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The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

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The Tunnel

By Phil Brigandi

We start down the stairs into the darkness. There's a sound of rushing water, and before long we are in the flow up to our ankles, walking upstream, pushing against the tide. Our makeshift tram is waiting for us. We climb aboard and start on the long, slow trip to Cabazon.

In February 2003, I had the chance to take a trip that few people have ever experienced – a 13-mile underground journey through the San Jacinto Tunnel. The tunnel is a key link in the Metropolitan Water District's 240-mile long Colorado River Aqueduct, one of Southern California's major sources of water. The tunnel runs from Cabazon, in the San Gorgonio Pass, to just west of Gilman Hot Springs, on the edge of the San Jacinto Valley, in Riverside County.

Before we could enter, we were outfitted with two-piece rain suits, rubber boots, hard hats, safety glasses, gloves, and ear plugs. The MWD folks have thought of everything. We even tow a second tractor behind our

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Early construction picture - this photo courtesy Steve Lech

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The Branding Iron seeks articles of 2,500 words or less dealing with every phase of the history of the Old West and California. Contributions from both members and friends are always welcome.

Editor's Corner . . .

Hello all - you're going to find a definite theme to this edition of the Branding Iron and that is water. Our first article has to do with Phil Brigandi's trip through the famous San Jacinto Tunnel of the Metropolitan Water District. Phil is one of the few "outsiders" who has been given the priveledge to tour the tunnel, which leads under Mt. San Jacinto from Cabazon to a point northwest of the City of San Jacinto. Ride along as Phil dodges drenching springs on his trip.

Our other water-related article comes to us from Paul Rippens, who recounts the tale of Dr. Raymond Taylor, "The Aqueduct Doctor," who provided medical assistance to the workers on William Mulholland's aqueduct. It is an interesting article about a person who you might not think about when you think about Mulholland and his works!

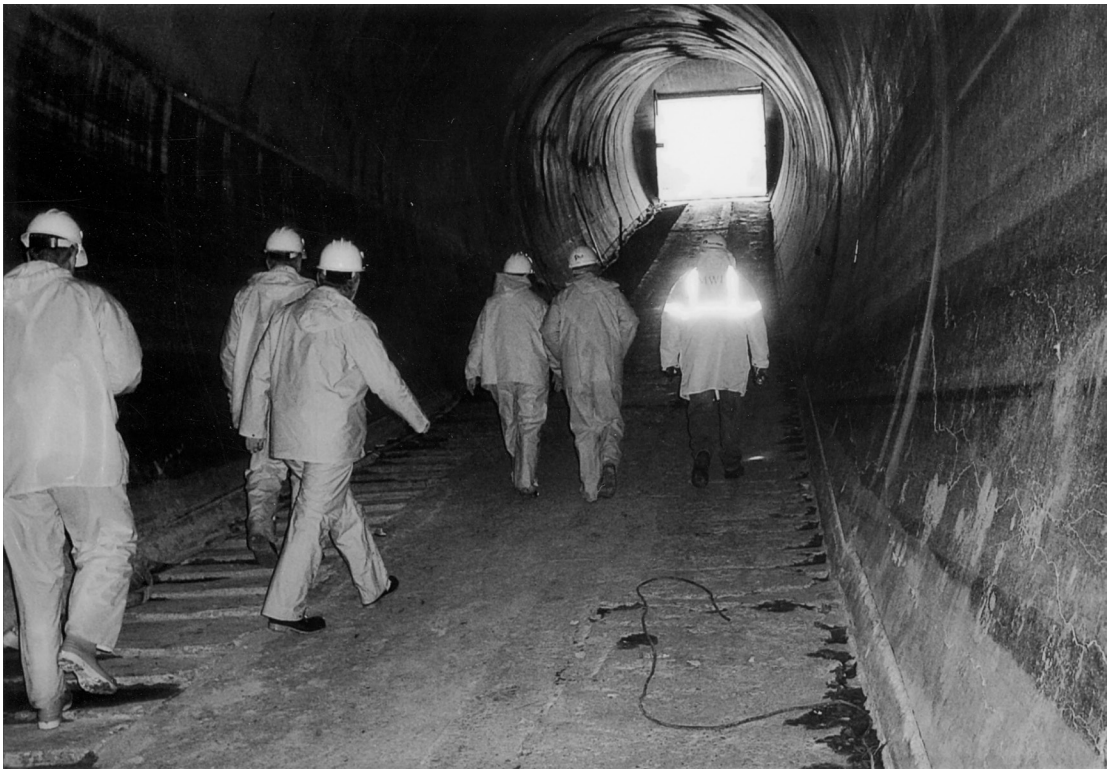
For those lucky members who were able to partake of the Westerners train trip to Santa Barbara on July 13, it was obvious that everyone had fun. Deputy Sheriff Larry Boerio recounts that day and tells about the train, the trip, and many of the sites that were encountered throughout that day-long trip.

I hope you enjoy the articles, and remember, we are always looking for more items to put here in the Branding Iron. Please contact me if you have any ideas.

Happy Trails!

Steve Lech
rivcokid@gmail.com

Correction Notice: In the last Branding Iron, the photos that accompanied Tim Heflin's article "Hank Vaughn - Oregon's Homegrown Outlaw" should have been attributed to the Umatilla County Historical Society.



Suited up and walking through the San Jacinto Tunnel.

little tram, in case the lead machine should give out. The group I traveled with included several members of the staff of the Eastern Municipal Water District, which serves part of Riverside County, and a couple of elected officials. I had been angling for several years for a chance to make the trip.

