THE SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY: A GUIDE TO ITS
NEWS AND NOTES

The Santa Cruz Historical Society was founded on February 15, 1954, when Charter Night was held in the Music Room of the old Santa Cruz Public Library. The first president was Margaret Koch. The society was an all-volunteer, membership organization for the thirty-two years of its existence. For many years, monthly meetings with guest speakers were held at the library. The organization’s first and continuing project was the drive to preserve and restore the Santa Cruz Mission Adobe (now part of the Santa Cruz Mission State Historic Park). Other projects actively supported included the preservation of Evergreen Cemetery and the opening of the old County Hall of Records as the Octagon Museum.

The society also started a program of placing markers and plaques to designate historic sites and structures in Santa Cruz County. The current “Blue Plaque” historical landmark program began as a society effort in 1973. In the 1970s, the society became an advocate for the preservation of historic structures, culminating in a three-year battle to save the McHugh-Bianchi Building, an 1886 landmark commercial building at the head of Pacific Avenue. Though the building was lost, members successfully lobbied for the creation of a Historic Preservation Commission and a historic preservation ordinance for the City of Santa Cruz.

Starting in 1954, the Santa Cruz Historical Society began issuing NEWS AND NOTES, a four-to-six-page newsletter that reported society activities and for many years included brief historical articles written by members. Margaret Koch served as editor for twenty years. Contributors included Jeannette Rowland, widow of Leon Rowland, who maintained and up-dated her husband’s historical research note cards (now in Special Collections, UCSC Library, accessible via the Internet); Ernest Otto, the longtime Santa Cruz Sentinel reporter who authored the beloved “Old Santa Cruz” column; Preston Sawyer, Sentinel employee and local history collector whose photos appeared regularly in the Sentinel as “Santa Cruz Yesterdays;” Warren “Skip” Littlefield, Santa Cruz Seaside Company publicist; Phyllis Patten, local history author; and many others, such as Frank Latta, Betty Lewis, and Edward “Sandy” Lydon.

NEWS AND NOTES continued through December 1977. From 1978 through 1986, unnumbered newsletters were issued but did not contain historical articles. The Santa Cruz Historical Society went out of existence in December 1986, when it merged with other historical groups under the new organization’s name, Santa Cruz County Historical Trust, a forerunner of today’s Museum of Art & History.

Judith Steen, Santa Cruz Historical Society member, 1970-1986
**NEWS AND NOTES** from the Santa Cruz Historical Society:  

Note:

Incorrect numbers and dates as they appear on NEWS AND NOTES are shown in parentheses ( ). Articles in *News and Notes* were written from thirty to fifty years ago. Many of the authors were not trained researchers, and few local historical and biographical reference tools such as indexes, genealogical sources, and documented monographs existed as they do today. Before citing these articles, we recommend verifying facts.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Issue</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>October 1954</td>
<td>Isaac Graham—Pioneer 185 Years Old! [City of Santa Cruz]</td>
<td>Callista Dake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>October 1955</td>
<td>Indians as I Remember Them [Humboldt Co.] Mary Amney Case Santa Cruz Birthday and The Mission</td>
<td>Marjorie Sinnott, Dellamonica, Harry Rutledge, Preston Sawyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>June 1957</td>
<td>The Great Light [Santa Cruz Lighthouse] Santa Cruz Early Schools</td>
<td>Warren “Skip” Littlefield, Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>October 1957</td>
<td>A Pioneer of the Pioneers [Elihu Anthony] Part III Illustrations with captions, of: Charles Henry “Mountain Charley” McKiernan Duncan McPherson Captain Upton S. Matthis</td>
<td>Mrs. C. M. Lingle, Santa Cruz County Advertising Committee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>February 1958</td>
<td>Early Days Glen Canyon Covered Bridge</td>
<td>W. P. “Bud” Hendrick, Mrs. Everett Allen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>June 1958</td>
<td>Judge John H. Watson “Widow” Bennett Illustrations with captions, of: “Widow” Bennett Captain Harry Love Stephen Martinelli Chief Roxas Charley Darkey Parkhurst</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland, Santa Cruz County Advertising Committee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Issue</td>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Author</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>October 1958</td>
<td>Memories of Boulder Creek</td>
<td>Elsie Jameson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Baldwin Family</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Illustrations with captions, of:</td>
<td>Santa Cruz County</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>James G. Piratsky</td>
<td>Advertising Committee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tiburcio Vasquez</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>February 1959</td>
<td>Old Santa Cruz [Court House]</td>
<td>Preston Sawyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Fair Pavilion</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Judge James Harvey Logan</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>A Pioneer of the Pioneers of California</td>
<td>Mrs. C. M. Lingle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>[Elihu Anthony] Part IV</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>June 1959</td>
<td>Passing Landmarks [Beach Hill Inn; Cowell-Davis Warehouse]</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Barson Family of Santa Cruz</td>
<td>Mrs. Pearl Reid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>[History of Santa Cruz Parlor No. 26, Native Daughters of the Golden West]</td>
<td>Mrs. Ruby Bowen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>October 1959</td>
<td>U.S. Mail Car Tips Over! [From the Glenwood Echo—1920s]</td>
<td>Denver Wolfe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Plans for the Adobe</td>
<td>C. D. Stocking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>De Laveaga Park</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Santa Cruz County Court Houses</td>
<td>Mrs. Everett Allen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>History of Scotts Valley</td>
<td>Santa Cruz County</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Illustrations with captions, of:</td>
<td>Advertising Committee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Isaac Graham</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>February 1960</td>
<td>Josephine Clifford McCrackin</td>
<td>Callista Dake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Wilder Adobe</td>
<td>Kay Kevil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Wilder Ranch</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Death Valley Table-Cloth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Locust Street</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>June 1960</td>
<td>Murrieta Connections in Santa Cruz County</td>
<td>F. F. Latta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Naming of Fort Ord and the Ord Family</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>October 1960</td>
<td>Early Santa Cruz Industry [Tanning]</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>From the Editor’s Desk [Goat Hill]</td>
<td>Margaret Koch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Old Santa Cruz [Cody’s Wild West Show]</td>
<td>Preston Sawyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Orrin S. Blodgett</td>
<td>Callista Dake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Historical Artifacts at L. A. County Fair</td>
<td>Warren “Skip” Littlefield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>February 1961</td>
<td>What About Money for the Adobe?</td>
<td>Denver Wolfe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>West of the Pajaro—He Was The Law for 23 Years [Howard Trafton]</td>
<td>Warren “Skip” Littlefield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Paper Making in Santa Cruz County</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>History of Santa Cruz Water System</td>
<td>Warren Baldwin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Case Without a Body—Part I</td>
<td>W. P. “Bud” Hendrick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>June 1961</td>
<td>Octagonal Building</td>
<td>Margaret Koch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Willow Creek Cemetery [San Benito County]</td>
<td>Callista Dake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Case Without a Body—Part II</td>
<td>James B. McGrury</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>W. P. “Bud” Hendrick</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## NEWS AND NOTES from the Santa Cruz Historical Society:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Issue</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>October 1961</td>
<td>Santa Cruz High School Trident is Rich in Santa Cruz History [Including reprint of Trident article, &quot;Early Days in Santa Cruz,&quot; by Edith Terrill]</td>
<td>Margaret Koch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Dewey's Guns Used Santa Cruz Powder at Battle of Manila</td>
<td>Preston Sawyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>June 1962</td>
<td>Santa Cruz Wharves Elihu Anthony</td>
<td>Warren &quot;Skip&quot; Littlefield Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>October 1962</td>
<td>Wright's and Vine Hill [Excerpts from Santa Cruz County: Resources, Advantages, Objects of Interest. 1887] The Santa Cruz Mountain Summit Community—Part II</td>
<td>Warren Baldwin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>February 1963</td>
<td>Eliza W. Farnham Diamond Jubilee [Santa Cruz Parlor No. 26, Native Daughters of the Golden West]—Part I Those California Women</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland Callista Dake Margaret Koch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>October 1963</td>
<td>Memories of Holy Cross Boarding School—Part I</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>February 1964</td>
<td>Don Rafael Castro Memories of Holy Cross Boarding School—Part II</td>
<td>J. E. Clancy Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>June 1964</td>
<td>History of Santa Cruz Sentinel Memories of Holy Cross Boarding School—Part III</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>October 1964</td>
<td>Joseph Boston Heritage Days in Santa Cruz</td>
<td>J. E. Clancy Margaret Koch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>February 1965</td>
<td>[Tenth Year, Santa Cruz Historical Society]</td>
<td>Margaret Koch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>June 1965</td>
<td>Douglas Tilden, the Mute Sculptor The Streets of Santa Cruz</td>
<td>Callista Dake Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>October 1965</td>
<td>Glenwood Hotel—Part I Santa Cruz Chinatown</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>February 1966</td>
<td>Glenwood Hotel—Part II</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>June 1966</td>
<td>Santa Cruz Fire Fighters</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>October 1966</td>
<td>Santa Cruz Poet [Laura Catherine Redden Searing, or Howard Glyndon]</td>
<td>Callista Dake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Issue</td>
<td>Date</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Author</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36 (28)</td>
<td>February 1967</td>
<td>The Felton Flume, 1875-1885 Old Santa Cruz: Lumber-Charcoal “Main Street” of Santa Cruz</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten, Ernest Otto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>October 1967</td>
<td>A Family Affair [Letters of Orville Root]—Part I</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>February 1968</td>
<td>A Family Affair [Letters of Orville Root]—Part II The Italian Gardens of Magic Yesteryear—Part I</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>June 1968</td>
<td>Early History of the Santa Cruz Library Annie’s Soddy Story The Italian Gardens of Magic Yesteryear—Part II</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland, Mary Deubler, Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>October 1968</td>
<td>The Italian Gardens of Magic Yesteryear—Part III Two California Islands of Long Ago [Terminal &amp; Dead Man’s Islands]—Part I</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>February 1969</td>
<td>Two California Islands of Long Ago [Terminal &amp; Dead Man’s Islands]—Part II A Letter of Fray Juan Crespi</td>
<td>Mary Deubler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>June 1969</td>
<td>The Streets of Santa Cruz A Domestic Warfare</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland, Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>October 1969</td>
<td>San Lorenzo Paper Mill Santa Cruz County Bicentennial, 1769-1969</td>
<td>Jeannette Rowland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>February 1970</td>
<td>History of U.S. Post Office in Santa Cruz Santa Cruz Vineyards &amp; Wineries of Glorious Yesteryear</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>June 1970</td>
<td>The Tannery on the San Lorenzo</td>
<td>Barbara Giffen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>October 1970</td>
<td>Cowell’s State Redwood Park</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48 (47,49)</td>
<td>February 1971</td>
<td>[Local History]</td>
<td>Tom McHugh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49 (48,52)</td>
<td>June 1971</td>
<td>A History of Rancho Del Oso</td>
<td>Hulda McLean</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 (48)</td>
<td>October (June) 1971</td>
<td>A Home in the Mountains—Part I</td>
<td>Emma Stolte Garrod</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51 (48)</td>
<td>February 1972</td>
<td>A Home in the Mountains—Part I Neighbors</td>
<td>Emma Stolte Garrod</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52 (50)</td>
<td>June 1972</td>
<td>Clothes Washing in the Pioneer Era A Home in the Mountains—Part II The San Francisco Earthquake</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten, Emma Stolte Garrod</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53 (51)</td>
<td>October 1972</td>
<td>The Italian Hotels of Santa Cruz—Part I</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54 (52)</td>
<td>March 1973</td>
<td>The Italian Hotels of Santa Cruz—Part II</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55 (53)</td>
<td>June 1973</td>
<td>She Was Still Painting at 94 [Lillian Heath]</td>
<td>Margaret Koch</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
NEWS AND NOTES from the Santa Cruz Historical Society:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Issue</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>56 (54)</td>
<td>October 1973</td>
<td>The Jerkline Team of the Nineteenth Century Santa Cruz Mission—Part I</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57 (55)</td>
<td>February 1974</td>
<td>Santa Cruz Mission—Part II La Exaltacion de la Santa Cruz</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58 (56)</td>
<td>June 1974</td>
<td>Santa Cruz Mission—Part III</td>
<td>Phyllis Patten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59 (57)</td>
<td>October 1974</td>
<td>The Hanging of President Arthur</td>
<td>Edward Lydon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60 (58)</td>
<td>February 1975</td>
<td>Once Watsonville Was a Seaport—Part I</td>
<td>Betty Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61 (59)</td>
<td>September 1975</td>
<td>Once Watsonville Was a Seaport—Part II</td>
<td>Betty Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>June 1976</td>
<td>News articles</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>December 1976</td>
<td>Before the Bandsaw—A History of Lumbering in the Monterey Bay Area Before 1850</td>
<td>Bruce Meacham</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>Summer 1977</td>
<td>News articles</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Fall 1977</td>
<td>News articles</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Date</td>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>--------------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>--------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>October 1954</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>February 1966</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>April 1955</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>June 1966</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>October 1955</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>October 1966</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>April 1956</td>
<td>36 (28)</td>
<td>February 1967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>August 1956</td>
<td>37 (29)</td>
<td>June 1967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>February 1957</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>October 1967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>June 1957</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>February 1968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>October 1957</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>June 1968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>February 1958</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>October 1968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>June 1958</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>February 1969</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>October 1958</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>June 1969</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>February 1959</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>October 1969</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>June 1959</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>February 1970</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>October 1959</td>
<td>46</td>
<td>June 1970</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>February 1960</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>October 1970</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>June 1960</td>
<td>48 (47, 49)</td>
<td>February 1971</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>October 1960</td>
<td>49 (48, 52)</td>
<td>June 1971</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>February 1961</td>
<td>50 (48)</td>
<td>October (June) 1971</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>June 1961</td>
<td>51 (48)</td>
<td>February 1972</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>October 1961</td>
<td>52 (50)</td>
<td>June 1972</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>June 1962</td>
<td>54 (52)</td>
<td>March 1973</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23 (22)</td>
<td>October 1962</td>
<td>55 (53)</td>
<td>June 1973</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>February 1963</td>
<td>56 (54)</td>
<td>October 1973</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>June 1963</td>
<td>57 (55)</td>
<td>February 1974</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>October 1963</td>
<td>58 (56)</td>
<td>June 1974</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>February 1964</td>
<td>59 (57)</td>
<td>October 1974</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>June 1964</td>
<td>60 (58)</td>
<td>February 1975</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>October 1964</td>
<td>61 (59)</td>
<td>September 1975</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>February 1965</td>
<td>62</td>
<td>June 1976</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>June 1965</td>
<td>63</td>
<td>December 1976</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>October 1965</td>
<td>64 (unnumbered)</td>
<td>Summer 1977</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>65 (unnumbered)</td>
<td>Fall 1977</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
HOW AND WHY

The organization of the Santa Cruz Historical Society followed a series of four preliminary meetings held by a small group of interested people who felt strongly that Santa Cruz should have such a Society. Those present at some or all of the preliminary meetings were: Arnold Baldwin, Chairman of Native Sons History and Landmark Committee; Mildred Baird, Anita Little, President; N. D. G. W.; Callista Dake, Margaret Koch, Chairman, N. D. G. W. History and Land Marks Committee; Marie Frutchner, N. D. G. W. Trustee; George Frutchner, Fred McPherson, Jr. Geraldine Work, Santa Cruz County Librarian. At the preliminary meetings much important work was done. A Constitution, stating the aims and purposes of the society, was approved pending formal adoption by the society. Tentative dues were set and a meeting night chosen. Temporary officers and board members were elected as follows: President, Margaret Koch; Vice-President, Arnold Baldwin; Secretary, Callista Dake; Treasurer, Marie Frutchner; Board of Directors: Fred McPherson, Jr., Geraldine Work, and George Frutchner.

CHARTER NIGHT

On February 15th at 7:30 the Music Room of Santa Cruz Library, which holds about forty persons comfortably, was bulging and people were still arriving. There was a last minute loran to get more chairs before the meeting was called to order by President Koch. After the salute to the flag the group heard the reading of the proposed Constitution by Vice-President Baldwin. Considerable discussion followed and this was left by the temporary officers and board members to be the most critical period in the formation of the society. Although the discussion was lengthy no formal motions or parliamentary procedure could take place as the society was not yet legally organized. The discussion served as worthwhile however, in enabling the temporary officers and board to make certain changes in the Constitution.

WHAT WE ARE DOING

MARCH MEETING

In March, the temporary officers and board of directors were voted into office unanimously. The Constitution, as amended, was adopted. Mr. Robert Burtin gave a line talk on Early California Indians and displayed articles from his collection of Indian relics.

APRIL MEETING

Mr. Preston Sawyer showed some of his collection of old pictures and explained how duties were established. Mrs. Geraldine Work brought out some old issues of the Surf and other local newspapers.

MAY MEETING

At the generous invitation of Halda MacLean the society enjoyed a potluck picnic at Mr. Theodore Hoover’s Rancho del Oro above Davenport. Mrs. MacLean spoke on the Portola Expedition and members viewed the Portola Monument which stands on the Hoover Ranch.

JUNE MEETING

Fifty-six members enjoyed a dinner meeting at historic Riverside Hotel with Dr. Aubrey Neasham, Historian of the State Department of Natural Resources, as guest speaker. Dr. Neasham spoke of the importance of preserving our historical sites and outlined local projects for the society to work on.

JULY MEETING

Due to the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wagner, a picnic potluck dinner was held in historic Wagner’s Grove. Mr. Fred Wagner spoke about the history of the Grove and told many interesting and amusing incidents.

NO AUGUST MEETING

Too many vacations

SEPTEMBER MEETING

The society met in the Library to hear a tape recording of Mr. Chris Hirt, only remaining Bull Team Driver in our county.
HOW AND WHY

The organization of the Santa Cruz Historical Society followed a series of four preliminary meetings held by a small group of interested people who felt strongly that Santa Cruz should have such a Society.

Those present at some or all of the preliminary meetings were: Arnold Baldwin, Chairman of Native Sons History and Landmark Committee; Mildred Baird, Anita Little, President, N. D. G. W.; Callista Dake, Margaret Koch, Chairman, N. D. G. W. History and Land Marks Committee; Marie Pratchner, N. D. G. W., Trustee; George Pratchner, Fred McPherson, Jr. Geraldine Work, Santa Cruz County Librarian.

At the preliminary meetings much important work was done. A Constitution, stating the aims and purposes of the society, was approved pending formal adoption by the society. Tentative dues were set and a meeting night chosen. Temporary officers and board members were elected as follows: President, Margaret Koch; Vice-President, Arnold Baldwin; Secretary, Callista Dake; Treasurer, Marie Pratchner. Board of Directors: Fred McPherson, Jr., Geraldine Work, and George Pratchner.

Plans were made for Charter Membership Night which was to be the first public meeting, and letters of invitation were sent to local clubs and civic groups.

CHARTER NIGHT

On February 15th at 7:30 the Music Room of Santa Cruz Library, which holds about forty persons comfortably, was bulging and people were still arriving. There was a last minute foray to get more chairs before the meeting was called to order by President Koch. After the salute to the flag the group heard the reading of the proposed Constitution by Vice-President Baldwin.

Considerable discussion followed and this was felt by the temporary officers and board members to be the most critical period in the formation of the society. Although the discussion was lengthy no formal motions or parliamentary procedure could take place as the society was not yet legally organized. The discussion served as worthwhile however, in enabling the temporary officers and board to make certain changes in the Constitution.

WHAT WE ARE DOING

MARCH MEETING

In March, the temporary officers and board of directors were elected with one exception. The Constitution, as amended, was adopted. Mr. Robert Burton gave a fine talk on Early California Indians and displayed articles from his collection of Indian relics.

APRIL MEETING

Mr. Preston Sawyer showed some of his collection of old pictures and explained how dates were established. Mrs. Geraldine Work brought out some old issues of the Surf and other local newspapers.

MAY MEETING

At the generous invitation of Hulda MacLean the society enjoyed a potluck picnic at Mr. Theodore Hoover’s Rancho del Oso above Davenport. Mrs. MacLean spoke on the Portola Expedition and members viewed the Portola Monument which stands on the Hoover Ranch.

JUNE MEETING

Fifty-six members enjoyed a dinner meeting at historic Riverside Hotel with Dr. Aubrey Neasham, Historian of the State Department of Natural Resources, as guest speaker. Dr. Neasham spoke of the importance of preserving our historical sites, and outlined local projects for the society to work on.

JULY MEETING

Due to the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wagner, a picnic potluck dinner was held in historic Wagner’s Grove. Mr. Fred Wagner spoke about the history of the Grove and told many interesting and amusing incidents.

NO AUGUST MEETING

Too many vacations

SEPTEMBER MEETING

The society met in the Library to hear a tape recording of Mr. Chris Iffert, only remaining Bull Team Driver in our county.
The recording, which was prepared by Mrs. Phyllis Patten and Mrs. Callista Dake, brought tears to the eyes of many and laughter to all, as the fine old man told of his years of experience with Bull Teams.

**OCTOBER MEETING**

October is our Annual Meeting with Election of Officers followed by a social evening.

● WHAT MAKES THE WHEELS GO ‘ROUND

Santa Cruz Historical Society Committees:

- **Publicity** — Chairman, Preston Sawyer; Elsie Jameson and Ernest Otto.
- **Program** — Chairman, Geraldine Work; Callista Dake and Margaret Koch.
- **Reservations and Transportation** — Chairman, Mamie Cassidy; Ruth Baldwin, Marie Pratchner and Lelah Twombly.
- **Photos and Transcriptions** — Chairman, Hulda MacLean; Fred Wagner, Callista Dake, Preston Sawyer and Moreland Johnson.
- **Historical Markers** — Chairman, John Strohbeen and Harry Black; Phyllis Patten, Arnold Baldwin, Mrs. Fred Wagner, William Davenhill and Fred McPherson, Jr.
- **San Lorenzo Historical Markers** — Lucille Trine and Bud Hendrick.
- **Building Committee** — Robert Burton, Moreland Johnson, Alice Neary, and Anita Triplett.

● WHO WE ARE

CHARTER MEMBERS


Mrs. G. L. Giffen, Mrs. J. W. Musgrave, Catherine B. Steele, William Steele, Dr. Frank S. Dolley, Lt. Salle Bachelder, Mary Catlin Crawford, Elizabeth Barnes, James E. Clancy, Louise Miles.

GUESTS

Dr. Aubrey Neasham, Mrs. L. W. Lane, Miss Mae B. Wilkin, Mr. Bachelder.

GIFTS

Mr. Miller—Lithograph of Riverside Hotel
Mrs. Wm. Steele—Copy of Sentinel with Portola Monument dedication story.
Lelah Twombly—Bull Team picture—newspaper.
Callista Dake—Tape recording of Bull Team Driver.
Phyllis Patten—Bull Team photographs.

● ISAAC GRAHAM—PIONEER

Historians disagree as the character of Isaac Graham. Bonaroff and others, paint him as a ruffian from Kentucky, distilling whiskey, as early as 1836 at Natividad—harboring a gang of outlaws and cutthroats who stole what was loose and bothered native women.

In 1836 he was also instrumental, as a leader of the “Americanos rifieros,” in aiding Juan Bautista Alvarado in his attempt to seize and declare California a free and sovereign state. Evidently Alvarado was not a sincere friend and in April of 1840, ordered Captain Castro, cousin of the Santa Cruz Castros, to round up all British and American aliens and deport them to Tepic prison in Mexico.

This was done and it was June of 1841 before Isaac Graham secured his release and could return to California. It is known that the Mexican government paid him a large sum of money for the injustice and inconvenience done him.

Our own late historian, Leon Rowland, records Graham as from Virginia.
He wrote of him as progressive and a friend of all British and Americans who were interested in seeing California free of Mexican rule.

The historian, Thomas Jefferson Farnham says he was a thorough frontiersman, from Hardian, Kentucky, trapping and living by his rifle.

A progressive, energetic, shrewd but kind hearted man he had physical and mental powers, adequate to any emergency.

The fact is that Graham did return to Santa Cruz, after his Mexican imprisonment and with part of the money he received from Mexico, purchased the Zayante Rancho from Joseph R. Majors, in September of 1841.

Within a year, he erected, on Zayante Creek, the first power saw mill built in California. It was near the present site of Mt. Hermon. A few years later he built a larger mill on the San Lorenzo near Fall Creek.

The lumber from Graham's mills was hauled by ox team, over the Graham Hill grade, to Santa Cruz and loaded on the coast schooners.

In 1848 Graham and a partner named Henry Neale built a sailing ship, using the same ways on Beach Hill, where the French trader, Carlos Rousillon, had built the vessel, "Santa Cruz," two years before. Graham's ship was used between Santa Cruz and San Francisco and was also named the "Santa Cruz."

Graham entered into a contract marriage in 1845 with Catherine Bennett. In 1850, upon learning that Graham had left a wife and family in Tennessee, Catherine left him and fled to Oregon. Later she returned and the marriage was annulled in 1852.

Isaac Graham also purchased a portion of Rancho Punta de! Ano Nuevo. His two story white house was one of the show places of the coast.

Fiction has it, that mariners off shore used to reckon the distance to San Francisco by sighting this land mark.

To his family who lived there with him, after his milling operations on Zayante Creek, the rancho was known as his "range land." The house stood near White House Creek.

Two of his sons came to Santa Cruz from Tennessee. One daughter, a Mrs. J. D. Marshall came from Texas in 1852 and settled on what is known as Marshall Creek. Another daughter married David Rice. They operated a 12 room hotel at Aptos. It was to this daughter, Matilda Jane or Mrs. David M. Rice, that Isaac Graham left his property, upon his death in 1863.

He died while on a trip to San Francisco. His remains were returned to Santa Cruz and buried in the old Evergreen Cemetery.

—Callista Dake

185 YEARS OLD!

Time, in its relentless march, moves on. And presently Santa Cruzans are proudly aware that their "City of the Holy Cross", one of the oldest communities in the Golden State, has reached the August age of 185 years!

Historians generally are inclined to date the beginning from 1769, but early Indian life may have ranged the hills for many years before. Shell mounds indicate nomadic visitations, at least, of early native life along the central California coast.

In the 18th century sturdy Spanish explorers were beating land trails northward to view at closer quarters, what their sea-going predecessors had passed on sailing ships many years earlier. It is quite possible that Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo gazed upon the local hills, the wooded slopes of our wondrous countryside, during his famous voyage of discovery in the year 1542.

Thirty-six years later the famous old fighting admiral, Sir Francis Drake, sailing in the track of Cabrillo's ship, saw these same mountains and made note of them in his logbook.

In December, 1602, Vizcaino, hunting a port into which trading ships might sail in quest of wood and water, put into the bay of Monterey. He landed somewhere on these shores and stayed for a time. In his account he speaks of the "prodigious trees" and of the "large, clear lakes, fine pastures and arable lands."

For a hundred and sixty years no more is heard of this region. Then came the Portola expedition!

On the 14th of July, 1769, Don Gaspar de Portola's expedition, with Captain Revera, Lieutenant Fages, Engineer Constanzio, Fathers Crespi and Gomez and a company of 49 soldiers and Christian Indians set out overland from San Diego. They were looking for a magnificent bay and a harbor described by Vizcaino.

Pushing ever northward, but growing weary, the Portola party finally crossed the Pajaro river on October 11. They made camp in the vicinity of what is now Corralitos. A few days later they reached the Soquel valley to which they gave the name Rosario del Sarafin de Asculi, recording that they found wild roses there that reminded them of those they had had in Spain.

A march of two leagues brought them, on October 17, St. Lawrence day, to our river,
which they called San Lorenzo, for the saint.
Concerning the next day Fr. Crespi's diary recorded: "Five hundred paces after
we started we crossed a good arroyo of running water which descends from some
hills where it rises. We named it Santa
Cruz." —Preston Sawyer

**MISCELLANY**

Sixty years ago the average yield of
wheat in Santa Cruz County was 30
bushels to the acre; corn 50 bushels; barley,
40 bushels; potatoes, 7,000 pounds; sugar
beets, 9 tons.

There were 15 church societies in the city
of Santa Cruz in 1896.

In 1895 Santa Cruz had six weekly news-
papers.

Before the turn of the century fifty thousand
acres of fertile farming land rose from the
coast in terraces to the extreme summits
of the mountains, on the very tops of
which flourished grapes from which was
made the famous wines of the region.

The first big Casino at the beach was
destroyed by fire June 22, 1906.

Santa Cruz county had a population of
about 20,000 people in 1890. About half the
people lived in the two cities of Santa
Cruz and Watsonville.

The notorious hanging of two Indian
murderers at the old Water Street bridge
occurred in 1877.

The Daily Surf first dashed against the
doorsteps of Santa Cruz in June, 1883. It
ceased operations early in 1919.

SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Public Library, Santa Cruz, California
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Number 2  APRIL, 1955

OBSERVATIONS

Exactly one year and two months have passed since Charter Night and the formation of the Santa Cruz Historical Society. Along with lots of enthusiastic members, there were a few who wondered what a small society such as ours could accomplish in the way of worthwhile activities. We had no great membership or financial reserves to draw from. We didn't even have the prestige of an organization of many years standing in the community. To put it bluntly, we are as green as grass, and proof besides. However, in the months following organization, we found we had valuable assets indeed. We found we had members with ideas; members who were willing to work hard and give their time to us. Above all, the foundation of the Society rests firmly on the great spirit of enthusiasm and interest each member shows. Due to these assets we have listed above, it may be possible for Santa Cruz to have a permanent, historic monument of great value in the near future. If this is accomplished, it will be due to a worthwhile idea, enthusiasm which grew like that grass we mentioned above and work and time given generously by all.

WHAT WE ARE DOING

OCTOBER 1954. MEETING

In October the incumbent officers were unanimously elected to serve for the following year. Each member wore an article of clothing or jewelry with historic interest, and each one spoke briefly or told an amusing story about the article. The Adobe Building Committee reported meeting with Miss Alice Neary.

NOVEMBER MEETING

Dinner at Beach Hill Inn was enjoyed by seventy-two members and guests. Miss Alice Everett who was the speaker for the evening, spoke informally and with humor on the problems of running the Santa Cruz Museum.

DECEMBER MEETING

Papers of Incorporation were read by Director Fred McPherson, Jr. and were approved unanimously. There was a gift exchange under the Christmas tree and refreshments served.

JANUARY 1955. MEETING

A small meeting due to the rain and cold, but much important business discussed. Reports given by San Lorenzo Marker Committee, Adobe Building Committee, special Auditing Committee and a unanimous vote by the members to publish this News and Notes in April. The kind invitation of Mrs. Wm. Steele to hold the April meeting at Green Oaks Ranch was accepted with pleasure.

FEBRUARY MEETING

Progress reported by the Adobe Committee and a copy of the letter sent to the State Division of Beaches and Parks read by Moreland Johnson. Many guests present enjoyed the tape recording of Edna Young Hammond, former County Supt. of Schools.

MARCH MEETING

Reports heard on the gifts presented to the Society by Mrs. Doris Tilden and Mrs. Helen Townshend. Plans made for a summer rummage sale.

The third Sunday in April at historic Green Oaks Ranch by the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Steele. Mrs. Steele has done extensive research on Abraham Lincoln and has original Lincoln letters in her possession. There is much pertaining to Santa Cruz County history to be seen at Green Oaks Ranch was originally in this County.

GUESTS

Guests who company we have enjoyed at these meetings are: Mrs. Marjorie Marsh Wright, Mr. and Mrs. F. Quistorf, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Mattison, Mr. and Mrs. John Tickell, Mrs. Becker, Mrs. Boroughs, Mrs. Branch, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Mahood, Mr. Rutledge, Mrs. Jane Burns, Miss Ella Merritt.

NEW MEMBERS

Mrs. Mrs. Ley, Mr. Harry E. Rutledge, Mr. James E. Cloney, Mrs. Herbert Beck, Mrs. Fern Huston, Mr. Chris Illert, Mrs. Alberta Merrill, Mr. Charles Bachelder, Mrs. Hazel Leary, Mrs. Grace Mahood, Mrs. Ida Boroughs.
The following have presented the Society with gifts:
Mr. Frank Kazmerek, Mr. Gunther, Dr. Frank S. Dolley, Mr. Bishop, Mrs. Doris Tilden, Mrs. Helen Townshend, Mrs. Dorothy Smith Sinclair.

NOTE—Due to an oversight in the October News and Notes, the name of Frances McCorkill was omitted as a Charter Member. We would like to apologize to Frances here and now.

IN MEMORIAM
Santa Cruz Historical Society was saddened by the loss of member Agnes Boston Burge this year; and the passing of Mr. Bert B. Snyder, Sr. Mr. Snyder prepared our papers of incorporation and was most helpful with advice.

**LONDON NELSON**

From the files of Leon Rowland

Present day visitors to the old Evergreen Cemetery in the Potrero can find a gravestone with the epitaph "He was a colored man. He left his entire fortune to Santa Cruz School District No. 1."
The colored man was London Nelson, a negro whose entire fortune was a lot worth $300 on what is now Water Street, household furniture valued at $15, a promissory note from Hugo Hihn for $35, seven dozen county scrip and a crop of growing onions which sold for $15. On this lot he grew vegetables and had his own cabin in which he mended shoes for a living.

His death occurred May 17, 1860. London Nelson had been born in North Carolina and left there with his owner, a man named Nelson, going first to Tennessee and then to California in the gold rush. Given his freedom he had come to Santa Cruz.

From his cabin he could see the two room wooden school on lower Mission Street, erected three years before, where sessions had been suspended late in 1859 for lack of funds. He made his will bequeathing his entire property to the school.

The honor in which London Nelson was held by the Santa Cruzians of 1860 was shown by the fact of his burial in the then new Evergreen Cemetery. Less than two years before Protestants had formed an association which bought along the western edge of the Potrero, the grounds in which his body was one of the first to be buried.

The public administrator did not sell the lot until live or six years later. By that time, however, county taxes, state school funds and private donations had made possible, the reopening of the school and the $372 instead of going toward maintenance of the school was used to buy an additional tract for the old Mission Hill site. This addition was at the upper border and affords the entrance to the present administrative office of the city schools.

Elizu Anthony, the administrator turned the $372 over to the school district in 1875 and the trustees used it to buy additional grounds for the three story structure they built that year.

The lot and cottage on it, which the school district bought with London Nelson's $372 was owned and occupied by Samuel Richardson Hillman, a 62 year-old bachelor from Delaware who seized the opportunity to retire from his cabinet making business and move to a little house on Locust Street "on the hill" where he died in 1894.

At Mission Hill School, where the tradition has grown of honoring yearly, at Memorial day, the ex-slave who could neither read nor write but wanted his money to aid the town school, another tradition has grown, that his name was Loudon Nelson.

In those parts which are hand written the name might well be either London or Loudon Nelson but in printed legal notice from the Sentinel pasted on the documents the name is irrefutably London.

The school building which London Nelson knew in 1860 was replaced in 1875 by a three story structure which was razed in 1929.

Land for the Evergreen Cemetery was donated by R. C. Kirby; also at the south end some of the land was in dispute between Hirum Imus and another man. As a compromise both gave the land to the cemetery.

It was established in 1858. The first person to be buried there was Henry Speal who was killed by a fall from a cliff to the rocks below.

It is also the burial place of Isaac Graham and his 14 year old daughter Annie.

--Jeanette Rowland

Such stars of the entertainment world as Otis Skinner, Mary Robson, Tenor Richard J. Jose, Lew Dockstader's Minstrels, Nance O'Neill, Julian Eltinge, were here at the Casino Theatre at the Beach, in the early seasons of the present amusement center.
NEARY ADOBE BUILDING

California history is of rather recent date. Excluding the very early voyagers such as Cabrillo and Cabot who after all saw but little of California as they navigated along its coast, it is not until the latter part of the 18th century, after the French Revolution and our Declaration of Independence that anything permanent was established in California.

Much of the history of that late 18th century is fragmentary and scattered. Because wood was so abundant and much easier to fashion than stone, it is obvious that many of the early buildings were not permanent beyond the life time of the wood. Fortunately the early Spaniards who did settle here also used adobe, some of which has survived. The Neary building which is located on School Street is such a building.

Not all adobe buildings belong to the Spanish period. In fact only a few do. This building in the possession of the Neary family since 1865 and carefully preserved by them was once the headquarters of the military at the mission established by Spain. The date of its erection cannot be absolutely verified but it certainly was contemporaneous with the original Franciscan Mission. Since then it has lived through four periods of our history. The Spanish, the Mexican, the California Republic and the present United States.

Its architecture both within and without is distinctly Spanish and so are the spacious grounds about it, where are found plants of the old world, both for fruit and flowers. Its very seclusion, away from the rush on the Plaza, only a stone's throw away, gives it an atmosphere of charm and relaxation which belongs to an era now passed away.

The stream which at one time gurgled past it has long since been diverted thru less prosaic channels and the cascade it once made as it leaped into the Plaza is now replaced by a large billboard. The Plaza is no more a refreshing bower, but a hard, oiled faced road for rushing traffic. Much of what has taken place in that building during the last one hundred and fifty years or so, must remain a secret, joy, tragedy, paths, fear and peace such as take place in almost any building, must have succeeded one another, but undoubtedly to a marked degree in this building because of its semi-official nature.

In that building on May 6, 1854, the Grand Master of the State of California Mr. Charles N. Radcliff presented one of earliest California Masonic Charters to Santa Cruz Lodge No. 38 F. & A. M. H. N. Stockton was its Master that year. The early membership of this little lodge was to produce several prominent leaders in the history of California and Nevada, as well as local leaders in the development of this American community.

There has been a movement on foot for several years, to preserve this building and make a State Monument out of it, probably also a museum. The war years temporarily side-tracked this movement. People are again giving thoughts to peaceful occupation and the restoration of our historical landmark. The Santa Cruz Historical Society is pledged to push the preservation and the restoration of this gem, belonging to its earliest history, for the people of California. We have all too few mementos left of our early history.

