timothy were in the kitchen door when they saw a funnel-shaped cloud in the sky. They saw the sheep being whirled into the sky, and then the house collapsed around them, but they were in a little hole created by the heavy cradle keeping the boards off them. At the first alarm, Caroline had rushed downstairs and grabbed the baby out of the cradle. Just as she did, the trapdoor to the cellar blew open and they jumped into the cellar. There was a fire in the stove in the summer kitchen and it set fire to the house. Luckily, the tornado had not struck the town of Ingersoll, and townspeople arrived in time to rescue the family from the burning house. The stallion was found in a field with the big beam across his neck. The dog was last seen going full sail down the road ahead of the storm; it returned three weeks later

but whenever a storm came up after that, it would go into the road and run up and down, ready to go ahead of the wind. Mother Sidney's paisley shawl was found in a tree, miles away, and returned, to be handed down to future generations.

Eliza Hodge had been visiting in Ingersoll when the tornado struck. She started walking out to the farm and met her sister Caroline walking into town carrying the baby, in her underclothing and no shoes or stockings. Eliza made Caroline sit down on a fallen tree while she returned to town for clothing. Caroline's gold was found, melted, in the cellar.

Naturally, I wanted to know what had happened to all these people, and my grandmother again helped in my search by recording that Eliza later lived in Windham Centre and Burford, Ontario; Caroline married again and lived in Brockville, Ontario -- and Sydney, why she moved to California!

My grandmother died long before her stories inspired me to take up the hobby of genealogy, but some letters and photographs survived to document the California connection. With the help of the internet and other genealogists, I was able to find that Sidney Hodge married Amos Nettleton on February 9, 1832. Her name was recorded as "Sidny Hoges". The 1860 U.S. Census shows Amos and Sidney living in Ogle County, Illinois along with children Ziba (11), Elizabeth (9), James (5) and Hester Amelia (1). All the children were said to have been born in Canada, so presumably the migration to Illinois had been recent. On the 1880 U.S. Census, I found Amos and Sidney Nettleton, aged 65 and 63, living in the 6th Ward of Kansas City, Jackson Co., Missouri. Also on the 1880 U.S. Census, appeared Isaac Martin, his wife Sarah and daughter Mary (more about them later). The Martins



Sydney Hodge Nettleton
photo possibly taken in Jackson County, MO
circa 1870s



S.J. (Sara or Sarah) Martin, mother of Mary Martin
photo taken in Los Angeles, CA
possibly circa 1890s
Sarah's La Costa home may have been a boarding house.
Daughter Mary attended what later became UCLA.

lived in Kansas City; in the next household were Mark and Emily Nettleton.

Photographs documented Amos and Sidney's travels, variously taken in Amboy, Illinois, Cedar Falls, Iowa, and Kansas City, Missouri. Other studio photos of family exist, one of a Sara Martin in L. A. in the 1880's, and a younger Sara, possibly in the 1870's, taken in San Diego, California. On the back of Mary E. Martin's photo for the June Class of 1900 of L. A. Normal School, my grandmother had written "La Costa, Cal"; this was confirmed by the archives of UCLA which absorbed the L.A. Normal School.

A letter written by S.J. Martin to her "Cousin Emily" (my great grandmother) contained more information but it is undated. I believe it be circa 1915. Mrs. Martin seems to have used part of her home as a boarding house.

The best clue of all, however, was a letter which has lead me to the very helpful members of the Temecula

Valley Historical Society. It is headed Rainbow, Cal. 12-11-[18]99 and reads as follows:

"Dear Cousin Bass
Your very welcome and newsy epistle of the 9th ult. arr. here on the 22nd and found us all usually well except Mother Nettleton who departed this life Dec. 4th after being confined to her bed about 4 weeks. There was no particular disease, simply worn out. She has been failing steadily for over a year both in body & mind. She was conscious most of the time untill 24 hours before her death, which was very ease and we judge painless. 2 days before her death she took me by the hand and said she did not expect to get well & thanked me for my kindness to her & said she was very old & might drop off suddenly she told me where her papers were & wanted me to tell all the children to meet her in heaven. I promised I would. I said Mother you expect to go to Heaven don't you. She said yes indeed, I settled that question long ago. The funeral was at my house at 11 a.m. Dec. 5th & was the

largest one ever held in our valley, some coming 35 miles & a good many came 5 & 10; she was buried in our little home cemetery by the side of her eldest daughter Mr. Elliott & I tell you we miss her so much. She was a dear good woman so kind & true. She had lived with us over 16 yrs. She was 87 last Oct..... Yours very truly, Wm. J. Gould"

My search has revealed the fact that Wm. J. Gould was a founder of Rainbow, California but many questions remain unanswered. Perhaps descendants of Sidney and Amos still live in California and we may exchange information some day. Right now, I can only imagine the story of Sidney's life as she moved from Canada to Illinois to Missouri and finally to California. Judging from her photographs, she had the grit and gumption to face every challenge that came her way. I do know that at the end of her long and probably arduous journey, she was surrounded by loving family and kind neighbours.

[Handwritten signature]

Grandma Pearl

by June Roripaugh Tull

From memories jotted down at random, the parts are woven together here to form the story of a woman rich in character, whose work as wife, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother left a colorful legacy. -- Editor

Annetta Pearl Barnett was born to Eli and Alice Barnett on November 1, 1885. She died on April 15, 1974. She rests in the cemetery in Temecula, California, near her parents and children. Annetta married John Elmour Roripaugh on May 5, 1905, and they lived in Temecula all their lives.

