

TEMECULA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

June 2004 Vol 4 Issue 6

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visit us at

www.temeculavalleyhistoricalsociety.com or
www.temeculavalleyhistoricalsociety.org

Interest and Intent

Perhaps like me, some of you come to your interest in history late in life. It was moving to Temecula and living near the ranch buildings of Old Vail Ranch that prompted my initial inquiries about the area's past. And as I've met folks from all parts of this county during the last eight years, I am more and more amazed by the stories that remain untold.

But hearing the stories, maybe writing them down or recording them on tape, is only part of the mission of this Society. The other side of the same coin is the preservation of the landscape, the buildings, and the artifacts that are invaluable tangible historical assets. When you renew your dues, please add "a little something extra" to your donation. Every cent helps move preservation from a dream to a reality.

www.temeculavalleyhistoricalsociety.com
www.temeculavalleyhistoricalsociety.org

Cell phone: (951) 501-9159



GENERATION CONSERVATORSHIP

Visual observation, past experience, burning curiosity, and a soul attuned to nuance come together in the person of Paul Price. His article, "The Wolf Valley We have Lost" gives us pleasurable reading and reveals a landscape and a time we must remember. Learn, then return that learning. The knowledge of nature thus becomes the nature of knowledge.

President's Corner

The Annual Heritage Luncheon, held May 6th at the Embassy Suites, was a roaring success. Co-chairs Eve Craig and Pam Grender outdid themselves to provide the capsule histories of some of the women influential in Temecula's past and current history. Thanks to the guest speakers: Martha & Jeff Minkler, Audrey Cilurzo, Maggie Allen, Peg Moore and the many others in attendance who were honored. It was a pleasure to be in the company of these women who have put their mark on Temecula with their good deeds. Also thanks to Steve Allen who put together the Power-Point presentation for the event.

Temecula and the Temecula Valley Historical Society lost an important member in the passing of Mildred Tobin on May 4th. Mildred was born in Temecula 84 years ago and lived in Temecula most of her life. We will sorely miss Mildred who was an active member of our Board of Directors and a source of much of our knowledge of the early days in Temecula. We thank the Tobin family for asking that a donation be given in Mildred's name to the Temecula Valley Historical Society in lieu of flowers.

The City of Temecula is considering moving the Escallier house and barn from their current location on Main Street, east of Mercedes, to Sam Hicks Monument Park, restore them and make them a part of the Museum complex. When the City purchased the Escallier property, the Society was concerned about the loss of these historical buildings in old town. City staff is recommending to City Council that the buildings be moved to a location where they can be accessible to the public and be preserved for future generations as examples of what Temecula was like in the early part of the 20th Century.

Remember, each member is on the membership committee. Share your newsletter with a friend. And be sure to stop by our booth at the Temecula Flea Market on Saturday, June 5.

Jimmy Moore

The Wolf Valley We Have Lost

by Paul J. Price

I want to take you on a journey to a past long vanished, but still around us. One day I was taking a walk in Wolf Valley and thoughts of generation conservatorship begin to occupy my mind. I want to describe to you this wonderful place, both past and present.

Other than at a few prehistoric artifacts, there exists no portal to Wolf Valley's past. Sometimes a marine air cloud gets stalled on the flanks of Agua Tibia Mountains and temporarily covers man's 'progress', leaving only the peaks of the mountains floating above. If your imagination were rich enough, you could use the cloudy mass, pretend it to be a curtain blocking reality, and travel through the portal of recollection. The former wilderness and beauty of the rich valley would then come alive.

Pechanga Creek would no longer be a controlled channel that has been mined for its sand and gravel. It would revert back to a mass of small streamlets flowing down the slopes of Pa' aaw (if your reference is prehistorical), Sierra del Palomar (if your reference is early Spanish contact), or Smith Mountain (if your reference is historical). These streamlets create the valley's alluvial plain and became a tumultuous flood during a violent display of rainfall during the winters of 1884 and 1885. It was estimated that several thousand cubic feet of water per second raced down Santa Margarita Canyon. The newly formed Pechanga Reservation was directly in its path.