—R. E. Burton

EARLY DAY WHARVES

Cowell's Wharf was always known as the first wharf in Santa Cruz, erected about 1849. Elihu Anthony was one of the main promoters and it was used mainly for the shipping of lumber and lime. It was followed by the erection of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company wharf, which ran out from Main street. Then came, in the late seventies, the Railroad wharf, from Pacific Avenue. The fourth was from the Railroad wharf to the Steamship wharf. It went by the name of the "Cross Wharf." And then the fifth was the present Municipal wharf.

The Pleasure Pier at the Casino, for pedestrians and pleasure seekers, made what might be termed the sixth wharf. In the early days shipping was heavy, especially with lumbering in progress in nearly every canyon. It meant also a wharf off from Davenport Landing, one from
Sequel Landing, now known as Capitola wharf, and one from Apts.

There was also Williams Landing at Devonport. Sailing vessels made for the cove and loaded by means of the boom on the bluff above.

There was the wharf at Camp Goodall, near Watsonville, and last, that of Santa Cruz Portland Cement Company, totalling 12 wharves and landings along the Santa Cruz county coast.

Before the coming of the railroads the big business was at the wharf off from Main street. It was the plainest of the plain, on a slight incline, extending down from the Main street hill and widening at the end so as to allow for vehicles to turn and for the loading and unloading.

The topmost cargoes of lumber included planed and finished product as well as the rough; also split stuff, railroad ties, fence pickets, grape stakes, etc. Piles also went out in great numbers.

So great was the amount at times to ship, there would be two schooners on each side of this wharf. And anchored in the bay at times were as many as 10 of these craft to carry the lumber. Besides the split stuff also four foot oak, madrone, redwood and fire wood went out.

Another name for the Steamship wharf was the Powder Mill wharf, as a short distance on the east was a warehouse extending from the wharf. This was for the storage of powder which came by a white canvas top truck from the California Powder Works.

This company had a large brick warehouse at the corner of Main and Second streets. Here was piled high the nitre or saltpeter shipped in from South America. It was a great day when the four-masted barkentine tied up at the wharf and the unloading started. By a car pulled by a horse the loads moved to the warehouses. Sulphur also was unloaded there.

At the wharf boys would sometimes manage to climb the rope ladders up the masts of moored vessels.

By the warehouse the steamship company had a business office as well as a ticket office. Captain George H. Sagar was agent for years, then Capt. Anderson. "Steamer day" was the great day about three days weekly. Hotel buses and transfer and express wagons met them on arrival and hundreds from the beach would move toward the wharf. The largest steamers were side wheelers, picturesque with the visible, and operating machinery. Included was the palatial Senator, which in the sixties had made the trip around the Horn and made trips from San Francisco to Sacramento. It was known for a bridal chamber with mahogany finish. Other side wheelers were the Ancon and Orizaba. These three made the run from San Francisco to San Diego.

Other boats were the City of Chester, Monterey, Eureka, Santa Rosa, San Vicente, Cega Bay, Newport, Salinas, Pomona, Homer, Daisy Gadsby and Gipsy. The greatest, but it could not moor at the wharf, was the State of California. Her passengers were carried ashore from some distance out, by smaller boats.

—Ernest Otto

Electric cars once ran in all sections of Santa Cruz. The trolleys connected the downtown area and beach with Garfield Park and the Cliff Drive. Other service was to upper Delaveaga Park, to Seapright and to Capitola.

SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Public Library, Santa Cruz, California
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

OCTOBER, 1955

● MILESTONES

Two important occasions are celebrated this month. Santa Cruz marks its 164th Birthday, if dated from the year 1791 when the Mission was founded; and Santa Cruz Historical Society marks the beginning of its second year of activity. Quite a comparison in the two ages, isn't there?

We purposely said "beginning" instead of "ending" in regard to the Society, for we feel that with the fine slate of officers coming into office this October our Society will see the beginning of a year of greater endeavor and purpose.

Our new officers who were elected at the September meeting are:

President, Harry Rutledge
First Vice-President: Moreland Johnson
Second Vice-President, W. P. Hendrick
Secretary, Marjorie Sinnott Dellamonica
Treasurer, James Clancy
Directors, Marie Pratchner, Calista Dake, and Preston Sawyer.

● GIFTS

Mrs. Ruby Bowen presented the Society with a gold badge worn by a member of one of the old Fire Teams.

Mrs. Kate Case presented a picture of Mary Case, the first school teacher in Santa Cruz, who is being memorialized on the plaque, at Harvey West Stadium.

● IN MEMORIAM

We were saddened by the passing of Arnold Baldwin, Vice-President and one of the founders of the Society. Charter Members Arthur Huddleson and Ernest Otto passed away also. We have lost three fine members.

● WHAT WE ARE DOING

APRIL saw one of the largest groups we have ever had and on a rainy day too! In spite of the weather and the trip involved, the meeting at the Steele Ranch above Davenport was one of the most enjoyable and successful we held. Mr. and Mrs. Steele were perfect hosts and their charming home is a treasure-trove for historians.

MAY meeting was celebrated with dinner at the famous Caribou Hotel—and what a dinner! People still talk about it with sighs of pleasure. We had the good fortune to hear County Clerk Tom Kelley speak about old County documents after dinner. His talk was both informative and entertaining.

JUNE meeting was held by a group of hardy individuals who braved the Mountain Charley Road to visit the Station Ranch, and eat a picnic supper under the oak trees. Delegates George and Marie Pratchner and Calista Dake were appointed to attend the Conference of Historical Societies in Monterey.

JULY meeting was held at Wagner's Grove, one of our favorite spots, with Moreland Johnson presiding in the absence of the President.

AUGUST found us back in the Library making plans for the coming Dawn Redwood Dedication at Harvey West Stadium. Candidates for office were nominated after a report by the Nominating Committee who were: Harry Black, Ruth Baldwin, Leiah Twombly, Wm. Davenhall, and Frances McCaskill.

SEPTEMBER meeting was held again in the Library where plans were made for our October dinner meeting and installation of the officers who were elected unanimously at this meeting.
INDIANS AS I REMEMBER THEM

We all have heard many stories about the white man's battles with the Indians but those days were past for the Indians in northern Humboldt County as I remember them in the early 1900's. We lived in Glendale, near Blue Lake.

My mother was an avid collector of Indian baskets, so we made many trips, with perhaps a picnic on the edge of a mountain stream, in search of an Indian but she was told could be found at a certain spot. While there was an Indian reservation a few miles to the north of us many Indians did not live there but seemed to prefer to live by themselves in little shanties along the streams and rivers, especially Mad River where the fishing was good. We would often see fish, especially trout, in flat baskets drying in the sun to be kept for winter.

They also gathered acorns from which they made a soup called "Shahow." This soup must have been very bitter because we have a basket that it was cooked in and we have never been able to get rid of this bitter odor. The Indians were also very fond of the razor clams and mussels that they would bring from the beaches in great quantities, often selling what they didn't want.

At that time only the very old squaws made baskets, using reeds, willow and five-finger fern stems. These were soaked in water to make them pliable then were pulled through the teeth to be split. I have seen many old squaws whose teeth were worn down to the gums from splitting basket materials. The chain lightning pattern must have been their favorite as it was practically the only design used on the baskets we had.

It was often difficult to get them to part with a basket and they would be more tempted by a piece of bright discarded clothing than money. The loveliest basket my mother had she got in a trade for a short cape edged with fur that she no longer wanted. This was considered quite an expensive deal but we knew this Indian woman quite well and went to her house many times. She was married to a white man and was the mother of thirteen children. My mother had a very high regard for this family, as did the rest of the community, and it was from this Indian woman, Mrs. Beaver, that she got many of her baskets and also learned much about Indian lore.

The full blooded squaws were distinguished from half-breeds by three blue tattoo marks on their chin—one in each corner and one in the center—extending from the lower lip to the jaw bone. They were very proud of these marks as this was a sign that there was no taint of white blood in their veins.

When we left Humboldt in 1907 the Indians were fast dying off—victims of the white man's gun but of his food, his white sugar and flour which so weakened their once strong bodies that they became easy prey to tuberculosis. It wish I had been a little older when we lived there but the memories I have are very vivid and will be cherished always.

—Marjorie Sinnott Dellamonica

MARY AMNEY CASE

Mary Amney White was born in Vermont, September 3, 1800. At a date unknown to us at this time she was married to Benjamin B. Case a native of Connecticut born in 1795. In 1847 the Cases crossed the plains in a covered wagon and on their arrival in California, lived briefly in Sacramento. In 1840 they came to Santa Cruz accompanied by Elihu Anthony who had been with them across the country, and moved into a house known as the 'old Neary place' located near the upper end of Neary Lagoon around what is now the intersection of California and Trescony Streets. The Cases had two children of their own and as there was no available school Mrs. Case set up school in her home and for two years maintained this for her children and the children of the half dozen other American families in the town. For this period of two years there was a constant attendance of eighteen or twenty children. In 1850 the Santa Cruz Academy, a private school, was established and from this time on there was no further purpose in maintaining the home school of Mrs. Case. A public school was established in 1853 and there is some indication, though not too conclusive, that Mrs. Case was one of the teachers. Mrs. Case died August 11, 1869 only three weeks before her ninetieth birthday. Every indication is that Mrs. Case was a remarkable woman in a period of difficult living and the best characterization of this great soul is in the obituaries.
appearing at the time of her death in the Santa Cruz Sentinel and the Daily Surf. Extracts from these follow.

From the Sentinel...

"Mrs. Case was one of the noblest women in the state, gentle, sympathetic, motherly. Of her only kind words were spoken. She turned no one hungry from her door and in pioneer days many wayfarers fed at her board. Mrs. Case and her husband were among the first members of the Methodist Church of this city. She loved Methodism and those present at the Methodist prayer meetings affirm that some of her happiest moments were spent in devotion."

From the Surf...

"Mrs. Case established the first American school in Santa Cruz of which she was always justly proud. She was a woman of great mental capacity, good judgment and a warm heart and was the valued friend of the little American colony, who, for a number of years, found themselves so nearly isolated here. She was, for sixty years, an active and consistent member of the Methodist Church and in that faith met her death peacefully and joyfully. Her mental faculties were clear up to within half an hour of her death and she had been active and self-reliant up to her last illness that she found her helplessness hard to bear and often wondered why she was kept waiting so long."

Also in the Sentinel of the same date appeared this tribute over the signature of Elilhu Anthony:

"Mrs. Mary Case known affectionately for many years as Mother Case was born in Vermont, September 3, 1800. The writer of this first knew her and her family consisting of B. A. Case, her husband, and two sons, Bascom and Rollin in the summer of 1847 near Fort Bridger, Wyoming and from there journeyed with them to this coast. She was a woman of bright and vigorous intellect, abounding in Christian faith, love, courage and patience. In our trials, climbing mountains crossing hot and dry deserts with poor and wornout men, she was always cheerful and around the campfire encouraging the tired and weary men to trust in God and hope for a better day tomorrow.

She ever abounded in good works of charity. In her home the stranger always was welcome to the best the house afforded and God's blessing from her Christian heart was showered upon them. She was mindful of our children in the early-Santa Cruz days getting them together on the Sabbath to train their young minds in the way of a moral life. She was the first, as teacher, to gather the children on weekdays in a public school and train their young minds in knowledge for their future social and business life. Many noble things might be said of her from the record she made in the forty-two years of her life spent on this coast but time and space will not permit. One more great and true pioneer has gone from the ranks of the Pioneers of Santa Cruz County to her heavenly home."

—Harry Rutlege

SANTA CRUZ BIRTHDAY AND THE MISSION

Cities have birthdays too! And Santa Cruz, on historic Monterey bay, one of the oldtimers in California shores, is this month marking an anniversary. Historians date from 1769, when the Portola expedition passed this way on its northward journey of discovery. But many years earlier explorers commented in their logs on the beauties of our coast as viewed from their sailing ships.

The mission fathers chose this coastal woodland site for one of the units of the mission chain, which extended from San Diego to Sonoma. The Santa Cruz mission, founded in 1791, added beauty and historic importance.

Lands appertaining to the mission were understood to extend 11 leagues along the coast and three leagues inland. Padres Alonso Salazar and Beldamero Lopez pitched their tents on the spot where the present Catholic church now stands. Some Christian Indians from Santa Clara accompanied them and assisted in the first work of cutting logs for a hut for the friars.
Building of the mission church was started in the face of what would seem like insurmountable difficulties. The missions of San Francisco, Carmel and Santa Clara made contributions of cows, steers, horses, oxen, sheep, rams and mules.

With this help they set earnestly to work to hew the timbers and haul them to the top of the bluff; to make the bricks of adobe of which the church was constructed. And, all the while, to teach the Indians a little of civilized life, of religion and humility.

And so, with much labor and many prayers, the mission was built, one hundred and twelve feet long, twenty-nine feet wide and twenty-five and a half feet high.

The first stone was laid on the 27th of February, 1793, and on the 10th of May, 1794, it was dedicated with such pomp and ceremony as was possible.

Padre Tomaz Pena from Santa Clara took the lead in the ceremonies. Hermenegildo Sal, commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco, as godfather of the local church, was present and received the keys.

From the building of the church the mission life extended over a period of some thirty years. It was a peaceful and simple life, influenced by the Spanish-Mexican background.

A chime of nine bells rang out the Angelus, and the calls to matins, to mass, to vespers. In these days was planted the "mission orchard." A few lingering traces may still remain.

It is this background which was most heavily drawn upon for picturesque costumes and decorations featured in the several well remembered Birthday Fiestas held in Santa Cruz, intermittently, from 1928, to a few years ago.

—Preston Sawyer

SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Public Library, Santa Cruz, California

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN?

In 1887 Santa Cruz had a population of less than 7000.

An electric fire alarm system was first established in Santa Cruz by the Pilot Hose company in the late 80's.

The once famous Chesnutwood Business College was established here in 1884.

School of the Holy Cross was founded here in 1882 by the Sisters of Charity.

Bituminous rock, used for street paving and regarded as superior to asphalt in the early days, was produced locally for some years. About 40,000 tons were exported annually.

For many years the California Powder Works, just outside the city limits, employed 200 men.

Santa Cruz county is the smallest in area in California.

Brookdale was once "on the railroad"—the Boulder Creek branch line.

The railroad station at Brookdale, now non-existent, was completed and opened for use, in September, 1908.
GREETINGS

Well, Spring is really here! There were times last December when many of us wondered if it would ever clear up and be nice again. But the last few weeks have been worth waiting for. And it's only the beginning. When you live in the country, Spring is special. Oh sure, the days are longer and warmer; the fruit trees blossom out in their lace petticoats. But Spring up here means a hundred brand-new baby chicks chirping in the old hen house, and spindly-legged lambs frisking in the pasture. It means the Fox Sparrows and the Linnets are back from their southern stay, and before long we'll hear the Thrush singing in the oaks. If you ever hear that Thrush you will never forget him. Spring means water cress in the salads, and expeditions to find the first wild flowers. Miners lettuce, Oxalis, Lupine, Hounds Tongue, Mission Bell, Dog Tooth Violet, Wild Cucumber, and later on there will be Columbines, Indian Paint Brush, Harebell, Tiger Lily. Many more than I can name here. Do those names sound familiar to you? Do you believe our county is a botanist's idea of paradise? Well, it is, along with being just a swell place to live. You may see most of these flowers along our county roadsides. I don't mean the main highways where the old papers and beer cans bloom. I'm talking about the side roads, the old roads, the slow-down-for-the-curve-roads. Try some, for a change. And keep your eyes open!

OCTOBER

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held, following a fine dinner at the Gari-baldi Hotel. New officers who were introduced and took office that evening are: President, Harry Rutledge; Secretary, Mar-jorie Dellamonica; Treasurer, James Clancy First Vice, Moreland Johnson; Second Vice, Bud Hendrick; Directors, Callista Dake and Preston Sawyer.

NOVEMBER

The meeting was held in the Council Chambers at the City Hall. A fine group of slides of old Santa Cruz scenes was shown by Preston Sawyer.

DECEMBER

No meeting was held.

JANUARY

A business meeting was followed by "Doc" Fehlman's talk on early Santa Cruz. "Doc" was in fine form as he always is, and gave an outstanding description of his subject which he knows well.

FEBRUARY

Following the meeting, a "second-childhood" party was held with games, prizes, and refreshments.

MARCH

Ladies of the Sequel Grange served a delicious turkey dinner and topped it off with towering pieces of lemon merangue pie. Speaker for the evening was Judge James Scoppettone who held the large crowd spellbound with his story of early day justice in California.

AND

that's as far as we've gone this year. However, I don't think it will be "letting the cat out of the bag" to hint that a picnic and other interesting meetings are being planned for the near future.

GIFTS

Gifts have been presented to the Society by L. Cullom and George Pratchner.
IN MEMORIAM

The Society was saddened by the loss of one of our most enthusiastic members, Mrs. Marie Pratchner. Marie was instrumental in organizing the Santa Cruz Historical Society and she worked tirelessly to get it started. No job was ever too difficult for her. She gave generously of her time and strength. We shall miss her.

DUES

For the benefit of friends and prospective members who did not attend the Annual Meeting in October, it was voted at that time, by the entire membership, to make the dues a straight $3.00 per year for everyone.

HALL OF FAME

Two members of the Society are busy at other things. Names in the news lately are: Otto Van Buren who has been elected President of the newly formed Santa Cruz Bird Watchers Society; Mrs. Hulda MacLean who is running for Supervisor in her district, Seaside.

COMMITTEES

Announced by President Harry Rutledge the new committees are as follows:

Program, Geraldine Work, Chairman
Jeanette Rowland, Paul Levy

Publicity, Preston Sawyer, Chairman
Elsie Jameson, Jeanette Rowland

Reservations and Transportation, Lelah Twombly, Chairman
Ruth Baldwin, Fred Wagner, Mrs. Bud Hendrick, Hazel Leary

Photos and Transcriptions, Callista Dake, Chairman
Fred Wagner, Fern Huston, Preston Sawyer

Historical Markers, Harry Black and John Stroheen, Co-Chairman
Mrs. Fred Wagner, Fred McPherson, George Pratchner, Denver Wolfe, Bud Hendrick, Moreland Johnson

Adobe Building, Moreland Johnson, Robert Burton

News and Notes Bulletin, Margaret Koch, Chairman
Elsie Jameson, Preston Sawyer

NEW MEMBERS


SPECIAL THANKS

A very warm thank you to "Doc" Fehlimbn and Judge James Scoppettone for their fine talks given to the Society. To Preston Sawyer for showing us those rare slides taken from old photos. A big bouquet to the ladies of the Sequel Grange. They are all wonderful cooks! And a special thanks to Chairman Lelah Twombly and her committee for making the arrangements.

A PIONEER OF THE PIONEERS
OF CALIFORNIA

Early Life

Elihu Anthony was born in the town of Greenfield, Saratoga Co., New York, on the 30th day of May, 1818. He was the second child of a family of six, a sister being older, and two sisters and two brothers being younger. His parents and his grandparents on both sides were Friends, commonly called Quakers.

For some time before his birth and for a long time afterwards, his father's health was very poor, so that he was not able to carry on his business successfully and became quite poor in his financial condition. His business had been running a trip hammer where he had been making axes, scythes and hoes. Being naturally a very ingenious man, he soon set himself at the work of a blacksmith, an occupation he followed during the greater part
NOT long after this, Elihu was left at his grandparents in Saratoga and his father's family moved into Western New York State, where for many years the family lived in Portage. He soon joined them there where, working on a farm, he continued to live until he was nearly nineteen years of age. It was here that he learned his trade as a blacksmith in a shop of his father's which was a source of revenue to the family during much of the year. For nearly a year he had learned to work in a carriage shop in the town of Nunda, not far from his father's home. In the spring of 1837 he concluded that he would like to try his fortune in the "Great West," as all that part of the country was called which lies beyond Lake Erie.

He secured the permission of his father, who was himself fond of adventure, and with little more than the clothes on his back, he started for the State of Michigan. His plan was to go as far as his money would last, then stop and work until he had enough to continue his journey. Once he had to stop and work before he reached the city of Cleveland. As his experience on a farm was of some value to him, he worked for a time on a farm making hay, but having secured enough to pay his meals and lodging, for he did not travel any farther than on foot to the city of Cleveland, where he felt under the necessity of taking a steamboat for Detroit. Here he entered a large shop and asked for the position of a journeyman. The proprietor looked upon him and said, "You cannot earn the wages of a journeyman, you are only a boy." Elihu answered with some degree of earnestness, "Will you give me a chance to try?"

As there was a large empty, he was given the place and some work to do. When he had finished it in a very workman-like style, the man told him he could go to work, Elihu supposing that it was at journeyman's wages. Here he worked hard, anxious to please his employer, doing as much as any other one in the shop and doing it as well. At length, having, as he supposed, earned enough to take him to his destination, he asked his employer for a settlement as he thought that he would be going on. The proprietor used all means to convince him that he had better stay with him, but finding it in vain, he looked at his book for a little while, figured a little, and then placed before him a sum less than half what Elihu had supposed his due. When he protested against the return for his wages, the man told him that he would never pay him more than apprentice wages, for he believed he was an apprentice who had run away from his master and was strongly inclined to have him arrested as such. The boy was a little frightened at this and, having given his mind in as few words as possible, he ran with all his might to the steamboat landing where he found he had enough money to pay his passage in what was then called a "deck passage," with no place to sleep and no provisions until the end of the journey. He spent the last cent in buying a loaf of baker's bread, and on that he lived until he reached Detroit late in the day of the second day's passage.

Ashore in a strange city, without a cent in his pocket, and hungry as a boy could well be, he started westward, little knowing what might befal him. Near the edge of the city, he came to a hotel or tavern, as such places were called in those times, and here he asked for work, stating that he was without cash but was willing to do anything that had to be done and indifferent about the pay, for the present at least. When asked if he could take care of horses, and learning that he was quite up to the business, he was sent out to the stables where he worked until after dark on an empty stomach. He often said that no man could ever appreciate how welcome the invitation to supper could sound to the ear of a poor fellow not in the same fix he was in that night when the information came to him that he could go and eat what he wanted.

The next morning he was up early and at his work for a breakfast. As soon as he had eaten his meal and had thanked the proprietor for his kindness, he was away on his westward trip.

—Mrs. C. M. Lingle

(To be continued in the next Bulletin)

HIS SIX GUNS WROTE CALIFORNIA HISTORY

July 25, 1833

Harry Love was a frontiersman . . . born in Texas with a rifle in his hand. He came of a breed of men that possessed the soaring emotions that enabled pioneers to reach mountain tops. Danger was his constant companion thru life. He was not a handsome man but he
presented a picturesque figure. His jet black hair and beard coupled with huge shoulders and piercing eyes commanded attention...like grizzly bear...in any company.

He was old enough to fight in the Black-hawk Indian War of 1831 with Abraham Lincoln.

By 1836 he wore the buckskin regalia of the Texas Rangers. General Zachary Taylor made him a captain of scouts during the war with Mexico. He carried dispatches for hundreds of miles in a territory teeming with hostile Comanche and Kiowa Indians.

But California remains the locale where Harry Love will live forever in the sagas of the Old West. He was the man whose blazing guns ended the bloody career of Joaquin Murietta, perhaps the most feared desperado in American history.

It was Murietta's boast that he could muster 2,000 gunmen. History records him with personally slaying 150 men. Joaquin butchered miners and robbed the gold diggings of the Mother Lode...almost at will. On May 1, 1853, Governor John Bigler offered $1,000 reward for the capture of Murietta...dead or alive.

In desperation...the legislature passed a bill authorizing the raising of a troop of California Rangers. The captain...Harry Love.

Out of the gray dawn of July 25, 1853, came Love, the avenging "Black Knight of the Zayante," riding like a desert whirlwind through the surprised camp of Murietta at Cantova Creek.

The annihilation was complete. California's chief law-enforcer ordered the dead bandit's head cut off.

This gruesome exhibit was presented to Governor Bigler. The governor paid off. The legislature voted the outlaw catcher an additional $5,000. With his reward money Love retired to the redwood studded mountains of Santa Cruz County. Deep in the ageless evergreen forests, above Ben Lomond, he built a log cabin and a saw-mill alongside a rippling, peaceful stream that bears his name.

Captain Harry Love, at last, found his Paradise on earth.

Following the path of the past blazed by the Black Knight of yesteryear are the young-at-heart...the adventuresome Californians of today.

—Skip Littlefield

W. H. Weldon, Real Estate Agent
Knox Block, Santa Clara St.,
San Jose, California

June 24, 1874

C. C. Martin, Esq.
Santa Cruz,
Dear Sir

I fear our trade is gone by the board, our man Colvin has got into some difficulty with San Francisco Parties about Money that he owed on his foods, and I rather suspect he has had to secure them on the Oakland property which will spoil our trade for the present. I will look for a purchase in another direction. Any of your friends having Redwood Timber lands for Sale and wanting to bring it before the public to get purchasers can do so by placing it in our hands. Will send you a circular with this.

Yours T
W. H. Weldon

P.S. Anyone writing to us giving us lands for Sale must not forget to give number and all particulars.

Weldon

SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Public Library, Santa Cruz, California
The two-hour meeting was entirely business, there having been no business meeting the previous month. The library music room was the scene.

Following the business meeting, Publisher Fred McPherson of the Sentinel gave an interesting talk on the history of local newspapers, but did not forget to mention his own Sentinel, then nearing its centennial. The speaker told many interesting facts about the paper’s past.

No meeting was held.

A fact not generally realized is that a local historical society is one of our most democratic institutions. The activities are within a small geographical area and we can reach and welcome virtually everyone in the area whatever their age, church, race, politics, occupation or social standing. It is difficult to think of any other feature of our American life less restricted and where the only qualification for membership is to know something about the community and its past and to help in the preservation of that knowledge. There are no secret techniques or ceremonies, no special vocabulary, no pretensions, for local history is really everybody’s history.

Local history is really only an approach to a lot of ordinary people, basically much the same kind of people as we are, in their social and business life. Some philosopher once said that a community is a world in miniature and that its history covers everything that ever happened. If we relate that observation to Santa Cruz and its history it first sounds as a broad statement but a moment’s reflection will prove its correctness. The battle of Waterloo was one of the great conflicts of history but it had its minor counterpart in the gun battle which cost Captain Harry Love his life. The captor of California’s bandit Murietta, Love had been called the avenging “Black Knight of the Zayante.” But he met his Waterloo trading shots with a suitor for the hand of his estranged wife! The landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock we can know as Diego de Borica founding the village of Branciforte in 1797. St. Patrick established the faith in Ireland: On August 28, 1791 Fr. Lasuen planted the
cross to mark the site of Santa Cruz mission. In the 1870s Dennis Kearney of sand lot fame became a national figure when he shouted "The Chinese must go."

In the 90s Santa Cruz citizens viewed with misgivings the large Chinese colony between Front Street and the River.

Our mission, then, this present day, (and it should be a pleasant one), is to gather and preserve the records of those exploits and happenings which produced our local history and to sustain the names and deeds of those brave, rugged individuals who were responsible for those achievements by their courage and intrepidity.

In our county none of the original or early settlers are living. While we have museum objects, old letters, photographs, diaries and references in history books, and these are valuable as links with the past, we need more than these inanimate reflections of the yesterdays. There are advantages in gathering and preserving the every day tools and implements and furnishings which went into the home and the store, but we should have much more than that.

We want to know how our community began; the phases it went through in coming to interest their ancestors and they their lot pallid in comparison with that of the future so that those of 2056 will have an unbroken story from the beginning up to their time.

True, our lives and our activities seem dull in comparison with those of a hundred or more years ago, but, no doubt, those hardy souls of a hundred years ago felt their lot pallid in comparison with that of their ancestors and they probably would wonder how, what they were doing, would interest their descendants of today just as we today wonder what we are doing—would be of interest to our descendants of 2056. The lot of our pioneers was one of hard work and perplexing problems and stubborn drudgery and frustrations such as we have no conception of today. Their pleasures were few and, to them, their accomplishments were small but when we reflect on what they gave us we must, indeed, recognize that our debt is incalculable.

However, we need not go back to the days of 1856 or before to commemorate the fascinating and picturesque days of Santa Cruz. There are happenings and episodes of later days which, while possibly not as dramatic as those earlier events still have their importance in the making and development of Santa Cruz. In 1905 street cars started regular runs from here to Capitola. That was equally as important to the life of our community as those achievements of 50 or 60 years before. I think those events of the later days should be, as much a part of our work as historians as the earlier happenings.

An appeal to family pride is an important factor in the work of a historical society. Many of the pioneers who founded and built our community have their descendants with us today. They should wish, it is hoped, to help in honoring and perpetuating the memories of their grandfathers and grandmothers and great grandfathers and great grandmothers who had so much to do with the making of Santa Cruz and the neighboring towns. It is in tribute to his story that our Society was formed and functions.

—Harry Rutledge, President

● LOOKING BACK

From a Board of Trade booklet of 1905:

"The main thoroughfares of Santa Cruz are macadamized, and there are seventeen miles of bituminous walks and street crossings on which pedestrians can at all times go forth dry shod."

"The state recently paid a quarter of a million dollars for one of the finest forests in the world, an area of some four thousand acres, known as Sempervirens park. Besides containing hundreds of big trees, there are to be found all the native woods and shrubs of the Pacific coast, also charming cascades and waterfalls."

Today the park is more famed than ever, a mecca for camper and nature lover—"Big Basin Redwoods State Park."
**The Hills of Santa Cruz**

I've seen the far-off Apennines
Melt into dreamy skies;
I've seen the peaks that Switzers love
In snowy grandeur rise;
And many more, to which the world
Its praise cannot refuse....
But of them all, I love the best
The hills of Santa Cruz.

Oh, how serenely glad they stand,
Beneath the morning sun!
Oh, how divinely fair they are
When morn to noon hath run!

'Twixt gentle skies and gentle seas,
Your outlines never lose
The tenderness that Eden knew,
Calm hills of Santa Cruz!

Howard Glyndon

The foregoing poem, written by a Santa Cruzan, Laura O. Redden Searing, under the Glyndon pen name, was extensively printed around the early years of the present century. It brought fame to both Santa Cruz and its author. Older residents may re-read it with pleasure, and possibly awaken to a train of nostalgic memories of the years when it appeared.

**IN MEMORIAM**

The recent death of William F. Steele, husband of Member Catherine Steele, at beautiful Green Oak Ranch up the coast near Ano Nuevo, has greatly saddened the Society. Never will those many members who attended the meeting held in their interesting home some months ago, forget their charming hospitality. To the bereaved wife and son go the deepest sympathy.

William Z. Trine of Felton, a veteran building contractor, passed away several weeks ago, leaving his widow, Mrs. Lucille Trine, a long-time Society member, to mourn his loss.

**ELIHU ANTHONY**

**A PIONEER OF THE PIONEERS OF CALIFORNIA**

Continued from April Bulletin

II

How he got work at last

All that day, with his pack upon his back, he traveled until near sundown, when he suddenly heard the music of a hammer upon an anvil. Never was music sweeter than that.

In a few minutes he was standing in a shop asking of the young man who was at work, if he didn't want to hire a journeyman. The man replied that if he could get a man that knew more about the business than he did, and was willing to take store pay, he would be glad to engage him. But his look at the boy, never very large and even then small for his age, did not carry that with it that would give him great confidence that he had found his first position in this far away place. It so happened that the man was engaged in a piece of work that Elihu saw he did not know exactly how to handle to the best advantage. He offered to test his skill right there and asked for the privilege of hammering the thing as he saw best. The man readily agreed to the proposition and in a few minutes was convinced that this boy was better posted in handling tools than himself. He then told Anthony that he had never fully learned his trade and would be very glad to have his help. He would board and lodge him and pay him $100 a year, though he might have to take much of it in the way of deal. He was then and there pledged for the next year's work.

That night he found it hard to quit eating without showing how very hungry he was. Indeed, he left off without any decrease of his appetite. As he passed up the stairway that night to go to bed, he saw that within easy reach of him were shelves with a plate full of biscuits which had been left from the supper table. He had quite
a time reconciling himself to go to sleep
without quietly going down and helping
himself to a few of these tempting morsels
which were so easy to reach. After getting
better acquainted with the young woman,
for whom he always felt a very strong
friendship, she cried and told him how
sorry she was that he went to bed hungry.
For one full year he labored with the man
who proved to be a very fine one to deal
with, never having had a single word
with him of an unpleasant nature during
the time they were working together. He
was so constituted socially that he always
made friends where he went.
This was shown this year by his being,
who yet under age, elected to the office of
a second lieutenant of the company of
which he formed a part of the local militia.
He gave no small attention to his work.
and soon provided for himself a very
dashing uniform, with a full silk sash
about his waist, and a sword by his side
he stood in his place at the training time.
His pride, however, took a certain fall one
day, when was sent with some kind of a
message to the colonel who asked a by-
stander who that boy was, while he was
within hearing distance.
A year later, the whole family having
moved to Fort Wayne, Ind., he left Michigan
and joined them there. He joined with
his father in carrying on his trade as a
blacksmith. The Wabash and Erie Canal
was then being built and work was very
abundant. His father soon obtained the
title of "The Yankee Blacksmith", and be-
cause he was capable of doing any kind
of work, had all the work he could do.
In the spring of 1840 he was married to
Miss Frances Clark. She was a lovely
woman with whom he lived a very happy
life for only a few years. Not long after
this, the family moved onto a farm in the
country and Elihu, hearing of a good place
in which to start in his trade, went to Wolf
Lake in Noble County where he continued
in his work until an event occurred in his
life which sent him in a very different
direction, and indirectly led to his becom-
ing a resident of the Pacific coast.

—Mrs. C. M. Lingle
(To be continued in the next Bulletin)

● SUBSTITUTE
In the absence of "News and Notes" editor
Margaret Koch, on a family vacation pack-
trip in the high Sierra, the current issue
was produced by Preston Sawyer.
GREETINGS, MR. PRESIDENT

At the last meeting of the Santa Cruz Historical Society on January 21, Fred McPherson, Jr. was elected President. Mr. McPherson’s personal interest in things historical goes back to the early days of newspaper publication in Santa Cruz. His interest in the Society dates from the earliest discussions concerning organization, and his membership was one of the first. Mr. McPherson’s civic interests are many, and we are indeed fortunate to have him for our President. Now let’s all do what we can to help him with the job he has taken on.

HELLO, MR. WINTER

After a relatively warm, dry, Fall season, Mr. Winter has finally arrived. He sprinkled snowflakes all over our County. Even the city of Santa Cruz had its share, and from what we hear from old timers snow in Santa Cruz is rare. Up in the mountains where we live, everything was white with several inches of the magic stuff.

The sheep stood around looking bewildered when their food supply disappeared under the white cover. The dog had a lot of fun romping about until he decided he had enough. Then he went into the back porch where we found him licking his feet to warm them. Our white hens who wander around the place were almost invisible against the snow. The wild birds had as much fun as anybody. The bird feeding platform was completely covered with snow, but the wise little sparrows scratched it away and found the food beneath. The children threw snowballs like crazy until time to leave for school. For a few hours our mountain landscape looked like a Christmas card, and the wonder of a white world touched everyone.

FROM OUR PRESIDENT
Can You Help Us With Our Favorite Project?

Your Historical Society has undertaken the sponsorship of a most worthwhile project in fostering the making of an historical shrine of the well-preserved adobe on School Street.

The question has arisen as to just how old the building is. As near as can be ascertained it was built following the erection of the Santa Cruz Mission, 1791-93, and the date 1810 is about as close as can be determined.

The building is presumed to be the oldest in Santa Cruz and it is still in good condition, thanks to the owners of the property, Miss Alice Neary and Mrs. Cornelia Hopcroft.

Your acting Past President, Moreland Johnson, happily married February 2, to Miss Elizabeth R. Monroe, of Hayward, deserves full credit for securing options on the two parcels of property involved.

Robert E. Burton serves on the committee with Johnson and has delved into much historic background of the property. Earlier this year much material concerning the old adobe was gathered and was mailed to Assemblyman Glenn E. Coolidge at Sacramento.

He forthwith had a bill providing for the acquisition of the old adobe introduced at the January session of the legislature and in his letter he writes, “Come March, I will lend every effort to have the appropriation included in the State Park fund.”

Your Society continues to seek all the data of historic interest surrounding this adobe that can be obtained. We wish to be sure that Assemblyman Coolidge has all this material by March first. Every member should assume the responsibility of acquainting your officers with any information that will be of value.

Remember the acquiring of this adobe for a state historic shrine is our No. 1 project.

FRED McPHERSON, JR.
President
OUR THANKS
To Moreland Johnson for acting as President after the resignation of Harry Rutledge who is moving from Santa Cruz. We hope Mr. Rutledge will attend our meetings when he can.

OCTOBER
saw one of the largest meetings we have ever had. Everyone enjoyed Dr. Fuller’s talk and wonderful pictures of Africa.

NOVEMBER
was a business meeting in Library fireside room.

DECEMBER
meeting was a short business session followed by a social time with Mrs. Geraldine Work reading amusing stories from the California Historical Society’s “Christmas in California.”

JANUARY
meeting heard the report from the Nominating Committee and elected our new President, Fred McPherson, Jr.

FEBRUARY
is a potluck supper at B P W Clubhouse. Lelah Twombly and her able committee in charge.

IT’S A SMALL WORLD DEPT.
Mr. Paul Levy who has been traveling in the east recently, visited the Public Library at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street while he was in New York. Imagine his surprise and pleasure to find Santa Cruz represented in a display of historical pictures. There was a picture of our famous beach front as it was many years ago.

NOTE
ELIHU ANTHONY story will be resumed in the following issues.