The aqueduct was shut down briefly to allow for some work on the canals across the desert to the east. Even so, the water was pouring out of the tunnel's mouth, running about eight inches deep and fairly fast. It's water from the San Jacinto Mountains, not the Colorado River. Each year, more than a billion gallons of local groundwater enters the tunnel. It seeps in, it squirts in, it pours in, it flows in, it surges in, it rushes in, it bursts in – in a few places it almost explodes in. And we were off to see it all.

The tunnel is shaped like a giant horseshoe, 16 feet tall and 16 feet wide at its widest point. It is lined with concrete, which looks remarkably clean and solid after more than 60 years. The first three miles are straight as an arrow, leading back to the Potrero Shaft.

Bringing water from the Colorado River was the reason for the creation of the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California in 1927. It was too big of a project for even Los Angeles to do alone, so they enlisted other cities and water agencies to join in the effort.

Construction on the San Jacinto Tunnel began in 1933. Besides blasting from both ends, two shafts were driven straight down into the mountain and workers began digging out in both directions, giving them a total of six digging surfaces at once. Work would continue night and day for the next six years.

But very soon, they had a problem. Not far from the Potrero Shaft, early in the morning of July 1, 1934, a third shift crew broke into the underground aquifer. Within minutes, the entire tunnel was flooded, and the water rose 700 feet up the shaft while the crew scrambled out on ladders. Fortunately, no one was killed, but over the next few years crews hit water again and again. There has been water pouring into the tunnel ever since.

Reaching the adit leading back to the Potrero Shaft, we discovered that the tunnel also supports a little wildlife. There were crawdads, living just off the main flow of the tunnel, which runs about five miles an hour when the aqueduct is flowing. Further on, we would see oriental clams, an invasive species that has also found a home in the tunnel.

We continued on, getting sprayed occasionally from the sides, or from above. Some of the water is warm and smells of sulfur.

As groundwater continued to pour into the tunnel in the 1930s, the hot springs resorts along the edge of the San Jacinto Valley saw their flow reduce. Streams coming off the mountain ran less. Marshy areas dried up, and some small springs disappeared. Metropolitan did their best to seal up the tunnel, but there was just too much water forcing its way in.

A few miles further on, we reached a geyser of water shooting up out of the floor, splashing off the roof, and filling the air with a fine mist. The Met crews have dubbed it "The Carwash." There is nothing to do but button up your rain slicker and plunge right through it.

Except for the fact that we will end up in Cabazon, about the only down-side to this trip is the noise and smell of our tractor – if only because it makes conversation difficult. I sat near the back and talked a little with one of the Met employees – clearly an old tunnel hand. This was his second trip of the day, and he was scheduled to drive the third one back.

About halfway through, we reached the tunnel's second watery landmark – a thick jet of water shooting straight across the tunnel and slamming into the other side with a roar. Imagine a couple of fire hoses going full blast at point blank range. It would shove you right off your feet. But in fact, it was easier to navigate than the Carwash – you just have to duck under it. Easier, that is, except for driver, who had to brave much of the torrent while driving through it alone.

All this groundwater pouring into the tunnel became a major issue in the San Jacinto Valley in the 1930s and '40s. After Met failed to stem the tide, another answer was needed. Between 1936 and 1944, Metropolitan paid out more than $350,000 to local ranchers, residents, and resort owners to settle claims for loss of groundwater. Met also agreed that all of the "seepage" (as it was euphemistically called) needed to stay in the Valley; but wanted just one organization to deal with, instead of a host of claimants. So in 1950, the Eastern Municipal Water District was formed, and joined the Metropolitan Water District. The groundwater flow is still credited to EMWD each year, and its value subtracted from their purchases from Met.

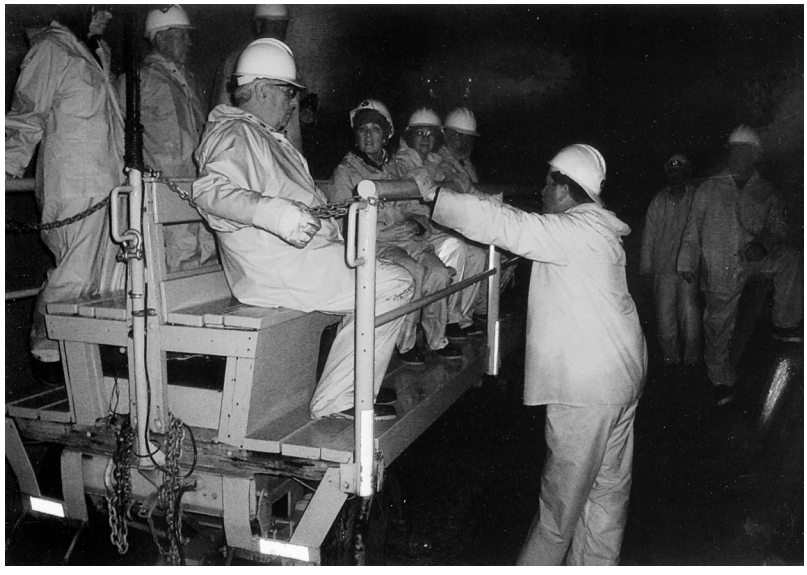
More water shoots across the tunnel in an endless flow.

Our tram rumbled on. The climb is only five feet to the mile, but it was still slow going, pushing against the rush of water. But as we continued through the upper half, the flow was clearly diminishing, and we became more and more cavalier about the little bits of

water still spurting in, barely acknowledging them.

