Tustin's First Fifty
A Half Century of Progress!
1868-1918

Or lo! These many years, all Orange County has taken a peculiar and lasting pride in Tustin. As E. D. Buss aptly observed five years ago, "Because of its attractions, residents of near-by sections never feel that they have shown visitors what Orange County is really like until they have shown them Tustin."

How true today. But less than 50 years ago Tustin was depicted as "lying somewhere in a forest halfway between Tomato Springs and Gospel Swamp." That is no more accurate now than the recent puny remark of the "rag" (three miles west of us) that claimed Tustin was "a home for sod-busters, bottle-busters and wheezers."

O jealous scribblers! When will you open your eyes?

Look at us today! Progress radiates on every side. Tustin has had telephones and electricity since 1905; houses have been numbered since 1908; and Main Street (would you believe it?) has had asphalt since 1915!

Admittedly, many of these claims seem too staggering to be true. Be that as it may, the Gazette can substantiate every word of its story about Tustin which was drawn from the lines of its press and the lips of its pioneers. If anything, we have erred on the side of conservativism—a natural failing with us here in Orange County.

The Rancho San Joaquin salutes its closest and dearest neighbor since 1868. Barring the "Dutch Colony" at Anaheim and the Mexican village at Capistrano, that makes Tustin the oldest community in the County.

Let Santa Ana put that in her pipe and smoke it!

—The Entire San Joaquin Gazette Staff
HERITAGE

It is interesting to reflect that had Jonathan Bacon, who bought 2500 acres of the Rancho Santiago de Santa Ana, platted his property instead of selling, our town today might be called “Bacon City.” Fortunately, a great visionary, Columbus Tustin, saw the potential in the sycamore grove known as El Altar on the stage road to San Juan. Not hesitant to pay top dollar, in 1868 he snapped up 680 acres at $1.40 apiece.

Bordered on the southeast by La Cienega de las ranas (“Frog Swamp”), the place was without structure except for an adobe Seely & Wright stage station. Yet in the midst of this wilderness, Columbus Tustin vowed to build himself a town, which he laid out December, 1870, with the prophetic name, “Tustin City.”

By the following June he had sold 13 spacious lots and generously given away 12 others. This dazzling spiral of development was capped in 1872 with the opening of a school house, donated by Mr. Tustin; a post office, Columbus Tustin, postmaster; and the first store, C. Tustin, proprietor. The upstairs of this first commercial building (at Main and C Streets) provided for public gatherings, exhibitions and the Union Church Prayer Meetings. Appropriately, it was called, “Tustin Hall.”

Dying on July 27, 1883, Tustin’s founder did not live to see his dream come to full fruition. But to his townsfolk he left a rich legacy. To his family he left: “I horse, 7 years old; 1 horse, 30 years old; 1 new spring wagon, 1 cultivator, 1 plow, 1 cow and two dozen lots in Tustin City.”

AGRONOMY

Heart and soul of Tustin’s economy is agriculture. Though well known that Dr. W. B. Wall began citrusulture here in 1876, how many are aware of our other semi-tropicals, such as the popular feijoa sellowiana, Hachiya persimmon, jujube, loquat, pomegranate, alligator pear, guava, cherimoya, zapote, carissa, eugenia and pamelon?

To be sure, oranges have reigned supreme ever since Tustin shipped the first car of county citrus to a foreign market (Des Moines, Ia.) in April of ’83. Last year, Queen Valencia accounted for 250 carloads, followed by her piquant hand-maiden, the lemon (116 cars) and prince consort, the English walnut (30 cars). But too few realize —

THAT the famous “Santa Ana Valley double-jointed hump-back peanut,” hawked on railroad cars throughout the nation, is grown right here in Tustin (and NOT Santa Ana) by Mr. C. E. U. Thet, B. H. Sharpless, developer of the “Sharpless Avocado,” recently sold fruit from his parent tree for ten dollars a dozen!

THAT J. H. Kellogg of this city is the largest raiser of prunes in the county, that Klondyke walnuts, whose nuts may reach 5½” in circumference, do nicely in Tustin.

THAT Tustin, though unheralded, is the chili pepper capital of the world, a slight to be rectified as soon as we acquire a chamber of commerce.

THAT Tustin’s ladies first brought acclaim to our agriculture at the 1885 Flower Festival at Munhall Tabernacle in L.A. with a “dazzling display of sweet alysums, heliotropes and waxy calla lilies.”

THAT Tustin’s ranchers pay top wages in the county: 5c a box for scrubbing oranges, 25c a day for pitting ‘cots, and 35c a gummy sack for picking peanuts.