HALL OF FAME
Members of the Historical Society who are making news lately:
Mrs. Marjorie Dellamonica was elected President of the newly formed Secretarial Association of Santa Cruz.
Mrs. Geraldine Work toured Mexico by plane and bus recently.
Mrs. Lela Swasey who is a past President of Santa Cruz B P W C, is the new Chairman of the organization’s Western Region.
Mrs. Swasey has also been appointed District Deputy Grand President to Hollister Parlor Native Daughters of the Golden West for the coming year.
Mrs. Katherine Case received her 50 year pin from the Native Daughters.
Mrs. Margaret Huddleson received her 50 year pin from the Native Daughters.
Mrs. Odessa Gilson was elected President of the Santa Cruz Chapter of the International Council of Exceptional Children.
Mrs. Gilson is well known in this county for her work with exceptional children.
Mrs. Hulda MacLean is the new Supervisor for Seaside District.

NEW MEMBERS
We would like to welcome two new members who joined at the last meeting: Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart and Warren W. Littlefield.

EDITORS AND MULES, ETC.
A word of praise and thanks to Preston Sawyer who edited the last issue of News and Notes while yours truly was hiking over the Sierras with her family, a horse, and a mule.
**ADOBE BUILDING**

For the benefit of members who could not attend the January meeting, we enclose this report from the Adobe Building Committee.

The Honorable Glenn E. Coolidge  
State Assemblyman  
Sacramento, California

Dear Assemblyman Coolidge:

Enclosed please find:

1—Option from Alice M. Neary to Santa Cruz Historical Society.

2—Option from Cornelia Lunes Hopcroft to Santa Cruz Historical Society.

3—Copy of Map showing in red the property in question.

4—Resolution from Santa Cruz City Council endorsing purchase of property.

5—Photostats of articles from Santa Cruz Sentinel describing property and adobe building.

You will receive further endorsements from Santa Cruz Sentinel, Native Daughters of the Golden West and Santa Cruz Business and Professional Woman's Club.

We believe that the enclosed Santa Cruz Sentinel articles fully describe the adobe building and premises and our wants in this regard. We feel the acquisition of this Spanish Adobe Building and the preservation of same would be an outstanding contribution to California for this generation and the generations to come.

If we may be of any further help to you in this regard, please do not hesitate in calling on this Society.

Very truly yours,

Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.  
Moreland Johnson, President

**EDITOR'S NOTE**

Our Adobe Building Committee has worked hard on this project and deserves a lot of credit. It has taken three years to get this far with it; three years of hope and disappointment. We hope that 1957 will see the acquisition of this truly unique property for a permanent historical monument for Santa Cruz.

---

**FROM ASSEMBLYMAN COOLIDGE**

Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.  
Moreland Johnson, President

Dear Moreland:

This is to acknowledge and thank you for the material you have sent to me with reference to the Neary and Hopcroft properties.

I have acknowledged the resolution adopted by the Santa Cruz City Council and have indicated to them a desire to have several photographs of the exterior and interior of these buildings to assist me in my presentation. Perhaps your Society could arrange for these photographs.

Looking forward to seeing you before very long, I remain

Very truly yours

GLENN E. COOLIDGE

---

**MONTEREY BAY IN 1900**

Monterey Bay has been a fisherman's Paradise, both sport and commercial, for many years!

Professor David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, says of this bay, in a paper prepared for the United States Fish Commission in the Spring of 1900:  
"Probably there is no locality of the same area on the Pacific Coast that contains a greater number of species of food fishes."

Dr. C. L. Anderson, a well known local naturalist and writer of the same period, who made an exhaustive study of the fauna of Monterey Bay waters, said:

'This bay has in its climate and other
physical features the elements for sustaining a large and varied fauna of no small value to the present and future population of the region... We are happily located beside a reservoir, with the great Pacific Ocean to draw from, of such an excellent quality and variety that every taste may easily be suited and supplied:"

"Among the choice varieties" he wrote, "are salmon, shad, smelts, pompano, barracuda, sardines, sole, halibut, bonito, mackerel, rock cod, sea trout, bass and flounders.

Of shellfish, the crab, clam, abalone, and mussels are plentiful. The sardine of these waters is almost identical to that of Europe, and frequently immense schools of them darken the waters of the bay.

"Salmon fishing is the most royal of sports, and every facility for its keen enjoyment is provided. Several resident professional men are champion salmon catchers."

Dr. C. W. Doyle, another local professional man and author, wrote: "It is impossible to conceive anything more fascinating than trolling for salmon on a fine August morning on Monterey Bay."

"The view from the sea off Santa Cruz of the little city and the Coast Range mountains, is alone worth going out on the bay to enjoy, and is such as cannot be obtained from any point on land. And whilst your senses are aching with the joy of the morning, comes an insistent tug at your line and the delight of combat fills your cup of pleasure to overflowing."

CENTURY-OLD ECHOES

Shootings were not altogether uncommon hereabouts a hundred years ago. The town was small and "law and order" was somewhat along the lines of western living depicted with some exaggerations by the thespians of the present screens (movie and TV). Note the following episode recounted in the Weekly Sentinel of February 7, 1857.

SHOOTING AFFAIR

"Last evening a personal collision took place in the street in front of the Santa Cruz House. (About where the Veterans’ Building is today, near the post office). It was between Mr. Daniel Blackburn and Mr. John Nutter. Some words were passed, when Nutter drew a pistol (revolver) and fired at Blackburn. Although they stood within three feet, the ball missed Blackburn passed within a few inches of Hiram D. Scott, and entered the Santa Cruz House, within a few inches of the window.

"It is a wonder that no one was injured. We do not know the immediate cause of the difficulty, but there was an old grudge between the parties. It is supposed that the matter will undergo an examination."

—PRESTON SAWYER
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

FEBRUARY
meeting was a very successful Potluck Supper at the BPW Clubhouse. Lelah Twombly and her committee did a fine job as usual.

MARCH
meeting heard Mr. Henry Garrett speak most interestingly on changes in Santa Cruz, which is a subject Mr. Garrett knows a great deal about. Jeanette Rowland was Program Chairman for the evening.

APRIL
meeting was held in the Santa Cruz Museum with Miss Alice Everett in charge of the program. Members viewed a wealth of fascinating relics, and a question and answer period was held.

MAY
meeting was held at the home of the President due to the gracious invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Fred McPherson, Jr. A large group of members enjoyed refreshments and a tour of this beautiful home.

JUNE
is here, school is out, birds are nesting and it is good to see the sun again after a wet Spring. Flowers, both wild and tame, are particularly lovely this year after all the rain. Pasture grasses are tall and thick. Our cows stand happily in the midst of the richest feast they have had for several years.

Sorry we can’t say the same for some of the fruit and berry farmers whose crops have been injured by late rain.

June is a wonderfully contradictory month. You can catch spring fever and be lazy, and no one cares. Or you can start a dozen new projects and work at them with the energy of a beaver cutting trees. No matter which you choose, the lazy life or the ambitious one, it will be right for June. Have a good time at it!

FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Our historical society’s number one project — the acquiring of the Neary-Hopcroft adobe on School street as a state historical monument is to be a reality.

As we go to press with this issue of News and Notes word has been received from our state assemblyman, Glenn Coolidge, that after nine hearings before legislative committees and two appearances on the floor of the assembly and senate the bill gained final approval in the senate June 11 and was sent to Governor Knight. Coolidge has assurances from the Governor that he will sign the bill.

This action will be the culmination of a great work on the part of Assemblyman Coolidge.

However the moving spirit behind the action has been the Santa Cruz Historical Society. At the society’s meeting September 19, 1954, first action was taken when President Margaret Koch appointed Moreland Johnson, Robert Burton, Alice Neary and Anita Triplett to the Adobe committee. They learned that the State Beaches and Parks commission wanted the adobe plus the land on which the old convent and Sister’s School stood. Johnson, Burton and Mrs. Geraldine Work gathered considerable data and a map of the properties for them. In February 1955 a letter was sent to Mr. Newton B. Drury of the State Division of Beaches and Parks requesting consideration. Assemblyman Coolidge followed up on this letter. In October 1955 the city council added its endorsement of the project by sending a letter to the State Park Commission.

In January of 1957 Mr. Johnson obtained options from Miss Neary and Mrs. Hopcroft. Inasmuch as supporting data sent previously to the State Park Commission had been lost, new data including pictures of the adobe, interior and exterior, taken by the Santa Cruz Sentinel were sent to Assemblyman Coolidge.

An all out effort by Mrs. Phyllis Patten to establish the date of the building of the adobe finally narrowed down to 1793 to 1800. It is the oldest building in Santa Cruz. At this writing we are awaiting Governor Knight’s signature.
Out of the chronicles of a bygone and unhurried time in Santa Cruz county there emerges a species of men whose way of life will not permit the past to die. Representative of the finest traditions of this race of pioneers who inspired a greater tomorrow is Adna Andres Hecox—first lighthouse keeper of Santa Cruz. Hecox, born in Michigan with a Daniel Boone complex, travelled overland to California in 1846. In December of 1846, in an unused building at Mission Santa Clara, he preached the first Protestant sermon in Santa Clara county. Moving over the mountains to the Big Tree country of Felton he promptly put his 50 caliber rifle at the disposal of John C. Fremont in company with Isaac Graham and Charles Henry "Mountain Charley" McKernan in the Mexican War. The vocations of Hecox were numerous. He was a carpenter, sawmill builder, alcalde, justice of the peace, newspaper editor and county Treasurer. History records his as an inspector for the first election ever held in Santa Cruz. On this first Monday of April, 1851, he received one vote for Coroner which he blamed on Joseph Majors. Believing the Sentinel needed a religious column, Hecox bought a half interest in the paper in 1862. After several years Preacher Hecox was convinced that he would never threaten Charles Dickens' laurels and sold his Sentinel holdings to Teamster Duncan McPherson. Defeated for re-election as county Treasurer in 1866, the parson cast about for a means of livelihood other than swinging an ax. Support of friends and popular recommendation of town officials saw Hecox installed by the federal government as "keeper of the light"—the first station erected on West Cliff drive in 1868. The Santa Cruz lighthouse was built by the U. S. Army engineers under direction of Colonel Williamson. The original light was a 75 candle power red oil lamp. In 1916 an oil vapor lamp was installed which produced 3700 candle-power. In 1918 an electric light replaced the oil burner and could be seen for 14 miles. The lamp generated 25,000 candle power and the unit contained one 500 watt globe. Secret of the long beam was traced to the lens. It had a 19½ inch diameter and was officially known as a "4th order outfit." The lighthouse lens was older than the lighthouse. It was made in Paris, France, during the reign of Louis Napoleon. Contrary to popular belief—the light did not revolve. It merely flicked off and on. Due to erosion the lighthouse was moved in 1881 almost 100 yards from its original site. It had rested on the brink of the point.
Adna Hecox loved the sea. With his daughter Laura he roamed the shoreline from McNellis’s beach to the mouth of the San Lorenzo in quest of marine curiosities. His collection became the nucleus of Santa Cruz’s first museum. Part of this display is still at the Seabright museum. Constant companion of her father in work and hobby—Laura was appointed lighthouse keeper in 1893 upon the death of her father. She held this position for 33 years.

Methods of “keeping the light” varied little from the mariner’s beacon atop the 90 foot tower at the mouth of the Nile in 200 B.C. to the dawn of the 20th century. But through all kinds of weather Laura Hecox kept the vigil. Long sleepless nights high in the tower above the roar and crash and boom of the surf she watched the beacon as ships of the world silently passed her by.

By the great light of the Hecox family sailed the side-wheeled steamers, “Ancon,” “Orizaba,” “Senator” and “Pacific” plying their excursion route from San Francisco to Santa Cruz. Old-timers still remember the shouting of Captain Levi Hannah, skipper of the sleek steamer “Pomona,” seeking anchorage amongst the “Eureka,” “Corona,” “San Vicente”-“Gypsy,” “Salinas”—or the stately nitre-carrying barkentines from Chile carrying products to the California Powder Works.

Passing the “light” at regular intervals was the grand old full master sailer—the “Fannie Gilmore.” By the “light” sailed the 75 year-old bark, “Italia,” of Marseilles, which now rests on the hills of Santa Cruz. Along her decks once strode Napoleon Bonaparte, fleeing the Isle of Elba to plunge Europe into the maelstrom of Waterloo.

Laura Hecox was pensioned in 1916 by the Lighthouse Service. She died in 1919, followed by her brother Adna, Jr. in 1921. A younger brother, Oroville, died in 1928. None of the children of Parson Hecox ever married.

Last keeper of the Santa Cruz lighthouse was Arthur Anderson—1916 to 1941. President Franklin Roosevelt abolished the Lighthouse service in 1941 giving its duties to the Coast Guard. The Santa Cruz lighthouse was officially dimmed on February 1, 1941 and the historic building torn down. The Coast Guard now maintains an unwatched light on a small tower off the West cliff drive location—a rather sad substitution for the “great light” of Hecox history.

—Warren “Skip” Littlefield

SANTA CRUZ
EARLY SCHOOLS

Santa Cruz is this year celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the building of its first school.

Mrs. Mary Amney Cole who crossed the plains in the Elihu Anthony party conducted the first school for American children in her own home overlooking Neary Lagoon at what is now California and Trescony streets during the years 1846 and 1849. Thirteen children attended this school. Following that there were private schools taught in churches or other buildings. Among the first was Santa Cruz academy conducted by the Methodists. These were co-educational and instruction of a primary nature.

The Methodists erected a plain building near Green street capable of seating about one hundred people. Some of the seats had desks in front of them for the benefit of the school. The first teacher was Hugh S. Loveland who was succeeded by Caleb V. Eckenbruch, David A. Dryden and G. W. Frick in that order.

When the constitutional convention opened it took up the matter of education. Six months later at San Jose the first legislature convened and a bill relating to public schools was introduced. The committee reported it would be two or three years before a school fund would come into the treasury from grants made for that purpose in the constitution. Due to the enormous expenses of putting the new government into operation it was deemed impracticable to tax the people for school purposes.

These persons having children to educate might by private subscription maintain schools until the fund was large enough to establish a general system. In 1852 a school law was adopted which made provision for taxes and also for the election of school trustees.

It was during the regime of Thomas W. Wright as county school superintendent that public schools of Santa Cruz opened. During the first decade nearly a score of people conducted schools in private, semi-private and public capacities with the parents and community combining in the payment of tuition fees after 1853.

In 1857 four hundred dollars were paid for an irregular tract 100 by 150 feet on the brow of the hill facing Mission street. With additions acquired later it was the site of the old Mission Hill school which was
razed late in 1829 and is the present site of the city school administration building. The building, one room, cost $2233 of which $400 of the county fund was spent and $1,416 by voluntary subscription. The building was 30 by 40 feet. As public funds were insufficient a rate bill which amounted to tuition fees was enacted to support it.

School opened in August 1857 with Thomas H. Gatch and Mrs. Clara C. Adams as teachers and continued for seven and a half months. Lacking public funds and falling short in public subscriptions a festival was held that netted $367 and with the aid of the rate bill school continued that year.

Mr. Gatch was a man of superior ability, a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University. He married Orytha Bennett, daughter of Silas Bennett, and after teaching in Santa Cruz became the professor of mathematics at University of the Pacific in Santa Clara. In 1859 he moved north to be head of Puget Sound Wesleyan Institute at Olympia and at the end of a year there, was elected to the chair of ancient languages at Williamette University. Very soon thereafter the president resigned and the 27 year old Thomas Gatch was given the position. After five years as president of the oldest college—on the Pacific Coast president Gatch resigned and—returned to spend a year and a half as principal of the growing school here.

In 1870 he returned as president of Williamette. When the University of Oregon was organized in 1876 he was offered its presidency but declined. In 1879 the University of Oregon persuaded him to become professor of history and English literature. In 1886 he made a trip to Europe and returned to become president of University of Washington. In 1886 the district paid $637 for this building. The building was added. This building was torn down in 1918. Before that the old Central hall on Locust street was occupied by the mansion of T. J. Weeks which now stands on California street opposite Otis where it was moved in 1914 to make way for the present main building, opened in 1915.

Until the incorporation of the village of Santa Cruz, March 1866, each school was a district unto itself and responsible for its own struggle for survival. The residents along Branciforte Creek took matters in their own hands and with their own labor and a small district tax erected a one room school known as Santa Cruz No. 2 and later changed to Grant. This was in 1860.

A tax election September 26, 1868 voted $4,000 of which $2,000 was to build a third school, this in the eastern part of the district. The trustees decided on a site across the river on the brow of the hill for the Branciforte school on the present site of the Santa Cruz hospital. A two room structure was erected and 1877 a second story was put on later. 1894 another four room building was added. This building was torn down in 1918. Before that the building at Water and Branciforte was completed and is now in use after much rejuvenation.

In 1865 to facilitate education for their children and relieve the situation at Mission Hill school the parents around 'Four Corners' and up the coast leased a lot and cottage from Moses Meder and opened a private subscription school, each pupil paying $1.50. This school later was known as Bay View. Attendance had so grown that the old court house on the upper plaza but in October 1874 it was voted to bond the district for $20,000 to build a new building and in March 1875 the old building was sold at auction. By this time the grammar division and high school were consolidated under one teacher and the old Central hall on Locust street was being used for school purposes. In 1876 the new three story building opened at Mission Hill and in 1878 four pupils, two boys and two girls were graduated from the high school.

The present high school site was partly occupied by the mansion of T. J. Weeks which now stands on California street opposite Otis where it was moved in 1914 to make way for the present main building, opened in 1915.

Until the incorporation of the village of Santa Cruz, March 1866, each school was a district unto itself and responsible for its own struggle for survival. The residents along Branciforte Creek took matters in their own hands and with their own labor and a small district tax erected a one room school known as Santa Cruz No. 2 and later changed to Grant. This was in 1860.

A tax election September 26, 1868 voted $4,000 of which $2,000 was to build a third school, this in the eastern part of the district. The trustees decided on a site across the river on the brow of the hill for the Branciforte school on the present site of the Santa Cruz hospital. A two room structure was erected and 1877 a second story was put on later. 1894 another four room building was added. This building was torn down in 1918. Before that the building at Water and Branciforte was completed and is now in use after much rejuvenation.

In 1865 to facilitate education for their children and relieve the situation at Mission Hill school the parents around 'Four Corners' and up the coast leased a lot and cottage from Moses Meder and opened a private subscription school, each pupil paying $1.50. This school later was known as Bay View. Attendance had so grown that the old court house on the upper plaza but in October 1874 it was voted to bond the district for $20,000 to build a new building and in March 1875 the old building was sold at auction. By this time the grammar division and high school were consolidated under one teacher and the old Central hall on Locust street was being used for school purposes. In 1876 the new three story building opened at Mission Hill and in 1878 four pupils, two boys and two girls were graduated from the high school.

The present high school site was partly occupied by the mansion of T. J. Weeks which now stands on California street opposite Otis where it was moved in 1914 to make way for the present main building, opened in 1915.

Until the incorporation of the village of Santa Cruz, March 1866, each school was a district unto itself and responsible for its own struggle for survival. The residents along Branciforte Creek took matters in their own hands and with their own labor and a small district tax erected a one room school known as Santa Cruz No. 2 and later changed to Grant. This was in 1860.

A tax election September 26, 1868 voted $4,000 of which $2,000 was to build a third school, this in the eastern part of the district. The trustees decided on a site across the river on the brow of the hill for the Branciforte school on the present site of the Santa Cruz hospital. A two room structure was erected and 1877 a second story was put on later. 1894 another four room building was added. This building was torn down in 1918. Before that the building at Water and Branciforte was completed and is now in use after much rejuvenation.

In 1865 to facilitate education for their children and relieve the situation at Mission Hill school the parents around 'Four Corners' and up the coast leased a lot and cottage from Moses Meder and opened a private subscription school, each pupil paying $1.50. This school later was known as Bay View. Attendance had so grown that the old court house on the upper plaza but in October 1874 it was voted to bond the district for $20,000 to build a new building and in March 1875 the old building was sold at auction. By this time the grammar division and high school were consolidated under one teacher and the old Central hall on Locust street was being used for school purposes. In 1876 the new three story building opened at Mission Hill and in 1878 four pupils, two boys and two girls were graduated from the high school.

The present high school site was partly occupied by the mansion of T. J. Weeks which now stands on California street opposite Otis where it was moved in 1914 to make way for the present main building, opened in 1915.
the fight to the state supreme court to maintain its autonomy and lost. In 1909 a large two story building was erected at a cost of $20,875, Samuel Leask was president of the school board.

A tax election in 1867 voted $2,500 to buy a lot and build a school near the beach. Lot was bought from John Dreher for $900 and building erected for $1,600. The building 30 by 47 feet with a vestibule in front and woodshed in the rear was built in June 1868 and opened with two teachers. It was first called Beach school and later changed to Laurel. In 1901 the school board bought the Welch property at Laurel and Center giving the school an entire block frontage on Laurel. In 1894 a large two story school was put up including shutters, ventilators and steam apparatus. The cost was under $8,000. That building was torn down in 1930 to be replaced by the present one.

In the fall of 1870 H. E. Makinney was made principal of all the schools with instructions to visit the rooms, hold teachers meetings and maintain a uniform system of instruction, study and discipline. Semi-annual examinations were held for promotion. Irregularity of attendance was sufficient to bar pupils from schools. Teachers were ordered to give one month's notice in resigning and the board a similar notice for dismissal. From November 1 to April 1 teachers must be at their rooms 25 minutes early to see that rooms were suitably warmed. The teachers first elected were on probation at $39 a month until elected to permanent position.

In 1880 the county treasury was robbed, school funds taken. The people voted $5,000 to ake up the deficiency, furnish a new room at Branciforte, and build a new school house at Grant. On June 4, 1887 a $5,000 tax was voted for the addition to Branciforte $960 and to buy lots from Calvin Gault for $1050. That autumn a 24 by 30 foot building was built for $2,780. In 1910 four rooms were added and in January 1931 classes moved into the present building. Principalship of High School and superintendent of city schools (40 teachers) separated in spring of 1907. J. W. Linscott became city superintendent and G. A. Bond principal of the high school.

Garfield Park was the last to join the list of Santa Cruz schools, erected in the summer of 1914 at a cost of $3938.

—Jeannette Rowland
Mrs. Joe Gosliner

110 Crystal St

Capitola
Calif.
JUNE
The June meeting of the Society was held in the Public Library Music Room. Big news was the impending signing of the School street adobe bill to make the landmark a state historical monument.

JULY
Due to holidays and absence of many members on vacations, no meeting was held.

AUGUST
For the August gathering members met at the old Mission Hill school grounds, site of the first local Public School, then proceeded in a cavalcade of cars north on the coast road to the Frank Latta place, Rancho Gazos, for a delightful time. A collection of old fashioned equipment was displayed in a barn built many years ago.

SEPTEMBER
Back in the Music Room, the September meeting featured a talk by C. C. Robinson, marking the 100th anniversary of the Congregational church.

OCTOBER
Skip Littlefield displayed photos and character studies of historical characters who colored the early days of this county. These had been attracting much attention at the county display, a prize winner at the recent Los Angeles County Fair.
ELIHU ANTHONY
A PIONEER OF THE PIONEERS
OF CALIFORNIA

Contined from August Bulletin 1956

III

HIS CONVERSION

As already stated, the father and mother of Elihu Anthony were Quakers at the time of their marriage, and the mother continued her relations with that body until her death. But before Elihu reached the age of personal thinking on such subjects, his father left the society of Friends and became quite desirous in his opinions on the subjects involved. Still later he adopted the Universalist notions of the New Testament theology. As he was a man of strong ideas, and as he was the soul of all religious thinking in the household, it was but natural that the children should entertain similar views in regard to their ideas of the subject. Thus he left home a Universalist and remained such until the time of our present consideration of his life. He was in those days very fond of society, fond of parties and dancing. He was not a total abstainer. He had rarely indulged in the use of alcoholic liquors to any great excess, but upon one occasion, only a little while before he was converted, he had to be helped home. This was a source of great humiliation to him and was always associated by him as among the reasons which led up to his change in life.

That winter there was a great revival under the labors of Rev. C. W. Miller in the little village of Woll Lake. One day the pastor called at the shop and began to talk with Anthony about his work. He inquired about the difference of iron, how steel was made and such like subjects, to all of which he received a ready response. After a little conversation of that character, he took leave, asking Anthony to come to their meetings. Anthony always insisted upon it that had Mr. Miller come and talked to him on the subject of religion, the outcome would have been different. As it was, he took a liking to the man who seemed so interested in his work and resolved that night that he would go. A neighbor with whom he was on terms of great familiarity, and his wife, having come in to spend the evening, were invited to go with them. As they went their way, they joked with each other about going forward to the "mourner's bench", each offering to do it if the others would. They were all so powerfully convicted that they all went forward in good earnest. It was customary in those days for the preacher to "throw open" the doors of the church at the close of each service. When he did so on this occasion, all four of them went into the church together.

It was a great trial to Anthony that night, when he began to think of it, that he had not tried to join the church until he had stopped swearing. "There" he said to himself, "I have tried to stop this miserable custom many times in the past, but have never succeeded. Now when I begin to shoe a horse and he makes me hit my hand instead of the nail, I shall certainly begin to swear, and how will that look in a church member. Why did I not wait until I got over that difficulty?"

HIS JOURNEY TO THE PACIFIC COAST

The large caravan he was to join was made up in St. Joseph, Mo. Not far from one hundred wagons were put into the string which started westward from that place in the Spring, as early as their cattle could get enough to eat.

The family consisted of Mrs. Anthony, a daughter Louise, who had been born to them in Iowa, and Miss Jane Van Anda, a sister of Mrs. Anthony.

Having selected their captain, fixed upon the plans by which all were to have an equal chance at being at the head of the long line of wagons, so that each in turn would have that position for one day, together with certain rules on other subjects necessary for comfort and quietness, they started on their long journey over mountains and plains which lay between them and the Western side of the continent.

All went well until they reached the end of civilization and the land of buffaloes. Here they found the most wanton sport practiced by some of their company. They were accustomed to kill the buffaloes when they had no need of their meat and leave them to decay upon the plains. Some of the emigrants objected to this, among them Anthony. But nothing would stop these fellows from doing this until they found that the Indians were upon them and they had to stop their folly. One night when they had gone into camp, they found themselves surrounded by several hundred Sioux Indians, all armed to the teeth. They were all mounted, and their faces painted red, presenting an appearance which filled the whole company with dread. They stopped a little distance from the wagons, only one of their number stopping near enough to be heard. He demanded an interview with the captain of the company and such others of them as they might wish to be present.
at the interview he wished to hold with them. Among others, Anthony was chosen and these went forward and the young man, in excellent English, proceeded to lay before them what they expected them to do.

The young man, who proved himself to be a half-breed, addressed his auditors in somewhat the following words: "We want first of all to tell you that there must be an immediate end to the slaying of the buffaloes as a mere pastime. If you want to kill buffalo for food, we will make no objection, but we shall certainly see to it that you do not kill them for fun, and if you do, you will have to punish the ones who do it, or we shall hold the whole body of you responsible for the transgression. These buffalo belong to us. They feed on the pastures which belong to us, and it is a necessity for our various needs that they be spared. And now as to the permission for traveling thru our lands, we will protect you and suffer you to go the whole length of our lands, a distance of more than four hundred miles, during all of which distance we will see that you are not hurt by any of our tribe, or by the members of any other tribe, if you will pay us a certain amount in tribute. We will leave it to your own choice what it shall be, only, every person, old or young, among you must pay a certain amount in flour, bacon, tobacco, coffee, sugar or in cornmeal." Here he indicated the amount of each of the articles named each one would have to give. Having given all these instructions, he told them to go and talk with their people and bring them word as to what they intended to do. He made no threats except to say that these same conditions were required of people going this way last year and that none who had done as they were requested had any harm on the way. A few thought to do differently and it did not go so well with them.

A meeting of the men of the caravan was called within the circle of the wagons and the question was asked what they would do in the case. Some were in favor of reporting themselves ready to meet them in battle, but never to pay tribute; but most of them, Anthony being of that sort, concluded that they were shut up to this and that the lives of all were at stake if they refused to comply with the conditions. A committee was appointed, of which Anthony was a member, to make a report of their willingness to comply with all they demanded. No Indian had stirred during all this controversy, not a word had been spoken by any one of them until the committee stood before the half-breed Indian and he was told that the slaughter of the buffaloes would be ended at that moment, and that they stood ready to punish any man who should dare to disobey this rule. They also represented themselves as willing to pay the tribute asked whenever it should meet with their requirements that it should be done.

The young man told them that when they got ready to start on their journey the next morning, their teams were to be hitched to their wagons, all members of the different families were to be in the wagons where they belonged, and they were not to start until they came and received their tribute. A few words were spoken by their interpreter in Indian, and they all went off quietly, not a whoop or yell being made by them as they went their way.

Continued in a later Bulletin

The two historical characters appearing in this issue are just a part of a group that will be printed in future Bulletins through the courtesy of the Santa Cruz County Advertising Committee.

DUNCAN McPHERSON
1839-1921

Bullwhacker, muleskinner, woodsman and newspaper editor — Duncan McPherson bought a ranch in the Santa Cruz mountains in 1856 for $600 and then traded the property for a half interest in the Santa Cruz Sentinel in 1864 of which he remained editor for 57 years. The Sentinel is one of the oldest daily published papers in California and has remained in one family for over 95 years.
"Pero Usted Es Un Mal Hombre"
CAPTAIN UPTON S. MATTHIS
1844-1890

California's youngest commissioned officer in the Union Army during the Civil War. Upton Matthis, left Watsonville with Company I, Second Cavalry, of Santa Cruz County, to protect the Northern cause at Ft. Douglas, Utah.

Captain Matthis who erected the first general mercantile store in Castroville had the unique experience between 1868 and 1873 of being held up twice and kidnapped once by the notorious Tiburcio Vasquez and Domingo Vaila.

The Spanish Banditti on two occasions overlooked $10,000 in gold after threatening torture and death to the storekeeper. Said Vasquez: "Pero usted es un mal hombre, Senor Matthis." (You are a tough man).

CENTURY-OLD ECHOES

The weekly Sentinel of Saturday, April 25, 1857, carried on its front page a short reference to a lecture delivered in the east by Right Rev. Bishop Clarke of Baltimore, entitled "Fifty Years Hence."

Part of the predictions are herewith presented and some of his guesses were surprisingly accurate for today, a hundred (instead of fifty) years after.

"In traveling, great changes will take place. Instead of the dusty road and crowded car there will be a splendid locomotive hotel, flying over a road carpeted with turf and bordered with shade trees, and heralding its approach with sweet music, instead of the demaniac shriek of the steam whistle, and labelled through from Boston to San Francisco in four days.

"Instead of the unsightly telegraph poles, there will be ... a net-work underground and under the bosom of the deep, and it will click off thoughts instead of words. Then the electric battery will light all the street lamps at once, enable all the clocks in the city to keep exact time, and kindle the beacons on the dangerous rocks, where now, men hazard their lives, and wear out their lonely days.

"Then the author will not write by our slow process, losing his rarest fancies, but he will sit down to the newest invented chirographical instruments, and putting his fingers on the keys, write as fast as he can think."
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Published in October, February and June of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 746, Santa Cruz, California
Mrs. Margaret Koch............................ Editor

OCTOBER
meeting was held at the Public Library. C. C. Robinson, Chairman of the Congregational Church History committee gave a resume of the history of that church. The church is building a new sanctuary, recreation and christian education buildings on High Street. They expect to occupy them in October of 1958. The church celebrated its 100th Anniversary in September 1957. Mr. Robinson answered questions following his talk which had taken a great amount of research work.

NOVEMBER
meeting was celebrated at Bayview Hotel in Aptos with a delicious dinner served by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Toney who own and operate the historic hotel. Ralph Mattison, speaker for the evening, kept the large group fascinated with his recollections of the early history of the Aptos-Soquel area.

DECEMBER
meeting was held in the Library. Mr. and Mrs. Bachelder and Velita Mattison Burgess spoke on Evergreen Cemetery and possibilities of cleaning it up and keeping it in better shape.

JANUARY
meeting was held at the Library with Mr. Fred Wagner as speaker. Mr. Wagner, who recently sold Wagner’s Grove for a permanent city public park, spoke on the history of Villa Branciforte. He paid tribute to the late Leon Rowland who researched the material and published a booklet on Branciforte.

ADOBE BUILDING
The original Adobe Building Options were signed by the present owners of the property, Alice M. Neary and Cornelia Lunas Hopcroft on December 14, 1956. Since that time your Adobe Building Committee has been keeping the Options alive by extending them at various intervals. The present extensions of these Options are valid until March 31, 1958. As most of the members know, a Bill was passed by the California State Legislature and signed by Governor Goodwin Knight in 1957 for the purchase of the Neary Hopcroft Adobe. It is the committee’s understanding that this purchase was to be made by the Division of Beaches and Parks of the State of California.

Here it is time again for the February issue of your News and Notes. How fast the months fly by! Since we last published back in October, some world shaking events have taken place. SPUTNIK, PUPNIK, and even MOUSENIK have become household words. I know a seven-year-old who speaks casually about satellites, space stations, and something called the Ionosphere. Whether we like it or not, our generation has been privileged to bridge a gap, span an era, and open glimpses of a whole new set of worlds. According to Mr. Einstein, several years here on earth pass as but a minute or two out in space.

Now wouldn’t that be handy if we could reverse it and use it to stretch our busy days?
EARLY DAYS

If my father, William Wallace Hendrick, had not traveled south looking for Government land, I and some of my siblings would have been born in Solano County. A schoolmate of Dad's, who had filed on a homestead in Monterey County, started him on his journey.

The family Bible reads "Wallace Pitman Hendrick, born March 30, 1889. Location, Sam Currier Ranch, Arroyo Seco, Monterey County, California." This is where I came into the picture. I was the third child with two older sisters. Soon after I was born, we moved over to the Reliz Canyon. This is where Dad filed on the homestead and where we lived for nine years.

To make a home, build roads and fences, clear land, dig a well and at the same time keep snow in the pantry, all on totally unimproved and undeveloped homestead land, meant just two words—hard work. It was sixteen miles to the nearest market either at Soledad or King City, the distance to both towns being about the same. The distance to school was three and a half miles; sometimes we walked, if there were no horses in the corral. In the summer months we would drive all the stock over to the Reliz stream to water, rather than use water pulled by hand from the deep well. It was always easy for Dad to get volunteers for this stock-driving job for when we were out of sight of the house we would have a race which was forbidden by our parents.

It was in March of '98 that the folks decided they must move out. All fall and winter it had not rained a drop and you may be sure the country was dry with not a blade of grass anywhere. The closest ranges were Arizona south or Oregon north. The large grain ranchers had strawstacks but not nearly enough to last very long. To move involved disposing of livestock. To mention prices, Dad sold his cows and calves at the rate of $12 for a cow and her calf and the man who bought them watched them starve. He said they were starved out of Monterey County. We then traveled via the Old Mount Madonna Grade and stopped at Corralitos to visit some friends by the name of "Sands" who had also been starved out of Monterey County.

The next stop was Gilroy. Dad got a job cutting stove wood at 50c a cord. After school all of us kids would help Dad to get volunteers for this stock-driving job. Our treat for picking up the prunes was to go to the circus—there never will be another circus like that one.

The next move was to the "plains" as the flats of San Joaquin Valley were then called. This was Dad's fifth trip to the duck and goose fields; he knew that he could make some money there. When the hunting season opened in Santa Clara Valley, we worked cutting oaks. Pay was $5 per cord. After school all of us kids would pick oaks for a cord. The ticket was $5 per cord; you got $1 for it. If you didn't forget to put the ticket in the bottom of the box. The ground was rough due to the heavy rain, and you had to pick the ground clean. If you would take a walk or leave the place, you would lose your job. The next job was picking apricots—there never will be another apricot season that was like that one.

The next stop was Gilroy. Dad got a job cutting stove wood at 50c a cord. After school all of us kids would help Dad to get volunteers for this stock-driving job. Our treat for picking up the prunes was to go to the circus—there never will be another circus like that one.

The next move was to the "plains" as the flats of San Joaquin Valley were then called. This was Dad's fifth trip to the duck and goose fields; he knew that he could make some money there. When the hunting season opened in Santa Clara Valley, we worked cutting oaks. Pay was $5 per cord. After school all of us kids would pick oaks for a cord. The ticket was $5 per cord; you got $1 for it. If you didn't forget to put the ticket in the bottom of the box. The ground was rough due to the heavy rain, and you had to pick the ground clean. If you would take a walk or leave the place, you would lose your job. The next job was picking apricots—there never will be another apricot season that was like that one.
stream a few hundred yards, Dad got a job cutting wood, so we camped there all summer.

It was in the Fall of the year when we moved to Felton. The folks invested the money they had received from the sale of the ranch in Monterey in the Felton Hotel and Bar. There were two hotels and four stores in Felton which were too many at that time as Felton had seen better days when several saw mills had been running full blast and the town had been booming. However, there was still a lot of activity with a lot of teaming (today known as the trucking industry), hauling wood, split stuff, shaker, lime, and in the fall, grapes from the Bonny Doon area. Most of the grapes after being hauled down were loaded in box cars and shipped to large wineries. There were three lime companies in the Valley, engaged in burning lime—the IXL Co. on Fall Creek; The Holmes Lime Co. with two sites, one in Felton and another known as the New Kiln on the coast side; and the Henry Cowell Lime & Cement Co. at Rincon. I can well remember the teams hauling grapes. They would get down off the mountain about the time school was out and pull up in front of the Old Grand Central Hotel and Saloon to water the team. At the same time the drivers would wash the dust out of their collars. The Post Office was not only a property. Next was the Jake Steen Merchandise Store, now the Coolidge Building. This store carried just about anything one could want from cough syrup to horse collars. The next building was the Alcazar Hall. Now Roy's Market. Just a few words about the old Alcazar Hall. It was not only a dance hall but was used for road shows, political rallies, school graduations, and just about all the large gatherings held there. It was at dances in this old Hall that I received my early training as a Deputy Sheriff.