The reservation was destroyed. The aftermath was Lake Wolj'wuna. This body of water stretched from Kelsey Tract to the foothills of present day Red Hawk—a distance of one mile. The lake took a full year to evaporate.

The official representatives of the U. S. Government in 1882 carried out a presidential executive order that set aside the Pechanga Indian Reservation for the Temecula Indians to "form a reservation on land not desired by our citizenry".

The Indian was meant to assimilate into civilized society and not prosper on a reservation.

Unfortunately, the Luiseño people knew that winter rain and melting snow wash down from Pa' aaw, flooding lowlands on its way to the sea. Pechanga always took the first heavy hit. This is why they lived on the mountain shelves around the valley. Besides, with the selection of living areas being so large, why would any Luiseño want to live in the midst of a death trap?

I wish those Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) officials of 1882 could see these peoples' progress today.

Besides the creek, I can also recall the small pools of water (catch basins) in both the Pechanga and Temecula Creeks, where the pools' smooth shimmering surfaces would break due to frogs escaping my approach by leaping into the pools' depth for security.

Twenty years ago while wading through the tully grass at the confluence of the Pechanga and Temecula Creeks, I heard a splash. The strong ripples were evidence of something larger than a frog or turtle sounding. For years I thought it might have been a Luiseño water spirit, a malevolent apparition known as Yuyungviwut. But truth eventually prevailed—much later I discovered it was a beaver.

How many of you can recall when the new Pechanga Bridge (formerly Pala Bridge) was being reconstructed and the Department of Fish and Game struggled to capture the creek's beavers? History? Too often we equate history with man's progress. The smaller, less noticeable creatures are either left for the naturalist to study or to become forgotten by everyone.

The belted kingfisher is an example. I remember sitting on a fallen log deep in Temecula Creek and watching a kingfisher perched on a crooked swaying limb that rises from a sunken log. It has been years since I have even spotted this beautiful predator.

It is more than the water areas that have changed. The mountain shelf of Kelsey Track as recent as 1999 possessed a beautiful languorous field of blue lupine (*Lupinus excubitus*). I still recall the air stirring with a warm breath. Midsummer heat claimed the day and the heat waves danced against the green hills of Kelsey. Gone are the lupine fields and the now extinct small darting butterfly (*Glaucopsyche piasus umbrosa*) whose existence depended on this plant. Soon the heat waves will blow against the imported grass of a golf course.

The valley view today has lost the charm of open fields. The brown sweep of unfenced plainland with its burnt umber buckwheat (*Eriogonum fasciculatum*) swaying in the breeze and mixed with Canterbury-bells (*Phacelia minor*), whose swinging chimes ring only for elfin ears, are gone. How long has it been since you saw Wolf Valley fields of grain being rippled by summer breezes?

If you fight hard enough against plunging recklessly back into the present, your journey can continue to the sound of the roguish crows' "claw, claw". Did you witness the crow convention that took place at the corner of Wolf Valley Road and Pala Road in 1983? The field was a black carpet of crows, with each bird rambling on with an importance known only to themselves. Sure you can still see the crows, but only in small groups. Gone are the vast multitudes.

I have trekked these valleys, the arroyo secos, and hills for years, always marveling with a sense of reverence at the circle of life. Numerous times I have returned to my suburban home with the rank odor of Jimson weed (*Datura meteloides*) or with a variety of sage on my Levis. They were removed in the garage in response to the laminations of a caring wife, who admittedly also enjoyed the wild smell but wanted my souvenirs of nature to remain in the wild. Is this attitude a product of civilization? Of course.

Endless lessons can be taught about Jimson weed and its importance to the valley's Luiseño people. But how much is said about the plant's insect partner? Walk the valley at summer's dusk and if your ear is keen—and with a little luck—you will

hear the faint noise of whirring wings searching out the luminous trumpet-like flower waving at you through the dusk. Hummingbird? No. Sphinx moth, Tobacco Hornworm (*Manduca sexta*), threading air like a hummingbird and hovering over a flower as it thrusts its uncurled, proboscis-like tongue into the heart of the corolla to suck the nectar hidden within.