Grandma Pearl's parents had moved their large family from Tustin in Orange County to Temecula. They came by wagon and horse and buggy. Gram said that since she was one of the "big kids" her job was to switch the milk cow along. She was to make sure the cow kept up with the caravan, but it wasn't her job to milk the cow.

As kids, we always called her Grandma Roripaugh, but granddad called her Pearl or "my girlfriend." Grandma never scolded when Jack, Jimmy or I got jello packages from her cupboard and ate the dry powder by licking our fingers, pressing them into the mixture and then licking them off. She had a blackberry patch in her yard and we could pick and eat all the berries we wanted. Once we picked grapes from her vines, loaded them into our wagon and tried to sell them to people passing by in their cars. She said nothing, though I'm sure she knew what was going on!



Grandma was very good with plants and always grew pretty flowers indoors and out. She grew orchids in the cool spots around her house. She had a sunroom on the front which I think had been added on. It had a wood floor, very smooth and polished. While folks visited, we kids would go into the sunroom and run and jump on the Navaho rugs and slide as far as we could across the floor.

Her kitchen was spotless and pretty. She had it painted white. Her tablecloth was red and white checked oilcloth. Her dishes were blue and white "blue willow" pattern. She served biscuits and gravy with chicken. She always wore an apron. I don't remember hearing her laugh out loud, though she did chuckle and have a sparkle in her eye when she thought something was funny.

We kids would walk over to our grandparent's house whenever we wanted to and just hang around watching them do whatever they were doing. Granddad always smoked a pipe. He was a peaceful guy, seemed happy working in his shop. I think he knew how to fix his equipment and enjoyed doing it. His shop smelled good, like grease and oil and leather. Dad liked to talk

with his dad. It was normal to be able to stop when passing on the road or in the store in town to stop and talk about the politicians and the war and the weather.

Grandma said she thought there should be two presidents; one for foreign affairs and one for domestic affairs because "the job is too much for one person." She read the paper and was interested in current events and had opinions up until her death. She had once asked her mother, Alice, why she had so many children (nine), and Alice answered that there was not a choice, that people didn't talk about such things in those days and that doctors who spoke of birth control could be fined or tossed in jail.

One afternoon Grandma told me about her own firstborn, a baby girl who died of kidney failure two weeks after birth. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she told how beautiful her baby was and how just a few years later a treatment was developed that would have saved her baby. I think she thought about that lost baby all her life, even though she later had three healthy children.

Pearl had asthma and would burn powder in a little tin box and wave the smoke into her face so she wouldn't cough so much. She used to have long gray hair that she wore in braids laid back and forth across the top of her head. For their 50th anniversary party she had her hair cut short and a permanent wave, saying it was much easier to take care of.

She made quilts, beautiful crazy quilts and other patterns too. I don't know where she got the silk used in some of those quilts. Her embroidery was exquisite and fine with perfect color choices. She knew at least 20 different embroidery stitches and did fine work showing them off on her crazy quilts. I think she had a wonderful artistic sense. All were carefully folded and kept in a cedar chest.

After granddad went into a rest home, she lived alone in Fallbrook. Her little apartment was tidy and cleverly decorated -- she did have an eye for colors and shapes and textures and good quality workmanship. She didn't have a lot of excess stuff around, just comfortable and colorful and orderly. She always wore dresses, housedresses or nicer dresses if she went out.

Sarah, my daughter, was about two years old when we visited my grandma in Fallbrook. Gram said, "She's a cute little thing." One time she visited me in Balboa Beach where I was teaching. We went out to dinner. She tried to smoke a cigarette but fumbled around with it and burned a hole in her nice dress. We did enjoy that evening together and I think she was proud that I was a teacher with my own place.





WELCOME NEW MEMBERS !!

January 15 to February 15, 2002

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Dr. Stan Morain

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CHECK IT OUT !

FOLLOW THAT 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.

Space will be limited. Cost per person estimated at \$50. Watch for details and reservation information in future newsletters.

Calendar

Board meeting Mar 7 - Noon
Farm Equip. Museum March 22 - 8:30a
Heritage Luncheon Apr 4 - Noon
Santa Rosa Plateau April 23 - 2:00p
Board meeting May 2 - Noon

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.

Editor..... Charolette Fox
Assistant Editor..... Jeffery Harmon
Printing..... Potamus Press
Bulk Mail..... Richard Fox

2nd Annual Heritage Luncheon

Friday, April 4

Temeku Hills Golf Course

\$35 per person

(names of honorees, menu, and other details to be mailed soon)



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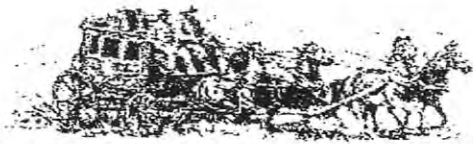
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Send a postcard, FAX, or call:

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

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.



TEMECULA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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The Board of Directors formulate and vote on policies. The membership may vote for Directors at the annual meeting.

Membership is open to anyone regardless of race, color, religion, sex or national origin.

Dues and donations are tax deductible to the extent allowed by law. Donations may be designated or undesignated.

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