On the east side of the street, south, was the Grand Central Hotel and Bar, the proprietors of which were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Haynes. Next to the Hotel was a Butcher Shop, then the Pat Hickey Saloon. These last two buildings burned and were rebuilt by the Costellos, now known as Costello's Chalet. The next building was the Alcazar Hall, now Roy's Market. Just a few words about the old Alcazar Hall. It was not only a dance hall but was used for road shows, political rallies, school graduations, and just about all the large gatherings held there. It was at dances in this old Hall that I received my early training as a Deputy Sheriff.

April 18, 1906, 5:30 A. M., is a day long to be remembered—the day of the big earth quake. Wires were down, roads were closed, but the word came thru some way that San Francisco was burning up, the streets strewn with rubble, and that they had to blast buildings to stop the fire. We had our own troubles here at home. Chimneys were gone in most all the houses but the tragic events were two slides which covered up several men. One slide was at Deer Creek and was about a half mile long. It covered up a shingle mill with several men buried, two of whom that I remember were Jim Dollar and Jim Franklin. The other slide was up Soquel Creek but I don't recall just how many
lives were lost. All the Southern Pacific tunnels thru the mountains to Los Gatos were caved in and all freight and passengers had to go via Watsonville. The court house was in bad shape and many of the buildings around town were badly damaged. Almost everyone thought about the tannery chimney which is ninety feet high but it stood the shake and is still standing there. Several teamsters left for San Francisco with their teams to haul debris from the streets. San Francisco was advertising for this type of work and paying well for it.

Up until 1905 the Southern Pacific Railroad to Boulder Creek was narrow gauge but in 1905 they widened the rails to broad gauge on their Boulder Creek branch thus eliminating the work of having to transfer everything being shipped from the narrow gauge cars to broad gauge.

In 1905 the Mount Hermon Association purchased four hundred acres of land for a summer resort. The earthquake in 1906 set back their plans for at least a year. These were the early days. I know it will be difficult for the younger generation to realize the vast changes that have taken place from the time of the old ox teams, to the steam cars, to automobiles, and to airplanes.

For lack of space, I am obliged to bring this story to a close. The sad part of all this is that it won’t be long before all the old schoolmates will be gone but I am sure there will never be any regrets for the hardships we experienced in the old days when men were men and we lived in the wide open spaces.

W. P. "BUD" HENDRICK

### GLEN CANYON COVERED BRIDGE

The Glen Canyon Covered Bridge was built in 1892, it is eighty feet long and crosses Branciforte Creek, before it was moved to its present location. It was lined with Boy trees, Madrones, Live Oaks, Willows and Redwoods. The peaceful brook with the thick foliage is characteristic of the west slope of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The sides of the Bridge are of natural color over cast with a thin layer of moss. It was built by C. H. McKay November 15, 1892. It was felt at that time it was good enough for plodding ox teams, but not good enough for dashing horses and buggies.

The Covered Bridge is reached at the very gates of our city a Bridge which for many years has won for itself love and admiration. For almost half a century the old Bridge had faithfully borne traffic across the deep canyon where flows Branciforte Creek. When it became unsafe for travel, some of the leading citizens asked the County Supervisors to preserve the Bridge for historical reasons. Mr. Robert E. Burton asked the Board of Supervisors to move the bridge to its present location in DeLaveaga Park, which they consented to do. Mr. Burton and a few others mostly Masons volunteered their services in moving the Bridge. It was quite a task and Mr. Burns who was Park Warden at that time did most of the work, and they were all very grateful to him, simple dedication was held at the Bridge, all interested persons were there including Mrs. Rose Roserton who was Supervisor at that time of the Branciforte District.

MRS. EVERETT ALLEN

Published by

SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.
Mailing Address: P. O. Box 746
Santa Cruz, California
School is out, the sun is shining, and summer's here. In fact, we are reminded of those inelegant words in the popular song which describes June as "busting out all over."

When have the redwood trees looked so tall? The birds nested so busily? The dry grass rippled like watered silk on the hills? And the bay looked so blue?

We see things with new eyes in June. And it's a good time to be alive.

**JANUARY**

Mrs. Phyllis Patten spoke on her trip to Europe.

**FEBRUARY**


**MARCH**

Mrs. Charles McLean discussed the history of Waddell Creek.

**APRIL**

Frank Latta introduced Dr. Earl Rhodes of San Jose State College who showed colored slides and spoke on the Emigrant Trail. Remnants of this covered wagon "road" are still to be seen in Nevada and California. Dr. Rhodes' grandfather led a rescue group to the Donner Party.

**MAY**

More than sixty members and guests enjoyed an outstanding dinner meeting in the historic Garibaldi hotel which will be torn down in July. Old timers present recalled colorful incidents and memories concerning the early day history of the old building.

---

**ADOBE BUILDING**

According to the latest reports negotiations are still pending.

**"WIDOW" BENNETT**

Mary Amanda Bennett was really a divorcée instead of a widow but was called by that name to differentiate her from the other Mrs. Bennetts in this area some of whom also were named Mary. She was born in 1800 in Georgia and married Vardamon Bennett in 1820.

Vardamon was reputed to be a member of one of the oldest Georgia families and descendant of British nobility, disowned by his family for marrying beneath him. They had eight children, four sons and four daughters.

Winston Bennett was born December 21, 1822 in Walton county, Georgia. Died October 17, 1903 in Santa Cruz County.

Tillatha Catherine Bennett born in 1824 in Wayne County, Georgia. Married Isaac
Graham in 1845 at Zayante was divorced and married Daniel McCusker in February 1853. She died in 1895.

Dennis G. Bennett born April 18, 1826 in Wayne County, Georgia. Killed April 22, 1850 by Jesse Graham.

Daniel Jackson Bennett born April 5, 1828 in Wayne County, Georgia. Died in 1858 of yellow fever in Nicaragua.

Mary Amanda Bennett born March 9, 1831 in Arkansas. Married Granville C. Shelby in Santa Cruz, October 15, 1851, Died August 13, 1904 in Santa Cruz and buried in Evergreen cemetery.

Mansel Vardamon Bennett born October 18, 1836 in Little Rock, Arkansas, married Mary Jane Boyle in Santa Cruz on May 7, 1861. Was a surveyor and died in Silver City, New Mexico, on March 23, 1885.

Julia T. Bennett born June 19, 1838 at Little Rock, Arkansas, married in Santa Cruz to David Lewis Adams and died in Los Angeles, May 3, 1926.

Samantha Ann Bennett born in 1840 in Little Rock, Arkansas, married to Elisha Hughes in Santa Cruz on October 29, 1856. He died about 10 years later and she married Napoleon Bonaparte Hicks in 1869.

The family moved to Arkansas in 1830, then to Oregon in 1842 and to California with the Hastings party in 1843. After a brief stay in Sacramento Valley they moved to San Francisco then to the Santa Clara Valley before coming to Santa Cruz.

Vardamon Bennett operated a saloon in San Francisco and in 1845 Mary Bennett asked for a separation complaining her husband failed to provide for her and their eight children. Vardamon died in 1849 in San Francisco.

The "Widow" Bennett was given a grant of land in Santa Clara county in return for her care and nursing of cholera victims in an epidemic. At times she had possession of real estate in Santa Cruz county and especially the San Lorenzo area which when occasion demanded she defended at gun point.

In 1854 the widow Bennett married Harry Love for whom Love Creek was named. The same Harry Love who received $5000 from a grateful legislature for the capture of the bandit Joaquin Murietta. The marriage was not harmonious and much of the time they lived apart. Love suffered severe financial losses of his mill by flood and fire. He was jealous of a German hired by his wife and in an exchange of gun fire Love was killed near Santa Clara June 29, 1868. Mrs. Love went to live with her daughter Catherine McCusker near Salinas and died there about 6 months later December 19, 1868.

Jeanette Rowland

"Black Knight Of The Zayante"
CAPTAIN HARRY LOVE
1815-1867

Captain of the California Rangers—Harry Love will live forever in the history of a pioneer people as the "avenging horseman" whose blazing guns on July 25, 1853 ended the bloody career of Joaquin Murietta—the most feared outlaw of the Old West. With Governor John Bigler's $5000 reward money Harry Love retired to the deep redwoods of Ben Lomond in the Santa Cruz mountains to build a home beside a rippling stream that bears his name.

CENTURY-OLD ECHOES

"At a meeting of the citizens of Santa Cruz held in the Court House on Wednesday, the 4th inst., to take into consideration the reorganizing of the town government:

"Hon. William Blackburn was called to the chair, and William Anthony was chosen secretary.

"The object of the meeting being stated by the chairman, the following motion was made by Mr. Pinkham:

"That a committee of eight be appointed to examine the practicability of incorporating the town, and report at an adjourned meeting. After some discussion, in which several parties participated, the motion was carried.

"The chair appointed the following gentlemen to serve on said committee:


"Motion was made by Dr. Kittredge and carried, that the committee report a specific plan of incorporation.

"The meeting then adjourned one week from this evening at the Court House."
JUDGE JOHN H. WATSON
1810-1882

In that great register that has recorded the trials and tribulations of a pioneer people whose way of life wrote the history of Santa Cruz county a hundred years ago, there is none more colorful or stranger than the story of John H. Watson—the man for whom the city of Watsonville was named.

Evidence points to the state of Georgia as the birthplace of Watson in 1810. It is known that he went to West Point but never graduated. In the 1840s he showed up in Texas where like the immortal Judge Roy Bean he "read law."

Early accounts state that Watson left Texas on the double after killing a man. Sometime in 1850-51 he arrived in the Pajaro Valley with his slave and opened a law practice.

In 1852 Watson and D. S. Gregory moved in on the 5,496 acre Rancho Bolsa del Pajaro and proceeded to lay out a town. The legality of this action did not seem to bother Watson who set up an "adverse claim" to the lands of Sebastian Rodriguez—a claim that was denied by Circuit Judge Samuel B. McKee in 1860.

Watson at one time was appointed district judge for all the territory between Monterey and Contra Costa counties. In 1859 he was elected to the state senate. When his term was up he never returned to the Pajaro. He died in Elko, Nevada, on August 9, 1882, and he was buried there.

Biographers of Judge Watson say that he was a genial man—intelligent, warm-hearted, brave and witty; a prince in prodigality, never making an effort to collect a debt, and displaying a strikingly similar trait of character in regard to paying what he owed.

The judge was often short of funds and it is said that he was not above borrowing money from his former slave to finance purchase of stimulating beverages.

About the year 1852 a prisoner was haled before a Santa Cruz county court to plead a charge of horse stealing. The culprit advised the court that he had no attorney, and no funds to hire one.

The court appointed Watson to defend the horse thief. Watson then requested the court the privilege of consulting his client, as he knew absolutely nothing of the case.

According to Historian E. S. Harrison the following action transpired to wit:

"The judge granted the request; and as Watson intimated that he wished only 15 minutes time, he did not adjourn court or take a recess. Watson and the prisoner retired to the judge's chamber; but before they went the judge addressed the attorney, saying, 'Mr. Watson, you will please advise your client what you consider the best course to pursue'—intimating that, as the evidence was very conclusive, the best thing for him to do would be to plead guilty and save costs to the state.

"Fifteen minutes after Mr. Watson had retired with his client, the judge looked expectantly toward the door, but gave him five minutes of grace; and as he did not then return, he sent the bailiff in after him. To the surprise and consternation of the court and officers, nobody was to be found but Watson.

"Where is the prisoner, Mr. Watson?—demanded the court.

"Your honor suggested that I should advise him to pursue what I considered the best course, and after hearing his statement, I thought the best course he could pursue was a northeast course up the canyon. The last I saw of him he was following my advice."

(Source material) — E. S. Harrison's "History of Santa Cruz County" and the files of the Watsonville Register Pajaronian.

STEPHEN MARTINELLI
1843-1918

A Swiss immigrant... Martinelli settled in Pajaro Valley in 1859 and seven years later pioneered the making of Champagne Cider in Watsonville with apples from the first commercial producing orchards in California... an industry that continues to achieve acclaim and fame for southern Santa Cruz County.
Seemingly as ancient as the redwoods... Chief Roxas, last of the Santa Cruz mountain Indians, lived to an incredible age of 123 years. He helped erect the Mission of The Holy Cross in 1791 and was baptized by Father Salazar in 1792 when 40 years old. He was a youth of 17 when Don Gaspar de Portola led the first white men into Santa Cruz County. When he died the Civil War had been over for 10 years.

"The Secret Of Cross-eyed Charlie"

"A Knight Of The Whip" who drove stage from Santa Cruz to Watsonville in the 1850's. Charley had an extensive vocabulary, mostly profane, was a hard drinking, poker playing, tobacco squirting frontiersman. But according to the great register of Santa Cruz County, Cross-eyed Charley voted religiously in every election. Upon his death the coroner made the startling discovery that the old stage driver was a woman. Thus, Charley Parkhurst became the first woman voter in California... 69 years before women's suffrage was granted the fairer sex in the Golden State.
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Number 11

Published in October, February and June of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 746, Santa Cruz, California
Mrs. Margaret Koch.......................... Editor

MEMORIES
OF BOULDER CREEK

What was the Boulder Creek area like in the "good old days?" Bring to mind pictures of the main street, minus paving, muddy in winter; wooden sidewalks with an elevated wooden sidewalk in front of one of the latest stores, Middleton's, located about where the theatre stands now; Moody's and McAbee's livery stables; hitching posts in front of each business establishment for the convenience of customers who would drive up in buggies, carts, spring wagons and surreys; the Southern Pacific's special trains which brought a large delegation of the California Camera Club members to Boulder Creek on an outing and of seeing many of the women returning to the train with armsful of pretty red-leafed foliage, apparently unaware they had picked branches of poison oak.

My mother, who was born in Oakland, moved with her parents and grandparents, the Oscar Sarpys, to a ranch on Kings Creek in 1880 when she was five years old. She attended a school on the Waterman Gap road, now the San Lorenzo River Drive, later she attended the school on the Sand Road and the new school (now replaced by a modern school building) in town. For some years afterward the family lived on what is now the Keller ranch on Bear Creek.

My late father, Henry A. Jameson who had come from Vermont with his parents in the early 1880's, later purchased property on Bear Creek known as the Oak Grove ranch, and that was where my sister and I were born and lived until we moved to Santa Cruz in 1907.

Apples were raised extensively through the mountains at that time and buyers would come through, bringing their apple picking crews with them. The ranchers would have the apples picked and sorted, then the packers would take over, wrapping each apple in paper. The fruit was shipped to San Francisco, east, and even to Europe. Our orchard consisted almost entirely of Newtown pippins.

The surrounding country was heavily timbered and lumbering was the main industry. The Middleton and Harmon Mills...
on Bear Creek were the ones we were most familiar with, the Middleton mill being not far from our ranch. The last mill we visited was the Deer creek mill, which had to cease operations following the 1906 earthquake when a huge mountain sheered off and dumped tons of earth over the forest below, burying the huge trees with only an occasional limb protruding above the surface. The slide stopped at the back of the cookhouse at the mill.

Familiar sights on the dusty mountain roads which were narrow with turn out places occasionally, were the four, six and eight horse teams drawing one or two wagons loaded with lumber or stakes. The sets of bells worn on the hames of the lead horses sent musical warning far ahead of the approaching teams. It was said the teamsters took great pride in choosing bells of fine tone. Another familiar sight on the road was the mule pack train, each mule carrying an unbelievably large load of redwood stakes.

While oxen were used to haul logs to the mill in the early days, as so ably described by the late Chris Iffert in his taped interview with Mrs. Clarence Dake, the only oxen teams I remember seeing are the Cowell teams, which were used to haul logs in the vicinity of tunnel No. 6 and Rincon. This was a narrow section of road, with few turn out places for passing, and as we had spirited horses which were afraid of the oxen, meeting or overtaking the teams meant keeping a tight rein on the horses and sometimes applying the whip to get them past the oxen. This always afforded a bit of excitement on an otherwise long and uneventful journey.

For while it takes such a little time to motor over the fine paved roads to Boulder Creek now, in those days it meant leaving our ranch home early and returning late. The trip was usually made with a team of horses hitched to a surrey...yes, one with the fringe on top! And upon arrival in Santa Cruz the first stop was at the Elsom stables on Soquel Avenue near Front Street, where the horses were unhitched and fed while the family shopped.

Those of us who lived on ranches did not get into Boulder Creek often during evenings. However, the family attended political rallies, with their huge bonfires in the street and parades and speeches at the meetings which followed.

My grandfather, W. L. Jameson, in 1886 purchased acreage adjoining Laveaga Park, which he farmed. He later sold a part of the land to the late J. V. DeLaveaga for more than the entire tract had cost him, and still had 50 acres left. Visiting Vermont friends often asked him why he had settled so far from the city and his reply was that the city would "one day come to him." He did not live to see it, but modern homes now occupy land far beyond the old ranch home.

Two of grandfather's sisters and their husbands came from Vermont in the early 1880's and settled in this county: the D. M. Lockes who owned Locke's Dairy on the Mt. Hermon road, (now owned in part by Grahams and the site of the Sky Park airport), and the Isaac Dakins, who owned Laurel Glen Fruit farm on the Laurel Glen road out of Soquel.

—ELSIE JAMESON

"Last Of His Line"
JAMES G. PIRATSKY
1850-1949

In that select pioneer fraternity of old-time "battling editors" the name of Watsonville's James G. Piratsky remains more than a memory in the annals of central California journalism. Born in Australia, he came to San Francisco in 1852 and at the age of 12 became a printer's devil on the Alta Californian. From 1902 to 1930 Piratsky was editor of the Watsonville Pajaronian and wrote, in conjunction with Isaac Myler, the authoritative historical treatise . . . "Early Days of The Mission San Juan Bautista."
Baldwin has long been an honored name in Santa Cruz. The family history goes back to 1730 and Ebenezer Baldwin, who died in 1799. James Baldwin (1759-1843), a Revolutionary soldier, Stephen Baldwin I and Stephen Baldwin II (1816-1889) and Maria Merritt (1815-1863) were the parents of Everett (1842-1914) and James (1845-1939), both Civil War veterans, Frederick Douglas (1847-1940) and Amos Merritt Baldwin (1856-1913).

Frederick D. was born in Abington, Mass., where his great great grandfather, Ebenezer Baldwin bought land and established a residence which is still known as Baldwin Hill.

Life was difficult in those years and each member of the family was expected to work and contribute his share. In a reminiscence of his life Frederick D. told of his father walking four miles and splitting wood for a wage of fifty cents a week and taking his pay in small potatoes which were carried home to help feed the family.

Stephen II was a shoe maker and there was increased demand for shoes during the Civil War. The two older sons were in the army but Frederick D. helped his father and was also required to read the newspaper to his father while he worked at his trade and couldn't spare the time from his work to read. He considered it a hardship at the time but later he was grateful for the practice and interest it developed in current events.

In 1863 Maria Merritt Baldwin died of tuberculosis after having suffered for eleven years. Later Stephen married Dimmis Kline who made a splendid stepmother to the four boys. She lived until 1918 and spent her last thirteen years in Santa Cruz. The family history goes back to 1730 and Ebenezer Baldwin.

At the age of 18 Frederick D. became a school teacher. He taught the three month winter term usually taught by a man because the larger boys attended then. The summer session was taught by a woman.

Two years later he came to California by way of the Isthmus of Panama on the old steamer Arizona and located in Marin county, working on a dairy farm. Later he combined dairying and school teaching, milking the cows night and morning and teaching during the day. He tried his hand at placer mining, teaching occasionally to supplement his income. Sometimes there was not sufficient water for placer mining so in 1869 he moved to Monterey county again combining teaching and dairying and in 1871 came to Santa Cruz county where he lived first in the Pajaro valley, later he took a lease on 1475 acres of land adjoining the Wilder place on the Coast road.

In 1873 he married Augusta Baldwin, a distant relative (same great grandfather) who was a teacher prior to her marriage. They had four children: Grace (1874-1918), James Stephen (1876-1889), Arnold (1882-1955) and Roscoe (1884- ).

They lived on the coast road for several years and later bought a home on Locust Street so that the children might live there while attending school in Santa Cruz. This home was later moved to the back of the lot and the present fine home was built for the family.

In 1890 Frederick D. was elected county supervisor, a position he filled for two terms.

Mary Augusta Baldwin was the wife and helpmate of Frederick D. for forty-five years. She was a woman much interested in the betterment of her community, an ardent W. C. T. U. worker and a member of the Congregational church.

The year 1918 was a sad one for the Baldwin family with the death of three Baldwin women: "Dimm" second wife of Stephen II and stepmother of the four boys, Mary Augusta, wife of Frederick D. and Grace their only daughter.

The following year Frederick D. married Mrs. Mary Trimmer widow of a Pacific Grove doctor and banker. She still lives here.

Levi Baldwin, an uncle of Frederick D., was the first president of the City Bank located at the present site of Santa Cruz Building and Loan Association. The City Bank was organized in 1887. In 1888 Frederick D. was made director and in 1902 became president, a position he held until 1927 when it was combined with the Bank of Italy, later becoming the Bank of America. When the transfer was made Baldwin became chairman of the advisory board and retained his connection and interest in the bank until his death.

Baldwin Street in Santa Cruz was named for this family.

Amos and Carrie Baldwin are survived by two daughters, Mrs. Ione Davis and Ruth Baldwin and one grandson.

Roscoe Race Baldwin has three children: Frederick Douglas, Carolyn and Robert Race and three grandchildren living in this area.

Arnold Baldwin was in public life in Santa Cruz County for nearly half a century. He was first a county surveyor in 1911 then served his country during World War I and returned to complete a water survey for the city. He stayed in private engineering practice for fifteen years. He was county surveyor for twenty years, a member of the American Legion, Odd Fellows,
Native Sons of the Golden West and a charter member of the Santa Cruz Historical Society.

This was compiled from Baldwin family scrap books and Santa Cruz County records.

—JEANETTE ROWLAND

"Death To All Gringoes"
TIBURCIO VASQUEZ
1835-1875

There are people still living in Santa Cruz County whose fathers exchanged shots with the notorious fast riding Tiburcio Vasquez... last of California's storied Spanish-Mexican desperados. In the year 1871 Vasquez "shot up" Santa Cruz but left this county on the double as Sheriff Almus Rountree appeared with a posse of San Lorenzo mountain men with new Winchesters.

CONFERENCE

The Fourth Annual meeting of the Conference of California Historical Societies was held at Hobeg's Resort in June. It was my pleasure to have Mabel Curtis and Susan Forsythe of Watsonville accompany me. A stop was made for the dedication of a monument at Yountville, at the site of the Yount Block House. Speakers were Dr. R. D. Hunt, Dr. Aubrey Neasham and Ivy Loeber. After the dedication a delicious luncheon was served in the Veteran's Recreational Building. We felt honored to be the first to use this new dining room with windows giving a complete panorama of the beautiful valley below the Veteran's buildings.

From Yountville we went on to Hobeg's and the conference. We had a busy two days of discussions and lectures. These will appear in book form and be available soon.

San Mateo will be the Conference site in 1959 and our neighbor, Clyde Arbuckle of San Jose was elected our new president. With the conference so near and a neighbor as president, let's all make an effort to attend next year. The conference needs us and we need to know more of the good work the conference is trying to do to help our Historical Societies.

—C. DAKE

COUNTY'S LOST AREA

Grat was the outcry in May, 1857, when it was learned that a "bill to reorganize San Mateo county" had gone through the legislature transferring to it thirty square miles of coast area which had been in Santa Cruz county. Santa Cruz lost Pescadero and Half Moon Bay.

To top it, another small portion was carved off in 1868 when the line, which had been run straight west from the headwaters of the south branch of San Francisco creek was changed to follow a ridge of hills on the coast.
It's raining—finally! That's news this year, the way the weather has been behaving. Some people we know hauled water last week. Their own dwindling supply just wasn't enough for 10,000 chickens and two households. So those silver drops coming down are almost worth their weight in gold right now. Speaking of gold—take a look at the acacia along highway 17, and elsewhere in the county. The lack of rain seems to have made it more beautiful than ever.

• OCTOBER
George Howden presented the history of the First Baptist church which celebrated its centennial this year.

• NOVEMBER
Mrs. Phyllis Patten showed color slides of her trip to Europe and Vatican City. She also presented slides showing familiar Santa Cruz scenes "before and after" the redevelopment of the San Lorenzo river area.

• DECEMBER
Henry Garrett told highlights of his 75 years in Santa Cruz. Mr. Garrett was born here and his family has played an important part in the city's progress.

• JANUARY
Arthur Barson, grandson of the founder of the Riverside hotel, gave the history of the old hotel during a dinner meeting there.

• OLD SANTA CRUZ
Santa Cruz county's Court House originally was featured by a four-story tower directly above the main entrance. The 1896 structure was built on land originally owned by the Coopers, an early Santa Cruz family, for whom the street was named. It is of brick construction with facings of Plumas county bluestone. The main entrance on Cooper street was at the base of the tower. The latter was weakened in the earthquake of 1906. Although the tower did not fall, there was damage to it which contributed to the decision to remove it, about 20 years later. Chairman James A. Linscott and Joseph D. Enright, S. H. Rambo, A. G. Lay, and A. F. Stanton composed the 1895-96 Board of Supervisors under whose guidance the building was constructed. The greater part of the brick was burned in Santa Cruz county.

Cement for the foundation and floors, was furnished by I. L. Thurber & Co., and was made in the county. The work was done by county mechanics under the supervision of county builders. The completed structure was regarded as second to none in the state for the purpose for which it was designed.

The Board of Supervisors early established a fine law library within the structure.

—PRESTON SAWYER

THE FAIR PAVILION
For 37 years the Fair Pavilion (in its latter years the armory) housed Santa Cruz' civic and social events. It was a barn-like structure 100 by 150 feet, built in 1883 on Arcan street, which was the present portion of Soquel avenue between Pacific avenue and the river. Its site had been the home of Edward L. Williams. Built for $10,000 by a company in which F. A. Hihn and R. C. Kirby were leaders, it housed autumn harvest fairs and the ladies' spring rose fairs. In it blazoned on the last night of 1884 the first electric lights in Santa Cruz, from a steam generator brought from San Francisco as a feature of the Pilot Hose company's annual New Year's Eve Ball.

It became the armory when the naval reserves used it. Until it burned on the night of January 16, 1920 it was the scene of high school basketball games, community dances and military drill.
JUDGE JAMES HARVEY LOGAN

Every one in California or in the United States knows about the Loganberry and its propagation in Santa Cruz nearly eighty years ago.

It is interesting to know more about Mr. Logan, his life and interests and great endeavor to add to the welfare of the people everywhere with his experiments and the perfection of his product.

James Harvey Logan was born near Rockville, Ind. on Dec. 8, 1841, the son of Samuel McCampbell and Mary Elizabeth (McMurtry) Logan. He graduated in June 1860 from the Waveland Collegiate Institute in Waveland, Ind., taught school in Independence, Mo. in 1860 and in 1861 at Omaha, worked on the telegraph line to California, went to Salt Lake City in 1861 and that same year came to San Jose. He studied law in Judge C. T. Ryland's office and was admitted to the bar in 1865. In 1867 he opened his law office in the Hihn building in Santa Cruz.

In 1868 Mr. Logan became deputy district attorney and in 1870 was elected district attorney an office he held for three terms. In 1879 he was elected to the bench of Superior Court where he served for twelve years.

On March 2, 1870 James Logan was married in San Francisco to Catherine Murphy. She died in Brookdale, July 13, 1909 aged 65 years. August 1, 1910 he married Miss Mary E. Couson of Santa Cruz. A daughter, Gladys was born of this union, now Mrs. W. H. Richmond and the mother of two sons.

When James Logan first came to Santa Cruz he lived on Church Street then on Rincon Terrace before building a beautiful home on Perry Heights later known as Logan Heights overlooking Santa Cruz and Monterey Bay.

He was president of the Bank of Santa Cruz County from 1887-93. In 1893 he was appointed Superior Court Judge on the death of Ferdinand J. McCann. He resigned as president of the bank to take this position. He was elected to the post in 1894 and served until 1896. With W. T. Jeter who succeeded him as president of the bank he formed a legal firm of Logan and Jeter. Judge Logan lived for many years at Brookdale where he purchased a large tract of wooded land and developed it into a popular and exclusive summer resort. He lived more than forty years in Santa Cruz county before moving to Oakland, California where he died July 16, 1928 and where his widow still lives.

Regarding the berry perfected by Judge Logan and named for him: In 1880 he commenced experiments to produce a new blackberry superior to any cultivated blackberry and with the wild blackberry flavor. He planted the Texas Early, a domestic blackberry that bloomed at the same time as the Aughinbaugh, a variety of California wild Blackberry in adjacent rows. These varieties cross pollinated and the fruit ripened in May was gathered and the seeds planted. They immediately germinated and when the fruit came the next year it produced immense berries, some two and a half inches long, new and distinctly different, named the Mammoth blackberry by its originator.

By chance he planted in a third row an old form of red raspberry, probably the Red Antwerp, which crossed with the Aughinbaugh wild blackberry and in the first row he found a single plant unlike the other berry plants. It had color and appearance of canes and leaves something like the raspberry but distinctly a new form of the Rubus family. This had naturally cross pollinated with the wild blackberry and produced a new and perfect fruit later named the Loganberry.

In the ensuing years it remained absolutely the same, never reverting to either parent berry.

For many years the Loganberry was disease resistant and bore heavily being a great favorite and source of millions of dollars to the commercial growers of the nation but Judge Logan never received one cent for the contribution he made to the field of horticulture and the pleasure of succeeding generations.

The Loganberry has ceased to be grown commercially in any quantity because it lost somewhat its immunity to disease and other varieties of berries have given a greater yield per acre. However Judge Logan will always be remembered for his great contribution.

—JEANNETTE ROWLAND

INDIAN PLACE NAMES

When the Franciscan priests began baptizing marrying and burying the Indians of the Santa Cruz region they carefully recorded the names of each rancheria, at the same time giving each little group the name of a saint.

Sequel, with its variation of Osocalis Osoquales and Shoquel; Aptos which they also wrote Aytos and Abtos; and Zayante are the three which have survived as modern place names.
PROJECTS

In the issue of News and Notes of February, 1957, Fred McPherson, Jr., then President of the Historical Society, presented a statement that the acquiring of the adobe on School Street as a state historic shrine was our No. 1 project. We are all delighted in the knowledge that this project has just recently become an accomplished fact.

We are immediately presented, however, with a continuing project in connection with this same historic shrine. We now have the opportunity of cooperating with the representatives of the State Beaches and Parks Commission in planning the restoration of this interesting place, as accurately as possible, to its former historic condition. In this same connection we hope to obtain the assignment of space in the building for both a historic museum and a meeting place for our Society.

To take the lead in bringing this dual objective into being, a committee has been appointed consisting of Mrs. Callista Dake, Chairman; Mr. Moreland Johnson, and Mr. James E. Clancy. These people are all well fitted to the job, but they will need all the help we can give them in obtaining information to guide them in the task of restoration and, later, in collecting articles for the museum.

Another project which is becoming active is that of placing markers at points of historic interest in the city and surrounding areas. Mrs. Marjorie Dellamonica and her committee are going into action on this project.

We wish we could report more progress in the job of cleaning up the Evergreen Cemetery, but so far that seems to be too big for the Society to handle. One thing we may promote is the establishment of a local tax district to properly finance this job.

It seems that at last our Society has begun to “click” in our community. One of the men’s service clubs is unofficially interested in financing the placing of markers for historical spots in this end of the county.

We had talked about marking Big Basin State Park, the Felton covered bridge, and the Isaac Graham Mill. Since a committee has been appointed other sites have been suggested, such as Evergreen Cemetery, the old Pope House, Sea Beach Hotel, Jordan wharf, the tannery, powder mill and perhaps one of the flour mills.

There must be many others so, if any of you readers think of others please get in touch with someone on the following committee:

Mrs. Marjorie Dellamonica, Chairman
Mr. James E. Clancy
Mrs. Leon Rowland
Mrs. Geraldine Work
Mr. K. Kevil
Mr. Warren Littlefield

Our plans are still in the formative stage. with such a fine committee and you readers helping us with your suggestions, we should come up with a good list from which to choose.

Even though the service club does not see its way clear to help us, it seems to me that we could start the placing of markers ourselves. The markers need not be expensive but could be designed along the line of those marking historical buildings in Monterey.

—MARJORIE S. DELLAMONICA, Chairman

ELIHU ANTHONY

(Continued)

The young man did not seem inclined to go with them, and as Anthony was somewhat inclined to find out something more concerning him, they remained together while the young man, in answer to questions asked him, told the following story. He said his father was a Canadian Frenchman who had married his mother, the daughter of a great chief among the Sioux Indians. When his mother died, his father returned with him to his own country and had him educated in one of the Church’s schools. Here he received a very good education, not only in French, but also in English. As long as his father lived, he remained with his father’s relatives, but when his father died, he returned to his mother’s people. He had gone back a few times, and might go back again, but his home was with the Indians and would remain so long as he lived.
He took occasion to remark that he had tried to do all he could to keep the Indians in a more civilized form of life, but that even they would not take kindly what he might say in regard to those whom they thought were doing them and their interests a great wrong.

From the time of the departure of the Indians after the interview, no Indian was to be seen until the company had yoked their cattle on the following morning and were ready to start on their day's journey. Then appeared from the distance the whole tribe. Not only were the men they had seen the night before there, but a whole tribe of men, women and children, all of their ponies, ready for the affair that was to bring them so much pleasure. As they came near they spread a vast number of buffalo robes with their hairy sides downward, ready to receive the tribute asked for.

Then a certain number of Indians were detailed, or had already been so detailed, for the whole thing was done in a most systematic manner, to go from one wagon to another, insisting first on seeing every one that the wagon contained, and then receiving the amount due from the man who was acting as the head of the family. As soon as the amount was received, it was carried to the place appointed for it and laid upon the skin for which it had been intended. Meanwhile other Indians were engaged in distributing it among the squaws who came with baskets to get the amount due them and their families. It really took an incredibly short time when the whole thing was settled and they were told with much kind feeling, that they might go on their ways. Nor did they ever have any further trouble with the Sioux Indians while upon their lands. They had to give tribute to Indians afterwards, but never to the Sioux.

Not long after leaving Fort Hall, they found two roads, one going to the North and the other going to the South. But here was warning from the Governor of Oregon, telling them not to take the southern route as the Indians were very bad by that way. The Northern route was the shortest, but from what had learned from other sources the feed was very bad. A meeting was held, and the majority decided on going the Southern route in the face of the Governor's warning. They argued that in the conditions of their teams they would rather take their chances on the Indians than to take their chances on being left among the mountains without teams.

Anthony was among the most strenuous of those who were in favor of going the Northern route. In the first place they had been much longer on the way than had been expected and his family rendered it quite important that he should get to some civilized place as soon as possible. They were near the place where people were accustomed to leave by a still further Southern route for California. One family had started for California and were exceedingly anxious to take that road. Two others were quite willing to go with them rather than to take the road that promised them so much trouble. The way to California was several hundred miles nearer than to Oregon. These four families, Anthony's included, having three wagons, finally agreed to go the way that led to California.

A great deal of complaint was made by the caravan, as it was considered a most wonderful adventure for them to attempt it without more going that way. Indeed, when they had reached the point of departure, there was a meeting held and quite a number were in favor of using the authority of the whole caravan to prevent it. But most of them, while recognizing the danger of the proceeding, concluded that it was a free country and that those might go if they pleased into the very jaws of ruin. The feeling was so intense that the next day when the four families and their three teams left the company, there were no farewells taken, each party took their appointed ways and went on to find their way to their destined places.

(To be Continued)
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Published in February, June and October of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 746, Santa Cruz, California
Mrs. Margaret Koch \(\ldots\) Editor

JUNE, 1959

June in Santa Cruz is the month when school is out and some of the state's loveliest girls are in—in the limelight. That is the state-wide contest to choose Miss California which was originated here in 1924.

Flag Day falls on June 14 and in case you have forgotten, we now have a new flag with 50 stars. Replace that out-of-date 48 star banner.

And there's always Father's Day on June 21.

It's a pleasure to welcome five new members into the Society: Mr. and Mrs. Lester Wesselendorf, Mrs. Mary Pringle, George T. Conner and Clare A. Lukins.

FEBRUARY

meeting was held at the public library fireside room with Lester Wesselendorf as the speaker. “Growing Up in Santa Cruz” was his topic.

MARCH

Ray Judah, civic auditorium manager, recalled the early civic and commercial development that changed Santa Cruz from a three-month resort town into a year 'round piece of business.”

APRIL

Early local hotel history was outlined for the Society by George Conner at the library.

MAY

Charles Bella told of his arrival from Italy and the early logging operations at Boulder Creek where he worked. Mr. Bella also gave an account of early-day Davenport history.

Historical Society Board of Directors includes:

Wolfe President
Mrs. Lela Twombly, Vice-President
Mrs. Jeanette Rowland, Secretary

DIRECTORS

Fred McPherson, Jr.
“Skip” Littlefield
Mrs. Everett Allen

PRESIDENTS' NOTES

It has been customary for the Historical Society to recognize the summer vacation period by omitting the July and August meetings. This may be justifiable so far as the summer meetings are concerned, but it is not likely that committee work can be entirely suspended. It is evident that Mrs. Duke’s committee will be busy with the Mission State Monument affairs and it is to be hoped that a new chairman of the Historical Marker committee can soon be announced to succeed Mrs. Dellamonicia recently resigned. Various commercial and service organizations are hammering us for activity in this direction.

DENVER WOLFE

PASSING LANDMARKS

Two landmarks on the opposite sides of Santa Cruz are being razed to make for more modern housing for our increasing population.

The Beach Hill Inn started by Miss Alice Porter about 1905 from a nucleus of two well built, two story, nine room homes on the corner of Main and Second streets when she planned for their use for vacation guests. For nearly thirty years Miss Porter made it a popular place to spend a vacation. From this beginning the Inn grew to forty rooms and three floors in the main building and an annex with several more.

