

La Elsinore-Perris Valleys

Laguna Revue

"All The World Is A Stage" . . . Wm. Shakespeare

VOLUME V NUMBER 9

JULY, 1966

IN THIS ISSUE:

The
News-Magazine
Dedicated To
Uniting
Riverside County

Murrieta Veterinary Hospital

35 cents



A Monthly News-Magazine Devoted To The Recording Of Events Occuring In The Valleys of Alberhill, Elsinore, Lakeland Village, Sedco Hills, Wildomar, Murrieta, Temecula, Aguanga, Anza, Perris, Quail Valley and Sun City

BUZZ HENES'
3RD ANNUAL

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1966

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AND SEE BUZZ

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2088 Railroad Avenue
Elsinore, California

La Laguna Revue

JULY, 1966
VOLUME V NUMBER 9

A Monthly Magazine Devoted To The
Recording Of Coming Events, And
A Pictorial Review Of Past Affairs,
Occurring In The Great Elsinore-
Perris Valleys.

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JULY COVER



The story of the Santa Fe
Depot at Perris written
by Ben Minnich begins on
page 38.



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VOLUME V

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PETITION FILED AGAINST GAMBLING IN ELSINORE

In the next issue of La Laguna Revue we will do an article concerning gambling in Elsinore. the petition filed by the committee headed up by Rev. E. F. Coulter, to outlaw gambling.

We shall also interview the owners of the card rooms, and other interested persons. Also, income to the city of Elsinore from card room licenses.

La Laguna Revue fully intends to get to the basic facts on the situation at hand.

The question we will raise is . . . Do the citizens of an incorporated town have the right to judge, by a petition and vote, whether we should have a theater, liquor store, card room or any other business or is this the job of the members of the City Council who sanctions that every person has the right to be in business and earn a living?

STORIES FOR PUBLICATION

Many readers ask us about articles for La Laguna Revue and to say the least we do appreciate receiving and publishing them. These stories from outside readers give us a chance to go even further into our area of publication, for each person writing an article is probably telling of a place or person unknown to us at the Revue office.

As to photos for stories, we make our own negatives from your black and white photos or color shots. And we absolutely do not trim or damage your original photograph. We are unable to print from your negatives, but do not hesitate to submit them as we have them processed to prints and our work begins from that point.

THANKS TO EVERYONE FOR YOUR SINCERE CONCERN

We have received calls, letters, cards and have been stopped on the sidewalk as to our son Wayne, who was injured on June 2, when the horse he was riding bolted in front of a car, threw both he and horse to the ground, with him on the bottom.

Injuries sustained by Wayne were mainly on the left side of his body — broken ribs, pelvic bone and the femur (thighbone) in the left leg was splintered.

He is in Riverside General Hospital in traction and with great hopes he should be in a cast and maybe walking around by August 15.

Our son has quite a bit to write in his personal book of memories, for he not only celebrated his 20th birthday on June 3, in the hospital, getting a liquid birthday cake — but the birth of his son, Mark David. Mark was born on July 9, and weighed in at a healthy 7 pounds 8½ ounces and stood all of 21 inches tall in his bare feet at birth. This young lad will not have an opportunity to meet his dad until Wayne is released from the hospital, but Mamma Nancy, maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Trausch of Riverside and paternal grandparents, Roger and Dolores Mayhall (that's us folks) will guarantee to see that Mark David gets acquainted in todays world.

Paternal great-grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mayhall of Cudahy and Mr. and Mrs. Vahan Atamian, Sportsman Lodge, Elsinore. Oh, yes, Mark has a great-great grandmother Mayhall living in Texas.

A grand little red-head with a lot of family — won't you say?

The Hard Way To Go To a Convention

The Twenty-fourth Annual Convention of the Society of California Accountants was recently held in Las Vegas and Elsinore's Larry Beers, who is a convention hound, decided to attend.

Larry, accompanied by Jack and Gwen Smith, hopped into Larry's 1930 Model A Ford, and off they went to Vegas. The Model A was purchased new by Larry in 1930 and he recently restored it to its original condition.

Upon their arrival in Las Vegas they parked the Model A in the parking lot of the Dunes Hotel, among all the new and shiny automobiles that had been driven to the convention by other public accountants, their wives and families, which totaled well over five hundred persons, attending from all over the state of California.

The entire trip, according to Larry, was made without incident except that a Highway Patrol officer stopped the party near the Nevada stateline, and remarked, "Nothing wrong, folks, I just want to look at this old car, as I am a Ford enthusiast, and have restored several old cars."

In the photos we see Jack Smith behind the wheel of this beauty, now 36 years old, and his charming wife Gwen, who is checking over the parking situation at Baker.

If the proof is in the pudding, we sure have it in the next photo. Here are the three travelers on the desert and the black beauty of the highways parked in front of the Model A.

Back in Elsinore we find Larry standing beside his little jewel on the corner of Peck and Main Street.



When Those Lions Install - - - They Really ROAR

In order for one to attend an installation of the Elsinore's Lions Club one must wear the most loose-fitting outfit that they have in their wardrobe for two reasons. One is to have plenty of room for the banquet dinner and the second, for the honest-to-goodness belly laughs you receive from the remarks of these congenial businessmen.

The Forty-First Installation of Officers and Recognition Dinner was held at the well-known Guenther's Murrieta Hot Springs on Tuesday, June 28, with William Snellbaker of the Idyllwild Lions Club, chairman of Zone C, District 415 acting as installing officer for the affair.

Newly installed officers were President Dwight R. Van De Walker; First Vice President Ed Ellis; Second Vice President Sandy Burnham; Third Vice President Norman Chaffin; Secretary



Outgoing President Ted Sheld hands the official gavel of office to Lions Club President Dwight R. Van De Walker.



The wonderful food, excellent service and beautiful surroundings at Guenther's Hot Springs was the conversation we caught as this photo of Frank Flesher and Benny Mansfield was taken.



We had our doubts about this photo . . . Sid Black, constable of Elsinore, handing Installing Officer William Snellbaker an official piece of paper or is Bill giving Sid his award for perfect attendance?

Lou Burnham; Treasurer Frank Flesher. Lion Tamer George Graham; Assistant Lion Tamer Howard Burgess; Tail Twister Tom Thomsen; Assistant Tail Twister Roy Heckman; Bulletin Editor Jim Caldwell; Co-Bulletin Editor Sid Black; Immediate Past President Ted Sheld.

Serving on the board of directors will be Clyde Longe, Chuck Pease, Bingo Haskell, Harvey French, Warren Enochs and Norman Park.

Awards were given to



Wife of President Van, Gwenn, and wife of ex-president Ted, Nelda, are both wearing big smiles on this night of nights.

Harvey French, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Melcum and Cheryl French took time out from their entree to give a welcome smile to the Revue photographer.



members having perfect attendance from May 1, 1965 to April 30, 1966. Receipts of this award were: Sid Black, Harvey French, Sandy Burnham, Lou Burnham, Steve Coogan, Fred Dominguez, Warren Enochs, Jewel Flynn, George Graham, Dean Huddleston, Earl Melcum, Roy Hoffman, Pat Luck, Ted Sheld and newly installed president Van.



Cecile and Benny Mansfield cut the light fantastic.



Now this is the kind of work your editor likes best, . . . a mean jitterbug with the Lions President Van, (far right of photo)



"I could have Danced All Night" — and we almost did.



Oops! We caught Jane Breuer, Kathryn Pease (center leaning toward Jane) and Karen Chaffin deep in conversation prior to the dinner.

Rotarian Bob McGill (Butterfield Village), Sally Misner (M & M Market), Neola Hoffman and Ted Sheld enjoying the comforts of the cocktail lounge at the Hot Springs. (Statements for those two free business plugs will be sent on the first).





Checking out and getting the merchandise ready for auction are Cliff Melford, Ray Thompson and Everett Greer.

Murrieta Auction Raises Almost \$1000 Dollars

"Do I hear one dollar? Two? Sold to that gentleman for \$3.50."

This was the voice of the auctioneers as they sold donated articles to swell the monies in the building fund for the Murrieta Town Hall which will be built in the nature of a clubhouse as soon as enough cash is on hand to begin the project.

Gus Dimitri and Ray Thompson acted as official auctioneers for the communities Second Annual Breakfast and Auction that was attended by hundreds and hundreds of good natured, jolly buying type persons.

Everything from an old wood burning stove, to a "paw box" was sold. Books, kettles, dishes, tables and even the chairs the au-

dienc sat upon was sold.

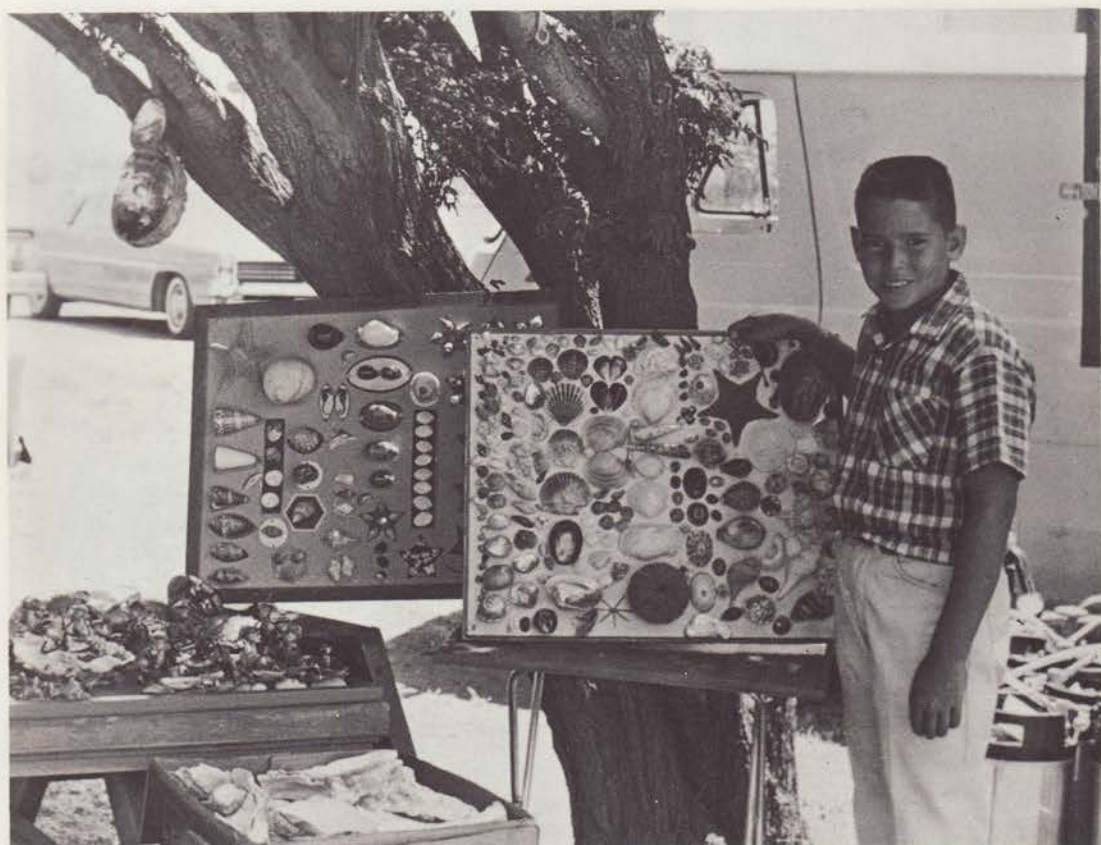
These energetic, community minded Murrietians hired James Matthews, a park architect, to make an over-all plan for the five acres, which the late Inez Hunt gave to the community for a new townhall and park in memory of her son.