The other night I happened to spy this creature hovering around a fluorescent tube above my head at a convenience mart while I was pumping gas. Sadly, I overheard a young boy remark to his father, "I bet you could kill it with one shot". What we do not understand so often we mark for death.

Along the hills boarding Wolf Valley (now commercially named "Red Hawk"), I used to find a female California Brown Tarantula (*Aphonopelmus eutylenum*) tip-toeing on multiple legs and focused on finding a mate. For all their ugliness this gentle creature would climb on my outstretched hand and walk the length of my arm before my own limit of tolerance was reached and I would take her off, place her down, and watch her continue her journey. It takes years for the female to mature enough to procreate. Her main predators are people and female tarantula hawks (*Pepsis* species), which is equivalent to a F-14 Tomcat in the insect world. Both predator and prey now fall victim to concrete, asphalt, and mowed lawns.

When teaching at Pechanga Cultural Center near Kelsey Tract, I can recall the enjoyment of another ground spider, the California Trapdoor Spider (*Bothriocyrtum californicum*). Although its subterranean nest is now gone, the joy I had of showing its trap door to hiking companions lingers vividly in my mind. No, I never saw it. The spider is a nocturnal worker. My observations were limited to finding its trap door and gently prying it open with a small twig. Under watchful eyes, you could imagine the reward I experienced seeing my companions' delighted enlightenment. I wonder if such things are taught in school today.

Continued on next page

Turn a page of memory and you perchance might hear the “thump”, “thump”, echoing in the valley as Temecuyam women pound husked acorns into wiiwish using the toopal pí’ pumaa’ (pestle and mortar). Granite mortar holes testify to the centuries-old method. Sadly, I have witnessed these treasured boulders being pounded again and again until crushed into riprap.

How many more secrets does this valley hold? Each grove, each arroyo, and each rift in the rim rock claims attractions all its own. With oncoming encroachment and progress, a handful of artifacts, photos, dead insects pinned to a box, and pressed leaves will be our only sources for recollection.

They may testify as to how things were, but they can never capture the beauty that once touched the heart.

Unfortunately, the burden of generation conservatorship eventually begins to take hold again and now dissipates my portal’s curtain—and this simple interlude of mine finally fades into the reality of today.

Paul J. Price is a well-known artist, archaeologist, teacher, and an expert on Luiseño culture (which he has studied for over 40 years) and has dedicated his life to learning and conservation. This interest has earned him a Superior Achievement Award from the State of California in 2002. An avid researcher and reader, he has also compiled a large natural history collection. His artwork can be seen throughout the Pechanga Resort and Casino in Temecula. This outspoken, sometimes controversial gentleman resides in Canyon Lake with his wife, Kathi.



A Boy Called Pomp: Jean Baptiste Charbonneau

The youngest person in the Lewis & Clark expedition was the baby born to Sacagawea and carried in a cradleboard on her back for most of the trek to Oregon 200 years ago. Born in 1805, the infant’s parents, French Canadian trader Toussaint Charbonneau and his Shoshone wife, Sacagawea, named him Jean Baptiste. Nicknamed Pompey by Clark, he was quite simply called Pomp.

But a name was not all Clark bestowed. After the great Corps of Discovery expedition, Pomp and his parents were provided patronage in St. Louis for several years, and Clark continued to watch over the upbringing and education of his young friend. At age 18, Pomp spent six years traveling through Europe where he was befriended by others, notably German Prince Paul Wilhelm. When he returned to the United States in about 1829, he served as an alcalde, or magistrate, of the San Luis Rey Mission in what is now Oceanside, CA.

As a fur trapper, mountain man, and wilderness scout, his life was one of high adventure, exploration, learning, and service to the U.S. Army. He passed this way, coming through Temecula on his final trek from Southern California to Oregon. There he is burried. His grave is in Jordan Valley, in the high desert of southeastern Oregon, on roads that are sometimes icy and always treacherous.