"Why do you want to go through the tunnel?" a friend from Eastern asked me. "All you do is sit and look at concrete go by for 13 miles."

But there is more than just concrete. Minerals in the water have created tiny stalactites hanging from the ceiling. Some of the smaller openings on the sides have been sealed by the mineral build up. Also interesting are the little brass plaques every thousand feet or so, marking the progress of the tunnel in the 1930s. All along the way there was something to see.



A makeshift tram carries visitors through the tunnel

In 1939, after nearly six and a half years and more than $23,000,000, the San Jacinto Tunnel was completed. The aqueduct continues on to Lake Mathews, where supply lines fan out to serve Metropolitan's members throughout the Southland. It was amazing to think, as we continued along, how much of Southern California's water supply still comes through this relatively small tunnel.

Ten miles in, we reached the Cabazon Shaft and crawled in on our hands and knees to have a look around. There are old redwood timbers still in place from the construction days, and rusted metal fittings.

Crawdads and other tiny wildlife manage to live in the endless flow of the San Jacinto Tunnel.

After more than two and a half hours underground, we raced on towards Cabazon, covering the final three miles in about 15 minutes. Finally there was a light up ahead. We made it through.

We tromped out into the wind and rain of the San Gorgonio Pass in winter. If it wasn't for the group waiting there to take our tram seats (including still more elected officials), I would have gladly turned around and gone right back through.

Except for Metropolitan's crews, they told us only about 600 people have made the trip all the way through the tunnel, and most of that in recent years. Except for a few runs made in October 2002, this was the first time the public had been allowed in the San Jacinto Tunnel since 1997. That's when public television host Huell Howser made his trip, and the folks from Met told us interest in touring the tunnel had gone up dramatically since Howser put it on TV.

Besides the wonder of going *under* the San Jacinto Mountains, and the beauty of some of the water spouts and mineral formations, one of the nicest things about our trip was the low-key attitude of the Metropolitan employees who helped us along the way. This was no sales pitch – they simply let us explore their surprising underground world.

The Aqueduct Doctor

By Paul H. Rippens

In the early 1900s, William Mulholland, Chief Engineer of the Los Angeles Water Company, realized that the City was in need of a more dependable water source rather than relying on the Los Angeles River and its seasonally-fluctuating flow. After exploring the Owens Valley with Fred Eaton, Mulholland developed the idea of constructing an aqueduct to bring water from the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains 235 miles south to Los Angeles. In 1905, the voters of the city approved a $1.5 million bond issue to purchase land and water rights in the Owens Valley and to start design of the aqueduct. On June 12, 1907, voters once again approved a bond issue, this time in the amount of $23,000,000, to construct the aqueduct.

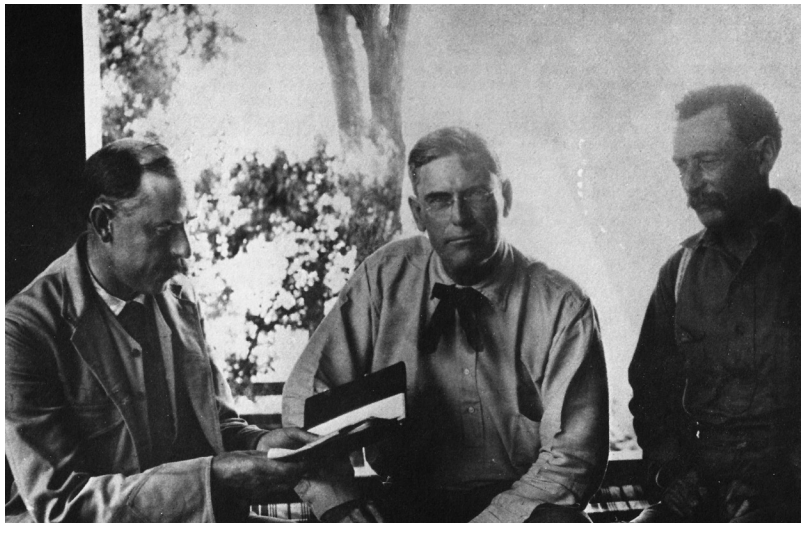
By September of 1907, work had already begun on the 5.5-mile long Elizabeth Tunnel* that would bring water from the Antelope Valley to San Francisquito Canyon and eventually into the San Fernando Valley. Meanwhile, north of this site and across the Antelope Valley and into the Owens Valley itself, roads were being graded, power plants were being constructed, wires run for electricity and telephone, and camps were being built in preparation of construction of the aqueduct. It was a monumental task to prepare for this work in the sparsely-populated desert, a task compounded by the fact that no paved roads existed north of the San Fernando Valley.

All this work brought men from across the country to California in search of employment. These men had to be housed, fed, and provided medical care, a large undertaking that was almost lost in the history of building the water system.