With the plans complete the community members are on a "raise money to raise a Town Hall" campaign.

Others working with the event on Sunday, June 26 were Eunice Cain, Jack Garrison, Mrs. Gordon Harmon, on the white elephant table, Anna Lipking, who sold her shell novelties, all of the members of the Town Hall Association and members of the Murrieta Fire Department.



Every good business has a cashier and since auctions are good business meet the head cashier Mrs. Doyle Cutler.



David Cooprider of Home Gardens admires the shells contributed by Anna Lipking. Mrs. Lipking gathers the shells up and down the coast and then with a great deal of work turns them into a work of art as shown above. Proceeds from the shell sales went to the building fund.



Elsinore and Alberhill residents were very much in evidence at this affair as shown by the above photo.



The exterior of Grace-Anna Flowers with its flagstone front and loose rock roof.

A Bouquet For Anna of GRACE-ANNA Flowers

Perris' Grace-Anna Ricketts, the town florist, held the opening of her new flower shop on D Street on June 27, 1966.

Anna opened her first flower shop about eighteen years ago in her husband's old ice house just off D Street. Sitting in an open, wooden porch Anna turned out her first orders and just two weeks after she opened her first shop she was called upon to do a wedding, that of her son Ed, former principal of Perris Junior High School.

Anna studied the flower art in a Los Angeles florist school, apprenticed in a shop in Riverside and then with the financial help of Grace Reid went into business.

This new business house was in the paper stage

when her beloved husband Kenneth, passed away, but many of his ideas went into this building and business, which is more or less a family affair, with the Ricketts' children and grandchildren all pitching in when things get rushed.

Residents of Perris Valley and many from Elsinore Sun City and all surrounding communities call Anna —be it for a single rose to give your wife on your monthly anniversary or a prom corsage, funeral arrangements, a pretty vase of posies to take to the hospital or flowers to Mom on Mother's Day or for an entire wedding.

Anna not only has the ability to arrange your flowers, but her sincere interest in the occasion the flowers are bought for, will al-

ways bring a smile if the occasion warrants and some times tears.

Anna's new shop is a credit to Perris, as is "Anna."

—●—



Grace-Anna Ricketts, owner and operator

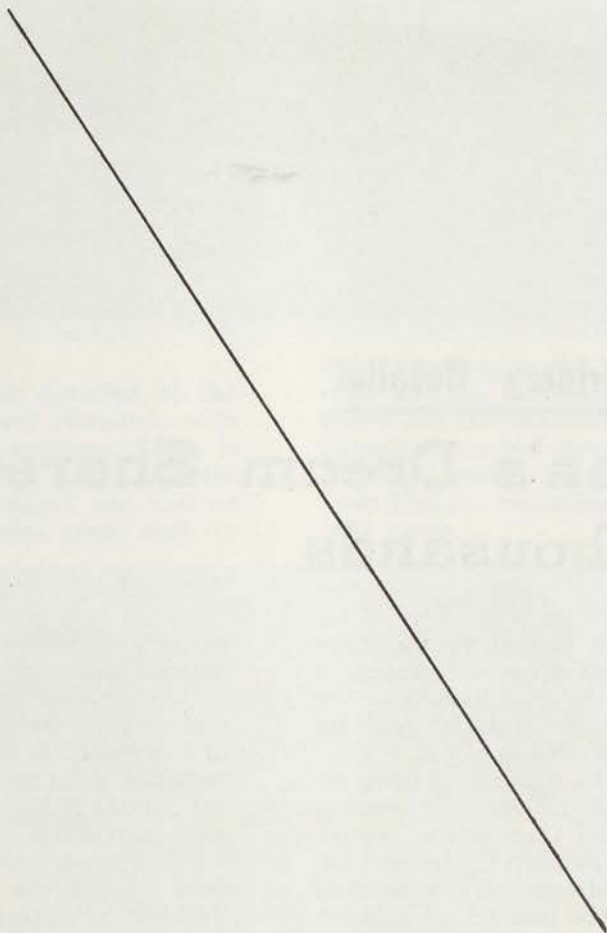


Anna is debating which of the variety of vases to put an arrangement.



Behind Anna are the racks of colored ribbons that she has to match any color gown for any purpose, be it a wedding, prom or just a corsage to your best girl because she is your best girl.

**From one corner of the
Valley to the other it's**



SEITZ LIQUOR STORE

142 N. Main

Elsinore



Murrieta Veterinary Hospital

One Man's Dream Shared With Thousands

All eyes have turned to the community of Murrieta, for it has once more achieved a "top drawer" award — the Murrieta Veterinary Hospital and its founder, Robert Freeman DVM.

This hospital, built of steel reinforced concrete blocks and having 8300 square feet of floor space, houses the newest, most modern equipment for the care and treatment of any animal. It is located on the corners of Kalmia and Jefferson streets on thirty acres of land and is actually two hospitals in one. One section for large animals and the other, small.

The large animal section has its own waiting room, central service, laboratory, examination room, two surgery rooms — one for standing surgery and one for prone surgery with hydraulic table, padded recovery room, pre-surgery room, autopsy room, six intensive care stalls and room for X-Rays.

In the equine operating room is a hydraulic operating table which is 7½ feet wide by 11 feet long. A horse wheel chair can transport the animal from

surgery to the recovery room with its padded walls and floor.

An observation gallery where animal owners, students and others can sit and watch the proceedings is situated between the prone and standing surgical rooms with the entrance off the main corridor.

The small animal section of the hospital has facilities to treat any type of problem your dog, cat, bird or monkey can come up with. Operating room with units for transfusions, oxygen and other emergency needs just a "reach" away.

DOC FREEMAN'S STORY

About twenty-eight years ago, when Bob was a boy of ten, he lived in Corona on a cattle and horse ranch, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard Freeman.

One of the Freeman's friends was George Mease, at that time a "brand inspector". One of Mr. Mease's areas for checking cattle was the Vail Company and as a boy Bob would go out on the job with him.



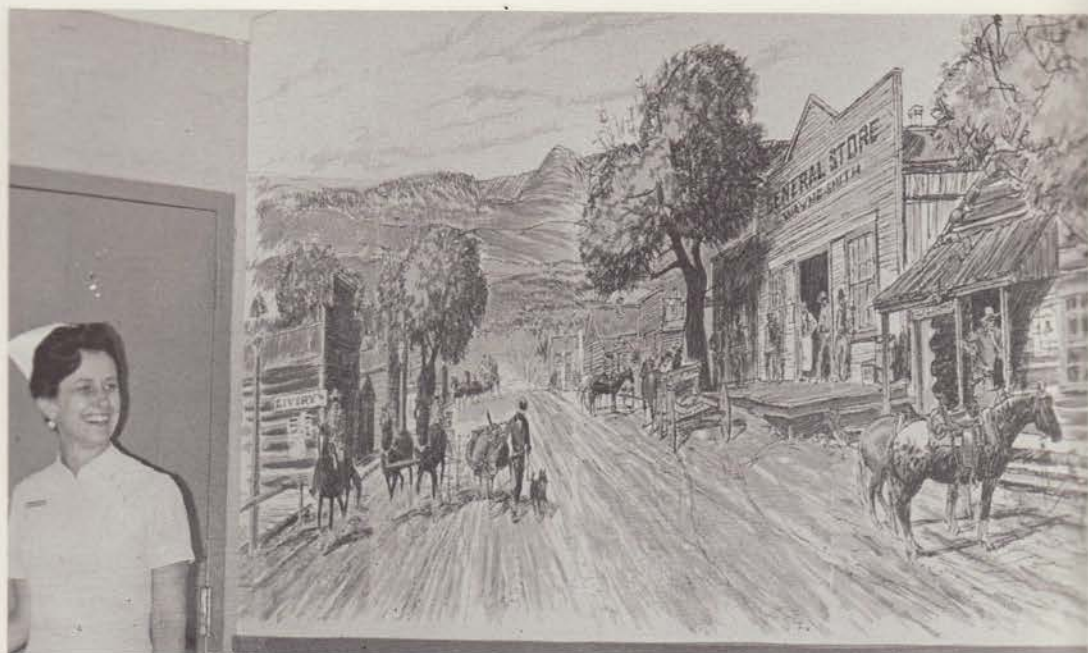
Two views of the exterior of the Murrieta Veterinarian Hospital, with its shake roof. Landscape work is progressing well. The interior colors of the hospital are various shades of mudstone, from dark to

light. Working in the hospital along with Pauline Freeman and Marsha Baker are Dot Mefford, head nurse; Carroll Anderson, head receptionist; Marilyn Dewitt, receptionist; and Judy Pellam, receptionist and assistant nurse.



Dr. Bruce Baker and Dr. Robert Freeman. Very soon Dr. Dave Marshall, who was born and reared in

Riverside and a graduate of Davis, will be included in this photograph. He will be working with Dr. Freeman and large animals.