Storybooks about Jean Baptiste Charbonneau can be purchased in the gift shop of the Temecula Museum, 28314 Mercedes Street, Temecula. The Museum is situated in Sam Hicks Monument Park where a granite stone of great size is engraved with the names of many famous pioneers, explorers, and settlers. The name “Jean Baptiste Charbonneau” is there, commemorating his life and travels in Temecula Valley.

Lewis & Clark Bicentennial

2005 marks the bicentennial of Lewis and Clark’s Corps of Discovery expedition. Communities all along the trail are gearing up for celebrations. Sunset Magazine published a map of the expedition route in their March 2004 issue, as well as some of the festivities planned from Idaho to Oregon.

In his article, Peter Fish says, “...little Pomp innocently linked Native America and Europe and civilization and wilderness, [and] throughout his life, seemed to display an optimistic appetite for whatever would come next.”

The wilderness that once surrounded Temecula likely provided Pomp some fishing and gaming for his sustenance, as well as a chance to talk with and live briefly among the Luiseno Indians, who like himself, were decended from the Shoshone.

An Eagle's View

by Rebecca Marshall Farnbach

Long ago, before the padres came to Temecula Valley, soaring eagles would have spied thin plumes of smoke rising midst clusters of *kishas*, domed reed dwellings built near streams where nature was the supermarket, teeming with produce and game to supply a village.

Who were the residents of the villages? Historians believe they were people of the ancient migration from Asia into North America, who later developed into the Shoshone, Ute and Pai-ute (meaning water-people) tribes of the Northwest.

Migrating south, they spread into warm lands with ample food supplies and fresh water, selecting locations suitable for defense against enemies. Phil Brigandi mentions in his book, *Temecula: At the Crossroads of History*, that there were probably about 50 villages located near what is now known as Lake Elsinore, Temecula and San Jacinto.

Tom Hudson cites in his book, *A Thousand Years in Temecula Valley*, that *Temet*, the sun, was their father, and the earth was their mother. Their one god, *Chungichnish*, punished wrongdoing by mauling a bear, a snakebite or affliction from poison oak. A holy man, *Wiyot*, lived with them before dying near the shore of Lake Elsinore. He rose to become the moon, which shines brightly thirteen times each year to remind his people of his teachings.

Brigandi describes puberty rituals. Girls were buried to their necks in a heated pit for three days. Boys were given a hallucinogen from the *matatura* plant, then made to dance around a fire. A tribal leader gave

morality lessons, emphasizing respect for elders and cleanliness. They were reminded their god was always watching and would reward them according to their deeds.

The natives subsisted mainly on *weewish*, ground acorn meal, supplemented with chia seeds and grass, deer, rabbits and wood rats. Game was killed by bow and arrow or trapped in woven nets.

Acorns were cracked, shelled and left to dry for a couple of days before pounding with a stone *mono* on a *metate*. Tannic acid was leached from the acorns by pouring water through the meal.

Eagles watched the unchanging village rituals until newcomers converged on the scene, giving the residents a name and changing their lives forever.



A Scene from Temecula's Past

by Rebecca Marshall Farnbach

It wasn't uncommon in the early 1900s for the Pauba Ranch to buy cattle and ship them by train from Mexico or Utah. The cattle purchased were "feeders," which were one-, one-and-a-half or two-year-olds that would fatten in the ample grazing country near Temecula.

The 45,000-acre Pauba Ranch operated to capacity with about

4,500 cattle at all times, shifting them to different grazing lands when needed. The fattened cattle were driven to Calexico or shipped to Los Angeles via the train from Temecula.

During a cattle drive, the eleven-day drip over rough terrain would cause the animals to lose some weight, which would lower their value. Plus it was an arduous task to get the stock from Temecula to Calexico.

Temecula seemed like the center of all of Southern California after the railroad came during the 1880's. Ranchers from Julian, San Felipe and Warner Springs drove their cattle to Temecula for shipping.