Miss Porter built a comfortable apartment adjoining the Inn for her own use. She was a collector of mahogany and antique fur-
niture and had an enviable collection of fine pieces. After her death in 1854 the inn passed to a niece and has since changed hands several times. During World War II it was personnel headquarters for the Coast Guard.

Plans are now developing to have the property made into a cooperative apartment house. Santa Cruz at one time had seven warehouses on Beach Hill and along the cliffs for the storage of freight coming by ship or the faster loading of local produce, lime, lumber and hides.

Of the seven only one has survived to the present time. This is the Cowell-Davis warehouse at the end of Bay Street. This warehouse built in 1867 was originally about 300 feet long, extending to the edge of the cliff and stored the lime in redwood barrels brought by ox teams from the kilns on the Cowell ranch.

In the warehouse these barrels were loaded on small cars on tracks which by gravity delivered the lime to the wharf below and one of three ships owned by Cowell to take it to San Francisco. This wharf was the first in Santa Cruz being built by Elisha Anthony about 1853. Two years later Isaac Davis and Albion P. Jordan were granted the franchise and in 1866 Henry Cowell claimed possession. This wharf collapsed in high seas Dec. 31, 1907.

After the 1906 earthquake and the increased demand for lime the Cowell operations were transferred to Rincon where oil burning furnaces were used and lime went to the Bay area by train.

About 120 feet of the warehouse was removed and the property given to the city to allow West Cliff Drive to continue eastward along the cliff.

The contemplated use of this property is for a 75 unit apartment motel.

JEANETTE ROWLAND

THE BARSON FAMILY OF SANTA CRUZ

The name Barson and Riverside Hotel were practically synonymous for nearly three quarters of a century in Santa Cruz. The immediate family history goes back to Thomas Barson who was born in England in 1818 and came to Janesville, Wisconsin in 1849 and to Downieville, California in 1852. He and his father-in-law Edward Gale had been successful contractors building England's first railroads. He paid the passage of seventeen persons to America including his family of nine. He brought all his household goods and implements and a fortune in gold coin.

He crossed the plains in 1852 and in 1862 was joined by his son Alfred who was born in Worcestershire, England and then 23 years of age came by way of Panama to be with his father in California. In 1864 Alfred left Downieville and located in Santa Cruz where his father came in 1862. Thomas Barson died in Santa Cruz in 1895 aged 63.

When Alfred first came to Santa Cruz he worked for the San Lorenzo House, later clerked for Hihn and Field. In 1888 Barson and Kingsley were haberdashers at Mission and Water streets.

In 1886 Alfred was married in Santa Cruz to Mary Ellen Archibald of Scotch ancestry and a native of Nova Scotia. At age 15 she had come to California by way of the Isthmus of Panama.

In 1870 Alfred purchased 30 acres on the east bank of the San Lorenzo from Judge E. H. Heacock and planted fruit trees. A well built small home on the property became the nucleus of the hotel and is still in use. The hotel eventually numbered 75 rooms including about 30 in the cottages and spacious dining rooms.

Fred and Mary Ellen Barson had eight children, four sons and four daughters. Sarah born in 1867, Alfred 1868, William 1870, Mary 1871, Arthur 1873, Gertrude 1876, Lilla 1878 and Robert Gale 1881. Of the eight only two sons married. Alfred in 1893 to Louise Turner to whom a son and daughter were born and Arthur to Grace Lillian Gayton in 1920 who also had a son and a daughter, Miss Mary Barson is the only living member of that generation.

The Riverside Hotel had an enviable record from its modest beginning in the early 1870's until it was sold by the Barson family in 1945. Before the turn of the century and until about the time of the first World War families came for a vacation and stayed many weeks or all summer. The orchards and vegetable gardens, the dairy and poultry pens furnished everything needed to set an excellent table. Each of the eight members of the family had his special duties and responsibilities to provide for the guests. Horses and carriages were available at the hotel stables to meet the trains or for guests who wished to drive to scenic points in the hills or along the coast.

"Jim" the Chinese cook served at the Riverside Hotel for more than 30 years, being permitted to select his own Chinese helpers. At his death he was given two complete burial services in accordance with his wish—one Christian like Mr. Barson's—and one Chinese.

The fame of the Barson orchard was even
more wide spread than the hotel because pears from this orchard for many years supplied Eastern and European markets. With the coming of motor cars and improved roads the vacation patterns changed and family hotels and long vacations were less popular.

In 1945 the hotel was sold, the orchard lands were subdivided and homes and motels built, so now the Barson heirs have only a sentimental interest in the property.

JEANETTE ROWLAND

Editor's Note—Santa Cruz Parlor No. 26, Native Daughters of the Golden West, this year celebrated its 71st Anniversary since the founding of the local order. The following history is presented here by Mrs. Pearl Reid and Mrs. Ruby Bowen.

Santa Cruz, California
February 28, 1888

In response to invitations sent out by Santa Cruz Parlor No. 80, N. S. G. W., forty-five young ladies assembled in Upper Masonic Hall Tuesday evening, February 28, 1888, for the purpose of instituting a Parlor of Daughters of the Golden West.

The assemblage was called to order by Mr. C. Williams and the following officers were nominated and elected.

Past President—Miss Minnie Bennie
President—Miss Anna Helmke
1st Vice-President—Miss May Baldwin
2nd Vice-President—Miss Ada Bennett
3rd Vice-President—Miss Jennie Chase
Recording Secretary—Miss Mary E. Morgan
Financial Secretary—Miss Daisy Lounley
Treasurer—Miss Pearl McKinney
Marshal—Miss Stella Finkeldey
Inside Sentinel—Miss Rose McPherson
Outside Sentinel—Miss Effie Corber
Trustees—Miss Beatie Haslam
Miss Alice Culverwell

Kate Pringle, mother of our Recording Secretary, was a charter member and present as President of Santa Cruz Parlor, July 1885 to January 1896. On motion, it was decided to call it Parlor Santa Cruz, Native Daughters of the Golden West.

A committee which included Mae B. Wilkin as chairman, was appointed to secure a meeting hall. The meeting adjourned to await the decision of Grand Parlor. (This was copied from the first minutes).

Masonic Hall was decided on as the meeting place and March 17, 1888 was the date for institution and installation.

The Parlor was formally instituted on Saturday evening March 17, 1888 by the Worthy Grand President L. P. Watson, after which the officers were duly installed.

It was impossible to secure regalia from Grand Parlor as the supply was exhausted, so Oro Fino Parlor No. 9 of San Francisco kindly placed their beautiful regalia at the disposal of Santa Cruz Parlor.

Mae B. Wilkin was appointed chairman of the By-Laws committee.

On July 10, 1889, Sisters Helmke, and Morgan were elected delegates and Sisters Witherly and Rennie, alternates to the Grand Parlor in Stockton.

The first District Deputy Grand President was Sister Kate Dennis, who later became Mrs. Harry Cooper. Mr. Cooper served as County Recorder for many years.

On May 26th, it was suggested that if instrumental accompaniment could be provided for the singing, the quality if not the quantity would doubtless be improved. The chair asked that members who could play banjos, guitars, jews-harp, combs or other instruments confer and form an orchestra. They would rehearse in Miss Chace’s parlor.

The charter was received June 30, 1888, and Santa Cruz Parlor became No. 26.

The seal was presented and a vote of thanks was extended to Brother Charles Madeira for so nobly and successfully completing such a handsome design. It is in the shape of a circle, around which are the words—Santa Cruz Parlor No. 26, instituted March 17, 1888. In the center are two women, one standing, the other crouching, the bear standing between them.

At a meeting held January 30, 1889, Sister Dennis Deputy Grand President informed the Parlor that she was to institute a Parlor in Salinas and requested the members to accompany her if possible.

Mae B. Wilkin was elected Financial Secretary, December 13, 1889, and Recording Secretary January 6, 1891. She presided as President from January to July 1896. She also presided at the seventh Grand Parlor, which was held in Watsonville in 1893.

Past Grand President presented as President of No. 26 from July to December 1899, and as Grand President at the session held in Santa Cruz in 1904.

Our Past President’s pin was designed by Alice Witney Foster, the cross with the poppies entwined on it, significant of Santa Cruz city of the Holy Cross and the poppy emblem of California.

Throughout the years Santa Cruz Parlor has endeavored to carry on to the best of its ability the principles of our order: Love of Home, Devotion to our Flag, Veneration of the Pioneers, and an Abiding Faith in the Existence of God.
While we break new trails for the tremendous contours of the future let us not forget the paths of yore—and those pioneer ventures that have inspired our way of life. In 1892, when the above poster appeared, Santa Cruz County had 56 miles of "steam railroad"—more rail than it possesses today. When the Southern Pacific closed its Felton station last month it signalled the end of a transportation era—the end of steam locomotion to the historic trees of Joseph Welsh and Henry Cowell.

Published by
SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.
Mailing Address: P. O. Box 746
Santa Cruz, California
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Published in February, June and October of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 746, Santa Cruz, California
Mrs. Margaret Koch,............ Editor

● From the Glenwood Echo—

U. S. MAIL CAR TIPS OVER!

House cleaning has its rewards. And we don't just mean a clean house, either. For with children tracking in and out and collecting all kinds of treasures, most of them messy, a clean house is a strictly relative thing.

But while cleaning our desk (horrible task) we came across one of these rewards in the form of an echo from the past. It made the whole job worthwhile.

It is Volume I, No. 6 of the Glenwood Echo, publication of the Glenwood Grammar school, and the hot front page news is about a U.S. Mail car tipping over.

"April 17—The mail was coming down the Mt. Charlie road. When reaching the Fin place he stepped out to close the gate and left his engine running. The car started by itself and went down the hill where it turned up the bank and tipped over. He went down to the store and phoned the Holy City recking car to come and get it. It took them an hour and a half to set it up again."

The news masterpiece is signed by one Willie Fay Tuttle.

Page three of the tiny publication notes, "We hope our parents and friends passing the school notice that we do not have any paper lying around our school yard, making it look untidy. We all take pride in keeping our school yard and school room neat." Litter-bug campaigning isn't as new as we think!

There is no date on the paper but we can figure it pretty closely. Somewhere in the early 1920's is a good guess. Miss Violet Lane was teaching at Glenwood school then.

One of the personals on page three really intrigues us—"We regret the departure from Glenwood of the Martin cow who had served the inhabitants of the town faithfully." Did she stray away, die or was she sold? We leave you to wonder with us.

● PLANS FOR "THE ADOBE"

Plans for the restoration and utilization of the School Street Adobe are gradually being developed and members of the Santa Cruz Historical Society may properly feel encouraged by the interest the District Park Superintendent, Mr. Jess T. Chaffee and his staff, are taking in the project.

Mr. Chaffee has already held two meetings at the Adobe with representatives of the City of Santa Cruz, the Masonic Lodge and members of Mrs. Dake's Adobe Committee of the Historical Society.

We of the Society are particularly pleased by the apparent readiness with which Mr. Chaffee has accepted the idea of providing quarters for us in this interesting place. However, we must realize that there are numerous problems unsolved which will result in considerable delays.

Two of the immediate problems which will require major financial outlay are re-roofing the building and providing adequate sanitary facilities necessary in any place used for public gatherings.

Funds for these and other items will have to await submission to and passage by the State Legislature. Steps will be taken, however, to make immediate repair to the roof to stop leakage which would damage the building.

The Park people are particularly well pleased at the state of preservation in which they find this old building which dates well back into the days of the Spanish regime in California. This fortunate condition is due largely to the fact that the building has been owned and occupied by people who themselves appreciated its historic significance.

When restoration has progressed to the point where it is advisable to open the building to the public there will probably be opportunities for members of our Society to volunteer their services to act as attendants or hostesses at specified periods.

We can begin now to definitely look forward to the time when this spot will become a center of interest to local people and visitors who enjoy direct contact with sites of historic interest.

—Denver Wolfe (D.W.)
DE LAVEAGA PARK

Recreation Director Carl Bengston should have the support, and thanks, of all residents of Santa Cruz who wish to see the De Laveaga park developed and the giveaway policy done away with.

I often wonder how many of the thousands of persons who enjoy the scenic views, and picnic grounds of the park have ever even heard of the quiet unassuming man that gave the City and County of Santa Cruz this valuable piece of property for their enjoyment.

When my father moved our family to Santa Cruz in 1890, he bought a small home on Branciforte drive, directly opposite the entrance to what is now the large picnic grounds, and it was a common occurrence to see Mr. De Laveaga riding his black pacer that he called Duke over the trails and roads of the park, accompanied by a friend or two, supervising several workmen building trails and roads or planting trees. No one seemed aware of the fact that this quiet man was busy making a beautiful park to give to Santa Cruz.

I remember him as a rather short, heavy set man, of middle age, with the courteous manners of a real Spanish gentleman. He wore a short beard and spent much of his time in the saddle when he came to Santa Cruz.

After his sudden death it was learned that he had willed the park of more than 500 acres to the city and county. There were 21 miles of road and bridle paths, I was told, and the main road running from Branciforte Avenue to La Corona was lined with trees he had planted.

My father contracted to dig the holes for the original trees, the price being 70 cents each, the holes to measure four feet each way.

There was a vineyard of several acres on the south slope of La Corona, and just east of the present naval training center buildings was an orange and lemon grove of several acres. All that remains of it now is the row of cypress which was the windbreak. The eucalyptus which now have reseeded on the south side of the park and all the pine trees were planted by him or have reseeded from the originals.

As you enter the park near the large picnic grounds there used to be an old two-story white house at the forks in the road that goes up the hill. On the left as you entered the picnic ground was a large barn and some smaller buildings.

A short time before his death De Laveaga started to raise race horses which he kept in these buildings. He bought a thoroughbred stallion and some brood mares and had several promising colts coming on at the time of his death.

Some of the colts had odd names like "Tehuntepec," "Surprise," and so on. After his death these were sold at auction. He had a small tract for training the colts in the park.

After Santa Cruz came into possession of the park, it was rented several years for dairying and pasture, and at one time there was a small slaughterhouse on the place.

One year there were several thousand militiamen encamped at the left as you reach the top of the hill from Branciforte Avenue. To furnish them with water, a large water wheel was installed in the old Hihn flume that ran through the west side of the place. The flume has gone, but the wheel, which forced water up into a tank on the top of the hill, is still there.

By accident one day I did find a monument to Mr. De Laveaga hidden away under some trees just up the hill from the Pacheco avenue entrance, but I doubt if many persons ever see it or know of its existence. Why not put it where people will see it, or have another made?

C. D. STOCKING

NEW MEMBERS

New members welcomed into the society are Westley M. Hopfer and Alma M. Thygerson.

SEQUEL

Sequel to "Small World Department" article in February, 1957, News and Notes: Paul Levy at the September meeting presented this society with a print he had found on display in New York. The ancient print of our famed beach front was being exhibited at the public library at the corner of Fifth avenue and 42nd street.

July and August were vacation months for everyone. No meeting.
SANTA CRUZ COUNTY COURT HOUSES

Santa Cruz has had four court houses—or live if you count the twenty-one months the new government functioned in William Blackburn’s Eagle hotel and across the street in Thomas Fallon’s hotel and store. The Eagle hotel was a two story and attic adobe on the southeast corner of Emmet and School street. Thomas Fallon had a saddlery and leather business in the building just north of School street which was also a hotel and his home. The site is now occupied by the reproduction of the mission. It was a story and a half frame building built of heavy boards placed vertically with an outside stairway. The clerk and other offices were in the Fallon building with a room in the Eagle hotel for the county court.

The county was created by the legislature February 18, 1850 and the officers took their posts about May 1st.

In February 1852 the county paid Thomas Fallon $3,500 for his building. This was the first Santa Cruz county courthouse which later was moved and used for a county hospital and was torn down in 1884.

In 1860 Hugo Hihn erected the “Flatiron” building at the point between Willow and Main streets (now Pacific avenue and Front street) and the county leased the upper floor for a courthouse.

In 1866 the county felt it should have its own building and there was rivalry between “the hill” and “the flat” and the supervisors accepted a tract on the south side of Cooper street. A $20,000 bond issue was voted for a two story brick building.

On October 1, 1867 the building was turned over to the county. It was of brick with stone trim 53 by 85 feet with six offices on the ground floor and the court room and clerk’s office upstairs. A cupola, square at the base and octagonal above rose to a height of 80 feet.

A picket fence surrounded the well kept lawn with long hitching racks at the edge of the plank sidewalk.

The courthouse of 1867 was burned in the great fire of April 14, 1894 and temporary offices were found in private buildings until it was rebuilt in 1896 at a cost of $53,475 and accepted by the supervisors on December 30th.

The present hall of records was built in 1882.  

JEANNETTE ROWLAND

HIGHLIGHTS OF PAST MEETINGS

June meeting was at Scopazzi’s restaurant, Boulder Creek. Following the dinner, George Cress gave highlights of early Boulder Creek history and the logging industry.

September sessions were at the main public library. For the program Dr. Edwin C. Brown of Boulder Creek spoke on the recent trip he and Mrs. Brown made to South America. He also showed colored slides of South American countries.

President Denver Wolfe extends a personal invitation for all members and their friends to attend the society’s next meeting which will be at a potluck picnic, Sunday, October 18, 1:00 p.m. at Harvey West Park.

Elected to the post of vice president for Region II, including Santa Cruz, San Benito and Monterey counties, is Dr. C. S. Brooks of 1310 Sunnyslope road, Hollister.

Of interest to society members has been the recent conference of Western Museums at Asilomar. Speakers include such widely known persons as Joseph A. Patterson, director of the American association of Museums; Dr. Roy E. Simpson, state superintendent of public instruction for California; George Culler, associate director of San Francisco’s Museum of Art, and Donovan Worland, famed Chicago consultant on exhibit design.

Panel discussions included the fields of art, history, science, museum security and training and professional standards for museum personnel.

The three-day program also included dinner in an historic Spanish era patio and a tour of Monterey’s historical spots.

Don Muchmore is president of the Western Museums conference. Dues are $3.00 per year and include issues of the organization’s publication.
HISTORY OF SCOTTS VALLEY

Among those who identified themselves with the West before California became a state, mention was given to the late Hiram Daniel Scott, for years one of the prominent ranchers of Santa Cruz County, and for whom Scotts Valley was named.

Born in Pittston, Maine, January 28, 1822, he became a sailor and sailed into Monterey Bay where he deserted his ship for the beautiful ranching country.

When he came to this county, in the year 1846 there were few Americans, but he found the Spaniards friendly. The Indians as well, (of whom there were still a large number) gave him the kindest treatment. In 1852 Mr. Scott bought for $25,000 a tract of land which was known as the San Augustine ranch, but which is now known more commonly as Scotts Valley.

The ranch was situated six miles from town and was utilized for the raising of potatoes, hay and fine horses.

When news came of gold discovery he left for the mines and later went to the present site of Stockton where he with two partners built and controlled a ferry and also built and operated a large hotel.

The marriage of Hiram Daniel Scott took place in San Jose, August 11, 1861 to Miss Agnes Cummings, a native of Ontario, Canada. Three children were born of this union.

During his latter days Mr. Scott retained his interest in mining. At one time in Alpine county which terminated disastrously. A few years later he mined near Phoenix, Arizona with fair success. He died at Casa Grande in 1887 near the location of one of his mines.

MRS. EVERETT ALLEN

ISAAC GRAHAM
1800-1863

Isaac Graham, distant relative of Daniel Boone, arrived in the Santa Cruz Mountains in 1834 to establish the first Anglo-Saxon colony west of the Rockies.

One of the greatest rifle shots of all time... Graham actually chased Mexican Governor Gutierrez out of Monterey in 1836. He erected the first saw mill in California with help of Peter Lassen of Mt. Lassen fame where he found a large stone containing gold worth $32,000.

In 1846 Graham was the first litigant in the first jury trial ever held in California.
OCTOBER
brought a picnic meeting at Harvey West park with members reminiscing on earlyday experiences.

NOVEMBER'S
meeting was at the library Music Room with Frank Latta, guest speaker, describing his research into the life of Joaquin Murrietta. Election of officers also was conducted during the evening.

DECEMBER
Members met at the library again for the club's annual Christmas party.

JANUARY
Wesley Hopfer, guest speaker at the library, gave a brief history of each California Mission, illustrating his remarks with colored slides.

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCrackin
A writer and reporter of this area more than a half century ago was Josephine Clifford McCrackin.

Her mother was Baroness von Ende; member of an old family of Hesse-Cassel. Her father was made lieutenant at age 16 on the field of Waterloo for bravery. A citizen of Hanover, he was an officer in the command of the Duke of Cambridge when he married the baroness. After the Napoleonic wars he entered civil service in Prussia.

Josephine was born in an old castle of Petershagen assigned to her father as residence and came to the United States at the age of six.

As Josephine Clifford she had a daughter Louise.

Josephine adopted literature as a profession when 25. Her first magazine article was "Down Among the Dead Letters" accepted by Bret Harte for Overland Magazine. Soon after she sold "A Lone Lady's Journey" to Harpers.

About 1884 she married Jackson McCrackin who had made a fortune in mines in Arizona, was a member of the first Arizona legislature and Speaker of the first House of Representatives of Arizona.

They established a home at Wrights in the Santa Cruz mountains and as early as 1887 her articles appeared in the Santa Cruz Sentinel. The final one on December 9, 1920.

Josephine McCrackin was a firm believer in the power of the pen and the press. During the last decade of her life she crusaded for the preservation of the redwoods and establishment of Big Basin state park. She traveled up and down the state talking and writing of her faith.

Jackson McCrackin died December 17, 1904 at Wrights aged 81 years. After his death Josephine moved into Santa Cruz. She continued to write a series of articles for the Sentinel and maintained her interest in writing until her death, December 21, 1920.

When Mrs. McCrackin died at a little more than 82 years she left her manuscripts, letters, and pictures to George Wharton James and made him trustee to operate her cottage as a home for old ladies of literary bent. Mr. H. A. Van Coenen Torchiana was executor.

SANTA CRUZ MISSION
STATE HISTORICAL MONUMENT

This is it! We are advised by J.T. Chaffee of Monterey-District Park Superintendent that the above name has been approved to be applied to "The Adobe" and surrounding grounds recently taken over by the Division of Beaches and Parks of the State of California.

We are also advised that temporary repairs have been made to the roof of the building, so that the walls will not be damaged by leaks.
THE WILDER RANCH

Mr. Delos D. Wilder, patriarch of the Wilder family, was born in West Hartland, Connecticut, February 23, 1826. His early life was spent on farms in Connecticut, where it required the greatest exertion and the most rigid economy to make things meet. Even though wages were small he saved enough to start for California in 1853. After a journey of seven months he arrived in Stockton. First he tried the mines. This venture did not meet with great success, and in June of 1859, with a capital of about $200 he started a chicken ranch and small dairy in Marin County. In this he was very successful. Coming to Santa Cruz in 1871, he and L. K. Baldwin purchased a dairy ranch about five miles up the coast from Santa Cruz. This was purchased from Mr. Meder. Later the partners, Wilder and Baldwin, divided the property, with Mr. Wilder retaining the part nearest Santa Cruz. These ranches were originally the Rancho Refugio.

Mr. Wilder had married a Mrs. Miranda Finch in 1859. They had two sons, M. D. and D. B. Wilder.

The ranch was made into a larger dairy and was managed by Mr. Wilder and his two sons for many years. The following article appears in the History of Santa Cruz County by E. S. Harrison—1892.

The largest and best equipped dairy in the county is owned and conducted by D. O. Wilder, a pioneer and progressive dairyman who has been in business in the state since '59. It is located on a ranch containing two thousand, three hundred and thirty acres, beautifully situated on foothills and slopes overlooking the ocean on the coast road, about four miles northwest of Santa Cruz. Its slopes and hills are covered with succulent grasses, indigenous to the county, which supply most of the feed for the three hundred cows of graded Durham, Ayrshire and Jersey stock that graze them. The canyons or hollows are slightly wooded, and abound in springs, which are a never-failing supply for numerous streams which flow to the ocean.

To these superior and most desirable natural advantages, Mr. Wilder's enterprise and ingenuity have added features of the greatest importance to the successful dairyman. His numerous buildings from the eminence of an adjacent hill look like a village, a barn three hundred and twenty feet in length, arranged in an ingenious manner for stabling two hundred and six cows being most conspicuous.

The butter house is a small neat building, painted white, containing the latest improved machinery for butter making. Most prominent among this machinery are two of De Laval's cream separators. These little machines, acting upon the centrifugal principle and moving at the rate of seven thousand five hundred revolutions a minute, separate the cream from the milk of two hundred and fifty cows as fast as it is milked by eight men. The motor power is water, which also churns the cream into about two hundred and seventy-five pounds of butter, the sweetest and best that is manufactured.

The feature of this ranch is the utilization of one of the mountain streams for a motor. By constructing a dam in a canyon at an elevation of two hundred and ten feet above his dairy houses, and conducting the water a distance of four thousand feet through a seven-inch pipe a pressure of ninety-five pounds is obtained. This generates a power equivalent to twenty horses, and, with the aid of a two-foot Pelton wheel, all the machinery of the ranch is run. This power is used to saw wood, chop hay, crush grain, grind beets and pumpkins, make cider, turn the grindstone, a lathe, and an emery wheel, separate the cream, and run the churn.

It is Mr. Wilder's intention in the near future to put in a three hundred incandescent light dynamo, to be operated by the same motor.

It is not too much to say that this is one of the best equipped dairies in the state, and superfluous to add that its products command the highest market prices.

Mr. Wilder did put in the light dynamo and had electric lights at the ranch before they appeared in the city of Santa Cruz.

The Wilders also had the first gasoline automobile in Santa Cruz. It was a Knox, and was purchased in 1901.

The ranch continued to operate as a dairy until 1935 when beef cattle took over.

Some of the more level land near the ocean front was leased out for artichokes as early as 1922. This has continued to be leased for vegetables and recently strawberries have been successfully introduced.

After the passing of the first Mr. D. D. Wilder, his sons Mel D. and Delos B. continued operations. Mel, D. and his wife, who was Miss Letitia Anderson, of Santa Cruz, lived at the ranch.
Wilder's are all proud of the ranch and its true old fashioned California spirit that has kept the ranch progressing and would surely be proud of his descendants.

Delos R. married Jean Williamson, who comes from a pioneer Santa Cruz family. They have two sons, Delos D., and Williamson Wilder. Delos D., with his wife and daughters live at the ranch and is gradually taking over the management of it since his father Delos R. is semi-retired. This makes four generations of Wilders who have had a hand in the operations of one of Santa Cruz's finest ranches, and five generations of Wilders who live on or have lived on the ranch.

The new coast highway now passes behind the ranch houses. This really makes living much safer for children and animals. I believe Delos R. told me that seven dogs and a number of cats lost their lives when cars traveled the old Coast Road in front of the house.

Gravel and base rock for the west unit of highway No. 1 now being constructed is being taken from a pit discovered in the canyon back of the house. Two lovely lakes have been built on the streams running to the gravel pit.

The older ranch buildings are all in good repair, even the adobe which will be described below. These with a new home for young D. D., his wife and daughters Sandra and Janet and Ethel's grandchildren, Matthew and Kim visit, wrapped the tablecloth around her waist when she, her husband, her two year old son, Charles E. and the Bennett family come world famous but this happened to a tablecloth that Abigail H. Ericksen wove, on a hand loom, about 1846 prior to her marriage to John Baptiste Arcan. She wrapped the tablecloth around her waist when she, her husband, her two year old son, Charles E. and the Bennett family escaped from "that awful valley" and from starvation, with the assistance of Wm. Manly and John Rogers in January, 1850. The heroism and devotion of Manly and Rogers is outstanding in Western American history. When leaving the valley Mrs. Bennett named it Death Valley.

Manly's book, Death Valley in '49, is the basis of all Death Valley history. He states that Mrs. Arcan was a dressy woman who liked finery. She wore her best clothes when leaving the valley, after abandoning more practical things, and seriously regretted this afterward.

The harrowing story, at times tragic, of starvation and near starvation for food and water, deaths, physical and mental suffering of the California gold rush emigrants later known as the Death Valley Pioneers, is widely known. The Arcan-Bennett group walked 240 miles over the landless and almost waterless mountains and deserts from Death Valley to the Rancho San Francisco, at what is now Castiar Junction, California, arriving in such a pitiful condition that they brought tears to the eyes of the Spanish-Americans and the Indians there. The granary for the Mission San

DEATH VALLEY TABLE-CLOTH

Seldom is a romantic hope-chest article connected with a historical event that becomes world famous but this happened to a tablecloth that Abigail H. Ericksen wove, on a hand loom, about 1846 prior to her marriage to John Baptiste Arcan. She wrapped the tablecloth around her waist when she, her husband, her two year old son, Charles E. and the Bennett family escaped from "that awful valley" and from starvation, with the assistance of Wm. Manly and John Rogers in January, 1850. The heroism and devotion of Manly and Rogers is outstanding in Western American history. When leaving the valley Mrs. Bennett named it Death Valley.

Manly's book, Death Valley in '49, is the basis of all Death Valley history. He states that Mrs. Arcan was a dressy woman who liked finery. She wore her best clothes when leaving the valley, after abandoning more practical things, and seriously regretted this afterward.

The harrowing story, at times tragic, of starvation and near starvation for food and water, deaths, physical and mental suffering of the California gold rush emigrants later known as the Death Valley Pioneers, is widely known. The Arcan-Bennett group walked 240 miles over the landless and almost waterless mountains and deserts from Death Valley to the Rancho San Francisco, at what is now Castiar Junction, California, arriving in such a pitiful condition that they brought tears to the eyes of the Spanish-Americans and the Indians there. The granary for the Mission San

THE WILDER ADOBE

Jose Antonio Bolcoff deserted a Russian ship when it entered Monterey Bay in 1815. In 1822 he married Candida Castro, daughter of Joaquin Castro.

Candida and her sisters were granted Rancho Refugio in 1839. Another grant to Rancho Refugio was made by Governor Alvarado in 1841 to Jose Antonio Bolcoff. Some references state that the Wilder adobe was built by Bolcoff after the grant in 1841. Other sources believe the adobe was built at an earlier date. In either case

the Jose Antonio Bolcoffs and eleven children lived in this adobe.

Originally it was much larger. The base of the fireplace was discovered when excavating the foundation for the Wilder family home.

The part of the adobe still standing is well preserved, and has the original tiles on the roof.

While digging a ditch to protect the adobe walls from washing away the Wilders found a crucifix three and a half feet under the ground next to the adobe wall.

It was sent to Stanford University for identification. The University could give very little information about it. It could be Russian and it could date back to early Mission days. In any event the adobe, its artifacts and the ranch are held in highest esteem by every member of this fine California family and will receive the best of care.

MRS. CALLISTA M. DAKE

NEWS AND NOTES from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

THE WILDER ADOBE

Jose Antonio Bolcoff deserted a Russian ship when it entered Monterey Bay in 1815. In 1822 he married Candida Castro, daughter of Joaquin Castro.

Candida and her sisters were granted Rancho Refugio in 1839. Another grant to Rancho Refugio was made by Governor Alvarado in 1841 to Jose Antonio Bolcoff. Some references state that the Wilder adobe was built by Bolcoff after the grant in 1841. Other sources believe the adobe was built at an earlier date. In either case

the Jose Antonio Bolcoffs and eleven children lived in this adobe.

Originally it was much larger. The base of the fireplace was discovered when excavating the foundation for the Wilder family home.

The part of the adobe still standing is well preserved, and has the original tiles on the roof.

While digging a ditch to protect the adobe walls from washing away the Wilders found a crucifix three and a half feet under the ground next to the adobe wall.

It was sent to Stanford University for identification. The University could give very little information about it. It could be Russian and it could date back to early Mission days. In any event the adobe, its artifacts and the ranch are held in highest esteem by every member of this fine California family and will receive the best of care.

MRS. CALLISTA M. DAKE

NEWS AND NOTES from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

THE WILDER ADOBE

Jose Antonio Bolcoff deserted a Russian ship when it entered Monterey Bay in 1815. In 1822 he married Candida Castro, daughter of Joaquin Castro.

Candida and her sisters were granted Rancho Refugio in 1839. Another grant to Rancho Refugio was made by Governor Alvarado in 1841 to Jose Antonio Bolcoff. Some references state that the Wilder adobe was built by Bolcoff after the grant in 1841. Other sources believe the adobe was built at an earlier date. In either case

the Jose Antonio Bolcoffs and eleven children lived in this adobe.

Originally it was much larger. The base of the fireplace was discovered when excavating the foundation for the Wilder family home.

The part of the adobe still standing is well preserved, and has the original tiles on the roof.

While digging a ditch to protect the adobe walls from washing away the Wilders found a crucifix three and a half feet under the ground next to the adobe wall.

It was sent to Stanford University for identification. The University could give very little information about it. It could be Russian and it could date back to early Mission days. In any event the adobe, its artifacts and the ranch are held in highest esteem by every member of this fine California family and will receive the best of care.

MRS. CALLISTA M. DAKE
Fernando, near Newhall, was at this rancho. The Arcan family arrived in Santa Cruz, California, about February first 1850. After his first wife died, Charles E. Arcan in 1889 married Etta Berry Emery, Santa Cruz milliner and locally famous beauty, from East Machias, Maine. After Charles Arcan died she married Jack Ryan. In 1938, while studying Death Valley history, I met Mrs. Ryan and learned of the remotely possible existence of the tablecloth. It was finally located in San Francisco. Prior to her death Mrs. Abigail Arcan gave the tablecloth to her daughter-in-law, Etta Arcan. Mrs. Abigail Arcan treasured it as a keepsake and only used it on three or four very special occasions. The cloth passed from Mrs. Etta Arcan Ryan to a Mrs. Martin in San Francisco. I located the Mrs. Martin (Mrs. J. E.) and secured it. Mrs. Martin stated, in writing, that it had never been cut out of her possession, had been freely used and had always been laundered at home.

Mrs. Martin gave a notarized statement February 15, 1939, now attached to the cloth, that this is the tablecloth she secured from Etta Arcan Ryan. Then on February 21, 1939, Mrs. Ryan, 84 years old, attached a notarized statement that this is the cloth given her by Mrs. J. B. Abigail Arcan. She then mentioned that the cloth was now a rather dull white, whereas it was formerly an attractive cream color. The best linens are cream colored.

The tablecloth is 71 inches wide and 72 inches long. It was cut from a bolt of cloth and the ends have hand sewn hems, with stitches that are unbelievably fine. It is of the delicate Dicer pattern with half-inch squares of slightly contrasting color. The cloth has only been publicly exhibited twice. The first time was at the Furnace Creek Inn, Death Valley, 1942. The second time was at the big California Centennial Gold Rush Celebration in Death Valley, December 1949.

Copyright 1960.

The news of Mrs. Ryan’s death, November 1, 1940, was carried by both the Associated Press and the United Press national services. The Santa Cruz News carried a featured front page write up on November 1st and the Santa Cruz Sentinel a featured write up (Page 8) by Laura Rawson, November 2.

**LOCUST STREET**

In the 1850’s it was decided another road was needed from the Coast road (Mission street) to Willow street (now Pacific avenue) between what are now Green and Laurel streets.

On the flat a new little street ran west from Willow. This lane later, known as Locust street, presented the best location. Up on the hill Jonathan Guild, whose property would be benefited, donated right of way to the cliff.

A subscription paper produced some money and young Peter McPherson was given the job. With a scraper he furrowed out what is now Locust street on the hill and heaped the dirt into a fill below.

Until 1874 the two parts of Locust street were joined. Then the railroad wanted to run its narrow gauge tracks along what is now Chestnut avenue and the fill was sacrificed.

Peter McPherson, the young contractor (he was still in his teens) was the son of Alexander McPherson and brother to Duncan McPherson turned to farming, establishing himself at Jolon, where he died in 1883.

**MRS. JEANNETTE ROWLAND**
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Published in February, June and October of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 746, Santa Cruz, California
Mrs. Margaret Koch.......................... Editor

JUNE 1960

● FEBRUARY
City Hall council chambers:
George Doeltz told of Alaskan experiences and mining.

● MARCH
Rivera's Hotel dinner meeting:
Skip Littlefield spoke on Santa Cruz Wharf and waterfront personalities.

● APRIL
Music room, public library:
Jessie Slocum Joyce told of her father's sailing adventures and her girlhood aboard ship.

● MAY
Music room, public library:
Kay Kevil spoke on the Death Valley party and the Arcan family.

● MURRIETA CONNECTIONS IN SANTA CRUZ COUNTY

Written and Copyrighted 1960 by F. F. Latta

The most fascinating character of California history was not a military man, an explorer or a religionist. He was a rider of the outlaw trails and was only recently out of his teens when he passed from the scene in July of 1853. Mention the name of Joaquin Murrieta to any California schoolchild and you will have an appreciative audience.

But it has not been commonly known that the Murrieta story had any connection with Santa Cruz County, although he had two aunts living in Monterey County and a brother living in Santa Cruz. Several men who from time to time were members of the Murrieta gang were natives of Santa Cruz County. Murrieta himself was well known in the old Villa de Bradfords.

We will go back to 1930 when I first interviewed Robert J. Richards at his home in Daly City. Richard's mother was a first cousin of Murrieta. She had come from Sonora, Mexico, to Monterey before California became a state and had married Charles J. Richards, an English sea captain. The marriage took place in Monterey and there Robert J. was born in 1858.

Joaquin Murrieta often visited his cousin in Monterey from the time he arrived in California early in 1849 and up to the time when the gang was broken up in 1853. It was stories of these visits, passed down through the son, Robert J., that sent me to Sonora, Mexico, and put me in touch with the Murrieta family and the true story of their famous relative, Joaquin.

Among many things, Richards told me that there was once living in Monterey an old Indian who had known Jesus Murrieta, a brother of Joaquin, when he lived in Santa Cruz during the Civil War.