Pauline Freeman at the doorway of the waiting room in the large animal section. Behind her is the mural that was a gift from Bill Movius. It is of a main street of a town closely resembling Murrieta in ear-

lier days. Wooden sidewalks, unpaved streets, log buildings and the usual false front on the general store. The street is lined with buckboards, saddle horses, a Concord stage even a prospector with burro and dog.



Marsha Baker stands at the entrance to the small animal waiting room. All of the hospital personnel is attired in pastel blue uni-

forms. The entire color scheme for hospital records and forms, stationery and etc. is blue on blue for large animal and blue on white for small.



In Central Service we see Dot Meford, head nurse, first at the autoclave which is used to sterilize instruments and in lower photo with the cart that medicine is placed on to transport to different sections of

the hospital. In this room is also a complete laundry, washer and dryer; cupboards filled with bandages and medicines; complete kitchen facilities including a dish washer and storage for extra tools.

Congratulations 'WESTERN DAYS'

SEE AD ON FRONT INSIDE COVER PAGE

from BUZZ HENES' THE HOLIDAY



Pauline Freeman, Dot Mefford, Carroll Anderson and Marsha Baker. If this photo were in color you

would see four lovely ladies attired in pastel blue uniforms, always ready to help you with your animals' problems.

Congratulations

TO

DOCTOR FREEMAN

FOR A MAJOR DEVELOPMENT OF
MURRIETA VALLEY BEAUTIFUL

FROM

HARRY C. WINTER, Broker

Telephone '714' 677-2571 — P. O. Box 194 — MURRIETA, CALIFORNIA

"MURRIETA VALLEY BEAUTIFUL"



The mobil units are still in use,
even with the hospital. All the

units are blue and white and have
facilities for emergency treatment.

CONGRATULATIONS

TO

DOCTOR FREEMAN

FOR A JOB WELL DONE

FROM

Guenther's Murrieta Hot Springs



Dr. Bruce Baker in the three photos on this page is doing actual surgery on this canine patient. The strange looking mouth piece is so placed in



case the animal needs oxygen during surgery. The oxygen tube connects directly with the tube in the animals mouth and there is no time lost.



Congratulations
'WESTERN DAYS'

from BUZZ HENES' THE HOLIDAY

SEE AD ON FRONT INSIDE COVER PAGE



Dr. Bruce Baker has just finished with Pierre de Poo and is turning the dog back to its master, Jack Schulz of 255 Camino Rainbow,

Fallbrook. People come from all over Southern California, Arizona and Nevada to have their animals taken care of at the Murrieta Veterinary Hospital.

It was at that time that Bob fell in love with Murrieta Valley and knew he would someday be a veterinary for the area. He was graduated from Corona High School, went two years to Fullerton Junior College and on to the California School of Veterinary Medicine, University of California at Davis where he was graduated in 1958.

He remained there for a year in research, then moved to the Department of Agriculture, Arizona State University, for three years in the teaching field.

It was in July of 1962 that he came to Murrieta and worked with a mobile unit equipped with the latest equipment for any emergency.

Dr. Freeman's wife Pauline, was his childhood sweetheart and she shared his dream of building the "finest hospital in the United States."

Pauline is a graduate of the University of California at Santa Barbara where she received her teaching credentials. So that Bob could complete his studies, she did nursery school work.

She and Bob are the parents of six children (see photos).

The plans for the hospital were not designed by an architectural firm, they were done by Doc and his many friends. The plans were always out on the desk and as Doc would think up something new, he would revise them. Adding extra wide doors on some rooms, having them open out into the corridor or inward, according to the use. For example the room where the horses are put for recovery, are completely padded and no matter what the animal does in that room it cannot injure itself, and the

Congratulations
'WESTERN DAYS'

SEE AD ON FRONT INSIDE COVER PAGE

from BUZZ HENES' THE HOLIDAY



No chance for error with the newest in office machinery. Marsha demonstrates the NCR billing and posting machine. With this machine

the records on your pet are so exact that one does not have to worry about an error in further treatment as everything ever done for an animal is on a permanent record.

door to this room opens in from the main corridor and a sliding door leads to the operating room. No way in the world for the horse to kick a door out.

In the long, wide corridor that houses the six 14 x 14 intensive care stalls is a bug-type killer gadget that emits at intervals a spray to assure the animals of no flies on their bodies. Each stall is equipped with oxygen and if necessary the animal can receive emergency treatment right there.

Every phase of the hospital was so carefully planned that when the question was asked of Dr. Freeman "Now that you have moved into the hospital, and settled, can you find anything in the construction you would like to change or improve upon?" His answer was simply, "Absolutely not, it's perfect."

ABOUT DR. BRUCE BAKER

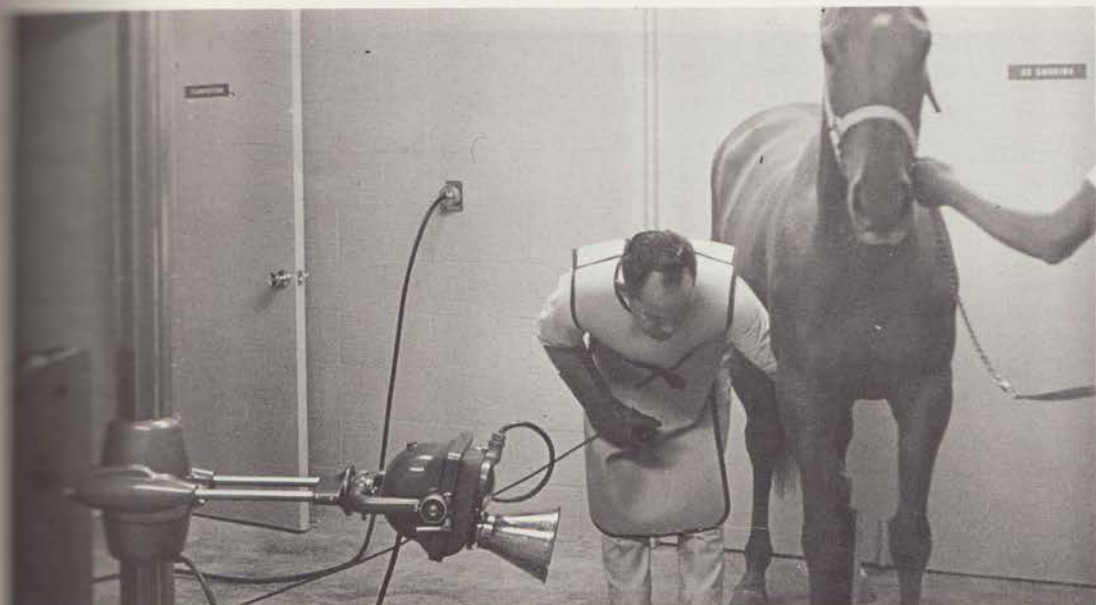
Dr. Bruce Baker, who is classed as the small animal doctor, is a graduate



In each operating room and examination rooms one will find a surgical supply cabinet with surgical tools housed behind glass sliding doors..

CONGRATULATIONS DOCTOR FREEMAN

FROM STEVEN M. HUNYADY



Dr. Freeman dons the outfit and gloves necessary so that he can take an X-Ray. The unit is portable and if the animal cannot be brought in to the room for X-rays they can take the portable unit to where ever the animal is in the hospital. As one can tell, nothing was left out in the

planning of this modern institution. Dr. Bob has a firm policy while working on animals. They are never tied. Each animal is hand-held while being X-rayed, or treated. In this the animal cannot hurt itself nor anyone working on it, plus the fact it soothes most animals having someone close to it.

Congratulations

TO

DOCTOR FREEMAN

FROM

HENDERSON MASONRY CO.