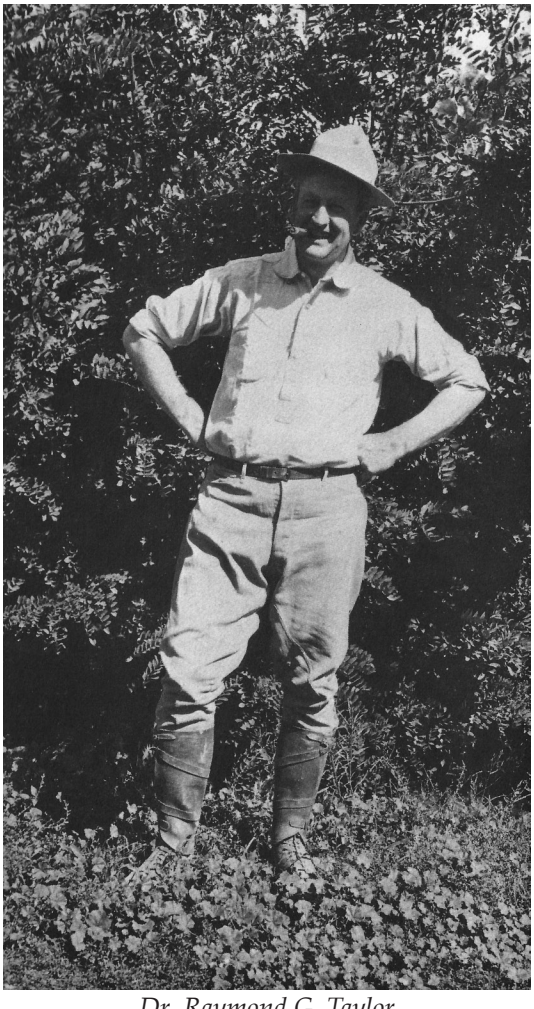
In 1982, the late Doyce B. Nunis Jr., was invited by the Friends of the Los Angeles County Medical Association Library to "prepare for publication a portion of the recollections of Raymond G. Taylor, M.D." Doctor Taylor oversaw the entire medical operation during the construction of the Los Angeles Aqueduct from 1908 to 1913 and stayed on with the city following the completion of the water system. This story will share some of Dr. Taylor's recollections of his service to the City of Los Angeles and the men who constructed the aqueduct.

Raymond G. Taylor, M.D.

Raymond Griswold Taylor was born in Sycamore, Illinois on February 15, 1872. During his early life in the Midwest, he was exposed to inventions that attracted him and stimulated his interest in science. His uncle by marriage, Everett Russell Smith attended Rush Medical College in Chicago and in 1887 settled with his family in Los Angeles. Eventually, the Taylors were lured to Los Angeles, arriving on October 15, 1889. It was to be Raymond G. Taylor's home for the rest of his life.



L to R: Joseph B. Lippincott, Fred A. Eaton and William Mulholland



Dr. Raymond G. Taylor

Taylor's uncle urged the young man to consider studying medicine and made an appointment for him to visit Joseph P. Widney, M.D., dean of the Medical School at the University of Southern California. At that meeting, Dr. Widney found Taylor "deficient in several subjects and urged him to rectify his obvious weaknesses." Returning to his home in Covina, where his family had a small house, Taylor worked for a local fruit dryer during the summer of 1892 and saved his earnings. These savings made it possible for him to enter the preparatory school at the University of Southern California in the fall to improve his education. At a subsequent interview with Dr. Widney, he successfully passed the questions posed and was admitted in the fall of 1893 to the USC Medical School.

Upon graduation in 1896, he interned at the Los Angeles County Hospital and accepted appointment there as assistant superintendent.

By September 1902, Dr. Taylor had a practice in the Bradbury Building. He had become involved with the Los Angeles County Medical Association, serving three terms as secretary, 1905-1907. In 1908, at the age of thirty-five, he was elected president of the Association, the youngest man ever to hold that office. He was held in very high regard by his colleagues.

There is little doubt that his reputation was what attracted William Mulholland to seek Dr. Taylor's services as one of the physicians to undertake the medical care of aqueduct construction workers. When the prospect of a contract for medical services presented itself, Dr. Taylor eagerly accepted, along with his cousin Rea Smith, M.D., and another man, Edward C. Moore, M.D. The contract was signed on May 13, 1908.

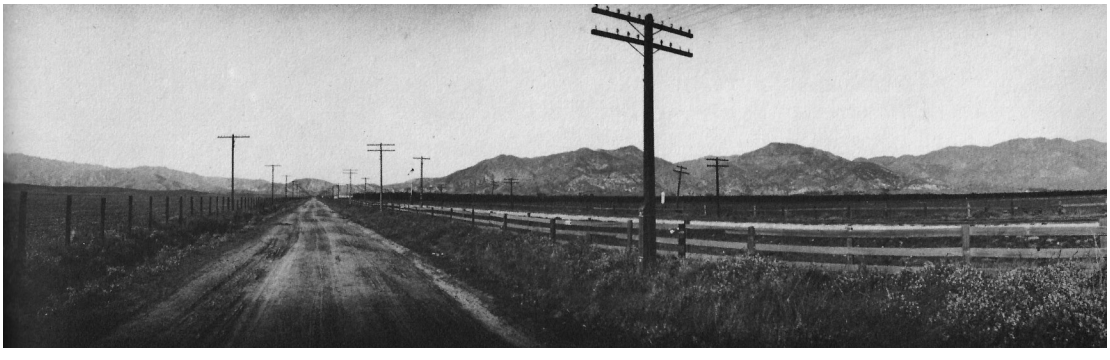
Medical Department

The Medical Department was authorized by a resolution of the Board of Public Works to care for the workers of the aqueduct. The Department was supported by an assessment from all Aqueduct employees. Assessments were "$1.00 monthly from those receiving a wage of $40.00 or over per month, and 50 cents from those receiving less. Any employee is entitled to Medical, Hospital and Surgical service when needed, except for venereal disease, intemperance, vicious habits, injuries received in fights, or chronic diseases acquired before employment."