Finally, there is a resilience in our farmers not found elsewhere. A year after the disastrous fire of 1910 burned down the peanut house (next to the waterworks), roasting 16,000 sacks, goober pea plantings were up 10%. And, following the freeze of 1913, when the thermometer dipped to 22 degrees three nights straight running, scarcely a day went by that some citrus grower didn’t detect a live shoot!

CONTRIBUTIONS

Dr. William Burgess Wall, citrus pioneer, was the father of night fertilization, which helped stamp out red scale with hydracynic gas.

C. E. U. Thet invented the first chili house dryer, thus promoting Tustin’s claim as the chili capital of the world.

Tom “Shorty” Harris, developed Red Hill’s metacinnabrate deposits into the only producing quicksilver mine west of Riverside.

The Willard Brothers capped the first artesian well in 1886 and founded the Tustin Waterworks.

Percy “Dink” Rice invented both an automatic chicken and printing press feeder and is currently working on a miniature windscreen wiper for eyeglasses.

Merrill Rice has redesigned his wave motor for generating electricity after it recently washed up on the beach at Laguna.

Harry Jessen developed the unique deep-blowing ground tool now in full production by his Tustin Mfg. Co.

Hiram K. Snow, prominent celery-grower, inspired by a vision, almost single handedly induced Congress to raise the import tariff to 1c a pound.

CLIMATE & VIEW

One cannot exaggerate the idyllic qualities of Tustin. Its weather is supreme — warm days, balmy nights. While the smell of burning bean straw may disturb the newcomer unaccustomed to the ways of citrus farming, E. R. Mauzy declares, “It is well known that in Tustin it has never been necessary to fire more than ten nights in a year.”

Nestled in a lush valley whose vigorous growth of wild mustard attests its fertility, Tustin is protected by a bulwark of mountains. Indeed, rancher Mauzy points out, “From the elevation of Lemon Heights, one may see five

BUSY DOWN TOWN TUSTIN, CAL., TODAY

With exception of street railroad, discontinued some years ago, scene depicts Tustin’s bustling Main and “D” Streets. Former “Pioneer Store” (left), built in 1872, is now operated by A. C. Cathey & Co. Bank reopened in 1912 as The First National, Will C. Crawford, pres.

Courtesy First American Title Insurance & Trust Co.
SMART HOMES

Ever-advancing prices characterize the real estate market in Tustin. Certainly the $400 home of thirty years ago could not be touched for five times that today. Initially settled by consumptives seeking a salubrious climate, Tustin's fertility soon attracted agriculturists, who sent acreage prices spiraling. Yet, while the bargains of 1870 (when Silas Ritchey bought 450 acres for $10 an acre) are gone forever, choice farms are still to be had.

As for Tustin's residential property, there is actually a waiting list to get in. The problem is that prospective homeowners are not in the market for 10-acre tracts. This is why distinctive homes such as the Sherm Stevens place (see cut), though built in 1887, maintain both their charm and value.

Many local edifices, including the Rice, Huff and French houses, bear the stamp of Tustin's foremost contractor, G. R. Preble, as does the Episcopal Church and the high school in the village west of here.

Rapid Transit

Unlike some towns with their subsidies, Tustin refused to be bullied by the Southern Pacific and languished without a railhead for ten years after Santa Ana got hers. However, from 1886 to 1896, thanks to our own Mr. Bundy, a street railway with both one and two-horse cars operated between Tustin and the hamlet to our west. (See schedule below.)

In 1887 the Santa Fe laid its rails to San Diego just east of town. While not exactly establishing a depot here, its trains can be flagged down at "Aliso Station," where Newport Road crosses the tracks.

Brought to its knees at last, the Southern Pacific extended its line to Tustin in 1888. A warehouse and ticket office (40' x 196') were built at Walnut and Newport, and service commenced on September 22. As further SP expansion was blocked by the San Joaquin Ranch, Tustin is today the southern terminus of the foothill line!

Because of the war in Europe, a spur of the Pacific Electric system here has been delayed, but direct trolley connections are only three miles away.

Recently introduced when Jimmy Northrup acquired a single cylinder "Olds" and Ed Utt got a "Baby Reo," the automobile has fast changed the face of Tustin. Blacksmith shops are down to two. Today, bicycle men like Bill Huntley are equally competent with sprockets or spark plugs.

Modern times are upon us.

Tustin City Line.

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SOUND ECONOMY characterized Tustin Bank, which opened Aug. 1, 1888, with $5,000 capital. The only Orange County bank to weather the panic of '93, it did not fold until 1902 when it went into voluntary liquidation. (Ed. Note: Tower did not fall down, it was taken down.)

EXCITING SHOPS

When it comes to shopping, Tustin has been called "the housewife's delight." Its compact downtown section offers every convenience within a two block radius!