The only clue as to the identity of this Indian was the fact that his father had carried the mail between Monterey and San Diego when California was still a Mexican province. Expecting to spend a week in Monterey running down, not the Indian himself, for he was probably dead, but someone who could repeat his stories, we arrived in Monterey late at night July 9th, 1934. Next morning we started out blind to run down a few of the oldest natives of Monterey. We saw only one person on the street, a man aged about 75. He was headed for the wharf. We stopped him and he identified himself as James Wm. Tripp.

After I had begun explaining what we wanted Mr. Tripp interrupted me. "The name of the man who knew Murrieta in Santa Cruz is Joe Bottles. I have known him all my life and have many times heard Joe tell all of his stories. If you do not want to listen to me. Let's let Joe tell you the stories himself. He lives over by the Presidio."

It was just like that. Five minutes after we had left the hotel Tripp was in the car with us, constantly relating to us interesting stories of Joe Bottles. In ten minutes we were seated on the porch of Joe's little cottage while Joe gave us the following story:

"I knew Jesus Murrieta of Santa Cruz very well. He was a market fisherman. I worked for him more than three years and was in the same boat with him almost every day during that time. Jesus was very dark from the sun, but under his clothing his skin was as white as yours. He was
almost six feet tall, had light grey eyes and curly light red hair. When I first went to work for Jesus he wore a beard, but he soon shaved it off. It was during the Civil War that I worked at Santa Cruz for Jesus Murrieta.

Jesus told me that his brother, Joaquin, looked just like him. Jesus did not die in California. He went back to his old home in Sonora, Mexico. My father was born near San Carlos Mission and died there a very old man. His parents were Indians from this vicinity. For some time he carried the mail horseback between Monterey and San Diego.

On the way back to Bakersfield we stopped in Firebaugh to interview Hipolito Castro, who was born near Watsonville August 13, 1859, four months after the death of his father, Antonio Maria Castro. Soon after Hipolito was born his mother went to old San Ysidro to live. Hipolito was raised there.

Antonio Maria Castro had known Joaquin Murrieta in the mines on the Stai- slaus River and Hipolito's stepfather had gone to school with Murrieta in Sonora, Mexico. When I told Hipolito that a brother of Joaquin had lived in Santa Cruz he had the following to say:

"Yes, I knew that Murrieta that lived in Santa Cruz. His name was Jesus. He was a brother to Joaquin. My father had a cousin, Angustia Castro Arana, living at Aptos. Her husband was from France. They ran a little store and stage station at Aptos.

"In 1869 my mother and stepfather took me with them on a visit to Angustia Arana. We took the stage from San Ysidro (Old Gilroy) to San Juan Bautista where we stayed over night with relatives and took a stage for Aptos. We got off the stage at Angustia Aranda's station. I remember that my mother had a large canvas bag like a flat trunk. It had big leather handles. The stage driver and my stepfather had a hard time getting it down off the top of the stage.

"We stayed at Aptos about two weeks. My stepfather and I rode horseback around Aptos and one day we rode to Santa Cruz. On the street my stepfather met an old friend, one he had known in Mexico and with whom he had mined on the Stai- slaus River. His name was Jesus Murrieta. My stepfather visited with Jesus on the sidewalk for a long time. It seemed to me to be all afternoon, and invited him to visit us at Aptos. He came and spent the whole day. I do not remember all that they talked about, but I do remember that they both said that Joaquin Murrieta was not killed in the big battle at the Cantua Creek in 1853.

"I once saw the head that was supposed to be that of Joaquin Murrieta. Some doctor had it in a jar in a museum on Market street in San Francisco. I had helped drive cattle from Gilroy to Butchertown. I rode from there on horseback to see it. It was the head of an Indian. From all I have heard about Joaquin Murrieta it couldn't have been his head at all. It's hair was as straight and black and coarse as a horse's mane. It's nose was wide and flat and the lips were very thick. It couldn't have been the head of a brother of Jesus Murrieta."

- NAMING OF FORT ORD AND THE ORD FAMILY

Cured hot words regarding a divorce produced one background event connected with the naming of Fort Ord and brought the head of the Ord Family to California.

In 1852, handsome Rafael Jose Castro, big land owner, Apts, Santa Cruz, County, California, never dreamed his domestic affairs would in any way involve a king's grandson. Rafael was a family man and there had been domestic discords. Rafael admired beautiful scenery but when he began including neighborhood maidens, family troubles started. One morning he got so mad he may have thought of using his wife for target practice. Instead, he ordered the coachman to hitch-up his best span of carriage horses, and then hurried westward colorfully dressed, to the office of Pacificus Ord, attorney-at-law, Monterey, California.

Fort Ord was not named for Pacificus but for his brother. Their father the son of the prince who became King George IV, was not too gently booted out of England at the age of fifteen.

The first event leading to the name Ord occurred in 1785. At that time kings and queens were having governmental business in nearly every country in Europe, receiving good incomes, generous fringe benefits and the glamor of titles, pomp and ceremony. The prince, the son of King George III, was twenty three years old. England was still suffering blue-blood chills from the American Revolution, the king was biting his cold lips ad the prince was blowing warm kisses. The prince, had been a pawn in part of a political horse trade within the coalition ministry, receiving generous financial aid when twenty-one. Having observed the birds and bees he had been sowing a large crop of untamed oats for two years.

In 1782, Lady Mary Anne Fitz-Herbert became a widow when her second hus- band died, oiling her grief with a com- fortable fortune. She became a glamorous figure in gay London Society. In 1785 the
 prince rocked the royal applecart when he thought of marrying Mary Anne, who called herself Maria. It seems the widow whispered in his ear that she wanted some writing on a paper called a marriage certificate. Thought of the prince marrying a commoner horrified the royal circle.

The prince secretly married Lady Maria Fitz-Herbert December 15, 1785. Explanation of Morgenst's marriage rules at the time, the possibility the prince could not inherit the throne if he married without the king's consent and other involved events connected with this marriage, is fascinating reading. Maria did not register the marriage.

A son was born in 1786. Here English and American historians disagree. American proof will follow. The English have never admitted a son was born and it was 120 years before England even admitted the marriage occurred. Shortly prior to 1800 one of the churches in Europe accepted Maria's evidence that she had wed the prince. The prince's relationship with Maria was one of the few partially sincere and partially enduring factors in his life, for he continued his escapades and extravagances. On one occasion, being in debt, influenced by Lady Jersey and wanting money from Parliament, he brutally broke off his relationship with Maria. Later they resumed their intermittent relationship.

In 1785, to get money from Parliament, the prince formally married Princess Caroline of Brunswick, Germany, but they soon parted. "Her conduct was dubious, the prince's scandalous." Maria's influence continued periodically, and usually for the better, until the prince became Prince Regent in 1811. He became King George IV in 1820. He was well educated but did not use his abilities and was not a good king.

The boy was shipped to America in 1801. It is not clear whether he was shipped with or without his mother's consent, nor whether the prince or Maria furnished most of his finances in America. But he received reasonable care and later came under much supervision from a priest. He inherited the good qualities of his parents and did not develop their bad ones. Unable to use his father's name he took the name of James L. Ord, attended George-town University, graduated from military school and became an officer in the War of 1812 and, ironically, fought with distinction against the troops of his father.

After the war he married Rebecca Cresap of a well known Maryland family. They had six sons and two daughters. Available records do not agree as to their order. Do not confuse the father with his son James L. who was always called the army surgeon and probably the oldest child.

Edward Ortho Cresap Ord was born October 18, 1819, graduated from the U. S. Military Academy at the age of 20, made a record in the Seminole War, and was shipped with his brother, the army surgeon, around the Horn in 1847 to Monterey, California. He saw service under Fremont, helped develop the Presidio of Monterey, aided the early government at Monterey, was in the Oregon Indian wars and served at the Presidio in San Francisco before going east. He was a mathematician, tactician, rugged diplomat and fearless leader. He became a famous general in the Civil War and served several years afterward. General Grant was "accompanied by Sheridan, Ord and others" at the time General Lee surrendered.

Pacificus Ord, lawyer, after hearing Rafael Castro's troubles sampled public opinion and then sagely advised Rafael to return home and convince himself that he had a charming wife, especially since the new California laws protected the old Mexican laws and a divorce would amputate his pocketbook. In grateful appreciation Rafael gave Pacificus seventy acres of land.

Edward Ortho Cresap Ord was born October 18, 1819, graduated from the U. S. Military Academy at the age of 20, made a record in the Seminole War, and was shipped with his brother, the army surgeon, around the Horn in 1847 to Monterey, California. He saw service under Fremont, helped develop the Presidio of Monterey, aided the early government at Monterey, was in the Oregon Indian wars and served at the Presidio in San Francisco before going east. He was a mathematician, tactician, rugged diplomat and fearless leader. He became a famous general in the Civil War and served several years afterward. General Grant was "accompanied by Sheridan, Ord and others" at the time General Lee surrendered.

Pacificus Ord, lawyer, after hearing Rafael Castro's troubles sampled public opinion and then sagely advised Rafael to return home and convince himself that he had a charming wife, especially since the new California laws protected the old Mexican laws and a divorce would amputate his pocketbook. In grateful appreciation Rafael gave Pacificus seventy acres of land.

Edward Ortho Cresap Ord was born October 18, 1819, graduated from the U. S. Military Academy at the age of 20, made a record in the Seminole War, and was shipped with his brother, the army surgeon, around the Horn in 1847 to Monterey, California. He saw service under Fremont, helped develop the Presidio of Monterey, aided the early government at Monterey, was in the Oregon Indian wars and served at the Presidio in San Francisco before going east. He was a mathematician, tactician, rugged diplomat and fearless leader. He became a famous general in the Civil War and served several years afterward. General Grant was "accompanied by Sheridan, Ord and others" at the time General Lee surrendered.

Pacificus Ord, lawyer, after hearing Rafael Castro's troubles sampled public opinion and then sagely advised Rafael to return home and convince himself that he had a charming wife, especially since the new California laws protected the old Mexican laws and a divorce would amputate his pocketbook. In grateful appreciation Rafael gave Pacificus seventy acres of land.

Edward Ortho Cresap Ord was born October 18, 1819, graduated from the U. S. Military Academy at the age of 20, made a record in the Seminole War, and was shipped with his brother, the army surgeon, around the Horn in 1847 to Monterey, California. He saw service under Fremont, helped develop the Presidio of Monterey, aided the early government at Monterey, was in the Oregon Indian wars and served at the Presidio in San Francisco before going east. He was a mathematician, tactician, rugged diplomat and fearless leader. He became a famous general in the Civil War and served several years afterward. General Grant was "accompanied by Sheridan, Ord and others" at the time General Lee surrendered.

Pacificus Ord, lawyer, after hearing Rafael Castro's troubles sampled public opinion and then sagely advised Rafael to return home and convince himself that he had a charming wife, especially since the new California laws protected the old Mexican laws and a divorce would amputate his pocketbook. In grateful appreciation Rafael gave Pacificus seventy acres of land.

Edward Ortho Cresap Ord was born October 18, 1819, graduated from the U. S. Military Academy at the age of 20, made a record in the Seminole War, and was shipped with his brother, the army surgeon, around the Horn in 1847 to Monterey, California. He saw service under Fremont, helped develop the Presidio of Monterey, aided the early government at Monterey, was in the Oregon Indian wars and served at the Presidio in San Francisco before going east. He was a mathematician, tactician, rugged diplomat and fearless leader. He became a famous general in the Civil War and served several years afterward. General Grant was "accompanied by Sheridan, Ord and others" at the time General Lee surrendered.

Pacificus Ord, lawyer, after hearing Rafael Castro's troubles sampled public opinion and then sagely advised Rafael to return home and convince himself that he had a charming wife, especially since the new California laws protected the old Mexican laws and a divorce would amputate his pocketbook. In grateful appreciation Rafael gave Pacificus seventy acres of land.

Edward Ortho Cresap Ord was born October 18, 1819, graduated from the U. S. Military Academy at the age of 20, made a record in the Seminole War, and was shipped with his brother, the army surgeon, around the Horn in 1847 to Monterey, California. He saw service under Fremont, helped develop the Presidio of Monterey, aided the early government at Monterey, was in the Oregon Indian wars and served at the Presidio in San Francisco before going east. He was a mathematician, tactician, rugged diplomat and fearless leader. He became a famous general in the Civil War and served several years afterward. General Grant was "accompanied by Sheridan, Ord and others" at the time General Lee surrendered.

Pacificus Ord, lawyer, after hearing Rafael Castro's troubles sampled public opinion and then sagely advised Rafael to return home and convince himself that he had a charming wife, especially since the new California laws protected the old Mexican laws and a divorce would amputate his pocketbook. In grateful appreciation Rafael gave Pacificus seventy acres of land.

Edward Ortho Cresap Ord was born October 18, 1819, graduated from the U. S. Military Academy at the age of 20, made a record in the Seminole War, and was shipped with his brother, the army surgeon, around the Horn in 1847 to Monterey, California. He saw service under Fremont, helped develop the Presidio of Monterey, aided the early government at Monterey, was in the Oregon Indian wars and served at the Presidio in San Francisco before going east. He was a mathematician, tactician, rugged diplomat and fearless leader. He became a famous general in the Civil War and served several years afterward. General Grant was "accompanied by Sheridan, Ord and others" at the time General Lee surrendered.

Edward Ortho Cresap Ord was born October 18, 1819, graduated from the U. S. Military Academy at the age of 20, made a record in the Seminole War, and was shipped with his brother, the army surgeon, around the Horn in 1847 to Monterey, California. He saw service under Fremont, helped develop the Presidio of Monterey, aided the early government at Monterey, was in the Oregon Indian wars and served at the Presidio in San Francisco before going east. He was a mathematician, tactician, rugged diplomat and fearless leader. He became a famous general in the Civil War and served several years afterward. General Grant was "accompanied by Sheridan, Ord and others" at the time General Lee surrendered.
publisher, Colorado Springs, Colorado, entitled Fort Ord Directory and Guide, says Fort Ord was named for General Ord.

A newspaper article in the files of the late Leon Rowland refers to a Santa Cruz newspaper of 1882 when Dr. James Ord, the army surgeon, visited Santa Cruz. In an interview he said that his father was the son of King George IV and had taken the name of Ord from the ship captain that brought him to America. Another clipping quotes from an issue of the Army and Navy Journal after General Ord's death in 1883, a part being: "General Ord was the grandson of George IV of England and a second cousin of Queen Victoria."

There is still oral information in California that the English government had agents watching the movements of the elder Ord during his lifetime for fear he might lay claim to the throne.

April 18, 1960 a General James G. Ord died—The United Press said the Ord family had furnished regular army officers since the war of 1812.

While credit is due the Santa Cruz Library, a library in Monterey, and other sources, this article could not have been prepared without the aid of books written by the late Leon Rowland, well known California historian, nor without access to his notes, files and newspaper clippings. —(Mr.) Kay Kevil

OLD SANTA CRUZ

The first Casino on the Santa Cruz strand lasted only a few days more than two years before it went up in spectacular flames. It was dedicated on Saturday evening, June 11, 1904, and burned June 22, 1906.

Turning back time to the early Twenties, anyone then standing near the old Pacific Ocean House location, now the Bubble Bakery, the scene would reveal the then new Post Office and, at Water street, the no longer existing Mission Garage.

The Hugo Hihn "Flatiron" building at the junction of Pacific avenue and Front street is a durable landmark, having been erected prior to 1860. The old structure originally had iron shutters. It served for a time as the scene of local court house activity. It was the second brick building in Santa Cruz.

Longtime Santa Cruzans remember the "Pleasure Ship" Balboa, with its anchorage opposite the Casino, about 2000 feet out, during the summers of 1907 and 1908. Viewed from the beach, the 207 ft., three masted ship made an interesting picture. Launches repeatedly carried visitors to her deck starting from the "pleasure pier", still standing.

—Preston Sawyer
WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING

JUNE
Former Senator Herbert Jones of San Jose spoke on the history of Big Basin state park and the efforts of men and women to have it made into the first state park in the state. Members met at the Santa Cruz public library music room.

JULY
No meeting.

AUGUST
No meeting.

SEPTEMBER
Roy Rydell, Santa Cruz landscape architect, discussed the architecture and history of Santa Cruz' octagonal Hall of Records. James Hammond, director of Santa Cruz Chamber of Commerce, showed films of natural beauty spots in Marin county and its beaches. Assisting him was Bob Hall.

EARLY SANTA CRUZ INDUSTRY
The tanning of animal skins is no doubt the oldest industry in the Santa Cruz area. The Catholic priests had tanning activities at the Mission probably before 1800 to process the hides of deer and cattle for moccasins, shoes, saddles and harness.

In 1868, Titus Fey Cronise in "The Natural Wealth of California" wrote "among the valuable natural products of Santa Cruz county may be mentioned the chestnut oak (quercus densiflora) which grows abundantly in the mountain ranges. The bark of this tree contains more tannic acid than any other that grows on the American continent. It is this peculiarity that causes the California leather to be so much tougher than most other kinds."

In 1868, there were seven tanneries in and around Santa Cruz, using monthly 300 tons of tan bark. The best portion of the tree after the bark was removed was made into staves for flour and lime barrels and the balance of the tree used for firewood.

Paul Sweet in 1843 built a tan yard which was reputed the first except those operated by the Spanish or Mexicans. This tannery was in Scotts Valley. In 1846 he went with the California battalion and his tannery was taken over by Pruitt Sinclair and a Mr. Weaver. R. C. Kirby dressed out the skins. In 1847 Judge Wm. Blackburn bought an interest in the enterprise. From 1863-73 it was leased by Robert Anderson, Fred Wagner Sr. and Zeigler.

From 1844-46 John Williams operated a tannery near Big Trees where four hollowed-out redwood logs eight feet long, five feet wide and two and a half feet deep were used for the tanning vats.

With the transportation difficulties of that time it was easier to take the hides to the area where the tan bark was available than to bring the bark to one central location thus tanneries operated for a short time in many places.

Boston tannery was just below High street, one owned and operated by a Mr. Jensen on the Old San Jose road. Anton Fischer operated one on River street and in 1866 sold it to the larger one adjoining. In 1886 Fischer made a trip to Germany then returned and started a tannery on Laurel street known as the Kirby tannery, employing 15 men. This tannery quit business in 1893 but for more than a quarter century longer the huge wheel remained and the incline on Laurel street below California was known as Tannery Hill.

The A. K. Salz tannery, the only one now in operation was started in 1861 and in the flood of 1861-2 many hides were lost. Preceding Salz it was known as the Kron tannery and is one of the most successful in California and known throughout the country for the superior quality of its leather.

—Jeannette Rowland
FROM THE EDITOR’S DESK

Been at that desk cleaning job again, and this time it yielded treasure as well as trash.

For years (more than we care to admit) — we have looked out our front windows at “Goat Hill” across the canyon and remembered that great-grandfather pastured Angora goats there in the late 1800’s.

Senior members of the family recall it well — the herds of nannies and billies with their long, silky white coats hanging in marcel-perfect strands; shearing time at the low row of goat sheds with Tom the Indian helping, and old Billy Barker, the ranch hand whose official jobs were to tend the goats and keep the woodboxes filled for great-grandma.

Today we found some age-brittled bills and accounts that made those family stories about the goats come alive again.

Apparently there was a brisk business in mohair which was combed, carded, dyed and woven into materials for robes, rugs, mats, suits, capes and plush upholstery. For pressing and baling 372 pounds of Angora mohair the Santa Clara Tannery in 1892 charged $2, plus a 50-cent cartage charge. The same service was available at the San Jose Angora Robe and Glove company at 400 North Fourth street.

During the same year the J. K. Cilley company of New York charged 28 cents per pound for combing mohair, and 23 cents per pound for carding it. These prosaic facts and figures are written in the flourishing long-hand of a past era—even the ink is faded although the steel quills bit deeply into the foolscap paper.

But these forgotten records revived another memory — one of the best. The Angora goats liked the goats.

When they could escape their pasture and the sometimes vigilance of Billy Barker, the goats headed for the ranch winery where they “tanked up” on fermented grape skins discarded after the wine making. And — according to those who remember — that was a sight to see, with the billiya prancing about, shaking their great spiral horns and even rising to “walk” on their hind feet.

Today only a part of the winery remains and Billy Barker and the Angoras are long gone. Even “Goat Hill” has changed a bit because the brush — relished by the goats almost as much as fermented grapes — is gradually covering the grassy areas.

—Margaret Koch

Carl Beck, in 1892, built the third local brewery on outer Market street.

OLD SANTA CRUZ

Touring circuses in days gone by seldom passed up Santa Cruz.

One of these was the fabulous “Wild West” show of William F. Cody, a living legend — to the Indians of the early days known as Pahaska, “of the long hair”, a scalp they never took!

Cody’s eventful career in the early west saw him as a pony express rider, scout, Indian fighter and guide. He earned the undying cognomen of “Buffalo Bill” when, as a huntsman for the Kansas Pacific railroad construction crews, he kept 1200 men supplied with buffalo meat for a period of 18 months. He gained considerable notoriety by his prowess as a buffalo hunter in the dangerous Indian country.

During the period of the contract he killed 4280 buffalos, or bison, and had many exciting adventures with the redskins.

Buffalo Bill got into show business in the early ’70s, being lured first to Chicago by a writer and producer, Ned Bunline, to depict himself in a stage play, “The Scout of the Plains”. After service in the Indian wars of the ‘70s, he returned to the stage, touring as far west as California, in the mid-70s. His first appearance in this state was in San Francisco at the old Bush street theater.

By the late ’80s, as a seasoned showman, Cody was achieving worldwide renown with his large Wild West shows under canvas. In 1887 he took his entire outfit, native Indians and all, across the Atlantic for the first time. Later he appeared extensively throughout Europe, presenting his Wild West show with much success before royalty and the public at large. His exhibitions were featured at several World’s Fairs: Columbian, Chicago, 1893. Trans-Mississippi, Omaha, 1898; Pan-American, Buffalo, 1901; and others.

One of his earliest appearances in Santa Cruz came in 1910. When he spread his unique show here Monday, Oct. 3, local fans at the Leibbrandt tract near the beach saw an open arena, with a canvas canopy only over the seat areas. There was no street parade. But the throngs attending the show saw native Indians galore, stage coaches and prairie schooners, Rough Riders, cowboys and Cossacks, and Buffalo Bill himself shooting at real buffaloes from his charging white horse.

This was announced as his farewell tour. Name of the show was “Buffalo Bill’s Wild West & Pawnee Bill’s Far East.” But four years later Cody’s Wild West, combined with Sells-Floto Circus, returned on April 18, 1914.

—Preston Sawyer
ORRIN S. BLODGETT

To those people living on Ben Lomond Mountain or in Bonny Doon today it must be hard to believe that the area was once popular with the grizzly bear.

The man who shot the last grizzly bear in the Santa Cruz mountains was Orrin S. Blodgett and it was shot on his father's farm at what is now Bonny Doon. There are some who say this was the last grizzly killed in the State.

In 1851, at the time of Mr. Blodgett's death, the following article was written for the Sentinel, by the late Leon Rowland.

The man who killed the last grizzly bear in the Santa Cruz mountains died last Monday in Oakland at the age of 94. He was Orrin S. Blodgett who grew up on his father's farm on Ben Lomond mountain and was until recently a resident of Santa Cruz, working in the assessor's office.

The story, long a favorite with sportsmen, has almost been forgotten. Blodgett himself was quite willing to let it be forgotten, as it had been told so often.

Grizzly bears, a Rocky Mountain inhabitant, were found in the coast range only in the Santa Cruz and Santa Lucia mountains. The first Spanish explorers found them abundant and several locations are known by the name of Canada del Oso, the principal one being near San Luis Obispo, where the Spanish commander at Monterey sent hunters for meat to tide over a bad winter when the ship with supplies from Mexico did not arrive.

For a century the grizzly was hunted. The Mexicans of old Branciforte captured them and staged bear and bull fights on their fiesta days on the flat between the San Lorenzo and Branciforte creek.

When settlers began taking up farms through the mountains in the sixties and seventies the huge animals became a menace to livestock and were hunted and trapped.

Toward men the bears displayed usually an attitude of indifference unless they were wounded and cornered, when they lived up to their reputation of being fierce and dangerous. When they believed they were in peril of being molested the bears did not hesitate to attack human beings.

Despite Orrin Blodgett's reluctance in his later years to tell the story which made him known as the man who shot the last grizzly in the Santa Cruz mountains, it was put on record in a bulletin of the State Fish and Game Commission.

The account written by Blodgett was:

"It was in the fall of 1886, during November, I think, that I killed the bear.

This bear had been killing stock, principally hogs, around the neighborhood and finally came one night and took a 300 lb. hog from our pen—one we had been fattening.

The dogs annoyed the bear so it was compelled to leave the hog and we found it covered with leaves and brush a short distance from the pen. Thinking the bear would eventually come back we tied up the dogs and watched for three or four nights without success.

On the night the bear returned we had given up watching and were about to go to bed, when the dogs began to bark. Thinking they had scented the bear I took my gun—an old muzzle loading shotgun—and went out.

As I approached the spot where the hog was buried I heard the bear coming through the brush. In an effort to get a better shot I crawled to the corner of the fence where we met.

The bear reared up and I aimed for the head and fired. I was lucky enough to hit it in the left eye and the slug went clear through and killed it instantly. I was so close that the powder burned the hair around the bear's eye.

It was an old female, gray around the muzzle, and weighed just 642 pounds dressed. I sold the meat to the John D. Chace Meat Market in Santa Cruz for 10 cents a pound and the hide for $25."

The old file of the Sentinel gives the date recorded in the daily paper, of the bear killing as June 9, 1885. No grizzly bears were ever reported in the Santa Cruz mountains after that date.

Many Santa Cruzans still remember Orrin Blodgett who worked for over 40 years in the County Assessor's office.

In 1894 Orrin Blodgett and Cora Ross, daughter of John Ross, the pioneer brickmaker, were married at the Ross home on Branciforte Creek near Soquel Avenue. Four children were born to them. The late Beth Adams, Coralynn of Fresno, Orrin Jr. (Bill) of Oakland, and the late Carlyle Ross Blodgett who managed the California Pacific Title Co. in Santa Cruz.

Orrin Blodgett loved the outdoor life; and made many trips over the state, hunting and fishing. He was secretary for the State Fish and Game Protective Association for a number of years, this took him into much of the back country in California. He also spent a few years of his life in Idaho and Montana.

His father wanted him to be a preacher—and sent him to the first Methodist College in Stockton from which he graduated with its first graduation class.

"Pop Blodgett", as a great many called him was well known by all the Old Timers in Santa Cruz County—and few people had a better knowledge of this county's
flora and fauna than he.

He told many interesting tales about Ben Lomond Mountain. His rattlesnake stories would make one's hair curl, as he lived there when rattlesnakes were common on the county roads. As the wagon wheels ran over them—they sometimes curled around the wheel spokes and one had to be expert with the buggy whip to snap their heads off.

—Callista Dake

OLD SANTA CRUZ

Amasa Pray and William H. Moore gave Santa Cruz its first big hotel, constructing the brick Pacific Ocean House on the west side of the upper end of Pacific avenue.

The old San Lorenzo Exchange of 1852, on the same site, burned July 20, 1885 and by April 2, 1886, the new hotel was ready to open. It was two stories high. In 1892, five years after F. A. Hihn became its owner, a third floor was added, of frame construction.

Amasa Pray was a state of Maine man who had come up from Santa Barbara and was, with his son-in-law, H. H. Hobbs, running a store. Moore was a son of Eli Moore, the North Carolinian who had arrived in Santa Cruz in 1847 and built a log house near the present courthouse site.

George T. Bromley, a veteran hotel man, opened the hotel as lessee. He was succeeded by J. H. Hoadley, who ran the hotel ten years.

Like its predecessor, the San Lorenzo Exchange, the Pacific Ocean House was terminus of the stage line from Santa Clara.

In one of the street-front rooms Pray & Hobbs had their store. In the southeast corner was started in 1870, the Santa Cruz Bank of Savings and Loan, first bank in the county.

The site of the Eastside fire house was for many years the location of the Lodtman building, built in 1869, then far out on the Soquel Road. Upstairs was a dance hall where your grandparents probably went to dances and social affairs.

Justus Lodtman installed his "soda works" in a two-story building at Soquel avenue and Benito street. Upper floor of the building was at one time equipped as a hospital, the first in Santa Cruz.
WHAT ABOUT MONEY FOR THE ADOBE?

"This is written at the request of the editor of the News and Notes to tell you something of the financial status of plans for repairs and restoration of the Santa Cruz Mission state historical monument. Then perhaps the reasons for the disappointing delays we are observing, may be better understood."

"To begin with, much effort was required on the part of many people throughout the state to bring about the acquisition of this site by the State Division of Beaches and Parks. Some of the same conditions that made the original acquisition difficult are still effective in blocking appropriations for repairs and restoration.

"Items for the budget for this and other projects in this area, originate in the district office in Monterey and are submitted to the division office in Sacramento in the form of "requests" for inclusion in the budget. A 'request' for about $18,000 for the Adobe was written last summer in Monterey and submitted to Sacramento for consideration. This was the situation at the time of the state convention of Historical societies in Bakersfield in June, where it seems to have been reported that money for the Adobe was 'in the budget.'"

"However, this request soon received a definite 'no' in Sacramento, was returned to Monterey where it was revised downward, re-submitted and again refused. So as already reported in regular society meetings, the present situation is that there is no provision in the 1961-62 budget for any money for the Adobe.

"Now what about the five-year program? This was referred to in a letter to Mrs. Jeannette Rowland, Historical Society secretary, from J. T. Chaffee who is district superintendent of the State Division of Beaches and Parks. Mrs. Rowland read the letter during last month's meeting.

"This five-year plan is to be presented to the state legislature this year, having been formulated for the purpose of establishing an orderly program for the continued development, restoration and expansion of the state park system.

"As set up, this plan will provide for a full-scale restoration for the Adobe. But the entire program is to be subjected to
investigation and approval. Any item may be revised, eliminated or approved, and if approved, ways of financing must be provided before actual work can be started. So, in any case, considerable delay is to be expected.

"What can we do about it?" Letters to Assemblyman Glenn Coolidge from individuals and organizations, requesting active support of appropriations for repairs and restoration of the Adobe, can be of great help at the present time.

"Much of the material used here was obtained during two conversations with J. T. Chaffee, one in Santa Cruz last fall and the other in Monterey just a few days ago. Mr. Chaffee is very cooperative and is definitely interested in getting work started on the Adobe."

DENVER WOLFE, Past President, Santa Cruz Historical Society

GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH

Occasionally our society receives a request for information about some early resident and by reference to a few valued volumes which have been received as gifts by the society, we are able to be of assistance.

Reference books include: Elliott's "Santa Cruz County, 1879;" Harrison's "History of Santa Cruz County, 1892;" Gilbert's "Beautiful Santa Cruz County, 1896;" Guinn's "Central Coast California History and Biography, 1905;" Rip Tide issues of 1949 and 1950 and the columns of Leon Rowland and Ernest Otto in the Santa Cruz Sentinel.

One such recent request came from the granddaughter of Rev. William Foreman who died in Santa Cruz on Dec. 19, 1861. We were able to supply information concerning the family burial plot in Evergreen cemetery, and by consulting the files of Santa Cruz Sentinel, found the following obituary in the Pacific Sentinel, a weekly paper dated December 26, 1861.

"Fatal Accident"

"On Thursday the 19th inst. Mr. Foreman, for some time a resident of this place, while felling a tree near McPherson's mill, met with an accident which resulted fatally. It appears that the tree in falling broke off a large limb from an adjoining tree which was not observed by Mr. Foreman in time to escape, and it came down with full force upon him. Deceased was an elderly man and leaves a large family to mourn his untimely death."

J. E. CLANCY

"WEST OF THE PAJARO—HE WAS THE LAW FOR 23 YEARS"

In the select company of the gallant peace officers of the Old West there is listed the name of one of California's last gun-slinging, saddle-busting law enforcers—Santa Cruz County's Sheriff Howard Valentine Trafton.

"West of the Pajaro—He Was the Law for 23 Years" (1902-1925). Trafton was born of pioneer Santa Cruz County stock at Watsonville in 1871. He was the grandson of Joseph Valentine Mathis (1819-1897) and Margaret Jones Mathis (1823-1913). Joseph Mathis was captain of a wagon train of 40 families that spent seven months traveling from Springfield, Illinois, to California in 1852.

The late sheriff's mother came from this family of 11 children. Melisa Mathis was married to George A. Trafton in Watsonville, November 18, 1858. Trafton's parents and grandparents are buried in Watsonville. His father was 92 and his mother 97 when they died.

Wallace Pitman "Bud" Hendrick, sheriff of Santa Cruz County (1954-1958) served under five sheriffs. He was first deputized in 1923 by Trafton. Hendrick bears a remarkable physical likeness to the old sheriff.

At the dedication of the Henry Cowell Redwoods state park at Felton in 1954 Bud Hendrick impersonated Sheriff Trafton in the pageantry of the "Parade of the Pioneers." As he galloped along the parade-way before 5000 people this "fierce figure of a man" almost led oldtimers to believe that the "Law West of the Pajaro" had returned for the occasion.

WARREN "Skip" LITTLEFIELD

EDITORS'S NOTE—The above notes, in part, were taken from the Mathis family bible records by Warren Littlefield, great grandson of Joseph Valentine Mathis.

J. E. CLANCY
PAPER MAKING IN SANTA CRUZ COUNTY

Among the early industries of this area was the making of paper from wheat straw.

A paper mill was situated at the lower end of what later was known as Powder Mill Flat which with its dam was washed out during the early 1860's in a flood.

Another was operated at Soquel by Frank and Ed O'Neill, brothers, and later a partner named Callaghan was admitted. Their source of power was a water wheel and water brought by flume from higher up on Soquel Creek.

A third mill was at Corralitos.

In the Soquel Journal of 1886 mention was made of the South Coast paper mill standing first on the list of industries. The mill was built in 1847 as a grist mill and in 1878 was converted into a paper mill and for 25 years was in continual operation humming night and day and producing 800 tons of paper annually and using 1,800 tons of straw, 2,000 cords of wood and 1,900 barrels of lime.

The proprietors employed 20 to 25 men and the mill enjoyed the justly deserved reputation of turning out the best quality of wrapping paper on the Pacific Coast.

With orchards replacing the growing of grain the mills turned to making paper from rags and old paper.

The machinery used to operate the mill was brought around the Horn in 1878 and was used with a few improvements as long as the mill was operated. After 1904 it was used spasmodically and the last time in 1925.

During World War I it was operated by C. W. Callaghan, one of the owners, and most of the output was shipped to China for use in making fire crackers.

Just prior to 1925 a man leased the mill and tried a process of converting rice hulls into paper but was unsuccessful, and later the Alaska Pulp and Paper company experimented with a process to make pulp berry boxes; this process likewise was not perfected.

JEANNETTE ROWLAND

FLASH —

NEW MEMBERS include Adolph O. Goldstein, Miss Helen Calkins, Emily A. Cairns, Daird M. McFadden, Roy Rydell, Mrs. Anna K. Cheney, Mrs. Lurline Whitten, Verne Austin, Mrs. Lucile Austin and Mr. and Mrs. Marion H. Nichols.

HISTORY OF SANTA CRUZ WATER SYSTEM

Water service in Santa Cruz was provided initially in 1870 by the Anthony Hihn Water company which used Dodero and Carbonero creeks as sources of supply.

In 1880 the Duke-Morgan Water company began to furnish domestic water, using a steam pumping plant on the San Lorenzo river. The two companies combined in 1888 to form the Santa Cruz Water company.

The city of Santa Cruz started its system in 1890, using Laguna creek. In 1915 the city purchased the Hihn company for $51,600. The first four city water superintendents were O. J. Lincoln, Charles Byrne, Ed West and R. S. Tait who held the position from 1910 to 1948.

Flat rates before 1909 were 50 cents per month and 10 cents extra for each horse or cow. Meters were installed after 1909. Machine shops and meat markets used water power furnished by Pelton water wheels to run their machinery.

WARREN C. BALDWIN

Editor's note: Warren Baldwin, guest speaker of Santa Cruz Historical society recently, has been an employee of Santa Cruz city water department for the past 37 years. He has done everything from reading meters to office book work and has "four years to go to retirement," he notes.

"THE CASE WITHOUT A BODY"

By W. P. "Bud" Hendrick, Sheriff, retired

PART I

Note from W. P. "Bud" Hendrick:

This story is taken from the files of the Santa Cruz Sheriff's office. Names of all persons have been changed to protect them from any possible injury or embarrassment. I would like to dedicate the story to the memory of two outstanding lawmen, one served 20 years as county sheriff, the other served 23 years. Among my cherished mementos is a picture showing all Santa Cruz County sheriffs, from the first in 1850, to myself in 1955, a total of 20. At this time I want to make it clear that all of these elective officers are worthy of special mention.

The men under whom I carried a badge included such highly regarded lawmen as James B. Holihan, Nicholas P. Sinnott, and Arthur T. Dresser. I got my badge first in 1923, when I started serving as deputy under Howard B. Trafton. Little did
I know that this would start a career ending 35 years later with my retirement as sheriff.

Trafton was of the old frontier-type, a peaceful, likeable man in every way. But when he was forced into action—he could finish what was started. In the years during his term of office there were few automobiles or radios and but few telephones. His prisoners were transported to prison by train, ferry boats or horse and buggy. Howard Trafton always got his man, until the last man shot him first. Trafton, after being fatally wounded, killed his assailant. Also killed during the gun battle in September, 1925, was Under Sheriff Richard Rountree.

I had just walked into the office one morning when a call came from the operator, “Bud, take the phone.” It was from my wife. A few minutes after I had left for work a summer resident had phoned and asked if I would please check his cabin in Mt. Hermon, as his young daughter Cora, age fourteen, had been missing since the day before. He would drive over and contact me later in the day. I was well acquainted with the family as I had operated the Mt. Hermon grocery store for several years.

The summer resident came to my home and told my wife what kind of a girl her daughter was: quiet, studious, and had never stayed away from home overnight in her life. He ended up by saying, “I know I will never see my little girl again.”