In the contract for medical service, items such as the Synopsis of Contract, Organization, Surgeons and Stewarts, Inspection and Sanitation, Equipment, Field or Division Hospitals, General Hospital (Los Angeles), and the Location of Hospitals were covered. At that time there were fifteen Field Hospitals and "more are constantly being erected as the work of construction extends."

Taylor, along with his two counterparts, made their first trip to the work project in May of 1908. They found that a good deal of road making and surveys were being

done along with the construction of power plants in Division Creek and Cottonwood Creek. These plants would produce power for much of the machinery and for the construction camps. However, the real purpose of their visit was to access the need for medical equipment and personnel. In his recollections, Taylor wrote that "almost immediately after signing the contract, we made our first trip over the line, starting in Los Angeles and ending at the Rickey Ranch, fifteen miles above Independence. We found that there was a camp started at Saugus, just a few miles above San Fernando and only two miles from Newhall which was a railroad station. We went from there up the line, through the San Francisquito Canyon, passing the location of the South Portal of the planned long water tunnel under Elizabeth Lake, and going on up around Elizabeth Lake to near Fairmont, which was to be the North Portal of the long tunnel. From there we went through Willow Springs, an oasis in the middle of the Mojave Desert, about half way to Mojave."



San Fernando Road, 1909

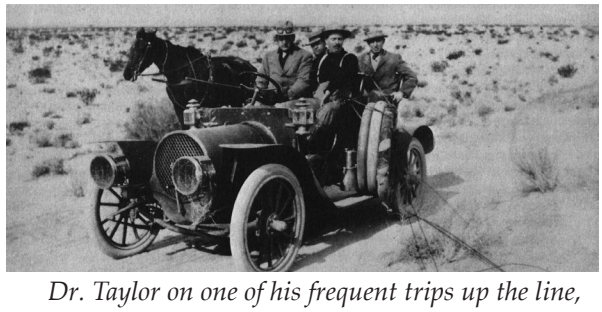
Upon their return from the Owens Valley, the doctors agreed that they would make one trip per month to the camps to check on the progress on their medical facilities. However, since they had to provide their own transportation, they needed to purchase a dependable automobile that could take the pressures of the trips. They spent $3000 for a Model D Franklin that would serve their needs for a least a couple of years.

As time progressed, the medical facilities continued to take good care of the workers. Any serious problems, of which there were few, were transported to Los Angeles for more extensive care. By mid-1910, over 5,000 men were working on the project along almost the entire 235 miles—and Dr. Taylor had to oversee it all since Dr. Moore and Dr. Smith did not make too many trips to the work sites. Then things changed drastically.

The Board of Public Works began having problems floating some of its bond issues and obtaining enough money to keep the project moving ahead. They decided to close the entire project down rather than allowing the New York bankers to purchase the bonds at a cheaper rate. The doctor's pay went from $5,000 a month to about $450. Dr. Moore and Dr. Smith decided that they wanted out so Dr. Taylor got the Board of Public Works to assign the entire contract over to him.

The city finally got its financial matters straightened out, beating the New York financiers at their own game. Work began to progress again on the aqueduct and Dr. Taylor made more and more visits to the work camps. By the spring of 1911, "a good number of men were once again at work."

Dr. Taylor came across many interesting matters during the construction phase of the project. At the Sand Canyon camp, Dr. Taylor was warned that some of the construction



Dr. Taylor on one of his frequent trips up the line, driving his Model D Franklin

Cinco Hospital

workers had been impatiently waiting for him due to the illness of one of their friends, a man who ended up having typhoid. After seeing the patient, he proceeded to the bunkhouse to face the angry workers, one who "had a chip on both shoulders." He explained the situation and told them the man would have to be transported on a cot in a rough lumber wagon to the railroad, put in the baggage car, taken to Mojave, with a wait-over there of six to eight hours, then to Los Angeles. The angry man finally said, "Doc, you're okay, I guess maybe you know what you're doing." The situation was over except that the doctor had to take a drink with the men.

As the aqueduct project neared completion, a new law was coming into effect that required the city to follow guidelines of the new Workers Compensation laws. That would make Dr. Taylor's contract with the city null and void as it would be against the law to collect fees for medical service as they had in the past. Nothing was done until one morning when he received a call saying that the city wanted him to attend a hearing regarding the new compensation law. Taylor suggested that the city become self-insured and establish their own medical and hospital department. The city followed his idea and probably saved themselves a huge amount of money over the years.

One of Dr. Taylor's favorite people to work with over the years was General Adna R. Chaffee who served as Chairman of the Board of Public Works during the construction of the aqueduct. Chaffee also oversaw the contract for feeding the workers and after the project was completed and the aqueduct opened, Chaffee, Taylor and food contractor Joe Desmond were talking about the job and their work. The General turned to Taylor and said, "Doctor, how much money did you make off this job." Taylor said, "General, I can't tell you exactly, but I think I made about $6,000 a year for the five years; in other words, about $30,000 in the clear." Chaffee turned to Desmond and said, "Joe, how much did you make?" Desmond said, "I made about a quarter of a million." The General slammed his fist on the desk and said, "Damn it Joe, you made too much and the doctor didn't make enough!"