To go along with the cattle industry, dry farming of hay and other grains was big business in the Temecula area. On any night excepting for Sunday, as many as twelve to fifteen teams of eight to ten horses or mules on jerklines stood on Front Street, Temecula. A person had to walk around a team to get across the street.

David Cobb, a ranch hand from 1902 to 1907, told an interviewer that a lot of business was done in Temecula, and it was accomplished without a written contract. If a cattleman agreed to sell his stock for a certain price and the seller shook hands on the deal, it was a sure thing. The buyer would be at the ranch the following June with money.



The Deacon's Masterpiece or "The One-Hoss Shay"

by Oliver Wendell Holmes

Have you heard of the wonderful
one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it -- ah, but
stay,
I'll tell you what happened without
delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,
Have you heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, --
Snuffy old drone from the German
hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her
down,
And Braddock's army was done so
brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible,
Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the
one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you
what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest
spot, --
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, --
lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,
--
Above or below, or within or
without, --
And that's the reason, beyond a
doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't
wear out.
But the Deacon swore (as Deacons
do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell
yeou")
He would build one shay to beat the
taown
'N the keounty 'n' all the kentry
raoun':
It should be so built that it *couldn't*
break daown:

"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty
plain
Thut the weakes' places mus' stan'
the strain:
'N' the t' fix it, us I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place us strong us the
rest."



So the Deacon inquired of the village
folk
Where he could find the strongest
oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor
broke, --
That was for spokes and floor and
sills:
He sent for lancewood to make the
thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the
sraightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts
like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like
these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's
ellum," --
Last of its timber, -- they couldn't sell
'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between
their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like
celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,

Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and
wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old
hide
Found in the pit when the tanner
died.
That was the way he "put her
through." --
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow
she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!

Colts grew horses, beards turned
gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped
away,
Children and grandchildren -- where
were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss
shay
As fresh as on
Lisbon-earthquake-day!
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; -- it came
and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and
sound.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;
--
Running as usual; much, the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and
FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth
year
Without both feeling and looking
queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its
youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and
truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. You're welcome. No extra
charge.)
FIRST OF NOVEMBER, -- the
Earthquake-day. --
There are traces of age in the
one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be, -- for the Deacon's
art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to
start.
For the wheels were just as strong as
the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as
the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the
floor,
And the whippetree neither less nor
more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as
the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, "Fifty-five!"

This morning the parson takes a drive.

Now, small boys, get out of the way!

Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,

Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.

“Huddup! said the parson. Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday’s text, --

Had got to *ffithly*, and stopped perplexed.

At what the -- Moses -- was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet’n’-house on the hill.

-- First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,

--
And the parson was sitting up on a rock,

At half-past nine by the meet’n’-house clock, --

Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

-- What do you think the parson found,

When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,

As if it had been to the mill and ground!

You see, of course, if you’re not a dunce,

How it went to pieces all at once, --
All at once, and nothing first, --

Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Logic is logic. That’s all I say.



DEDICATION

**This edition of the newsletter
is dedicated to**

Mildred Tobin

**who’s living was filled
with grace and gentleness.**

**In particular, we shall
miss her knowledge of this valley
as it used to be, and the
sense of humor which characterized
her retelling of past events.**

**We dare to think that she would
see the humor in
“*The Deacon’s Masterpiece*”
with it’s wit and rhythm, with it’s words
strung together so wrongly
yet so wisely.**

**For as “bubbles do when they burst”,
Mildred wore out all at once.**

**We gratefully acknowledge that in lieu of flowers,
Mildred’s family requested donations be made to this
Society to support the organization’s ongoing
goals of history, education and preservation.**

Arts in the Country: A Festival of Music, Dance, Art

Celebrating their 15th year in Temecula Valley, the Arts Council of Temecula Valley presents their 14th Annual Arts in the Country Festival.

This 8-week calendar of special community events began on May 1, and will continue through Sunday, June 27, with a wide variety of programs sure to please and delight all tastes.

In addition, five (5) monthly events are scheduled August thru December.