GENERAL BUILDING CONTRACTORS

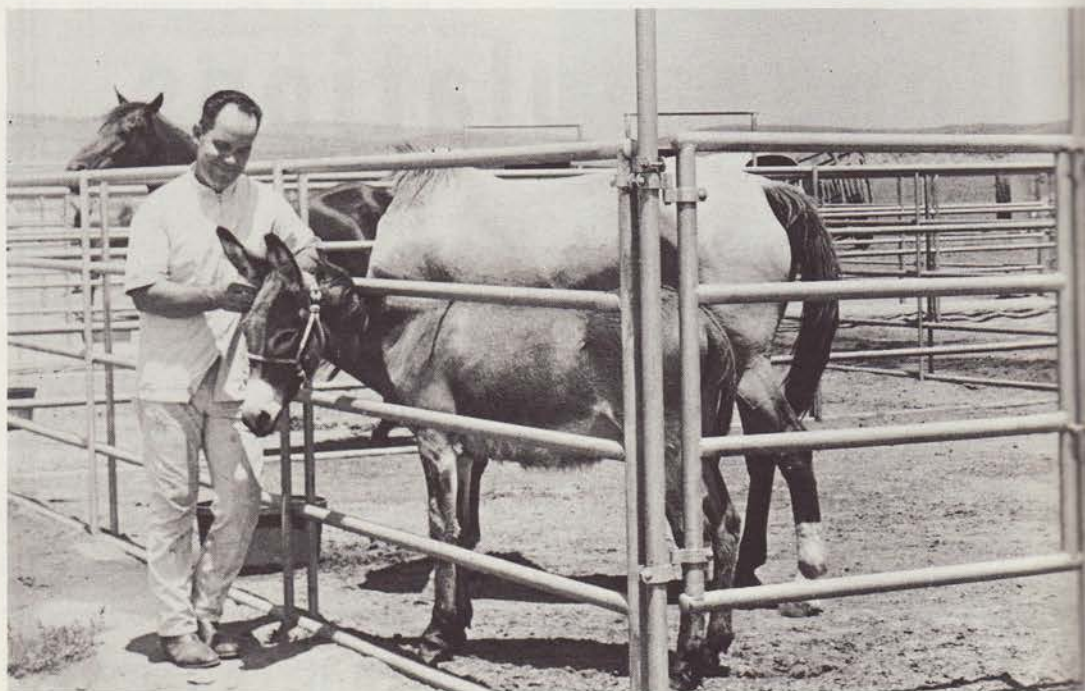
Telephone 674-2351

ELSINORE



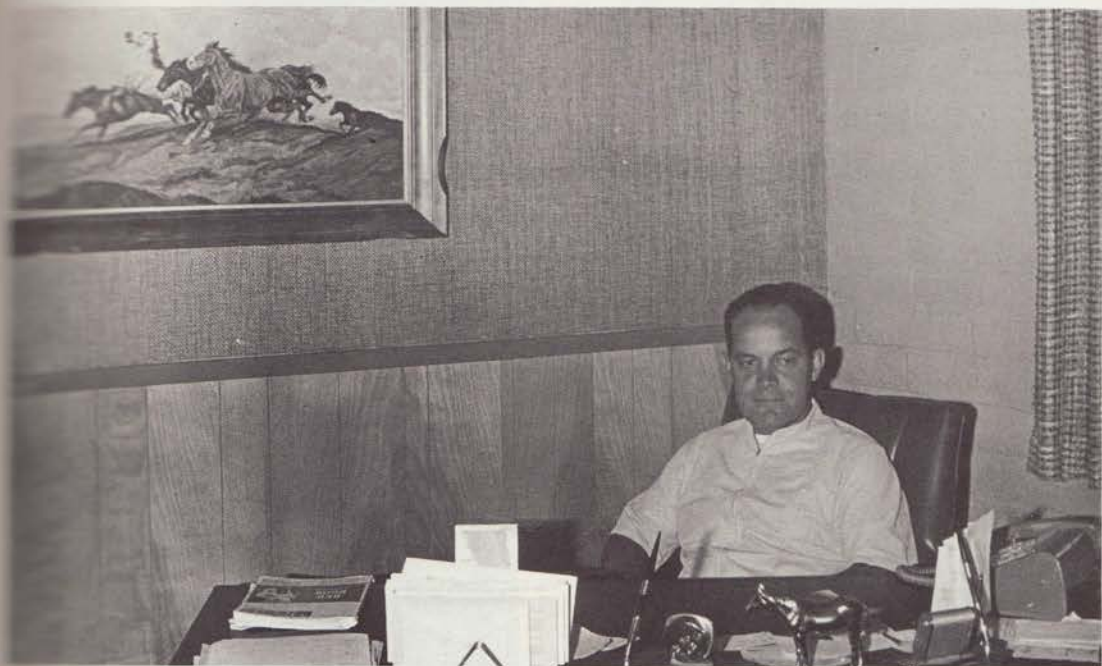
Getting a horse ready for surgery is probably the most fascinating facet of the veterinary business to a layman. First the horse is given a shot to settle it down. About ten minutes later it is led to the padded recovery room and another shot

administered, which puts the horse out in less than a minute. Then Dr. Freeman, who is holding the horse on a rope guides the horse and it "drops" safely to the padded floor, sound asleep. In the above photo Dr. Freeman checks the horse to ascertain that it is asleep.



At the paddocks, erected by Gus Dimitri, Dr. Bob takes a minute to

console a patient. There is ten acres of pipe constructed paddocks and twenty acres of pasture.



This will be a photo to be treasured because one seldom if ever finds Dr. Freeman seated at his desk. The painting in the background was a gift from Dr. Freeman's mother and the desk set, complete with clock, calendar and pen was a gift to him

from his students at Arizona State University. According to Carroll Anderson, head receptionist, the doctor has a score of treasured items given him by friends and grateful animal owners and from various organizational groups that Dr. Freeman has aided.

at Purdue University in Indiana and has practiced in Palm Springs with Dr. Herman Salk and at the Maywood Pet Clinic.

Dr. Baker, who is as enthusiastic about the hospital as Dr. Bob, is married to Marsha and they are the parents of a little lady, Rendi, just over a year old.

In his section of the hospital are thirty stainless steel cages to house the weakly ill and convalescent animals, with six exercise yards. At present he does not board or groom animals.

HOSPITAL CONSTRUCTION

The entire hospital was constructed by persons who are clients of the doctors. Roy Kitter of Kitter Horse Ranch and Kitter and Hood of Riverside did the plumbing. Terry Barr of T-Bar

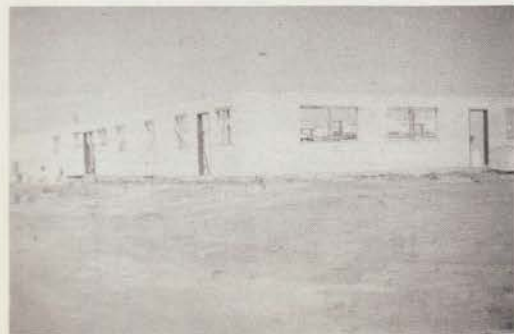
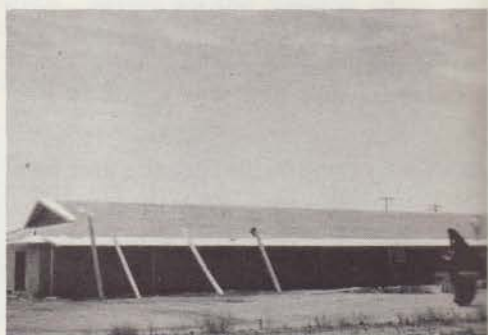
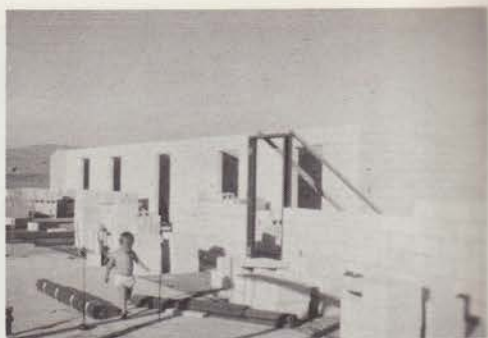
Ranch, electrical work; Ben Vincent of Vincent Cabinet Works, Corona, designed and built the elaborate convenient cabinets that house the medicines and supplies; Bob Henderson of Henderson Masonry, Elsinore, block Work; Henry Garcia, walks and walkways. Elliot Roofing; hardwalls and interior by Turner Hardwall, Hemet; Gus Dimitri of the Double D Ranch, Murrieta, paddocks.

Adding the final and necessary touches to Bob's plans was James Wilde of A.I.A. Architect and Associates of Garden Grove.

Head contractor for the job was Bill Movius. It was he that gave the Freemans' the lovely mural at the entrance to the large animal section of the hospital. (See photo).

CONGRATULATIONS DOCTOR FREEMAN

FROM JERRY and TED DILLON



Construction takes a lot of know-how. Check these candid camera shots. Left to right. Bill, Jim, David and Jon Freeman check out the forms for the hospital. From the looks of things its three against one. Oh, oh, little Jon is checking out the concrete blocks. Little Jon decides to sit things out with brother Billy and discuss the entire matter. No one around maybe the boys went out for a short milk. Sister Debra and Jimmy decided to get into the business. To the left of photo we find Gus Dimitri, Cliff Mefford and Mr. and Mrs. Foster. Roof shot before shake roof was added. It is approaching evening and the construction crew went home. Adios



In October, while the hospital was under construction, Dr. Baker took us on a cook's tour. Photo to the

left is in Dr. Freeman's office and Bruce is showing the fine cabinet work. We said goodbye to Bruce and the then unfinished hospital.



Debra, 12



Sheryl, 10



Bill, 8



Jim, 6½



David, 4½



Jon, 3

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from BUZZ HENES' THE HOLIDAY

SEE AD ON FRONT INSIDE COVER PAGE

CENTER AISLE RIGHT

By Garey Carr

Ed Manning was janitor of the old Morning Herald in Los Angeles. I first met Ed back in 1903 when I got my first job on a metropolitan daily while attending high school. I was a cub reporter.

Being a janitor in those days was a far cry from the duties today of a maintenance man or a "building superintendent" but



Ed was perfectly satisfied with his title and I doubt that the more complementary titles would have made him any happier.

Back in those "horse and buggy" days there was a lot of tobacco chewing going on and practically every desk in the Herald office had its accompanying cuspidor or "spittoon," as the low brows were wont to call them.

Anyway, while a lot of men chewed tobacco in those days there were few

experts at hitting the target and in that "hit-and-miss" period being a janitor was no bed of roses.

However, no one ever heard a complaint from Ed. I met him on the stairs one day with his arms loaded with dirty cuspidors and for want of a better greeting said, "I bet you hate juggling those things every day" and in reply he said, "No, I don't mind it. I'm getting paid for this job and sometimes when I get kind of tired I remember that I could be doing this job for something to eat and a place to sleep." You see, Ed Manning was a negro.

Nothing ever bothered Ed. He was a good worker, cheerful at all times with a fine sense of humor and every one on the staff would go out of his way to pass the time of day with Ed. There were no big problems worrying Ed. "White trade only" signs didn't bother him, he got plenty to eat and every white man who knew him was his friend.

I don't know what ever happened to Ed. I left the paper after several years, went north and spent some time on the San Francisco

Examiner after the fire and when I returned to the Herald years later it had been converted into an afternoon paper called Evening Herald. I worked as a reporter for several more years on the Evening Herald and the Herald-Express but there was no Ed Manning.

What's the point of this story?

Well, in these days of "We shall Overcome," "Black Power" riots and protest marching I just thought you might like to hear about a happy negro who accepted life as it came, loved everybody and everybody loved him.

We had many fine outstanding negroes in Los Angeles around the turn of the century and it's kind of refreshing to look back on those days when we were all friends, there was very little crime, and we hadn't yet learned of the "Great Society."

No wonder we like to call them the "good old days."

ARTICLE PUBLISHED

Ron and Fran Wickert have an article published in the August-September issue of Desert Magazine entitled "From Harvest to Horses."



for design, engineering, and capability in modern communications □ your local telephone company can do it better

CALIFORNIA WATER & TELEPHONE COMPANY A member of the General System



BLOOD FOR BOBBY

BLOOD DONORS

Signs posted at the Holiday on Railroad Avenue in Elsinore and at the Red Garter on Riverside Drive simply read "Blood for Bobby, Tuesday, July 12, Lakeside Tire Shop, Graham Avenue or by bus at the Red Garter."

The story begins on Friday, July 2, when Bobby Ellis and his brother, Ernie were driving home to Elsinore from completing a construction job in the Los Angeles area. The men were in a truck, carrying the unused portion of brick and tools from the job.