Dr. Taylor left the city's employment in 1915 turning over his duties to Dr. Karl Sleeper who became the official doctor for the Water and Power Department. Taylor returned to private practice and took over the X-ray Department at the Good Samaritan Hospital. He passed away on June 28, 1958 and in his obituary, published in the Los Angeles *Times* on July 1, 1958, perhaps the most relevant comment and enduring statement about Dr. Taylor's long life is found: "Dr. Taylor was physician to the 10,000 men who built the Los Angeles Aqueduct . . . "

Note: Of the 52 miles of tunnels on the original aqueduct, the Elizabeth Tunnel is the longest tunnel at 5.5 miles. Mulholland figured it would take five years to dig the Elizabeth Tunnel but it was completed in just 40 months. He also had the tunnel dug larger than any others on the project and when the DWP decided to construct a second aqueduct in the late 1960s, the Elizabeth Tunnel could handle the flow of both aqueducts.

Information for this story and excerpts were taken from the book *Men, Medicine & Water—The Building of the Los Angeles Aqueduct, 1908-1913.* Published by Friends of the LACMA Library with the assistance of Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, 1982.

Down the Western Book Trail . . .

Down by the Bay: *San Francisco's History Between the Tides*, by Matthew Morse Booker. University of California Press: Berkeley, 2013, 278 pp. Illustrations, Maps, Acknowledgements, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Hardbound, $29.95. – Reviewed by Gordon Morris Bakken.

The San Francisco Bay area is a "hybrid landscape" where law allowed individuals to own tidelands and the shore as private property. The tidelands and legal title were unstable because Stephen Watts Kearney granted all waterfront and tidelands to the town of San Francisco for survey and sale. He had no legal authority to do so and his order violated an 1845 United States Supreme Court case. Yet water lots sold briskly. Mudflats were filled. Speculators were active purchasing water lots despite the uncertainty of legal title. When the courts ruled that so-called Peter Smith sales were legal, the speculators who purchased for a song were vastly enriched. The filling in water lots was feverish. The first steam shovel in the American West dug up sand and dumped it in the water lots. Rock quarried on Telegraph Hill followed. Yet building on fill had its consequences and buildings settled and pilings rotted. "Environmental and physical instability were the by-products of efforts to create greater legal stability and to replace a complex watery margin with solid land." [67] Bay area swampland similarly passed into the hands of speculators via state law. The Green Act of 1868 was a massive transfer of public land to private parties and was one of the "most egregious abuses of [the] public trust in state history." [82]

The Bay was also filling with hydraulic mining debris so that the delta was a "capitalistic dystopia" by the 1930s. In addition of sediment, the Bay was further transformed by the introduction of Atlantic oysters and soft-shelled clams. Private oyster beds lined the shores until the mining debris forced the oyster beds to the south bay in the 1870s. The oyster business witnessed gradual decline thereafter due to slaughterhouse contamination, tannery effluents, sewage, and a typhoid fever scare in the east. By the 1930s the oyster beds were gone and the native San Francisco oyster survived and is flourishing but is so toxic that it cannot be eaten.

Yet with this fruit of the mud flats gone, entrepreneurs replaced bivalves with salt production. San Francisco salt makers produced 30,000 tons in 1886 and 41,000 tons in 1893. Some salt ponds are the site of the San Francisco Bay National Wildlife Refuge and eventually state and federal dollars bought up the salt ponds. Private property was slowly morphed into public land. Conservation measures found fruition and "the bay is more accessible and cleaner than it has been for nearly a century." [190] Today the birds are back and efforts to restore the salt ponds are in progress.

This book is a major contribution to environmental and legal history. The footnotes and bibliography are a researcher's delight.

CASEY TIBBS*: Born to Ride*, by Rusty Richards, Moonlight Mesa Associates, Inc., 2010. 254 pp. Photographs, acknowledgements, introduction. Cloth $24.95 + S&H. Order from Moonlight Mesa Associates, Inc., 18620 Moonlight Mesa Road, Wickenburg, Arizona 85390, or orders@moonlightmesaassociates.com. – reviewed by Tim Heflin

This is the story of world champion rodeo cowboy, Casey Tibbs. Casey was also a world class practical joker, humanitarian, goodwill ambassador and regular guy. This biography could only be told by a close friend who experienced Casey's ups, downs, humor and pranks first hand. Rusty Richards is that compadre and he tells the whole story, warts and all.

Casey was born in a remote South Dakota log cabin on March 5, 1929. He was the tenth, and last, child of John and Florence Tibbs. His parents had a struggling horse ranch and all the kids helped with the chores.

Casey started out riding goats, pigs and calves, soon working his way up to horses. His brother, Doc, passed down a horse, Red River, to a five year old Casey. Doc had tired of getting bucked off by this mount. Casey looked for ways to make the horse buck more instead of less. At the age of ten, a neighbor named Albert Lopez hired Casey to break colts for him.

John Tibbs had a low opinion of rodeo cowboys. He felt that they were afraid of an honest days' work. When Casey entered the 1942 annual 4th of July rodeo in Ft. Pierre, S.D., John wasn't happy. He left thirteen year old Casey there to find his own way, fifty miles, home. Instead, Casey chose to head to the next rodeo. He didn't know it then, but it would be years before Casey and his father would speak again. John Tibbs would never live to see his youngest son win any of his nine world championship titles.

Casey struck out on his own. He made his living riding in rodeos, a Wild West show and breaking horses for various ranches. He would be involved with rodeos in one capacity or another for the rest of his life. By 1947, Casey was ranked in the top five in saddle bronc riding and was the rising young star of the RCA [now the PRCA]. Casey was also the first of the flying cowboys. In 1948, Gerald Roberts traded an auto for an airplane and the two partnered up. Gerald Roberts won the all around championship that year. Casey was traveling with and beating the greats of rodeo, like Jim Shoulders. He won his first championship in saddle bronc riding in 1949, at the age of twenty. In 1951, Casey hit the trifecta. He won the saddle bronc championship again, along with the bareback championship and the coveted all around championship.