For reservations, locations, dates and costs of individual events, please contact The Arts Council of Temecula Valley at (909) 695-2787, or fax to (909) 695-9438.

DIGITAL STORYTELLING

We all relish the memories we have of story hour in grammar school. The acts of telling and listening to stories no longer need be the sole domain of children. Now you have the building blocks to create and share powerful cinema-quality stories about yourself or your organization without needing to hire an executive producer or wardrobe girl.

"BrainGlow: Ideas and Tools for Digital Storytelling" brings the inspiration and tools for digital storytelling to everyone.

Include animation in your next board presentation, design a compelling public service announcement, or challenge kids to express themselves in moving images. Geared towards teens, this stand-alone DVD-ROM contains dozens of stories produced by young media makers, more than 25 learning activities, a teacher's workbook, and a multi-track story-building timeline.

BrainGlow is available at TechSoup Stock for an administrative fee of \$55, thanks to a generous discount from the Bay Area Video Coalition (BAVC).

Learn more about BrainGlow at
<http://ga0.org/ct/171ypp17BPP>

To see how nonprofit organizations used technology to tell their stories: <http://ga0.org/ct/Zp1Zypp17BPp>

For training courses available:
<http://ga0.org/ct/1d1Zypp17BPp>

For a TechSoup catalog:
<http://ga0.org/ct/111Zypp17BPO>

We appreciate receiving this information from Barbara Spencer of the Menifee Valley Historical Association.

ANNUAL DUES

**Effective June 1, 2004
dues for new members are:**

Student	\$10
Single	\$25
Family	\$35

**Dues received after the
the 30 day renewal period
will be at the new rate.**



**Dues and donation checks
payable to:
Temecula Valley Historical Society**

**Mail to:
PO Box 157
Temecula, CA 92593-0157**



**Contributions made in memory
of
MILDRED TOBIN
may be sent anytime.**



THANK YOU
*Board of Directors
Jimmy Moore, President*

4TH OF JULY KICKS OFF OLD VAIL RANCH CENTENNIAL

The year-long Centennial Celebration of the Vail Family's incursion as cattle ranchers to this valley will kickoff with the Independence Day Parade in Temecula on July 4th. The parade entry for the Vail Ranch Restoration Association (VaARRA), will be an exact replica of the chuckwagons that were "field kitchens" for the cowhands who drove cattle from the Vail ranch in Vail, AZ, to the Vail Ranch in Temecula Valley, CA.

That drive was the last big cattle drive of the old west and was the beginning of major changes for this area. Railroad lines, paved roads, telephone and telegraph service, more modern farming and agricultural operations, as well as nearby health and resort activities followed in short order and began bringing visitors here. During the 1930s, airstrips allowed planes bringing WWI dignitaries to land (some not too gracefully!), putting us on the aviation routes for small aircraft.

The old ranch buildings still stand near the intersection of Hwy 79S and Redhawk Parkway, next to the new Kohl's Store. An oversized picture of ranchhands who punched cattle during the 1920s and 1930s hangs on the east side of Kohl's building.

On July 4th, the chuckwagon will be pulled by a team of mules just as it would have been 100 years ago. To volunteer for the parade, or for more information about VaARRA, contact Darell or Rebecca Farnbach at ((909) 699-5148.

Have you joined the National Trust for Historic Preservation? Your help is needed.
www.nationaltrust.org

SEND US YOUR PICTURES: Creating Archives for Our Historical Society

Myra Gonsalves and her sister Pat Metro are putting together scrapbooks and archiving the historical files for our Society. If you have pictures or newspaper clippings that you have saved from any of our events, would you please provide a copy? While it is important to preserve the history of Temecula Valley, it is also important to record our progress and keep the photos and documents that mark our own milestones as an organization.

Contact Myra at (909) 699-1030 to make arrangements for your donated materials.

VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY AS "BUSINESS OF THE MONTH" FOR JUNE 2004!