The class mate told of while walking along the street on the way to a football game, an old-model car with the driver as the sole occupant had stopped and motioned them over. They went to the edge of the curb, he opened the door opposite the seat and asked if one of them would go to his home and baby sit while he took his wife to the hospital.

At first they both refused, but after his pleading that it was an extreme emergency, also he would drop her off at the ball park in time for the game, Cora told her chum to go on to the game and that she would follow. The girls were dressed in light clothing, shoes and bobby sox; they carried the usual noise makers, bells, horns, etc. to root for their home team.

With a good description now of both the man and car, the papers were building up the kidnap story on the front pages. In this kind of case there is always plenty of information coming in; just about all of it must be checked and one of these hit pay dirt.

A man had been doing a little drinking at a certain place and had met a character who went on to say he drove truck for a firm up the peninsula. A fast check of the company and “Yes, we have or did employ a man of this description, but there are some mysteries involved as he didn’t deliver his last load, left the empty truck in the yard, and has not been heard from since.”

The employer gave the name as McMunger, age 42, 6’2” tall, 185 pounds.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Number 19  JUNE 1961

Published in February, June and October of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 746, Santa Cruz, California
Mrs. Margaret Koch.................................. Editor

WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING

FEBRUARY

Guest speakers at Santa Cruz main public library were Mr. and Mrs. Elio Orlando of Davenport who spoke about the history of that area and its whaling industry.

MARCH

Charles Bella, former long-time resident of Davenport, discussed Pigeon Point and Franklin Point during the meeting at the library.

APRIL

Dinner at the Santa Cruz hotel with Preston Sawyer of the Santa Cruz Sentinel giving highlights of the hotel’s history. Sawyer for many years wrote “Santa Cruz Yesterdays,” and has an extensive collection of information and pictures. Following his talk, members joined in an informal discussion period.

MAY

Mrs. Phyllis Patten showed slides of local historical interest at the main public library.

K. K. KEVIL, LONG-TIME MEMBER DIES

Members of Santa Cruz Historical Society were saddened this past week to hear of the death of Kay Kavanaugh Kevil, long-time member and fellow historian.

Mr. Kevil, who had recently undergone surgery, died in San Francisco on June 12. He is survived by his wife, Rose Agnes Kevil; two daughters, Miss Marion Kevil of... (Continued on page 2)

OCTAGONAL BUILDING

Anybody interested in moving an octagonal building?

Not immediately — but in the near future — Santa Cruz’ unique octagonal Hall of Records will be retired from active service. The fascinating old piece of architecture — which took its form from the 1851 octagonal gold piece — is too small and entirely inadequate for the needs of the recorder of a rapidly growing county.

In recognition of this fact, Santa Cruz County board of supervisors recently passed Resolution Number 410-61. After stating that the brick building, erected in 1882, is not capable of being remodeled or enlarged but has historical significance, the resolution goes on to say in part...

“Now, therefore, Be it resolved and ordered by the Board of Supervisors of Santa Cruz County that, in recognition of the unique character of the county recorder’s office building in Santa Cruz, the county of Santa Cruz will provide a suitable site on other county-owned land to which said office building may be removed and erected, provided however that the cost of such removal and erection shall not be borne by the county.

“Be it further resolved and ordered that if so removed and erected, said building would be devoted to a use consistent with its character and significance.”

(Copies of the resolution were sent to the Santa Cruz Historical society, to the California Historical society and to Santa Cruz parlor, Native Daughters of the Golden West.)

The building, which originally cost $10,000, was dedicated and “corner-stoned” in June of 1882, in ceremonies conducted by Santa Cruz lodge, Free and Accepted Order of Masons.

Today the octagon shape of the structure is obscured by a brick addition that juts out toward Front street, and a connecting passageway to the court house annex.

Records go back to 1873 for births and burial certificates and back to 1807 for Spanish land grants. Everything is being microfilmed as a precaution against damage or loss.

As for the building itself, it is one of... (Continued on page 2)
K. K. KEVIL
(Continued from page 1)
Santa Cruz and Mrs. Edward J. Stark (Jeanne Kevil) of Fresno, and two grandchildren.
He was born July 2, 1884 at Dycusburg, Kentucky, where he attended grammar and high schools prior to entering the University of Kentucky where he studied engineering.
Mr. Kevil had a life-long interest in California's early-day history which stemmed from the years following college when he conducted surveys in Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and California. He was particularly interested in the Arcan family, which crossed Death Valley before settling in Santa Cruz, and had gathered much information concerning it. He was the author of historical articles for the Santa Cruz Sentinel, the News and Notes and the state historical society's publication.

OCTAGONAL BUILDING
(Continued from page 1)
the very few remaining brick octagonal buildings in the state of California. It is of considerable historical and architectural value and is certainly worthy of preservation.
But three questions loom large:
1—How much will it cost to move it?
2—Who will pay to have it moved?
3—What site will the Santa Cruz county board of supervisors consider appropriate?
Anyone with any ideas (preferably constructive ideas) may contact Roy Rydell of 201 Pine Flat road, Bonny Doon. Rydell, a landscape architect, has spearheaded several efforts to make the public conscious of the unique character of the old structure.
—MARGARET KOCH

WILLOW CREEK CEMETERY
Most of us have at some time visited or come in contact with the small, old-time and old-fashioned country cemetery. Many of the larger isolated ranches had their own cemeteries, where members of the family, ranch help, and friends were buried. This is easily understood as transportation was slow at all times and during storms, often impossible.
In those days, neighbors far and near came whether it be a birth, a death or an illness. If it be a death, the burial was held at the nearest burial ground of perhaps the nearest neighbor, if the family did not have its own.

In time, ranches were sold, grave markers and fences were destroyed, new owners were disinterested in graves they knew nothing about. Thus many burial grounds were plowed under and forgotten.

For two years it has been my privilege to visit one of the few remaining old time burial grounds which is located in nearby San Benito county.

Each year on the Sunday preceding Memorial Day, a memorial barbecue is held in a grove on the Melendy ranch, near the Willow Creek cemetery in San Benito county. This barbecue was originated by the late George Melendy who looked forward to greeting the friends and relatives who came to care for, and place flowers on the graves of their dear ones buried there.

This Memorial Day tradition is today carried on by the two daughters and son of Mr. Melendy. Just as their father did before them, the daughters, Mrs. Lila Elliot and Mrs. Charlotte Berberick and brother Martin hold a barbecue in the oak grove across the road from the cemetery and only a short distance from the old Willow Creek school. With the help of their husbands and the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, the Melendys make all who come feel welcome. It is the parents hope that the tradition will be carried on by the next generation.

In visiting the cemetery one finds a few graves marked "Unknown".

Others are marked with the names of Melendy, Bacon, McGrury, Smith and Moody, all early day settlers of San Benito county.

There is a Spanish-American War marker, and one with the simple inscription, "A Shepherd."

It was he, a Basque, who fell over a cliff in the Robbers Roost area while tending sheep. Now no one remembers his name.

When doctors couldn't be reached, small children often died. One grave bears this beautiful inscription:

CLINTON SMITH — 1877
2 Years - 6 Months - 3 Days
"Tis a little grave, but O, have a care
For world-wide hopes are buried there
How much of Light, How much of Joy
Is buried with a darling boy.

Mr. James B. McGrury was very instru-
mental with Mr. John J. Reilly in having the plot surveyed and set aside as a cemetery. This same Mr. McGrury is the husband of Mai Guichard, a member of one of Santa Cruz county's early families. The following is a short history of the cemetery which Mr. McGrury was kind enough to send me.

—CALLISTA DAKE

WILLOW CREEK CEMETERY
San Benito County, California

Of the early history of the Willow Creek Cemetery, little is known today. Probably the first recorded white burial was in the late 1850's or early 1860's when a traveler was accidentally drowned while crossing the San Benito River. However, at that time there was the grave of a sheep herder who had fallen over a cliff while tending his flock in the 'Robbers' Roost' locality on San Benito. There were also several other graves that were clouded in mystery and remain so to this day.

After the burial of the drowned traveler, from time to time through the years, other residents of the area were interred there. At the present time there are about twenty-five known graves and about five unknown.

The white man was not the first to use the area for burial. Indians antedated the white by perhaps centuries. The whole plot in the vicinity of the present cemetery is covered with graves of the Red Man whose dead lie buried there only a few yards from the white man. Who those people were, whence they came, how they vanished is of course a secret of the ages. That they were people of some culture is most apparent because they buried their dead, left pictographs on rocks close by; the work of an Indian artist of the past ages. Aside from the pictographs no surface artifacts of any kind were found in the vicinity of the Willow Creek cemetery nor were any found in the graves examined. At a distance of about a mile, a group of marts are to be seen, but they are probably a product of the Digger Indians who appeared many years later and were of very low caste. Burying their dead and carving pictures in stone were not the forte of the lowly Digger.

For a number of years the Willow Creek Cemetery was neglected. A resident by the name of Moodie, who had a son buried there, placed a fence around the plot and planted a few trees. Due to the dry and gravelly condition of the soil the trees failed to grow. The late Harry Severman later planted cedar trees. Though several dozen were planted, only one survived and after a number of years it too died.

In 1931, Mr. John J. Reilly, the owner of the property, and the McGrury brothers had the plot surveyed and set aside as a Community cemetery. This considerate act by Mr. Reilly, a late neighbor, is greatly appreciated and will long be remembered by those who have loved ones resting there.

—JAMES B. McGrury

"THE CASE WITHOUT A BODY"

(Concluded from previous issue)

Officers called at the McMunger home where the wife told them she had not seen her husband or heard from him since he had taken her to the hospital. Yes, she had been reading the newspapers and could not understand the story the papers were carrying because she was in the hospital at the time of the kidnapping. She did say he had called her up one night and said he had received a phone call from Illinois that his father was on his death bed so he was taking a plane back there.

By now McMunger was well known by his record; he had served a sentence in the state prison at Juliet, Illinois. Within minutes the FBI boys were in contact with the Santa Cruz Sheriff's office and were on McMunger's trail. The FBI boys picked up McMunger hitchhiking back to California. They posed as tourists traveling out to San Francisco and he was very lucky getting rides, lucky until he found out he was riding with the FBI.

On arrival in San Francisco McMunger was taken to the Santa Clara County Jail and charged with kidnapping. Every day McMunger was questioned and every day he told a different story, but finally he confessed picking up a girl. A bad accident followed; she had fallen from his car and died from the fall and he had buried her in a gravel pit. He also confessed killing another girl at Devil's Slide.

The defense attorneys pleaded their client not guilty, which is customary, and asked for a jury trial. The D. A. asked the date for trial set ahead far enough to give more time to work on the case, also to give McMunger time to "remember" where he buried the body.

On an average of once every week the prisoner would send a note to the sheriff, saying he was sure this time he could find the spot. Some of his stories would
be most convincing, but always turned out the same.

One morning he sent a note down to the under sheriff. He wanted to try me out. I knew the answer I would most likely get but I wanted to learn his new tactics.

I went to tank four and called him over to the bars. I said, "What's on your mind," and added, "make your story short." He started by saying, "I understand you are well acquainted with all the roads in this area. Well, the grave is by a redwood tree on the skyline boulevard." (He named a certain spot well known to me.) I said, "There isn't a redwood tree within several miles of that spot, that is oak country." He gave me a sheepish look and went back to his bunk.

I went back to my office. The D. A. was satisfied he had a good tight case, but to get first degree murder the one piece of evidence he needed most of all he did not have—a body.

The date set for trial arrived and all of California had its eyes on this case. It made front page and headline news.

The D. A. was asking the jury to bring in a first degree murder verdict without the body.

The court room was filled every day, many from out of state, to listen in on the case.

Days and weeks went by. There were many pages to be taken down by the court reporter, the testimony of every witness, the arguments both for and against, and most of all, the defendant's story of innocence.

McMunger was put on the stand and he reconstructed his story of the trip into Santa Cruz county, the spot where Cora was shot, and on to Devil's Slide where he once said he disposed of the body and also the body of another girl he had killed.

I could write many more pages on this story, but for lack of space we will say the case is ready for the jury.

I have heard it said many times by old seasoned attorneys, they believed this rebuttal given to the jury in this case was one of the best and most convincing talks ever to be delivered to a jury.

The jury received its instructions from the superior judge, then was locked in the jury room. After many hours they knocked on the door. They wanted to clarify certain information in the case; they didn't want any doubt left in their minds when they took a vote on this life.

At last all had voted the same way. This was it. A knock on the door to the bailiff, and they all took their seat in the jury box. "We find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree." After a word of thanks and praise for their good work the judge dismissed them.

Day of sentence was set and on this day at ten o'clock McMunger stood before the court and Superior Judge James Atteridge sentenced the prisoner to die in the gas chamber at San Quentin.

At the prisoner's request, a final meeting had been arranged with his wife and the baby son whom he had never seen. McMunger promised if we would arrange this meeting, he would reveal where he had buried the girl. Again he lied and the search turned out to be for nothing.

Earlier in the case, bits of clothing that were identified, and the skull belonging to the first girl, had been recovered at the Slide.

After the day's fruitless searching at the prisoner's direction, he was taken back to his cell, everything remained the same. He had a good ride—his last—to the gas chamber.

When a sheriff takes office, he swears to protect life and property, even those of an accused man who is held for murder. But when that accused man has had a fair trial and is sentenced, then the sheriff wants that order carried out.

—W. P. "Bud" HENDRICK
WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING

SUMMER
Meeting cancelled due to vacations.

SEPTEMBER
Tom Majors was guest speaker for the meeting at Santa Cruz City Hall Council Chambers. He discussed early flour milling and dairying in the county.

SANTA CRUZ HIGH SCHOOL TRIDENT IS RICH IN SANTA CRUZ HISTORY

Vol. I January, 1907 No. 1

How many of you have a copy?—How many of you have looked over the old Tridents? They are interesting and full of history.

Volume One, Number One was dedicated to the very esteemed Principal, J. W. Linscott. Of his large family two children are still active in Santa Cruz, Dr. Maynard Linscott and Miss Anna Linscott.

On the Editorial Staff of the Trident was the late George Griffin, '07. We all remember George, maybe he gave you a ticket or maybe you didn’t speed in those days.

Assistant Editor was Helen Tillotson, '08.

Associate Editors were: Literature, Marjorie March, '08, who now lives in Los Gatos. Athletics, Steve Mead, '07½, deceased; Poetry, Hodge Watson, '07; School News, Otis Collin, '07½, who lives in San Francisco. Art, Leona Loosis, '07½; Alumni, Katherine Woodhead, '08½; Exchange, Harold Bragg, '08½; Jokes, Charles Fisher, '07.


How many of these people did you know? Some of them are deceased, but some still come to the Old Timers and the Annual Sorority and Fraternity meetings.

Other students who were outstanding in Santa Cruz High at that time were Gladys Lyman, Bess Wood, Bess Rittenhouse, Beattie Baker, Maybelle Alexander, Jessie and Mignon Harmon, Anna Wheeler, Marie Mitchell, Chester Webber, Will Grover, Wilfred Bowen, Ruby Lewis (Mrs. M. Linscott), Harriet Snyder, Earl De Berry and Leonard Layton.

In those days the Omega Nu Sorority for girls and the two Fraternities, Pi Delta Kappa and Gamma Eta Kappa for boys held a very important place in High School Society.

The Omega Nu, although not connected with the High School, is still active in Santa Cruz and does some fine charity work.

The two fraternities have an annual “Get Together” each year in Santa Cruz or San Juan.

The only portrait in Volume One, Number One was of the principal, Mr. J. W. Linscott. The only picture was of the Santa Cruz Mission, a sketch by Miss Lillian Howard.

The ads were REAL history. Among them were: Adelotte, the photographer; Balbach and Bedell, jewelers; Miss May Balkwill, milliner; T. W. Bliss, dentist; Byrne Brothers, plumbing and hardware; A. B. Corr, candies; Cooper Brothers, books and stationery; Daniels Transfer Co.; H. A. Dean, Delicatessen; Wm. Elsom, livery stable; Ed. Cahoon, bicycles; A. Gosliner, shoes; Heath and Faneuf, plumbers; E. C. Heard, shoes; P. R. Howe, “Nuff sed;” C. D. Hinkle, grocer; A. Jonas, the outfitter; C. J. Klein, jewelers; W. H. Lamb, hardware; McCollum, candies; Orchard, candies; Phillips and Phillips, physicians and surgeons; Palmer Drug Co.; Shelby’s Horseshoeing Parlor; C. E. Towne, grocer; Henry Willey, hardware; F. R. Wau, butchers; T. G. Tanner, drugs; A. C. Snyder, dry goods; Leask’s Seaside Store; and many others. Some are still active and many descendants of these people are still around—how many do you know?

The Trident grew to be a larger and well organized High School publication as the high school grew, and there is a lot of history in most of the copies.

Does anyone have Volume One, Number Two. I’d like to finish Marjorie
Marshe's continued story, "As it was not..."

The 1914 Trident carries the following story by Edith Terrill——

"EARLY DAYS IN SANTA CRUZ"

The earliest Santa Cruz life of which native Santa Cruzans have now any recollection is that which grew up about her Mission. Santa Cruz was the last place on the coast in which a mission was established. It is just 217 years ago, in 1797, that two holy fathers came from Mexico, and on the grassy uplands from which the Catholic Church now commands a varied view of valley and sea, started the mission pictured in this issue. They spent one year in its construction, a period remarkably short when we take into consideration that the Indians had to be taught the use of tools; the trees had to be cut down, hewed into timber, and carried to the building site on the shoulders of muscular natives; and the adobe had to be made plastic and cut into its final form. But this building, when finished, as shown in the accompanying cut, did not lack in skill or architectural beauty. Its imposing tower and strong, simple, sweeping lines would do credit to any noble age. The adobe walls were five feet in thickness. The roof was of red tiles. Later, when the roof was destroyed by an earthquake, shingles replaced the tiles. Only the mission walls were reinforced, and a second earthquake put it past repairs, as the second cut shows.

The long, low building to the left in the first cut was the parish house. It was here in later days, when the mission had lost its wealth, that a little girl, now an esteemed citizen of Santa Cruz, regularly laid a loaf of bread on the doorstep for the loved Father who lived within. Notice the cross before the door of the Mission. On it at Easter time the Mexicans annually hung the effigy of Judas Iscariot, whose great sin they abhorred. To the left, and beyond the cross, was the graveyard, but the remains have now been removed. The acres of land back of the mission in the flat, and further back still on the heights, were the mission orchard, mostly of pear trees. On the heights to the left of the parish house was the pasture land. We will realize that they needed all this land when we learn that the San Francisco and Santa Clara missions sent to Santa Cruz a great number of cows, oxen, steers, bulls, sheep, rams and horses for a starter. They raised, also, a great many vegetables for their food supply.

In those days everybody went to church. Twice a day the early mission followers met for devotion, but later, as other settlers came, the attendance was not so general; still, on Sunday, the old mission was full. In the choir were Indians who played instruments, and from sheets of music so large and so placed that the whole audience could read the notes. An old Indian who played the bass viol, or God's fiddle, as the Indians called it, was totally blind. On each side of the center of the church, as seats of distinction, were five benches for the Americans, or gringoes, as the Mexicans called them. All the rest of the space in front and behind the gringo benches was willed with Indians and Mexicans, who brought their mats to sit on, and who came with their children and dogs, and with cookies or bread to quiet the babies.

The center of town in those days was the plaza in front of the mission, or what is today the park in front of the Catholic Church. It then had no ornamental shrubbery or cultivated grass plot. Through its center flowed a stream of clear, cool water from the spring that is still on the hill above. The shrubbery that is usually seen about a stream was mostly worn off by the continual tread of the people coming, bucket on one hand, and perhaps baby on the other, for water for the household. This stream served in general as a city reservoir. Sometimes the San Lorenzo river was the scene of large family washings, as are streams in Southern Europe today. Where the Sisters' school now stands was a hotel, dance-hall and saloon, and next to it the courthouse. On the other side of the plaza was a bakery and general merchandise store. Pacific avenue had but two buildings. Instead of stores, large willows and laurels stretched from one end to the other.

Another interesting picture of early life is that of the people who started the industries. In 1853 Joseph Majors erected a flour mill, the ruins of which we view in this issue. Mr. Majors came to California in 1836. He had been here but a few years when Mexicans began to suspect the foreigners of this coast, and arrested a great many, Mr. Majors among them. These unfortunate foreigners were put into prison, where they suffered from hunger and many other privations, and then, all except Mr. Majors, whose Spanish wife secured his release, were put on a vessel and shipped to Mexico. In the next year Mr. Majors settled in Santa Cruz. Experiencing the difficulty of transporting grain or importing flour, he conceived the plan of erecting a flour mill, the money for which he had previously made in the cattle business. Every year when he had his stock fattened, he would drive them up to the Feather river, near Sacramento,
to sell them to the Indians. The Indians mined and kept the gold dust in large sacks. For a small cow Mr. Majors would receive "a little grab," or as much gold dust as he could get out of the sack with about three fingers, and for a steer, a "big grab," or as much gold as he could get out with his whole hand. Money was very plentiful. He paid one of Santa Cruz's present citizens ten dollars a day and his board to hew out timbers for the erection of the mill. What machinery he needed had to be ordered a year ahead of time, as all supplies had to come around the Horn. The nails used were made by the farmers in their own blacksmith shops, but the timbers used in the construction of the mill were mortised together, then pinned with pine pins. Split shingles, made by hand, formed the roof.

In earlier days a small log house stood on the north side of the mill. Here the large mill-wheel. All the farmers around brought their wheat, rye and corn to be ground, and carried it home when ground, and carried it home when 

If there was a death someone would notify Watsonville, Pescadero, and all the surrounding country, and everybody, no matter how urgently his home or business duties pressed him, attended the funeral. By the second night the home of the deceased was crowned for standing room. The bull fight, in popularity, came next to the funeral. This was the greatest amusement of the time. A Mexican would tie a large "log of meat" fast to a rope, then drag it on the ground amongst the trees, and finally bring it out in the clearing, and leave it there. A great many Mexicans would then surround this spot. Soon a bear, tracking the smell of the raw flesh, would run out and start to eat it. The men would then pounce on him, bind him tightly with ropes, put him in a wagon rolling on large wooden wheels, and draw him to the bull ring. When the squeaking approach of the wagon was heard the whole country turned out to see the fight, the Mexicans exhibiting special interest in seeing the intimated bull free himself from the bear's deadly grasp, come again within its clutches, and thus continue the dreadful slaughter until one or the other lay lifeless in a pool of blood.

Education in that day was extremely limited. Any man who could read or write at all was hired to teach the children, and these usually were men who had landed in Santa Cruz "broke," and who left as soon as they got their pockets full of cash. This was usually about six months. One man told me that the teachers whom his father hired always took him by the lobes of the ears to seat him, in this way twisting and hurting him and making him so angry he could learn nothing. But his other brothers, who were blessed with better dispositions, did, he said, learn the alphabet.

Every Saturday Mr. Majors' son told me, his father, and later he, killed a large steer. Then it was that all the poor neighbors came for a piece of meat and a bag of beans, or something else they needed. No one was left in want. It was no uncommon thing for this pioneer to deed a few acres of land to a person who needed a start.

Traveling, altho' slow, was cheap. Every farm house was open to a traveler. He was always well fed, given rest, and a horse if he needed it for the rest of his journey. But there was one race of people with whom this good treatment did not agree, and that was the Indians. The more stew and cake and pie they got the faster they died off, until the Santa Cruz Indians are today nearly extinct. When an Indian living near the Major's farm died, his associates would come to "Captain Majors," as they called him, and bury the deceased. And Mr. Majors remarked to the writer that it was wonderfully surprising how fast the Indians, both young and old, died. He was kept very busy as undertaker.

The last picture illustrating this article, the old Washburn boat-house, which was situated near the mouth of the river where the tunnel of the small scenic railway now stands, represents the third phase of
early Santa Cruz life; that life about the beach. About fifty years ago Mr. Washburn was manufacturing boats in that largest building to the left. In the little building to the right he steamed the timbers to make them pliable for boat-making. The center building was his home, where he first started the business. His boats were of such a high character that they were demanded and shipped all over the state. As the cut shows, the buildings were located on high banks of sand, and sometimes the sand would almost bury the buildings, and at other times in high tide the boat house would nearly float away.

At this time Santa Cruz did considerable exporting by water. There were three long wharves here, one of which belonged to the powder mills. Surf bathing was very popular in winter as well as summer, and more older people engaged in it than now.

Santa Cruz, judging from what the writer has heard, was anything but "dead" fifty years ago. The people in this city from whom she obtained the above information, spoke of their life with pride and joy.

**Dewey's Guns Used Santa Cruz Powder at Battle of Manila**

The powder works, which stood from 1864 to 1917 on the grounds of what is now Paradise Park, were often of flimsy metal construction (sheet iron on a redwood frame) to minimize damage from possible explosion, and detached so that a possible fire might not spread.

The powder works, installed when the Civil War made it difficult to get blasting powder by ship from the east, originally had its own wharf at the beach, with a warehouse to which nitrate from the west coast of South America was brought by ocean vessels.

Although many of the employees lived in Santa Cruz, a sufficient number lived in cabins at the plant to create a village which had its own school house and was a voting precinct.

First product of the plant was blasting powder, needed in mining and for blasting in trans-continental railroad building, but it later manufactured "sporting powder" for small bore rifles and, when smokeless powder was invented, put in facilities which made the powder used in Dewey's guns at Manila.

After standing out for several years against efforts to absorb it into the nationwide powder trust, the plant was finally taken into the Du Pont network.

Passing of commerce from ocean routes to railroads made it more economical to manufacture powder elsewhere. The Du Pont plant at Hercules, California, is linear descendant of the Santa Cruz plant. Many employees moved there.

**PRESTON SAWYER**

**News and Notes Copies Needed!**

Mrs. Mildred Baird of San Francisco, former Santa Cruzan who was instrumental in helping organize the Santa Cruz Historical Society, sent us a note this week. We thought you would like to know that even though Mrs. Baird now lives at the Native Daughters' Home in San Francisco, she is still busy giving our local Historical Society a "long-distance boost," now and then.

Mrs. Baird has donated 17 issues of News and Notes to the California State Historical Society for its files which are maintained in its headquarters building in San Francisco. Still to be obtained to make the collection complete are the issues numbered 6, 9, 12 and 16. Anyone having an extra copy of any one of these issues may send it to Mrs. Baird at 555 Baker Street, San Francisco.
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Published in February, June and October
of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical
Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 746, Santa Cruz, California

Mrs. Margaret Koch ........................................... Editor

○ WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING

○ NOVEMBER

Mrs. Catherine Steele spoke on the
Santa Cruz Powder Mill, the "sanitary
cheese," and gave a brief history of the
Steele family before and after settling on
the famed coastal ranch. She also had on
display during the meeting at Santa Cruz
city hall council chambers several copies
of the family's Lincoln letters and other
early-day pictures and documents.

○ DECEMBER

The early days of Santa Cruz' fishing
industry with its colorful lateen sail boats
and Genoese men and women were
brought to vivid life by Malio Stagnaro at
a dinner meeting at Santa Cruz hotel. A
record crowd turned up to hear Malia
speak and a tape recording was taken
for the society's files.

○ JANUARY

Ralph Ring, Santa Cruz yacht harbor
director, traced the progress of the pro-
ject from its beginnings to latest develop-
ments.

○ FEBRUARY

Weston L. Webber, director of Santa
Cruz city water department, told of the
construction of Newell creek dam and
showed colored slides.

If you don't think prices have gone up
during this century, take a look at the ads
in an old magazine. Here's one that is
dated 1900—from the Saturday Evening
Post—"The Leonard sofa-bed, a luxurious
sola, couch length, instantly convertible
into a large soft hair mattress bed with
receptacle for bedding or dresses." Vari-
ous models of this dream-boat were priced
from $28 to $75.

THE POPE HOUSE

The Pope House, a hostelry of much
distinction, was started by Horace W.
Pope as a boarding house in 1862. The
building in the center of the grounds was
a large two-story white building with
dining room, kitchen and parlors on the
first floor and bedrooms on the second
floor. Next in importance was a structure
of considerable size and clapboard fin-
ish, probably the oldest on the grounds.
This was the office and in an alcove off
the lobby was the game room. Here were
billiard and pool tables and people gath-
ered for cards.

To the west of the hotel were three
cottages and to the east were two more.
Croquet grounds and tennis courts were
included in the attractions.

Some of the leaders of San Francisco
society spent their entire summers here.
Among them the M. H. de Youngs, the
Sharons, the Morgan Hills and James G.
Fairs.

The barouche, phaeton and other car-
rriages were brought to Santa Cruz by
these wealthy people, many of whom
brought their servants. The horses were
kept in barns on King Street.

The Pope property extended from Mis-
sion to King Street and from the intersec-
tion of those streets nearly to Peyton
Street. A feature of this hotel was the
beautiful New England elms.

The horse-drawn street car line ran
from the San Lorenzo river along the
beach, up Pacific avenue to Mission street
and terminated in front of the Pope House.

After Horace Pope's death August 31,
1881, the establishment was managed by
his widow, Anna Farrar Pope whom he
had married in Stockton on July 7, 1859
and the greatest popularity of the hotel
was during this period. Mrs. Pope con-
tinued this fine management until her
death November 28, 1913.

The hotel and six cottages were razed
at the same time and the land subdivided.
The office building was made into a dwell-
ing and so used until this year when it
also was taken down.

—JEANETTE ROWLAND
THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAIN SUMMARY COMMUNITY

---Part 1---

Charles McKiernan was the first settler in the summit area. He was born in Ireland in 1825. In 1848 McKiernan was a British soldier in Australia and was discharged there. The gold rush fever seized him and he worked his way as a sailor to San Francisco. Twenty-five dollars per day on trips to the mines enticed him to leave the ship without pay. He saved his money and soon had a pack train of his own to carry all sorts of groceries and clothing from the city to the mines of Trinity county. Sugar, potatoes, bacon and flour all cost the same: a dollar per pound up at the mines, for transportation was the chief cost.

McKiernan was about to make his fortune with his pack train which he had expanded to twenty-five horses and three helpers. But hostile Indians attacked, killed two men and stole all that was left of McKiernan's possessions.

When McKiernan started looking for land, he found that all the "easy" land in the valleys had been gobbled up. So he and his friend, Page, started across the Santa Cruz mountains. McKiernan, who became known as "Mountain Charley," settled on the summit three or four miles from the little town of Patchen, and Page went on to Santa Cruz.

There are as many versions of Mountain Charley's fight with the grizzly bear as there are tellers. This is the way it was told to me:

Mountain Charley and a friend were after a bear for killing his sheep when they came upon a large grizzly. They fired and wounded the bear which charged them and knocked Charley down with one swipe of its paw. The blow tore a piece out of Charley's skull. The friend climbed a tree in the meantime. The bear thought Charley was dead and covered him with leaves and went away. The friend climbed down and went for help at the Schultheis' place. (The Schultheis were the only other settlers on the summit at that time.)

The rescuers found Charley unconscious and limp in his bloody oak leaf couch. They lifted him and held him on a saddle horse and took him to Schultheis' log cabin where Susan Schultheis dressed the wound and brought him back to consciousness. Her husband galloped to San Jose for a doctor.

Dr. Bell made a plate out of a Mexican silver dollar to cover the exposed portion of brain and sewed the scalp back over it without any anesthesia. Charles McKiernan lived to be an old man and was known far and wide as Mountain Charley, the man who fought the grizzly bear. I attended Summit school with two of his grandsons, James and Charles Bailey McKiernan.

The second settler on the summit was John Martin Schultheis; he and his wife, Susan, came in 1852. Schultheis had been born in Bavaria and as a young man had received special training in farming and woodcraft. He (26 years old) and his wife, who was only 16, came across the plains from Ohio in a wagon train which had the usual long and hard trip with Indian attacks to fight off. We still have his old musket in the family.

Susan, although only a girl, helped drive the oxen. All the good land in the Santa Clara valley was taken by the time they got here so they started up through the Santa Cruz mountains. It took them three days to break their way through the brush and timber from Los Gatos to what is now the intersection of Summit road and Highway 17. They decided to homestead there and built a log cabin.

For some time their place was the only one in that area and people traveling on horseback from San Jose to Santa Cruz would use it as a resting place and have Mrs. Schultheis cook them a meal if they were hungry.

One day three heavily armed bandits rode up. Great grandma was terribly frightened as they ordered her to hurry up with something to eat. Great grandad was out in the woods felling timber and she was alone. The robbers gulped down the food and galloped away, for they knew the sheriff and his posse were after them for the murders they had committed. They were thought to be a gang of Sidney-ites deported from Australia, who had been terrorizing all of San Francisco.

They were soon overtaken, shot and dumped in the brush without burial. We don't know for sure if they were shot on the Schultheis' road or on the Mountain Charley road leading to Glenwood.

WARREN BALDWIN
OLD SANTA CRUZ

Touring circuses in days gone by seldom passed up Santa Cruz.

One of these was the fabulous "wild west" show of William F. Cody, a living legend—to the Indians of the early days known as Pahaska, "of the long hair," a scalp they never took!

Cody's eventful career in the early west saw him as a pony express rider, scout, Indian fighter and guide. He earned the undying cognomen of "Buffalo Bill" when, as a hunstman for the Kansas Pacific railroad construction crews, he kept 1200 men supplied with buffalo meat for a period of 18 months. He gained considerable notoriety by his prowess as a buffalo hunter in the dangerous Indian country. During the period of his contract he killed 4,280 buffaloes, or bison, and had many exciting adventures with the redskins.

Buffalo Bill got into show business in the early 70's, being lured first to Chicago by a writer and producer, Ned Buntline, to depict himself in a stage play, "The Scout of the Plains." After service in the Indian wars of the '70s, he returned to the stage, touring as far west as California, in the mid-70's. His first appearance in this state was in San Francisco at the old Bush street theater.

By the late 80's, as a seasoned showman, Cody was achieving world-wide renown with his large Wild West shows under canvas. In 1887 he took his entire outfit, native Indians and all, across the Atlantic for the first time. Later he appeared extensively throughout Europe, presenting his Wild West show with much success before royalty and the public at large. His exhibitions were featured at several World's Fairs: Columbian, Chicago 1893; Trans-Mississippi, Omaha, 1898; Pan American, Buffalo, 1901, and others.

One of his earliest appearances in Santa Cruz came in 1910. When he spread his unique show here Monday, October 3, local fans at the Leibbrandt tract near the beach saw an open arena, with a canvas canopy only over the seat areas. There was no street parade. But the throngs attending the show saw native Indians ga-lore, stage coaches and prairie schooners, Rough Riders, cowboys and Cossacks, and Buffalo Bill himself shooting at real buffaloes from his charging white horse. This was announced as his farewell tour. Name of the show was: "Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East." But four years later Cody's Wild West, combined with Sells-Floto Circus returned on April 18, 1914.

PRESTON SAWYER

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

February, 1962, has been a month for the history books.

America's first man in space—Col. John Glenn—circling our tired old globe three times; the worst storms in a century battering large areas of Europe, and the announcement of a near break-through on a cancer vaccine. Any one of the three would be enough to catch the eye of an historian.

But the capsule trip through space caught not only the eyes but the imaginations and hearts of people everywhere in the United States. The space trip was straight "history in the making" and the first time a nation of millions had "TV EYES" to enable them to look into the future of mankind. (A TV set is much better than a crystal ball.)

We got our children up early that morning: "Hurry," we said, "this is history being made right before your eyes."

Families all over the nation were doing the same thing.

We ate breakfast on a card table in front of the TV set; we could hardly tear ourselves away from it, and we were all late getting to school and work. At school the children were allowed to let classes slide that morning. Instead they had a three-hour "history lesson" via radio broadcasts from Cape Canaveral.

At home in the evening we watched a TV recapitulation of the whole thrilling thing again; from the blast-off to the report of the safe recovery.

"Our TV set paid for itself today," observed my husband.

He was right. It did. And so February has been a momentous month.

It always has been a pretty special month anyway because of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and St. Valentine.

EARLY-DAY MEDICINES

Be thankful you live in the 20th Century. We have our problems—things like taxes, war, Khruschev and getting out into space. But we earth dwellers of 1962 also have things to be thankful for.

Like modern medicine.

Back not too long ago—things were very different in the medical world. Without bothering to wash his hands a doctor might go directly from one infected patient to another. Medicines were in a world of their own too—with reliable, proven remedies rubbing elbows with the most curious concoctions.

California's early Indians and Spanish-
Californians—far from existing medical centers and doctors of their day—cooked up some interesting mes ses. A whole notebook of these early-day home remedies was found by Mrs. E. E. Jackson of Bonny Doon while cleaning out an old house several years back. Now the property of the Catholic church, it was written by Andrew Garriga about 1905 and found in the former home of Rev. Patrick M. O’Flynn, priest at Davenport from 1840-46.

How the curious bit of Mission-day medical lore came to Davenport and the complete identity of Andrew Garriga, are unsolved mysteries.

We do know he was a Mission priest from the tattered manuscript itself, which reads:

"While I administered as a priest among the Indians and Spanish Californians, in Monterey county, I noticed several wonderful cures effected by their people...by the decoction or application of herbs or other substances easy to obtain."

"It is a mistake to think that the Indians cured everything by bleeding or half-roasting themselves in their temescal; they were fine herbists and knew the virtues of many plants that had escaped the observation of the white man."

"Only a few of those herbs are known in pharmacy and it would be a pity if, when these people die out, their secrets would pass away with them."

"Of course their children, brought up in a new civilization, are inclined like all young folks, to regard old things as of little value and run to physicians and drug stores for any little ailment, sometimes walking in their way over the best remedy for it."

"I proposed, therefore, to gather as much information as possible about those herbs from the Indians and the oldest among the Spanish Californians, for the benefit of those who are too poor or live too far away to have recourse to a physician."