1951 was also a momentous year for Casey for another reason. That was the year he met movie director Budd Boetticher at the Cheyenne Frontier Days Rodeo. Budd persuaded him to go to Hollywood to work on the movie, The Bronco Buster. There, Casey became close friends with the movie's star, Audie Murphy. He would continue working on TV westerns and movies, while still following the rodeo circuit. Casey would also take the entire lucrative month of July off, for seven of his most productive rodeo years, to put on the Casey Tibbs 4-H Benefit. The rest of Casey's championship titles would come while he was dividing his time between the two occupations and charities. Who knows how many more titles he could've won if he'd devoted all of his time to rodeo?

Now, Casey was rubbing shoulders with actors like Henry Fonda, Glenn Ford, Joel McCrea, Steve McQueen, Robert Mitchum, Roy Rogers, Frank Sinatra, John Wayne and many others, along with the elite of the rodeo world. Ben Johnson was one of his good friends who, like Casey, straddled both worlds. He even became friends with Marilyn Monroe on the set of Bus Stop in 1965. He was also seen at hot spots like Schwabs Drug Store, the Playboy Club and the turf clubs of southern California horse racing tracks. Because he was so charismatic, it seems that everyone enjoyed Casey's company.

Casey's life wasn't all good times. He was married and divorced a couple of times. He was also in some long-term relationships that failed, including a two year relationship with actress Katherine Ross. Casey battled with alcohol and gambling problems for many years. These problems fueled troubles in his personal life and, at times, his professional life as well.

Casey Tibbs was larger than life. He went from a log cabin to the White House. He dined with cowboys, gamblers, actors, princes and presidents. He made fortunes and lost them. Casey was the force behind the National Finals and the Bucking Horse of the Year Award in the PRCA. His charisma and natural talent brought more fans to rodeo. He was generous with his time to many charities. Casey was a true friend to those he called friend. He was a master storyteller and above all, Casey Tibbs was born to ride.

Rusty Richards is also a master storyteller and the proof is this excellent biography. It is written in an honest, humorous and conversational manner. The readers will feel like they know Casey Tibbs just a few pages in and they won't want to stop reading until they reach the end.

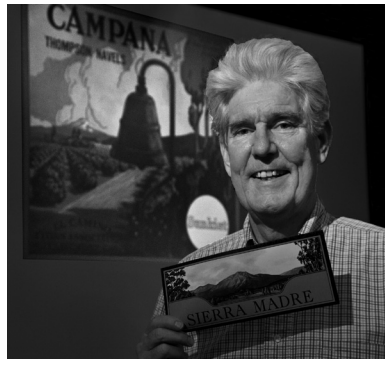
Monthly Roundup . . .

April 2013

Steve Lech

Steve Lech is a native Riversider who has been interested in the history of Riverside and Riverside County for more than 30 years. One of Steve's chier areas of research has been the interesting story of the creation of Riverside County. On April 10, Steve discussed the formation of Riverside County and some of the forces that were at play at that time in Southern California.

He began the talk by explaining that Riverside and a few other towns began in San Bernardino County, while most of the rest began in San Diego County. A dissatisfaction with the political "machine" in San Bernardino, coupled with the length of time it took San Diego County residents to get to the county seat led eventually to a desire to create a separate county. Others were in development too, but Riverside, a very wealthy community that had more than its share of political clout, had an ace up its sleave - the Southern Pacific Railroad, which of course controlled California politics at that time. Riversiders played their card, and Riverside County formed, leaving many in San Bernardino to sick back and lick their wounds. The rest, as they say, is history, and Riverside and the Southern Pacific continued their close relationship for years to come.



May 2013

Joseph Feeney

Joe Feeney is a native of Southern California with a life-long love for its history. Since he has also been a collector of citrus labels for more than thirty years, his interest grew into a desire to understand the history of this thoroughly Southern California citrus industry - an industry that created over a billion labels. In a superb talk on the citrus industry in Southern California entitled "The Second Gold Rush," complete with visuals of this industry including many colorful images of citrus labels, Joe covered the citrus industry from the first groves at the San Gabriel mission to the development of what it became, a multi-billion dollar agricultural empire. He gave us a comprehensive look at the economic and agricultural development of the industry from the early nineteeth century, its growth in dollar volume, grove size, transportation and marketing. Noteworthy pieces of information, like the dominance of the naval orange, how each fruit was wrapped and crated, and the people who worked in the industry, made the talk quite interesting on several levels. There was an entertainment side to his talk as well. He showed numerous slides and gave interesting descriptions, history and background of the many and varied crate labels. Showing these colorful labels gave an artistic side to the talk that lent a special mystique to both the industry and to crate labels and their collecting. He concluded the talk by handing out a beautiful crate label keepsake entitled "Sierra Madre" to all members present.

FROM OUR FILES

#65 June 1963

Coordination between the various corrals of The Westerners increased with the creation of a "Credentials Committee" to "act as a central group for the exchanging of information between corrals." George Fullerton was appointed the Los Angeles Corral's representative to the new committee.

Corresponding Member Al Shumate "has been elected Sublime Grand Noble Humbug of the Grand Council of E Clampus Vitus. Al is also President of the California Historical Society."

#172 Summer 1988

For our March meeting, Tom Andrews spoke on guidebooks to the California Gold region.