But, they didn't quite make it, for a car ahead of them on the freeway, came to a dead stop and the truck piled into the rear of the stopped vehicle, causing the load in the rear of the vehicle Bobby was driving to slide forward, hit and explode the gasoline tank. The boys had to crawl out the windows since the doors were crimped shut, but not before they were engulfed in flames.

Bobby, who was last out of the truck was in flames and Ernie, along with others at the scene of the accident beat the flames out, but not before Bob's body



was burned almost forty per cent.

The boys were taken to the Los Angeles General Hospital where unit after unit of blood was given Bobby, who at that time was on the critical list.

The call went out through the Elsinore Lion's Club asking donors for blood to replenish the club's bank as they were supplying blood to Bobby as fast as he needed it.

Following are a list of the persons who, answered the call and went to Hemt to the blood mobile and gave to help Robert Ellis.

From Bobby, wife Jeanette, his brother, Ernie, and their families, a sincere and grateful "thank you" was extended.

—●—

Elsinore

Robert W. Hanks
Pat Luck
Grant H. Tanner
Al May
Billy Jo Robb
Thomas J. Thomsen
M. D. "Bingo" Haskell
James Withrow
Joe F. Vasquez
Felicitia Vasquez
Harlon C. Gilbertson
Roger L. Mayhall
Harold R. Cook
Phillip Goveia
Dwight Van De Walker
Harry L. Fagan
Edwin M. Starr
Freddy Stokes
Patricia Stokes
Joan Schwachert
James Magill
Stanley Biscoe
Cristobel Ruvalcaba
Vahan Atamian
Betty A. Lytle
Mary D. Simmons
Lloyd Crane
Donald MacKay
Samuel R. Bitting
James V. Knott
James Cannalla
Merrill Battrell
Armando Rios
Lucius Lapper
Leslie Harris
Catherine Wilkie
Josephine Chittenden
Pat L. Ortiz
Cecelio Rodriguez
Eddie Ellis
L. F. Isaacs
Mary Jane Gardner
Walter L. Willette
David Bulen
Dolores E. Mayhall
Perris
Rubie K. Zorrero
Wildomar
John W. Driskill
Jerry H. Stewart
Bonnie J. Prouty
Harry J. Prouty
Robert L. Henderson
Mary L. Henderson

—●—

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Now That You Mention It

By BEN MINNICH



The flag waving and bible thumping set appear at the moment to have diverted their prohibitory zeal from pornographic literature to the psychedelic hallucination producing drugs, of which LSD has received the most publicity, although it is by no means the only member of the family.

As a non-user, I couldn't comment on the merits of this particular kick with any degree of authority except to note that my information suggests that the degree of hazard to persons other than the using individual is somewhat more peripheral than that resulting from tobacco or alcohol usage; therefore, in line with my constant view that legislation to protect people from their own folly is both objectionable and futile, I fail to see what all the hysteria is really about.

I find a further fascination in the circumstance that generally the same

group that exhibits the highest level of hysteria with regard to pornography and drugs has become quite frantic over suggestions largely in the wake of the presidential assassination, that some control over the use and ownership of firearms should be attempted.

Admittedly, the subject of arms is treated in Article II of the Bill of Rights, while the Constitution is silent on the subject of drugs. On the other hand Article V of the same Bill, which prohibits self-incrimination, is one that the fulminators would as soon see ignored when it works to the protection of those with whom they happen to disagree.

Setting aside for the moment the legalistic considerations, however, I would submit that an idiot with a gun is capable of substantially more mischief and infliction of injury upon innocent parties than one with a dirty book or a shot of LSD.

One of my secret ambitions has always been to own one of these hideaway places up in the hills where I could go with my family my children could roam in relative safety, and essentially be away from time to time from the onward crush of urbanization. Alas, I both have to work and like to travel and the ownership of such a property is no longer possible for one who is able to afford anything less than a 24-hour guard service. For the firearm bearers have interpreted Article II as granting the right to shoot at anything, anywhere, any time. For this reason the children cannot roam safely in a mountain retreat.

Recently I sought to purchase one of these on behalf of a client. All that I saw that were unoccupied had been devastated speci-

fically and totally by the unfringed bearers of arms Houses, signs, tanks, trees, and all were riddled with bullet holes as also are the signs along our public highways.

We do indeed require automobiles to be registered and demand that their operators have a minimum competence and responsibility. Perhaps at least this limited level of safeguard could be attached as well to guns, which in my book are more dangerous and less necessary.

—●—

SITE FOR NEW POST OFFICE APPROVED

The Board of Directors of the Perris Valley Chamber of Commerce on March 4, 1965 had a discussion on the local post office and the fact it was much to inadequate for today's use and the group as a chamber decided to see what could be done.

It was just a little over one year, when after much correspondence with Congressman John Tunney and postal authorities, that Postmaster Allen O. Peterson reported that he had received word from Postmaster General L. F. O'Brien that the proposed site owned by the City of Perris at the southeast corner of D Street and San Jacinto Avenue had been approved by the postal department and Perris residents can soon look forward to a new post office.

Plans call for 6787 square feet of floor space and an area of 18,500 square feet of parking.

All this made possible through the efforts of the Perris Valley Chamber of Commerce. Join now!

—●—



The MacKay family left to right. Helen holding 22 month old Jonathan, Don MacKay, Mike, Don and Gregory.

TRADE TODAY WITH DON MACKAY

Donald MacKay, an energetic, civic-minded man, has taken over the ownership and management of Elsinore's Ford Company located on Main Street.

Don, who was born in North Dakota and received his grammar and high school education in that state, spent thirty-seven months in the United States Marine Corps as an aircraft electrician.

It was in 1946, one month after his discharge from the service, that he married his childhood sweetheart, Helen, and they moved to North Ridge where Don

went to work for the California Bank. After three years with that company, first as a bookkeeper and then as chief clerk he decided that he wanted to be a public accountant.

Don then enrolled himself as a student at Phillips College of business and for three years studied for his license and in 1952 he received the certificate entitling him to be a Public Accountant in the State of California.

His experience in the automobile business began after that. He went to work for a Ford dealer in Holly-

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wood as assistant office manager, then to a Chevrolet dealer as business manager.

With this experience in accounting and in the automotive field he was hired as business manager for the Ford Company in Moorpark and soon became part owner.

It was after the firm moved to Simi that he heard of Elsinore and Hodges Ford Company and decided to move to town and the ranks of "Elsinore Businessman."

June 15th, 1966 was the day of days for Don for that is the day the Ford business of Elsinore became his and a new slogan was painted on all of the windows—"Trade Today With MacKay."

Don, as owner-operator, has made very little changes in the personnel of the former Hodges Ford Co.

In the service department is Jess Mora, manager; Jim Sartain and Noland Park, mechanics; Beverly Sutton, bodyman; son Mike MacKay, parts department. Chris M. Ruvalcaba, get-ready department and helping him are Donny and Gregory MacKay.

When you enter the office you are greeted by Evelyn Roderick and to purchase



Earl DeMunn



Joe McCann



M. D. Haskell

your car you can see sales manager M. D. Haskell, better known to Elsinoreites as "Bingo." Or Joe McCann and Earl DeMunn — any of these fellows will be more than pleased to see that you "Trade today with MacKay" Don is a Rotarian and a

member of Canoga Lodge No. 611 and Royal Arch Masons No. 135 Van Nuys.

This year's Punt, Pass and Kick contest for boys from eight to thirteen years of age sponsored by MacKay Ford and the Ford Dealers' of America, will extend the invitation of boys participating to include those from Perris, Romoland, Homeland, Wilomar and all of the surrounding towns. Watch your local newspaper for further information on this fine contest.

Don intends to continue to supply, at no charge to the school, the Driver's Education automobiles.

You don't have to be in the market for a new car to drop in and say hello to Don and extend a welcome to he and his family.

—●—



Donald MacKay



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New Principal "Elsinore History Vignettes" At EUHS

David A. Inglis is the new principal of Elsinore Union High School.

Inglis is a native of Los Angeles, where he attended Fremont High School, of which his father, John, was the principal. He earned his bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Denver and took his master of arts degree at the University of Southern California.

He comes to Elsinore after two years at Troy High School, Fullerton School District, where he was vice principal and dean of instruction. Prior to that he served as dean of instruction for three years at La Habra High School.

He and his wife, Catherine, are the parents of two daughters, Catherine, a senior at the State College in Fullerton and Loraine, a senior at La Habra High School.



Elizabeth C. James

The Book Compiled By Elizabeth C. James

Have you ever wondered about Elsinore? Exactly when there was water in Lake Elsinore and what years it was dry? Do you ever wonder how Graham Avenue was named or what life on Laguna Ranch was like?

It seems that Elizabeth C. James, former co-editor of the Elsinore Leader-Press weekly newspaper, wondered about the same things only she decided to do something about it.

In 1958, with Elsinore observing its seventy-fifth anniversary, the Elsinore Leader-Press reprinted Mrs. Edna McCoys articles compiled from her father's documents and writing and from first-hand information from the then rapidly thinning ranks of pioneers and with this at hand, Betty James compiled the book entitled "Elsinore History Vignettes."

The book is printed in a large, easily read type on paper with brown ink and is spiral bound. Photos in the book show Elsinore as it was in the past and the information found in it will prove invaluable to the reader, old-time residents as well as newcomers to the Valley.

Mayhall Print Shop at 138 North Main Street, home of La Laguna Revue, has received permission from Mrs. James to distribute this book, which we have used in the past to verify much of our information for stories. (Coupon and further information elsewhere in this issue).

Betty is not a newcomer to the area. She and her husband, the late B. C. James, came to the Valley in 1946 and took over the Leader-Press. She is past president of the Elsinore Woman's Club, member of the Episcopal Church, past Worthy Matron of Eastern Star and is presently employed by the Elsinore School District.

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ART CENTER Installation and LUAU

The Sedco Hills home of Ruth Gruettner was the setting for the installation of officers of the Elsinore Valley Art Center on Sunday afternoon, June 26.

Theme for the installation was a luau with guest of honor Vivian Plano, who cut the president's cake for the sixty-one attending officers and guests.

Selected to lead the group as its president for the 1966-1967 term of office was Garnet Crowley. Serving with her will be Rosanne Ashbridge as vice president and bulletin chairman; Ruth Gruettner as secretary and head of ways and means; Rebecca Hirsch, treasurer. Frances Parks, publicity chairman; Fritz Gediman, historian and Mathias Macher as auditor.