What an honor! The Society has been a member of the Temecula Valley Chamber of Commerce since we were formed three years ago. Our membership fees have been renewed and we are pleased to be recognized for our contributions as a nonprofit, cultural organization in this valley. We distribute our newsletter to the schools, community centers, museums and other historical groups within Southwest Riverside County, and provide research assistance to individuals who call us or contact us through our websites.

Listen for our radio announcements throughout the month of June on KMYT 94.5 FM.



CARING FOR FAMILY TREASURES

The Canadian Conservation Institute has launched a new website -- "Preserving my Heritage" -- aimed at helping you care for and preserve your family treasures, heirlooms, and works of art. The site also provides an introduction to the fascinating world of heritage conservation.

Your home is your own personal museum of books, paintings, china, christening gowns, musical instruments, tools, photographs, furniture and rugs. The "How to Care for" section of the website contains practical information on what you can do to preserve these items.

Learn about the practice of conservation through the clever use of unusual equipment and materials to technologies adapted from other scientific and technical areas. Go to www.preservation.gc.ca to view the site. Contact the Institute at www.cci-icc.gc.ca



Coming Soon !!!



Coming Soon !!!

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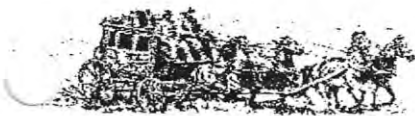
Along the Old Roads

A History of the Portion of
Southern California
that became
Riverside County

1772 - 1893

Including a description of settlement patterns in the area, the development of towns and colonies within the county (including contemporary descriptions/accounts of those places), followed by a discussion of the reasons and events leading to the establishment of Riverside County as a separate political entity.

by
Steve Lech



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS !!

April 15 to May 15, 2004

New Members

Chuck & Cathy Washington

Gifts & Donations



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.

www.temeculavalleyhistoricalsociety.com
or
www.temeculavalleyhistoricalsociety.org

CHECK IT OUT !!

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

Printing..... Potamus Press



Calendar

Board Meeting	June 4, Noon
Flea Market Booth	June 5
Pechanga Pow-Wow	July 2,3,4
4th of July Parade	July 4, 2:00p

Active Committees:

Research & Preservation

Wolf's Tomb

Plaques & Markers

Youth & School Programs

Board meetings and member programs are held in the Conference Room of the Temecula Library, unless otherwise stated.

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 prior to the meeting or event. In addition, public service announcements are usually placed in local newspapers.

**VOLUNTEER HELP IS
ALWAYS APPRECIATED**



**PLEASE REMEMBER US IN
YOUR WILL OR TRUST**

*Questions? You can now reach the
Society by phone!*

Call (951) 501-9159

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.*



Quotes

*The smile that lights the face will
also warm the heart.*

*Too many of us are in the backyard
looking for a four-leaf clover when
opportunity is knocking at the front
door.*

*Old timers can remember when the
drugs of the day were quinine and
castor oil.*

*If you want to conserve energy and
improve air quality in California,
raise your right foot.*

*One's reputation is a blend of what
our friends, enemies, and
acquaintances say about us.*

COMING JUNE 5, 2004

INFORMATION BOOTH

**TEMECULA FLEA
MARKET**



Nonprofit groups come together
in this annual event, some to sell
items as a fundraiser for their
group, and some to provide
information and displays.

*If you can volunteer an hour or
two to work in the Society's
information booth, please contact
President Jimmy Moore.*



TEMECULA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
 32800 Hupa Drive
 TEMECULA, CA 92592

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If you enjoyed this issue, why not
 share it with a friend? Please pass
 it on and help us build our
 readership. Thank you.

TEMECULA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A tax exempt charitable & educational organization

Membership

Membership/Donation Categories:

<input type="checkbox"/> Student	\$ 10.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Historian	\$ 300.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Single	\$ 25.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Corporate	\$ 500.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Family	\$ 35.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Founder	\$ 1,000.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Contributor	\$ 50.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Benefactor	\$ 5,000.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Patron	\$ 100.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Supreme	\$10,000.00

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.

Checks payable to:

Temecula Valley Historical Society

Mail to:

P. O. Box 157

Temecula, CA 92593-0157