"Former Sheriff and honorary member Paul Bailey passed away on October 26, 1987…. Paul was much loved, a friend to all and a true supporter of the Westerners and western history."

"On June 2, Glen Dawson is to be feted at a dinner meeting of the Historical Society of Southern California for being designated as the initial Fellow of the Society."

Corral Chips

Steve Crise

CURRENTLY WORKING ON: A book entitled *Los Angeles Railway Then & Now* with Michael Patris for Arcadia Publishing.

NEEDS INFORMATION ON/FOR: Any photos or information related to the Los Angeles Railway, Los Angeles transit lines, or the MTA from 1900-1963

RECENT PRESENTATIONS: *Pacific Electric Railway Then & Now* (with Michael Patris) and *Mt. Lowe Railway Then & Now*, both of which were published by Arcadia Publishing.

OTHER: Steve Crise has done wide-ranging research on the Los Angeles Railway, Pacific Electric Railway, and Mt. Lowe Railway. He has lectured extensively on these topics to such groups as the San Dimas Historical Society, the Glendora Historical Society, the Pacific Electric Railroad Society, the Railroad and Locomotive Historical Society, and the San Marino Public Library. In addition, he was elevated to Associate Member Status in the Los Angeles Westerners in 2013.

UPCOMING EVENTS:
Sunday, October 20th 3 pm Temple City Women's Club - Steve Crise & Michael Patris - Pacific Electric Then & Now

Saturday, November 2nd, 2 pm Yorba Linda Public Library - Steve Crise & Michael Patris - Pacific Electric Then & Now.

Los Angeles Westerners Do History in High Style!

by Larry L. Boerio, Deputy Sheriff

On Saturday, July 13, 2013, fifty-two Corral members and guests departed historic Los Angeles Union Station aboard two spectacularly-restored vintage passenger rail cars bound for Santa Barbara. This all-day trip was an exclusive Corral *Special Outing* focused on experiencing history in "3-D." More *Special Outings* are planned on a regular basis.

The two cars, *Overland Trail* (a former Southern Pacific 1949 Pullman-built Club-Lounge car used on the *San Francisco Overland)* and *Silver Splendor* (a former Chicago, Burlington & Quincy 1956 Budd-built Vista Dome-Lounge-Dining car used on the *Denver Zephyr)* are privately owned and have been meticulously restored, first-hand, by their respective owners Bill and Debbie Hatrick and John and Heidi Caestecker. The cars were coupled as a private section to Amtrak's *Pacific Surfliner,* which departed at 7:50 a.m. and arrived at Santa Barbara at 10:19 a.m. A full breakfast, served by the truly first class wait staff of both cars, was really done up right! The same can be said of the delectable dinner served on the return trip which departed at 4:35 p.m.

En-route, the history of the cars and the railroads was illuminated as we traveled along the ex-SP Coast Line (LA to Bay Area line, now owned by Union Pacific). Originally, the Coast Line carried SP's historic *Coast Daylight* train, which many consider to be the "most beautiful passenger train in the world" with its red, orange, and black color scheme. Westerners chatted, drank, ate,

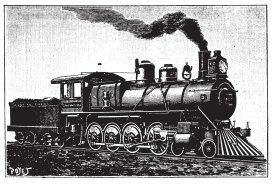
Overland Trail full of LA Westerners (Larry Boerio photo)

Our two cars (L to R) Silver Splendor, Overland Trail at Santa Barbara (Larry Boerio photo)

viewed the passing mountains and coastline, and explored these two pieces of rolling history from the "glory days" of passenger railroading. Upon arrival in Santa Barbara, with six hours available, many Corral members took advantage of the escorted tour of the many wine-tasting rooms. Later, on their own, they formed their own small groups to explore this beautiful and historic city by the sea. Others made their own small groups right away to explore the city directly, going to the Santa Barbara Historical Museum, Presidio, the many high-quality retail shops and art galleries, and the beautiful beaches and coastal views. Everyone seemed to have a great time. The chance to enjoy all of this with fellow Corral members was a real treat! Perhaps Sheriff Joe Cavallo summarized it best:

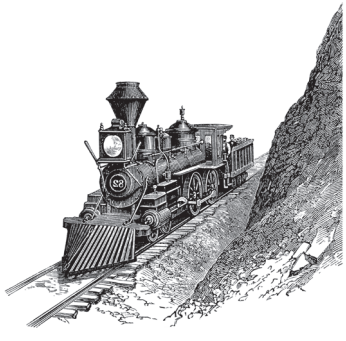
"My wife and I rode to SB in the 1949 car and rode back in the 1956 bubble top dome car. The loving attention to detail to these two train cars to make them so beautifully and historically restored was such a delight to see. It was like travelling back in time experiencing the beauty of California and our Western heritage. How much fun it was to talk, laugh, and enjoy the camaradarie of fellow Westerners in such wonderful surroundings. The time in Santa Barbara was great. Wine tasting, art museum, a great lunch with some of our Members made every moment a lot of fun. What an absolutely fabulous experience. Thanks to the owners of the cars and Larry Boerio who tirelessly gave attention to every detail and did a superb job. Westerners is committed to our magnificent historical heritage and all of our activities are designed to that end. I cannot wait until the next such event."

(More pictures on Page 16)



Paul & Felipa Gray: "Where did the wine go?"
Remember, it's only a "tasting!" (Larry Boerio photo)

Part of our "Top of the Line" wait staff
(Terry Terrell photo)



Michelle Zack & Mark Goldschmidt enjoy
the Silver Splendor dome! (Larry Boerio photo)