Outgoing officers were Pas President Vivian Plano secretary Clara Peyton and Parliamentarian Arthur Gediman.

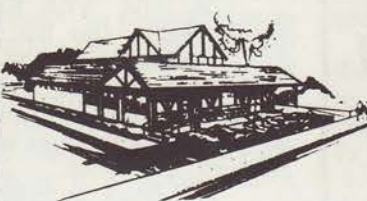
Entertainment for the luau was provided by Elsinore's talented Joe Doyen who played several numbers on the accordion and his wife, Marion, who danced and acted a hobo number and did a "hula, that was a lu-lu."

Mary Baccus sang "Lovely Hula Hands" and "Moon of Manakoora."

Mrs. Rose Lewis of Sedco won first prize in the drawing which was a painting by Mrs. Clapp, simply entitled "Roses."



Garney Crowley, President of Elsinore Valley Art Center.




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Complete with Hawaiian attire and happy smiles were those joining in the Art Center festivities. Top photo from left to right: Ivera Rose, Ruth Gruettner, Olive Hall, Dora Cloudsley, Art Hall, Clara and Peyton and Billy and Jack Kaufman.

Bottom photo shows Frances Parks, Roseanne Ashbridge, Nathan and Rebecca Hirsch, Georgia Mahon, Pearl Brown, Esther Clapp and entertainers, Joe and Marian Doyen.

Tommy Morrow does sell Insurance

Robins Corner . . . Quail Valley

Who Was Johnny Applesseed?

Way back when America was young, when the area around Pittsburg and down the Ohio was considered the 'frontier,' when the Indians roamed, some friendly, others not, a youngster named John Chapman was born.

He was to see the light of day for the first time in Leominster, Mass. in 1774. Here he was educated and evidenced an unusual interest in both plants and animals and all through his life, he was able to make friends with all the animals of the forest. Many are the legends about him but a few facts are listed that can be considered true.

Early in life he traveled west to Pittsburg where he became known as a strange man who was very interested in apples, also he had a reputation as a missionary and would spend hours reading the Bible aloud to any who would listen. He was friends with all and never went armed . . . he was respected by all the Indians who considered him a great Medicine Man. Where ever he went, for over 40 years, he carried large quantities of apple-seeds, which he planted in spots all up and down the Ohio River country, even traveling as far West as Iowa. As he became well known in these areas, he lost his real name and was called "Johnny Applesseed" until he died on March 11, 1847, of pneumonia. He is buried in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. His reputation will never die and that area of the U.S.A. is well known for its good apples to this day.

What does this have to do with Quail Valley, Elsinore

and the Perris Valley? Well, look around, note the great lack of trees of any kind, observe the absence of shade and the NEED of a Johnny Applesseed to plant some of his trees; Do we have a Johnny Applesseed in our midst? One thing is sure . . . we do need trees. Shade trees can cool the air temperature as much as 10 degrees and if combined with grass lawns almost 20 degrees. Not only do trees provide good shade but they add to the beauty of the area in a manner that nothing else can do. Surely we can interest a few modern Johnny Applesseeds . . . surely we still desire to have beauty combined with a practical application of comfort? This is not too difficult to achieve . . . all it needs is a little interest by a few people. Let a few Civic Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, civic leaders in the business world show the way and plant a few Fruitless Mulberry trees. These trees are fast growing and clean . . . are pest free and soon provide an abundance of wonderful cooling shade. In three years they are 15 feet high, will mature at 20' high with a spread of about the same. They do very well in this area and thrive on little water and practically no care. Your local nursery can suggest other trees that will do well in your area.

Well, how about it Quail Valley are we going to head the way? What do you say Perris and Elsinore . . . can and will you meet the challenge. Let's hear from some of you local editors—take the initiative some of you civic organizations—how about it you businessmen.

Millions are being spent now on Urban Renewal—for a few dollars and some volunteer labor and a little hard work, our towns can be beautiful in a manner that will cause visitors to return, residents to admire and the town to be proud.

Let's learn a lesson from the Feather River Project. The first thing that will be done at the Perris Dam site starting next year, is the planting of 16,000 trees to provide shade for the millions of visitors to this recreational area. There is certainly an object lesson in this, for all of this area to follow. Only God can make a tree . . . but man can and should plant all he can!

See you next month . . .

Robin

ELSINORE HAS BOOTH AT HEMET FAIR

Elsinore Valley Chamber of Commerce will be represented at the 1966 Farmer's Fair in Hemet with a feature booth.

Dates to attend the fair will be August 17 through 21.

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A visit to Alaska - Our 49th state

BEN MINNICH

Fairbanks is central to mainland Alaska and a crossroads in the most literal sense, with exactly one road leading off more or less in each of the cardinal directions, though a new one under construction to Chena Hot Springs to the northeast will add an odd spoke to the pattern.

Easterly runs the Richardson Highway and its connection "outside" via the Alaska Highway. Through Fairbanks to the west it continues as the Elliott Highway, originally to the old mining camp of Livengood, (rhymes with alive, not living), but recently extended to Manley Hot Springs, a mere 400 miles from the east end of the road leading toward Fairbanks from Nome.

Once upon a time, a few years ago, this road, beginning at Weed, California and ending at Prince of Wales, nose to nose with Russia at the far west tip of Alaska's Seward Peninsula, carried the designation of U.S. 97. It seems, however to have been little more than a dream of some namless and unrecorded Bureaucrat (in which government, map company, or auto club, no one seems sure), for the designation, though remaining in the "lower 48", and curiously, also in British Columbia, has been abandoned in Alaska. There are still a few U.S. 97 signs in Fairbanks that no one has bothered to take down.

Alaska has a state route numbering system, somewhat sketchily posted, and the roads, something of a rare novelty, as were freeways in California not too long ago, all have names as our older freeways did. No doubt a few more roads will lead as it has in California, to a runout of names and the age of numbers will come to Alaska too.

To the south, following the Alaska Railroad runs a road to the old river town of Nenana, and beyond to a dead end now but some day to Mt. McKinley and Anchorage. Northward, and tested first on this trip runs the most legendary of all, the Steese Highway to Circle-on-the-Yukon, so named because of a belief that the terminal village was located at the Arctic Circle, which really turned out to be about 50 miles further North.

Actually the Steese commences

about 10 miles from downtown Fairbanks at a place called Fox junction. In 1952, it was a trading post deep in the muskeg over a one way dirt track; today but one of several gas stations on the periphery of a paved road slurburbia.

From Fox to the old mining camp of Chatanika, the road traverses one of the principal gold fields of the central region, and passes the site of the 1901 discovery of Felix Pedro that began the Fairbanks rush. This road crosses a divide between the Chena and Chatanika River Valleys, and is being regraded for pavement. Beyond Chatanika, however, it's old time Alaska, a winding trail with an occasional roadhouse.

The road follows the Chatanika River and a 35 mile long aqueduct built in the early years for hydraulic mining — at the time, the longest such structure in the world. It consists of open canals with long siphons across the canyons, and gains, over the distance, several hundred feet of head. Abandoned now for mining, it has been converted to other use by placement of a hydroelectric plant at the bottom of one of the siphons.

I couldn't find out why not at the end of the line, which would afford more head and less transmission distance to Fairbanks, but assume one of the siphons beyond may have needed replacement or expensive repair.

Right along this section we had the experience of having a large bull moose jump out of the shrubbery in front of the car and trot ahead for a quarter mile or so before returning to the woods.

At Birch Creek is another mining district, now deserted, and 12 miles beyond, a major summit at 1225 feet the divide between the Yukon drainages. Timberline at these latitudes is only about 2000 feet, and vast herds of caribou still roam the upland barrens. I've often seen them there, but none on this particular occasion. The road dips down to Ptarmigan Creek, appropriately named, for these small fowl, the state bird, are seen everywhere in this area. Beyond lies Eagle Summit, scene of a mighty tourist pilgrimage every June 21, for it is the one and only place on the North American connected highway system when the midnight sun can be seen. Though below the Arctic Circle by about 100 miles, the elevation makes the sighting possible on the one day only.

Continued In Next Issue

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GORDON HARMON RETIRES

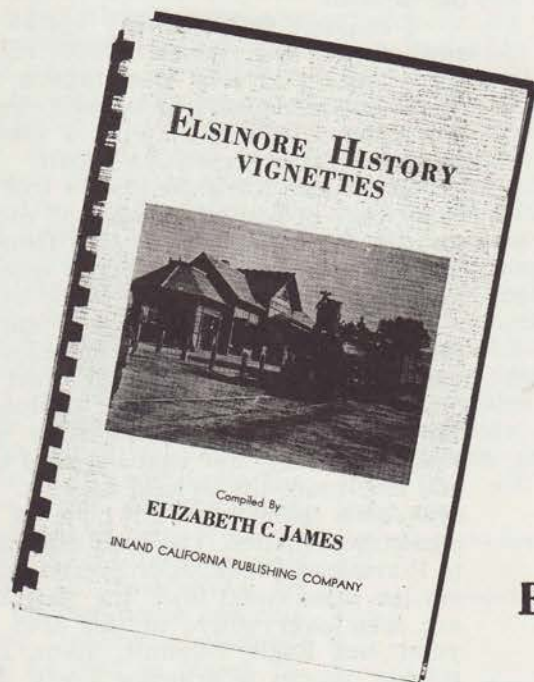
Gordon Harmon, who has served the Murrieta Grammar School for the past eighteen years, as a teacher first and finally the school's principal, retired in June.

The members of the community, former students, teachers and school board members as well as county and district officials recently held an Appreciation Party in his honor.

For entertainment a group of former students put on a program after which a shotgun was presented to Mr. Harmon along with a king-size paddle hand autographed by former students.

Sponsoring the party were members of the Parent-Teacher Club and community members.

Mr. Harmon began his teaching and principal duties while at the old school-house and in 1958, when the new school was completed, he continued his work until this June.



Do You Know About Elsinore?

WHAT YEAR WAS THE FLOOD?
WHEN DID RAILROAD WASH
OUT?

WHEN DID ELSINORE
RESIDENTS ROW UP AND
DOWN THE STREETS?