As early as 1875 three fine general merchandise stores sharply competed for Tustin's patronage; today there are two, plus a modern meat market.

Strategically located near the intersection of Tustin's chief arteries (Main and D streets) is H. Fairbanks & Son, successor since 1889 of Dr. Fuller's drug store (see cut).

Dominating the city's commercial sector is the First National Bank (open until noon), which also houses the telephone station, a feed store, and the real estate and loan offices of W. B. Arzt.

Add to all this the Parkway Crescent Cleaning Company, Phiney's Barber Shop, the Tustin Bicycle Store, Burgess' Billiard and Pool Room, and two blacksmith shops, and you have a small idea of just what Tustin has to offer!
Society in Tustin is quite cosmopolitan. The people have come from various parts of this country and Europe, and include many of culture and refinement. — E. D. BUSS

CERTAINLY THAT IS TRUE of Tustin today, but it was not, recalls James Rice, when he arrived in 1876 seeking health and a sunnier clime. "The land was practically unimproved and the squirrels, owls and badgers had undisputed possession."

Fortunately, Mr. Rice and his wife, the former Coralinn Barlow, (now famous as "The Sweet Singer From Tustin"), weathered those early days when they had little of the society to which they had been accustomed in Cleveland. Going into the hog-raising business with his brother-in-law, James Irvine, Mr. Rice's refinement made itself felt almost immediately when he had the old San Joaquin ranch house plastered to keep out the flies. "It was," he declares, "the first plastered house in Orange County."

Later, purchasing a parcel from Peter Potts in Tustin, Rice built a home, designed by George R. Preble, late of this city, which became the social center of the community. Having received an excellent musical education in the Ursuline convent, Mrs. Rice, though an Episcopalian, has frequently sung in the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Rice is a Democrat, as he says, "in the broadest sense of that term."

Frequent participants in local theatricals, Mr. and Mrs. Rice often complement one another in musical duets, wherein her clear soprano blends famously with his unique ability to whistle through his fingers. Their rendition of Listen to the Mocking Bird is an absolute "must" at every musical.

MRS. JAS. RICE

TUSTIN TATTLE

Visitors always marvel that Tustin has no police force. Well, you don't need policemen if you don't have crime! Tustin's only constable was William Jerome (1890). Its last justice was Leander Sleeper (1895).

Mort Hubbard of "C" Street claims several town records. He's shot 235 quail in a week (sold them for $1.25 a doz.), and killed 27 deer in a month. Now he claims to have killed 21 geese with a single shot gun blast. We'll have to admit, Mort holds the record for one thing — but it isn't for shrinking the truth!

Tustin's worst crime wave was the time the boys coming back from the Spanish American War jumped out of the train at Aliso Flag Station and stole the watermelons. The stolen fruit didn't taste so sweet. They turned out to be citrons, not watermelons, from Mrs. Norton's pickle patch!

The GAZETTE applauds the fine work our W.C.T.U. is doing among the Spaniards. As soon as Oliver Payne gets out again, it would be nice if they had a little chat with him, too.

George Veeh thinks he's a water witch. He'd best practice in Tustin. Here, if the stick goes down you get water. If it goes up you get water. If it doesn't move, just kick the ground a little, George, you're bound to get something! *

Remember 15 years ago when the first moving picture was shown in the hall above Reinhaus' shoe store in S.A.P? It was "The Eruption of Vesuvius." Walter Rawlings says it was the best dime's worth he ever spent.

GO TO H. FAIRBANKS drug store for your patent medicine.

Ed Utt is a nice fellow but a little absent-minded. He borrowed Bill Huntley's bicycle the other day to ride out to his peanut fields. When Bill got off work, he couldn't find his bike.

"Say, Ed, where's my bicycle?" he asked.

"I dunno," says Ed, "did you look at the Post Office?"

All this new flimflam being taught in school makes us wish "Zeke" Ziellien were back at the helm. Today's youngsters don't know their R's from a hole in the ground. * * *

— JIM SLEEPER

SOUTHERN PACIFIC — Leave Santa Ana 6:25 Daily, Local Passenger Train for Orange, McPherson, Tustin and other West Stations.

Tustin's most popular raconteur was J. H. "Sailor" Brown, who always had a good yarn about his days in the "Nivy." Its greatest wit was William Jerome, Sr., who wrote for the Blade, the Herald, and the Anaheim Bulletin under the name "MUM." He died on August 20, 1900 in front of Utt's store while travelling Tustin's first cement sidewalk.

JUST RECEIVED a fresh stock of those 5 cent Key West cigars at H. Fairbanks, druggist.