EL SINORE HISTORY VIGNETTES

Compiled by Elizabeth James

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Keeping up With the Boys in Service

Airman Pat D. Luck, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pat S. Luck, of 107 S. Scrivner, Elsinore has been selected for technical training at Amarillo Air Force Base, Texas as a United States Air Force aircraft Maintenance specialist.

The airman recently completed basic training at Lackland AFB, Texas. His new school is part of the Air Training Command which conducts hundreds of specialized courses to provide technically trained personnel for the nation's aerospace force.

Airman Luck was graduated from Elsinore Union High School in 1965 and attended Riverside City College.



Airman Pat D. Luck

BOYS IN SERVICE

Airman Third Class Robert V. Tompkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. Tompkins of 32-696 Ortega Highway, Elsinore, has been graduated at Sheppard AFB, Texas from the training course for U.S. Air Force Aircraft Mechanics

Airman Tompkins, graduate of Elsinore Union High School, is now at George Air Force Base for duty with the Air Defense Command.



School Nurse Wins Award

Mrs. Madge Record, school nurse for the Elsinore District Schools is the proud possessor of the Public Relations Trophy for outstanding service to the school and community.

She was selected for the award by the local Elsinore Valley Education Association, an organization of teachers and administrators employed by the Elsinore Public Schools.

Madge has at one time or another, in some way taken care of each and every student of the Elsinore Elementary School, Wildomar School, Machado School and the Elsinore Union High School. When time for inoculations came around, Madge was there; eye examination time found Madge on hand and when polio vaccinations were administered she could be found, either swabbing an arm or wiping dry an eye.

Many students have this woman to thank, for it was

she that discovered eye and ear defects, that were taken care of by specialists therefore preventing any more serious problems.

She and her husband, Ed, are Murrieta residents and she has been with the school district for the past thirteen years.



House Manners

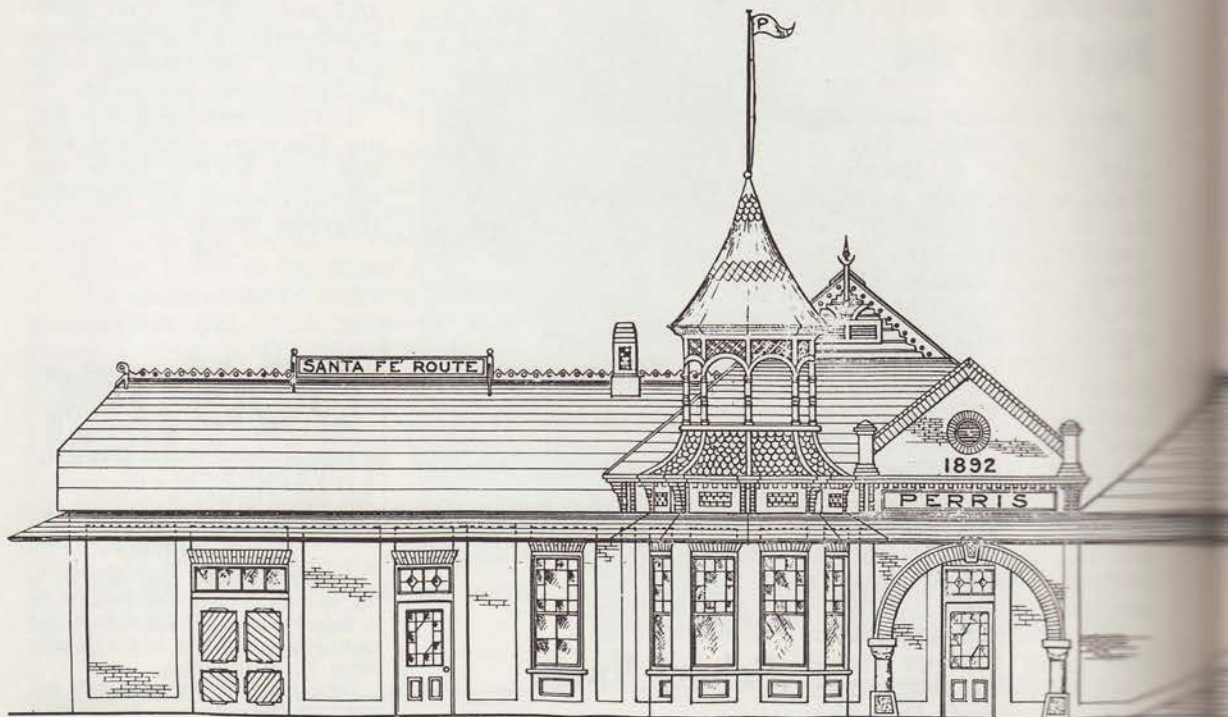
A well-behaved dog can be a joy to everyone in the family. It is important to teach him good manners so that he can take his place in your home.

How many times have you sat down on the sofa and had doggie hairs on your clothes because your pet has not learned to stay off the furniture? As a dog owner you must be consistent and firmly scold Rover every time you catch him jumping on furniture or trying to get into waste baskets and garbage pails.

Another manner to teach your dog is to go to bed using the command "bed." First, point to the dog's bed, then take him there and make him get in it. Have your dog lie down, and tell him to "stay" and give him a reward. After a minute or so, let him come out and praise your pet. Repeat this again and again until he learns to go to his bed on command. If you give him a tidbit when he goes to the bed he will quickly get the idea.

High on the list of don'ts for dogs is jumping on people. It's not only annoying to owners, but also resented by guests. The experts at the Purina Pet Care Center in St. Louis say that a good method to use on a large dog when he jumps up on you is to grab his front legs and rush him backward until he falls over. Raise your knee and bump a small dog in the chest. Be sure to scold him with a severe "No" as you do it. He must learn to come and quietly greet you or your guests in the proper way.

Chewing on things such as shoes, material, and other items can be very annoying and expensive. A good way to prevent this is to give your dog something else to occupy his time such as an artificial chewing bone.



Santa Fe Station Dedicated

By Ben Minnich

Perris' oldest and best known landmark, the ornate Victorian Santa Fe Station, was commemorated to history on July 10, 1966 when the Native Daughters of the Golden West installed a plaque there, dedicating the building to the pioneers of the area.

The event was a climactic one for Mrs. Elsie Buchko, well-known Perris resident, whose term as president of the Jurupa Parlor of the Native Daughters will be complete this month.

Some 100 persons attended the event including numerous old timers, historians, and public and railroad officials. Representing the Santa Fe was Division Superintendent A. K. Johnson, the road's chief opera-

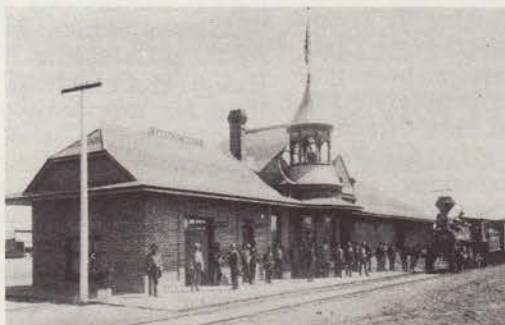
ting officer in Southern California.

The exact date of construction of the station is obscure, though official records of the railroad speak of 1892, the date also shown on a drawing presented to the Perris Valley Historical and Museum Association in 1963 by Mr. B. F. Levets, whose father, B. F.

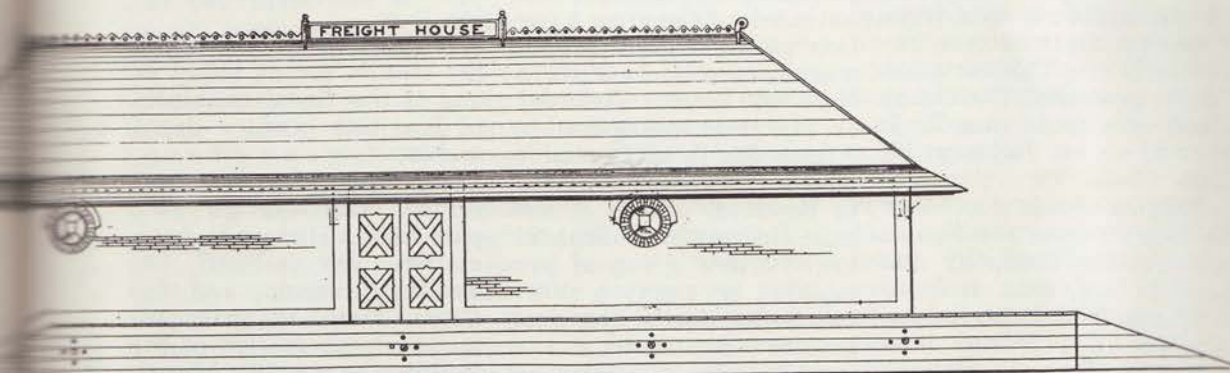
Levets, Sr., was the architect.

The drawing is thought to be the original side elevation sketch of the station.

Old photos of the building, however, have penciled dates as early as 1887 and surely Perris was established as a stop the year before that. It does seem curious that so elaborate a



Wood Burner. At Depot In 1887



station would be built so late because in 1890 the route through Orange County to San Diego had been completed and the original line through Temecula Canyon had been washed out for the second and final time in 1891, which left Perris on a branch line.

An old but undated newspaper in the possession of the Historical Association gives Wednesday, March 16, as the date of a gala excursion and picnic to commemorate the acceptance of the depot by the railroad. March 16th fell on Wednesday in 1887 and again in 1892. The January 1, 1891 Holiday Supplement to the Perris "New Era" dwells at length on the many splendid structures of the town, but there is no mention of the station.

On the other hand,, an 1890 biography of J. W. Nance, the then leading citizen of Perris, mentions him as the builder of the station, though this may be in the prospective tense, for Nance appears to have become one of the principal promoters of the Perris townsite, and there is ample evidence that a part of

the deal with the railroad whereby Perris was established provided that the developers would build the station and turn it over to the company.

The railroad had first been completed in 1882 from San Diego to Colton and the transcontinental connection was completed late in 1885. Earlier in that



Diesel Locomotive At Depot In 1961

year the Temecula Canyon line had been reopened following the drastic floods of 1884. It seems incredible that the station was unbuilt during the only 5 years (1885 to 1890) that it was on the main line.

However, suggestions that earlier plans were for an even more magnificent structure come from records showing the transfer of the entire area from First to Sixth Street between D and C Streets for "depot grounds." The Grant Deed was from one T. J. Fording on January 12, 1886.

Fording had purchased Section 31 from the Southern Pacific Company the year before; that railroad had acquired it in consequence of a federal land grant of alternate sections while on either side of its line through Colton.

Curiously, the present station does not stand on the "depot grounds" but entirely within the 100 foot right-of-way, acquired by condemnation decree from the Southern Pacific on July 3, 1883.

Conveyance of the east-erly 80 feet of the depot grounds to J. W. Nance by quitclaim of January 1, 1892 tends to confirm the construction of the station that year, evidencing the decision that less property would be needed. "Nance Addition" as the subdivision was known, today contains all the business prop-erties on the west side of D Street.

The original townsite in Perris Valley had been es-tablished early in 1882 on

the present site of the Orange Empire Trolley Mus-eum. The rock store that still stands on the Trolley Museum property was al-ready the trading center of the area and the station was named Pinacate, the Span-ish name for the familiar stink bug.

Pioneer of Pinacate was A. Julius Mauermann, a Texas surveyor who laid out much of the area; a por-tion of the adjoining land was claimed by L. D. Reyn-olds, who became postmast-er. The store was opened by Albion Smith of Riverside, who in 1885 filed a contest to Reynolds' claim. It was this circumstance that al-lowed a new group of pro-moters to start a town two miles north. The deal, besides building the station included donating many lots, probably the "depot grounds" and sinking a well. Railroad President William Barstow Strong (for whom Barstow is nam-ed) was flooded with pro-

tests from Pinacate partis-ans but the switch was mov-ed in April 1885, and Perris was born. The Transcon-tinental line had just been finished and the new town-site was laid out by Fred T. Perris, then chief engineer of the railroad. The town was subsequently named for Perris who also had done most of the work in locating the line across Ca-jon Pass.

Regardless of the date, the station stands today as one of the finest examples of late 19th century depot architecture any where. Long range plans are cur-rently underway on the part of the Historical Asso-ciation, the railroad, the Trolley Museum, and the City of Perris to insure per-manent preservation of the building as a public histori-cal monument.

Placing the plaque on Sunday was Mrs. Ruth Schumacher, director of historical monuments for the Native Daughters.

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Our Valley of Tranquility

By Myrtle Miele

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was submitted to us by Myrtle Miele of Qual Valley. Her article is like a Robert Woods' painting — after you finish with it you will surely feel as if you would like to be there.

Are you a captive, enslaved in the noisy, hurried confusion of city life? Do you often yearn, as we do, for a respite from the screaming sirens, screeching brakes and restless, never ending traffic? Then come with us to our valley of tranquility. Let's bask in nature's solitude.

As we turn off the busy highway, drive through the quiet canyon, round the curve, climb to the crest of the knoll, we see a sign that tells us this is Casa Sam-Myr. Here is our home, the

culmination of a dream conceived several years ago when first we saw this virgin land.

Turning into the graveled driveway, we see the house it's yellow and green-shingled roof framed by green foliage of surrounding trees and shrubs. As we approach two towering pines, shaped like giant Christmas trees, wave a welcome as a gentle breeze stirs their shining needles. Driving under the sheltering mulberry trees, past the jacaranda with its mass of purple blooms and fern like leaves, we park in the shade of the flowering locust. Leaving the car, we enter the garden and, seeing the fig tree with its scalloped leaves hovering over the ripening fruit, we pick a golden ripe one, savoring its sweet juiciness.

Strolling along, we enjoy the shade of the shim-

ering umbrella tree, and the almost unbelievable beauty of the crepe-myrtle ablaze with ruffled red blossoms.

These trees, plus others—peach, apricot, plum, pomegranate—were planted and nurtured by us; the blistered hands, sun burnt skin and sweating brow, have long been forgotten in our contentment of nature's rewarding gift.

Leisurely, we stroll around the house to admire the planter made of native rocks, filled with the pyracantha's spreading branches full of dainty green berries; as the Christmas season draws near, they'll ripen to a fiery red and be brought inside to adorn our holiday table.

As the flaming sun sinks toward the horizon, let's raise our eyes and thrill to the panoramic beauty of the hills as they rise, each higher than the other, like giant stairsteps until they merge into the distant mountains. When the sky reddens, sunlight and shadow blend, making a spectacle to fill one with pure ecstasy.

With the soft shadow of twilight's glow, we'll relax on the peaceful patio, forgetting the cares and noises of the city as we listen to the soothing voices of nature — the chirping of the cricket, the soft coo-coo of the gentle dove, the quail calling to his mate, the owl's somber whoo-who from his lofty perch in the eucalyptus tree

Here in our valley, you'll find, as we do, the quiet peace of nature's magical healing and rebirth.

LOOK! FOR THIS SIGN



Cocktail Lounge

IN ELSINORE

117 West Graham



WEDDING CEREMONY PERFORMED BY UNCLE

The Church of the Nazarene in Elsinore was the setting for the evening candlelight wedding which united Ellen Louise George and Randall Lee Huebner in holy wedlock on February 12 in the presence of over one hundred and fifty friends and relatives.

Ellen was given in marriage by her father, Warren George and the ceremonial rites were spoken to the young couple by Rev. J. Lowell George, pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in Highland, uncle of the bride.

For her wedding the bride wore a floor length lace gown over taffeta. Her waist length net veil was held in place by a pearl comb. The bride wore a black pearl necklace given to her by the bridegroom. She carried white roses and carnations centering white gardenias.

Matron of honor was Mrs. Corinne George, sister-in-law of the bride who wore a floor length gown of cranberry taffeta brocade with matching headpiece. The bridesmaid, Dianna Eckdahl, sister of the bride was gowned identically to the matron of honor and both carried bouquets of pink roses.

Serving the bridegroom as best man was Jeffrey Huebner of Arlington Heights, Illinois, brother of the groom.

Ushers were Dick and Jim George, brothers of the bride and Lon Eckdahl, brother-in-law of the bride.

After the reception at the



Mr. and Mrs. Randall Lee Huebner
... the former Ellen Louise George

Elsinore Woman's Club the newlyweds went to Death Valley, Las Vegas, Hoover Dam and Grand Canyon for their honeymoon.

Ellen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren George of Romoland and Randall is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Huebner of Arlington Heights, Illinois.

Flower girl for the wedding was Julie George, bride's niece and Jeffrey George, bride's nephew.

The couple is making their home at 4047 West Avenue 40 in Los Angeles.

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A NAME IS BORN

by Tom Hudson

CHINOOK PASS

(Pronounce it shi-NOOK)

High in Washington state's green Cascade Mountains, leading down to the brown hills on the east, there is a mile-high paradise that long ago was given the name of Chinook. To the west, one of Mt. Rainier's sister peaks is also known by the name of Chinook, as are many other places of interest throughout the great Northwest.

But perhaps the best-known use of the word is to designate certain winds that blow among the peaks and valleys of the Cascades and northern Rocky Mountains. A Chinook is a warm wind that comes from the west and, in an unbeliev-

ably short time, melts the accumulated snows and ice of winter. The word is said to have been coined by trappers who first visited the Cascades, and to be a fusion of English, French and Indian.

But the Indians, who best know the Chinook for its glad tidings of warm weather, have a legend that by many years pre-dates the advent of the trappers.

Many years ago, the Indians say, five brothers, known as Chinooks, dwelt at the mouth of the Columbia River and waged continuous warfare by blowing hot winds at five other brothers, known as the Walla Wallas, who dwelt to the northeast and blew

cold winds in retaliation. Everyone who lived between the two sets of brothers was made miserable by the continuous feuding.

At length the brothers met in personal combat to settle their differences. When the fighting was over only one Chinook and one Walla Walla survived, and these two reached a compromise. The Walla Walla agreed to blow only moderately cold winds, thus saving the people much misery and the Chinook agreed to give everyone warning against sudden hot winds and resultant thaws by first blowing dark clouds over the mountain tops.

So ever since that long-ago armistice day the Chinooks have amassed great clouds above the mountains then thundered through Chinook Pass and over the far-flung peaks and valleys to melt the snows and bring cheer at winter's end.

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Jim Welty of Land Owners Council, Mayor of Elsinore Tom Yarborough and Congressman Tunney.

Tunney in Elsinore

Congressman John V. Tunney of Riverside and Imperial Counties met with twenty Elsinore Valley residents at a noon luncheon held at the Valley Inn on

Grand Avenue recently. Tunney and his aide, Doug Whalen, were guests of Jim Welty, manager of Land Owners Council. Tunney expressed his gratitude

to the people of the Valley for help and consideration shown to him during his term as congressman.

He also told of projects he had been working on while in Washington — including the sewer project for the Valley, various water problems facing the southwest and a study of the draft.

He plans to make a six-day trip on the Colorado River to study the area concerning several water projects planned.

Tunney, his wife, Meike, and their sons, Teddy and Mark will move back to Riverside County soon, where he will campaign for re-election.

BOYS IN SERVICE

Randal E. Stokes ETRSN was recently graduated from Electronics Technician 'A' School, Treasure Island, San Francisco, where he received a certificate of merit for graduating with the final average grade of 93.

After a two-week leave at the home of his parents, Nina and Jack Stokes, 1611 West Heald Avenue in Elsinore, he went to Travis Air Force Base from where he was flown to the Philippines.

From there he will join his ship the DSS Koiner (DER 331) and go on to Guam.



Randal E. Stokes

What They Wore...by PHYLLIS JOYCE

WHITE HOUSE WEDDINGS

IN 1906, ALICE ROOSEVELT, TEDDY'S DAUGHTER, WAS WED IN TRULY REGAL FASHION. THE TRAIN OF HER ELEGANT GOWN WAS SIX FEET OF SILVER BROCADE. MORE THAN 1000 GUESTS ATTENDED THIS SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR.

ELEANOR WILSON, "LITTLE NELL," THE YOUNGEST OF WOODROW WILSON'S DAUGHTERS, WORE A TRADITIONAL GOWN HIGHLIGHTED BY A MAGNIFICENT BILLOWY VEIL FOR HER WEDDING IN 1914.

MARRIED IN THE WAR YEAR OF 1918, ALICE WILSON, A NIECE OF PRESIDENT WILSON, HAD A QUIET WEDDING FOR WHICH SHE WORE A SIMPLE SUMMER GOWN.



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