"Of course, when possible, the help of an experienced physician is preferable to all these books, particularly when the nature of the disease is not clearly apparent or when there is a complication."

"I shall call the decoction of each herb 'tea' because, to make it, they generally put a pinch of it in about a quarter of a gallon of water, just about the quantity you would put in a pot to make your tea, and let it boil for 25 to 30 minutes..."

"The best time to pick an herb to put to dry and keep it for medicine, is when the plant is in full bloom; but to collect roots, the best time is in the winter when the sap is gathered in them. But both must be, dried as far away as possible from sunlight..."

"When you read some of these remedies you may shake your head and laugh, but when you buy some of them in the drugstore, if you knew what it is, you might laugh again; just as experience laughs at all doubts."

The index of complaints is listed alphabetically starting with "abcess" and ending with "wounds." A second index lists plants and herbs. It starts with "Abedul" or Mountain Birch, the bark of which Garriga claims will cure malaria, catarrh and liver trouble.

But several of the most interesting remedies do not deal with herbs at all.

For example—world-travelers take heed! And again we quote the book: "Seasickness: Eat nothing that disagrees with your digestion before going on board, nor drink, smoke or chew. Let all your foods be of a cooling nature. A day or two before sailing take a sheet of foolscap paper, put it next to the skin over your chest and keep it there for a day or two. No one has ever been able to tell the reason for the good effect this simple sheet of paper has, but a sea captain assured that he had never known it to fail."

MARGARET KOCH.
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Number 22
Published in February, June and October of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 746, Santa Cruz, California
Mrs. Margaret Koch .................................. Editor

● WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING

● MARCH
  Carl R. Connelly, Ben Lomond realtor and civic leader spoke to members on "Santa Cruz County Schools."

● APRIL
  Dr. C. S. Brooks of Hollister showed colored slides of Mesa Verde, Colo., and of California's Mother Lode country.

● MAY
  Dr. Glenn W. Bradt, chairman of Santa Cruz Museum commission, explained future plans of that group for a growing museum program.

● JUNE
  Members convened at San Juan Bautista for a picnic and tour of historical points of interest.

SANTA CRUZ WHARVES
by Skip Littlefield

Out where the brine and balsam freshness of boundless breakers lap the beaches of Santa Cruz is a man-made structure that has served as a major recreational magnet to Californians for nearly half a century. It is the last and largest of five wharves built to serve an area whose natural economy has always been closely aligned to the sea.

From the passing parade of the pioneers to the tremendous contours of the present, the use and purposes of the piers has reflected the transformation and growth of Santa Cruz county and the golden state.

Wharf No. 1 - Santa Cruz' first wharf was built in 1853 by Elihu Anthony because (Please Turn to Page Three)

ELIHU ANTHONY

News and Notes numbers four, five, eight and twelve have told in some detail of the early life and crossing the plains of Elihu Anthony.

To review briefly, he was born May 30th, 1818 in Greenfield, Saratoga county, New York. He was the second child in a family of six. His parents and grandparents on both sides were Quakers. He had slight schooling and because of the poor health of his father he was forced early to earn for himself. He worked on a farm and later learned the blacksmith trade.

Being of adventurous spirit he started westward planning to earn, then travel as far as his money would take him, then work again. Although nearly 19 years of age he was not large and many employers were reluctant to hire him or to give him a full wage.

A year after he started west the whole family moved to Ft. Wayne, Ind., and he joined them there. He and his father carried on the trade of blacksmith at which they were very successful.

In the spring of 1840 he married Miss Frances Clark with whom he lived happily until her death a few years later.

After coming to Indiana he was ordained a Methodist minister and for five years was a circuit rider.

At Ft. Wayne in 1845 he married Sarah Van Anda and they had one daughter, Louisa, when Elihu who was not quite 29 years old decided to come to the west coast. Their destination was to be Oregon and a Methodist colony but at Fort Hall the Anthonys and three other families decided to come to California.

The trip took six months and they arrived in the Santa Clara Valley, after resting a short time at Sutter's Fort, in October 1847. The first son, Bascom, was born at San Jose Mission, on the night of their arrival October 13, 1847.

With the Elihu Anthony party crossing the plains and coming to California was Benjamin A. Case, his wife and two sons. Mrs. Mary Amney Case will be remembered as the teacher of Santa Cruz' first public school held in her home on the brow of the hill overlooking the lagoon.

In San Jose, Anthony learned that the United States army was buying timber in (Please Turn to Page Two)
ELIHU ANTHONY
(Continued From Page One)
the San Lorenzo Valley and hauling it to
Monterey to erect buildings. The hauling
by ox teams and carts required the serv-
ices of a blacksmith.
Leaving his wife and two babies in San
Jose he came horseback over the moun-
tains on Dec. 23rd and spent the night at
Zayante and arrived in Santa Cruz the
next day.
A God-fearing man and a progressive
citizen was Elihu Anthony. He laid out the
first two sub-divisions in Santa Cruz; he
built the city's first wharf; he expanded
his blacksmith shop into an iron foundry;
he was Santa Cruz' first postmaster and he
was largely instrumental in establishing
the city's first Protestant church.
One of his two sub-divisions was resi-
dential. It was 21 lots on either side of a
20 foot wide street at right angles to and at
the lower end of what is now School street.
The other was a business district which
ran across from the foot of Mission street
along the east side of what is now Front
street to the wagon trail to the ford across
the San Lorenzo which is now on the maps
as Cooper street.
Lots in his business district on "the flat"
brought $100. They were 60 feet wide and
200 feet deep. People thought land on the
flat was worthless and Anthony secured
this tract for $3.62½ which was the filling
fee he paid to William Blackburn who part
of the time was acting alcalde under the
survival of Mexican law until organization
of the county and state in 1850.
One of the first buildings to go up was
the Santa Cruz House, a hotel on about the
site of the present Post Office. It was first
built of split redwood and later rebuilt into
a two-story structure of sawed boards.
Anthony established his blacksmith shop
at the head of Pacific avenue. Doing the
iron work on ox carts, making bridle bits
and spurs he accumulated a little money
and added a small stock of hardware and
other goods to his shop. Back of his black-
smith shop Anthony established a foundry
and when news of the gold discovery
reached here he flattened ships bolts and
made 87 picks. These Thomas Fallon sold
in the mining area in exchange for gold
dust.
Supplies for his foundry and goods for
his store, in which Adna A. Hicox became
a partner in 1849, had to come by schooner
or by slow and expensive haul over the
mountains from San Jose. So Anthony
built Santa Cruz' first wharf.
Despite his business activities Anthony
continued as a church leader. Early rec-
ords show that he preached in San Fran-
sicano and elsewhere in 1848. He felt the
lack of a Protestant church in Santa Cruz
and in 1850 he joined with three other
Santa Cruzans and established a church
on the corner of Mission and Green streets.
In the later 50's it was decided the busi-
nesses and dwellings on the flat needed
a water system so Anthony and a young
German named Frederick A. Hihn decided
to install one. The old Mission ditch from
the Tres Ojos del Agua to the upper plaza
and down School street was still running.
With the permission of the board of village
trustees they excavated a hole in the chalk
rock 60 by 40 feet which held 80,000 gal-
lons. Pipes were made by boring four inch
holes in 12 inch redwood logs and fastening
them end to end.
This was in 1859 and that service con-
tinued until 1876 when the Santa Cruz water
works was formed and water was pumped
from the San Lorenzo river to a reservoir
on the hill between Potrero and High
streets. Anthony and Hihn enjoyed a mo-
nopoly of the water business for 15 years.
Elihu Anthony was also Santa Cruz' first
postmaster, establishing the office in his
store.
He operated the foundry until 1864 then
leased it to S. W. Kirby and W. H. Martin.
His building at the upper end of Pacific
avenue he replaced with a two-story struc-
ture providing on the upper floor "Antho-
ny's Hall" which was the scene of social
affairs and public meetings. The building
was moved to Bulkhead and Water streets
and was torn down in 1934.
Elihu was road supervisor for Santa
Cruz township in 1851. A committee of five
men headed by Anthony were instrument-
al in having a road built over the moun-
tains to connect with the one built south-
west from San Jose.
He also practiced as an attorney in the
early day courts which required no rigid
bar examination. In 1852 when all the jus-
tices of the peace in the county were sup-
planted by the newly organized board of
supervisors, Elihu Anthony was its first
chairman. In 1880 he was sent to the legis-
lature as assemblyman.
The Anthony home was on the brow of
the hill above the junction of Mission, Pa-
cific and Water with a magnificent view
out over the growing town on the flats.
It was a spacious two-story structure with
many windows and verandas as were popu-
lar at that time.
Three children were born to Elihu and
his wife after they came to Santa Cruz.
Almon, Gilbert and Frank, making five in
all. Louisa, the baby who crossed the plains
with them, was married in 1867 to
Wilbur Huntington.
Sarah Van Anda died in their home on
(Concluded On Page Four)
there was an acute shortage of potatoes in San Francisco and the gold mining camps.

It was located at the foot of Bay Street and ranged out over what is now Cowell's beach. It consisted of a plank chute used to slide sacks of potatoes down to rowboats where they were taken to sailing vessels.

In 1857 Davis & Jordan bought the Anthony wharf and extended it to deeper water. The potato boom collapsed and the wharf was used to ship out barrels of lime from the Cowell warehouse small session of Henry Cowell at a price of $100,000. From the Cowell warehouse small cars loaded with lime ran down the cliff to San Francisco.

By 1863 the California Powder Works used the pier to receive nitrates from Chile and ship out gunpowder.

The year 1867 saw the wharf in possession of Henry Cowell at a price of $100,000. From the Cowell warehouse small cars loaded with lime ran down the cliff to the end of the wharf.

The Cowell wharf was destroyed by a storm on Dec. 31, 1907. It was 60 years old. Last lone pile disappeared from the bay in the winter of 1944. Wharf No. 2 - Commonly known as the Railroad wharf, was constructed by David Gharkey in 1857. Its ancient piles can still be seen jutting out from the annex of the Ideal Fish Restaurant adjacent to Cowell's beach.

This wharf became a terminal in 1875 for the narrow gauge Santa Cruz-Felton railroad with tracks running out over the pier. The wharf later passed into the hands of the South Pacific Coast railroad and then the Southern Pacific company.

Death of the Railroad wharf occurred when the Santa Cruz Municipal wharf was built in 1914-15. It was in active service for 57 years. Millions of board feet of redwood lumber and hundreds of thousands of tons of fish were shipped from this center.

Wharf No. 3 - The Powder Mill wharf came into being in 1865. Location was the foot of Main street on Santa Cruz beach proper. This wharf and the Railroad wharf were connected in 1877—but in 1882 the South Pacific Coast railroad tore the link out.

The California Powder Works abandoned the wharf in 1890. It had a life span of only 25 years. The old piling could be seen at low tide as late as 1900.

Wharf No. 4 - The Pleasure pier, off the Casino and Boardwalk, was built by Fred W. Swanton in 1908 for purposes of carrying passengers on the Farolca launch "Sinaloa"—first commercial speedboat on Monterey Bay. It also served to carry the water lines for operation of the Plunge. The pier has been periodically rehabilitated during its 54 years of operation.

Wharf No. 5 - The Santa Cruz Municipal pier was built in 1814-15 as a result of the failure of the Southern Pacific company to make needed repairs on the old Railroad wharf.

The S. P. pier was then 58 years old. Due to deposits of silt and sand, the offshore area of Cowell's and Santa Cruz beach was becoming shallower. Large vessels were beginning to have trouble in docking. Quarter for commercial fishermen were cramped and unsightly. Sports fishermen, both local and vacationists, swelled the traffic. Santa Cruz industry became fearful of the loss of shipping facilities by water. Consequently, an aroused community elected a new city council and mayor in 1913 who were pledged to the theme of a new wharf.

On July 1, 1913, the first act of business of the new council was a "discussion of ways and means to finance a municipal pier." The city officials were T. W. Drillard, mayor; Fred R. Howe, commissioner of public health and safety; Duncan McPherson, commissioner of revenue and finance; J. T. Jones, Commissioner of public works; and F. C. Morrissey, commissioner of streets and parks.

First step toward a realization of the project was the approval by the citizens of Santa Cruz of a bond issue in the amount of $172,000 to build "California's finest wharf." Subsequently approval was given the city by an act of Congress and an act by the state legislature.

San Francisco engineer, Henry J. Brunner, was placed in charge of construction. Mr. Brunner is still in business with offices at 85 Montgomery street, San Francisco. After a series of soundings, it was determined that "a wharf a half mile long would have to be built to accommodate large vessels."

In the original construction (1913-14) a marine forest of 2043 piling were used. The logs were specially selected Douglas fir. They came from Weed, California. The delivered piling was 70 feet long.

All piling was processed with the 12 lb. open cell creosote treatment. The logs were put into a retort and steamed to open the fibres. Then creosote was forced into pores to the heart of the wood. Engineers estimated that wood thus treated would withstand the ravages of time and tide for 50 years.

According to the records of the late Allen Lozier, former engineer and city wharfinger, in the 25 years from 1915 to 1940,
only five percent of the original piles were replaced. Most of these were damaged by boat moorings.

Piling of the municipal wharf—if laid end to end—would stretch from Santa Cruz to Monterey county.

Brunnier drove the piling to a 21-foot penetration. The logs went through six feet eight inches of sand, 10 feet of clay, and came to rest in five feet of gravel. No piling was driven to refusal in hardpan.

Average depth of water on the pier is 24 feet. The wharf deck is 22 feet off water.

The completed wharf was 2745 feet in length. It averaged 14 piles to the bent. It was constructed and braced for the heaviest of railroad traffic. Indicative of the tremendous strength in the pier, engineers in 1914 claimed that a two-pile trestle driven 20 feet in mud would support a freight train.

Railroad tracks were laid to the end of the pier. The city collected a fee from the Southern Pacific for use of the facility. However, little money was realized from this source. The last railroad train steamed off the pier in 1922. The rails were removed in 1938.

The city council (1913), with an eye to revenue, invited the commercial fishing interests to move to the new pier. They were charged for erection of hoists and davits, and in addition, were to pay rent for the housing of their respective businesses.

Councilman Fred R. Howe declared that the advent of commercial fishermen on the pier would prove a great attraction and stimulus to the resort and tourist trade. He said that “sports anglers would have free access to the premises 365 days of the year and that in time Santa Cruz would become famous for this recreational outlet.”

The Santa Cruz Municipal wharf was officially dedicated on December 5, 1914.

Mayor Drullard proclaimed the occasion a public holiday. Program ceremonies were in charge of the late George A. Montell. Women from the Farmers Exchange on lower Front street decked the buildings with redwood greenery and pennants.

Highlight of the day was the arrival of the steamer Roanoke from San Francisco with Santa Cruz passengers. It was the first vessel to dock and the ship’s crew and passengers were served refreshments by local women’s groups.

Sans flags and a public reception—the last steamer to dock in Santa Cruz waters was the Daisy which loaded lumber from the mills of Boulder Creek. The year was 1937.

The Municipal wharf has outlived its usefulness as a shipping utility. But, in so doing, it has emerged as a new and greater civic asset—that of a recreational paradise of a type and nature without parallel in California waters.

ELIHU ANTHONY

(Continued From Page Two)

“Anthony Bluff” on October 5, 1898 and Elihu survived until August 16, 1905 in his 87th year after he had seen the village of only a hundred or so grow to a city of ten thousand people. He lived here nearly 58 years.

Many relatives of Elihu Anthony followed him to Santa Cruz and made their homes here for a time. A cousin was George Anthony, governor of Kansas, and Susan B. Anthony was a relative. A granddaughter, Mrs. C. M. Lingle is at present living on Locust street.

Mrs. Anthony suffered a stroke some years before her death and during those years her husband gave her constant care. This attention resulted in breaking the health of the devoted husband, curtailed his civic activities and no doubt shortened his life.
WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING

JUNE
Picnic meeting at San Juan Bautista with a tour of historic buildings and grounds.

JULY AND AUGUST
No meetings.

SEPTEMBER
Guest speaker was Santa Cruz County Clerk Tom Kelley who discussed "Voting and Tabulating in Santa Cruz County Through the Years," at the city hall council chambers.

OCTOBER
Warren Baldwin spoke on "The History of Carlsbad Caverns" following the group’s meeting at the council chambers.

WRIGHT’S AND VINE HILL

It’s not a very big booklet. And it’s sort of frayed and tattered around the edges. It was printed in 1887 and it describes parts of Santa Cruz county as they were then.

You wouldn't recognize the spots today—from the booklets words. Where lumber men and farmers labored, tract houses are appearing—more each year. Where thousands of grape vines produced the fruit that was made into fine wines, more houses are being built.

For an over-all view of what it was like up in the mountains at Wright’s and Vine Hill 75 years ago we give you the following excerpts from the booklet entitled "Santa Cruz County: Resources, Advantages, Objects of Interest."

WRIGHT’S

Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCracken, whose beautifully located home is in the region she so well describes, writes as follows about a fine section of our county: "Considered as a 'place,' Wright’s is neither conspicuous nor attractive, though one of the most important stations on the line of the South Pacific Coast Narrow-Gauge Railroad. It lies distant from San Francisco some sixty-five miles, from Santa Cruz sixteen, and from San Jose eighteen or twenty miles; has a depot, hotel, store, post-office, blacksmith shop, besides a number of decidedly ugly and disgraceful-looking Chinese stores and wash-houses. Fir-crowned mountains frown down upon it, and the hideous black mouth of the great tunnel close by is always wide open, with the evident and deter-
WRIGHT'S AND VINE HILL
(Continued From Page One)
mined intention of swallowing up the train—engine, cars and all—as it approaches from the San Francisco side.

"Considered as a whole—country, vicinity, neighborhood—Wright's is one of the most charming and valuable locations on the whole of the Pacific Coast. Vineyards, orchards, resorts for summer and for winter, for health, and for pleasure, summer-seat of wealthy San Franciscans, all well-kept, tasteful, and made beautiful by nature more than art, make up such a picture as no one dreams lies hidden from view, and yet so near to the state looking depot. An hour's climb would reward the tourist with views of scenery that he might travel across the continent and not find equalled; while the practical man, with an eye to business and the main chance ever open, would find a region highly cultivated and yet full of vast possibilities and promises for the future. The tourist would go wild with delight over towering mountain and deep fern-dell, glinting stream and darkening Santa Cruz city, Monterey Bay, Gabilan Hills, and the wide, open ocean; with a glimpse of almost the very houses of Los Gatos in another direction, and a view of the distant mountains about San Francisco Bay. The utilitarian, however, would probably estimate the money's worth in the giant redwoods still standing, so proudly unconscious of the ax already sharpened to cut them down; and the possible yield of the vineyards and orchards lying close to each other all through this part of the mountains. Vines, plum and prune trees, peaches, apples, quinces and cherries find a congenial home here, and oranges and lemons have been grown experimentally with excellent success; indeed, there are acres and acres around Wright's where lemons, limes and oranges will flourish and yield as plentifully as the vine, the apple and the prune yield now; but you must not expect to see this land as you look out of the car-window, while the conductor calls out "Wright's!" The Wrights we speak of lies above, "on a thousand hills"—more or less—basking in sunshine, kissed by the breeze, green-clad in summer as in winter, the air pure as crystal, mild yet bracing, with the fragrance of sweet herbs and pine-needles in its breath. The oppressive heat, the choking dust of the southern counties are unknown here, else how could the gracefeul fern and shade-loving oxalis grow by the roadside? Nor do the frost or snow of the northern counties ever visit these favored regions for the mocking bird, perchcd high above the garden fence, on point of rock or tree-top, carols its merry roundelay the whole day long, all through the short, brisk months which we call winter here.

"The merest shell of a house is sufficient shield from the cold here, and where there is a woman's hand to plant them, the rose and the honeysuckle will soon cover porch and roof from the rays of the sun. Surely, where the heliotrope, pelargonium and jasmine grow and flower in the garden the whole year round, there is the spot where the woman will delight in building up and cherishing a home."

VINE HILL
Mr. Henry Mal, who has been very successful with the "vines and wines" of his vineyard of "Fontenay," writes from Glenwood, on Vine Hill, dated January 23d, 1887, as follows:

"No one living in the county as I have done for the last eight years can help noticing the substantial improvements which have been made in your town during the last three or four years. It is not such a rapid growth as might have been expected, but it appears to be a steady one. If all the people who have been benefitted by the county were to tell one-half of their experience it would sound more like a fairy tale than a reality. I personally have many friends who spend the summer months in Santa Cruz every year, which proves that they are satisfied. However, I am only an occasional visitor in town, going there mostly on business, but I find it so attractive that I can seldom make up my mind to leave it much before dark to reach my home in the mountains, nine miles distant. Let each one of us preach for his own parish, for no one else can do so well. An outsider will be either too enthusiastic and exaggerate or else too much prejudiced in favor of some other place and not give ours its due.

"Our district is known as Vine Hill and, as the name would indicate, vine-growing

(Concluded On Page Four)
THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAIN
SUMMIT COMMUNITY
—Part 2—

I would like to make a couple of corrections to Part One before starting Part Two:

Patchen was not a town or village. It was a post office where the stage changed horses for the trip over Mt. Charley road to Santa Cruz and there was a big barn and ranch house there. A historical monument was put up by the Los Gatos Lions Club in 1953 marking the spot. Mrs. Callista Dake and I attended the dedication among others. I saw several old neighbors there. Mrs. Harry Lawrence, her daughter Alice Marie, and Mrs. Annie Meyer.

Patchen post office was moved several times to different people’s homes as time went on. The last place was the summer resort, “Edgemont,” owned by the DuFour family. I often wondered about the name “Patchen” when I was a boy. Not too long ago in some of my reading, I found it was the name of a famous race horse of that period.

The Schultheis homestead was not at the present intersection of Highway 17 and Summit road as stated in Part One, but was at the intersection of the old Highway and Summit road. That makes it two or so miles south of Highway 17 and Summit road.

Does Woodwardia ring a bell in any of your minds? It was part of the homestead as was Albert Defoe’s place.

Before I mention the roads in the area, I would like to pay honor to my great grandmother, Susan Schultheis. She was a true pioneer mother. She was nurse, doctor and midwife to the whole mountain area and anyone sick or expecting a child would send for “Grandma Schultheis,” as they called her. She would get on the horse behind the rider and go. (No doctor closer than San Jose.)

I met a man in Boulder Creek twenty-five or more years ago who told me she had ridden a mule from the summit to Boulder Creek all alone down the Bear Creek road to deliver him. And there were great big grizzly “Bars” in them thar hills in them days.

The Summit road is the boundary line between Santa Cruz and Santa Clara counties. Part of my grandfather Averill’s ranch was in both counties: the house in Santa Clara and the orchard in Santa Cruz. The settlers did their trading in Los Gatos and San Jose and only went to Santa Cruz on business or for a holiday. They were sort of isolated from the rest of Santa Cruz county until the railroad was built in the 1880’s.

Schultheis built a road to Laurel (to make connections with the railroad) through his homestead. We used to call it the Laurel road in our family. It is now officially named Schultheis road.

Soquel people built the first road possible to stage coaches from Santa Cruz to San Jose. On March 4, 1858, the “Santa Cruz Turnpike Company” formed a joint stock company signed by Anthony, Bartlett, Holcomb, Hihn, Hames, Bennett, Duabenheiss, Parsons, Rawson and F. M. Kitteridge. The road connected with the Summit road and cost $12,000 to build.

Holcomb, president of the Soquel organization went to the county supervisors for permission to charge tolls. For travel from Soquel to the summit it cost: wagon and span of horses 50 cents, each additional span 25 cents; wagon and yoke of oxen 50 cents; horse and buggy 37½ cents; horse and rider 25 cents; all loose stock 5 cents per head. (I have got this information from Leon Rawland’s “Story of Old Soquel.”)

After the Civil War Schultheis hired a veteran who had served in Company B, 34th Regiment of Illinois. His daughter, Alice, although only 12 years old, noted those bright brass buttons and blue uniforms worn by Volney Averill. After working for Schultheis two years he went back to his old home in Illinois and Alice corresponded with him.

He came back when she was sixteen and they married and lived in the old log home and raised eight children. They lived four years beyond their Golden Wedding anniversary. (They were married in 1873.)

Averill bought the eastern section of the old Schultheis ranch and planted prunes and table grapes and formed the place until about 1924. His son Arthur then took over.

(Concluded On Page Four)
WRIGHT'S AND VINE HILL
(Continued From Page Two)
is our principal occupation, and if I am
not much mistaken it was here that the
first vineyards in the county were started,
and even to-day three-quarters of the wine
produced in the county comes from our
district, which does not comprise an area
of over three square miles. We made close
on to 145,000 gallons of first-class wine in
1886, besides shipping 20,000 boxes of
table-grapes both to your town and to
San Francisco. Every one of us has been
increasing his vineyards in the last few
years, so well satisfied are we with results
so far obtained.
"No one, however, who has not lived up
in our mountains can appreciate our ad-
vantages. One of my neighbors has in-
serted an article in the Santa Cruz papers
lately, challenging any vineyard of the
same size in the State to show a larger
product than his. I acknowledge myself
beaten on that score, but I would also
make a challenge which I think will be
hard to beat. I have lived here for the
last eight years with my family of ten,
and during those eight years my doctor's
bill has amounted to the small sum of
eight dollars. That speaks pretty well for
our climate."

SANTA CRUZ SUMMIT COMMUNITY
(Continued From Page Three)
Arthur sold the ranch in 1936 and moved
to Los Gatos with his wife and daughters,
Dorothy and Gladys. Mart Schultheis was
a talented musician and director of the
orchestra for the famous Summit Opera
House. He also donated land for the Opera
House which was 40 X 75 and built with a
volunteer house raising crew in 1887. I
remember the dances there when I was
a kid. People came in buggies and wag-
ons from as far as Los Gatos to the north
and Burrell and Skyland to the east. When
the kids got sleepy their mothers bedded
them down on coats and wraps in the
dressing room and danced till daybreak.
An Episcopal Mission was built in 1899
near the Summit Opera House. Services
were conducted by Rev. Tilletson of Santa
Cruz about once every three months. The
Summit School was built in 1870 and all
my aunts and uncles went to it and so
did I.
There were three summer resorts: The
Anchorage, last known as Chateau Boussy;
Woodwardia and the Summit Hotel.
Our neighbors to the east were the
Chase family, Taylors, Nelsons and the
Morrill ranch. To the north were O'Fallons
Cairns and the Lawrence family.
—WALLRN BALDWIN
**WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING**

**OCTOBER:**

**NOVEMBER**
Cabrillo College Development from its First Days Up to Now," with pictures, presented by Floyd Younger, director of instructions at the college.

**DECEMBER:**
Dinner meeting at Santa Cruz hotel with Robert Reed giving a "Mile by Mile Description of Portola's Trek From Salinas to Soquel."

**JANUARY:**
Chancellor Dean McHenry of the University of California at Santa Cruz discussed briefly the history of the Cowell family before giving a resume of the history of the University of California.

---

**WAY BACK WHEN . . .**

One hundred and six years ago this month, on February 16, 1857, an earthquake rocked California. The Pacific Sentinel Weekly of that week reports that it left the old Santa Cruz Mission "a mass of ruins" and that the crash of the building collapsing was "heard down in the courthouse area."

The 112-foot stone and adobe building had been completed May 19, 1794. After its collapse 53 years later a wooden Catholic church was built in 1858, and in 1889 the present brick church building was constructed.

---

**ELIZA W. FARNHAM**

In the volume, California In-Doors and Out by Eliza W. Farnham, she outlined a plan whereby she hoped to bring to California from the east coast one hundred or more women not younger than 25 years and of good character to raise the moral tone of the miners and merchants already here.

Her plan was to have these women bring from their clergymen or home town official a certificate of good character, intelligence and efficiency and $250 to defray the expenses of the trip, and suitable provision for their accommodation after reaching San Francisco until they could find some occupation for their support.

However, Mrs. Farnham became ill and the sailing date approached without any arrangements being made with women of character and cash, so she sailed on the "Angelique" with a servant and her two young sons Charles and Edward, the younger of whom was an invalid.

Eliza had been a social worker and at one time had been a matron at Sing Sing prison, and was anxious to get west to investigate an estate left by her husband Thomas J. Farnham who had died at San Francisco in September, 1848.

Thomas Farnham crossed the plains in 1835, was back in New York in 1840 and on the west coast in 1846. Traveling by ship down the California coast he was in Monterey and San Blas in 1840 when the Mexican Californians attempted to free their territory of the "foreigners" who had not been naturalized as Mexican citizens. Among these men gathered at Monterey to be sent by ship to San Blas was Isaac Graham of Santa Cruz. Farnham was able to intercede with the authorities to improve the treatment of these prisoners, earning Graham's gratitude to such an extent that Graham presented Farnham with a tract of land which is the Potrero district of Santa Cruz in the vicinity of Harvey West Stadium.

After arriving in San Francisco, Eliza spent some little time investigating her husband's estate said to amount to about $1,000 and then came by ship to Santa Cruz with her sons and a friend, Miss.

(Please turn to Page Two)
ELIZA W. FARNHAM
(Continued From Page One)

Sampson. Since this was before the time of a wharf in Santa Cruz she was carried through the surf on the shoulders of a sailor and their boxes and household effects were landed in the same manner or by small boats, many of which were overturned and the contents lost.

A small shack without a floor or windows was already on the ranch, and with the loan of a tent and the arrival of household goods from the beach, life at El Rancho La Libertad began. Partitions and windows covered with white muslin were put in and the structure was made livable pending the erection of a new home which Eliza tackled by herself, and with the help of Thomas Russell whom she had known in New York. Lumber was procured from the Isaac Graham mill and hardware from San Francisco.

About this time a friend of many years, Georgina Bruce, arrived from the east and became a member of the household, and together they worked on the house, wearing bloomers which had not before been seen in this area and shocking the straight-laced populace.

The house was built with five gables, entirely unlike any other in this area. Progress was slow because of unskilled labor and delay of supplies being delivered. Some historians writing of that building said it was never finished and was torn down in 1868 and replaced by a farm house.

Georgina Bruce married Richard C. Kirby, an Englishman and owner of a prosperous tannery.

Along with the building of the house, planting of a garden and grain crops was attempted with some local help and great effort. Grasshoppers and bugs took their toll, and the area being unfenced, wild cattle roamed at will and ate everything above ground. Year after year the agricultural success was about the same, always discouraging.

Year after year the agricultural success was about the same, always discouraging.

Eliza Farnham holds the distinction of being Santa Cruz' first author, and she wrote much that was published in the newspapers here and in San Francisco.

In this book, finished and published in 1856, Mrs. Farnham expresses gratitude that her plan to move one hundred or more unmarried women to the west coast was a failure. She felt the role of pioneer women was nearly unbearable, filled with privation and endless labor for a meager existence, and women of culture and learning would be sacrificed on the altar of greed and degradation.

In 1861 she was appointed matron to the Stockton Asylum for the insane. Eleven years after her arrival in California during the Civil War, Eliza felt she could be of more service caring for the wounded soldiers and went east. Weeks of sleepless nursing after the battle of Gettysburg brought on a heavy cold, and she died of tuberculosis soon after at the age of 48.

The ranch was left to Charles who was in Europe at time of his mother's death. Charles was also a writer and not a farmer and he sold it to Mr. Kirby, who in turn sold it to Alexander Russell from whom it passed to the Barrett family, and for many years was the scene of our local circuses.

—JEANNETTE ROWLAND

DIAMOND JUBILEE
by Callista Dake

On March 17, 1888, Santa Cruz parlor No. 26, Native Daughters of the Golden West was instituted. The following history of its organization is quoted from a tape given by the late May B. Wilkin and recorded at the home of the late Marie Pratchner in November 1954, by Callista Dake.

Under the auspices of the Native Sons who were hosts for their first 9th of September celebration in 1888, some fifty or more or less wives, sisters, sweethearts or just young women, all California-born, assembled Tuesday evening, February 28, 1888 in the Masonic hall, Pacific Avenue, Santa Cruz, for the purpose of considering the organization of a parlor of Native Daughters of the Golden West, a State Society of but little more than a year old.

Charles Williams, a past president of the Native Sons, called the assembly to

(Please turn to Page Three)
DIAMOND JUBILEE

(Continued from Page Two)

order. It was decided to call the society the Santa Cruz parlor of Native Daughters of the Golden West. After a thorough discussion of the purposes of the organization, it was decided to elect the officers who were as follows:

Miss Anna Helmke, a teacher in the public schools, president; Miss Minnie Rennie, of one of the leading families of Santa Cruz, charter past president; Miss Mae L. B. Baldwin of an old California family, first vice president; Miss Ada Bennett, second vice president; Miss Jennie Coase, daughter of a leading merchant in Santa Cruz, third vice president; Miss Mary E. Morgan, a teacher in the public schools, recording secretary; Miss Daisy Longley, a local bookkeeper, financial secretary; Miss Pearl McKinney, daughter of a county officer, treasurer; Miss Stella Finkeldey, teacher in the public schools, marshal; Miss Bessie Haslam, also a teacher, trustee; Miss Allie Culverwell, teacher, was also made a trustee, and Miss Minnie Chase, one of Santa Cruz' society girls was the third trustee. Miss Rose McPherson, daughter of the publisher of the Santa Cruz Sentinel, was elected inside sentinel, and Miss Eilie Carter, outside sentinel.

As organizations of such activities were strange to those interested, it is understandable that during the preliminary discussion one of the Native Sons suggested that if “quiet reigned to a greater degree, votes could be cast understandingly.”

With such admonitions to quiet them down the foregoing officers were elected.

As a place of meeting was the first and most important thing, to house this organization, the president appointed Miss Minnie Parker, Miss Edith Miller, and Miss May B. Wilkin as a committee to secure a hall suitable for the meeting. She also directed the secretary to notify the grand president, Miss Teeny L. Cane of Jackson, Amador county, of the plans for organizing and asked for instructions. The meeting then adjourned until March 6, 1888.

On reconvening on that date the hall committee chairman, May Wilkin reported a choice of I.O.O.F. upper hall or the Masonic hall—the latter to be had only on Saturday twice a month, and only Saturday evenings in alternation with the Masonic Lodge, as the meetings of that order met on or just before the full of the moon, making necessary fluctuating dates. However the Masonic hall was decided upon.

Communications from the grand president expressing regret in not being able to be present for the institution of the parlor, gave instructions for procedure, stating that the deputy from San Francisco would officiate.

By vote, March 17 was selected as the date. A committee for the usual lectures was appointed, and hostesses selected to meet the visiting institutional committee from San Francisco. These were, Grand Vice President Louise P. Watson, of Alta parlor No. 3; Miss Lizzie Douglas of Alta parlor; Miss Noble, past president of Oro Fino No. 9; Miss Mabel Roberts and Miss C. C. O’Donnell of Alta parlor; Mrs. H. M. Greene and Miss Kate Meehan of Alta parlor, and Miss Hattie Hopkins of Oro Fino parlor.

After the institution of the Santa Cruz parlor, visitors were invited to witness the installation of the officers whose names you have already heard.

As it was impossible to secure regalia, the grand parlor having exhausted its supply, Oro Fino parlor No. 9 of San Francisco, kindly placed its beautiful new regalia at the disposal of Santa Cruz parlor.

After the installation ceremonies parlor members and guests adjourned to the banquet hall where a bountiful repast was greatly enjoyed by all.

Amid the congratulations of the guests, parlor No. 26 adjourned to meet March 26, 1888.

And so Santa Cruz parlor was well on its way to being one of the most active in the state. Santa Cruz parlor has given to the state two grand presidents, a grand trustee and delegates who have always taken an active part in our grand parlor procedure.

The parlor was first to have in its charter membership a mother and a daughter, both native Californians: Mrs. Matilda A. Longley, and her daughter, Daisy Longley, who served as financial secretary. Mrs. Longley became the parlor’s second president, presiding for two years, much to the benefit of the whole organization.\n
May B. Wilkin remained active in the Native Daughters all of her life. She was one of Santa Cruz’ charter members and was the first grand officer from Santa Cruz parlor, holding the offices of grand trustee, grand vice president and grand president.

She was elected grand president in 1892 at the fifth grand parlor which was held in Sacramento. Sessions for this grand parlor were held in the Senate chambers of the State Capitol.

(TO BE CONTINUED)
THOSE CALIFORNIA WOMEN

From the old days of "coal oil lamps" to the present space age, the State of California has been the stomping ground of a determined band of women.

The earliest ones accompanied—or followed—their men to the rich gold fields of the western slopes. They brought a degree of civilization to the rough and ready west of that day, made homes for their menfolk, raised their families and helped establish schools and churches.

Later reinforcements were recruited from daughters, granddaughters and great-granddaughters of the original pioneers.

They were—and are—Native Daughters of the Golden West, an organization devoted to principles that may sound a bit old-fashioned in this day of power politics and sudden nuclear death.

Love of home.
Devotion to the flag.
Veneration of the pioneers.
An abiding faith in the existence of God.

These still are the basic planks on which the Native Daughters stand firm today. And the very name of their organization gives a picturesque hint of how they feel about the State of California.

A third generation Native Daughter recently admitted she feels like greeting newcomers to California with the words: "We saw it first—and we loved it before it ever became the most populous state in the union!"

Santa Cruz parlor No. 26 (individual groups are all called "parlors") was founded March 17, 1888, after an institutional gathering on February 28.

One of the early-day highlights for the newly formed parlor came three years later. In 1891 the women joined local Native Sons in collecting funds and organizing a gigantic Admission Day celebration. More than 3,000 Native Sons and Daughters came here from all over the state to spend three days—September 7, 8 and 9—parading, picnicking, sight-seeing and generally whooping it up.

A live bear on a leash plodded down Pacific Avenue with paraders; a giant arch was built to span the avenue about where the Hotel Palomar stands today. It was decorated with American flags, Bear flags, pictures of grizzly bears, snow-capped peaks, covered wagons and gold miners.

Those flavorful days have given way to quieter pursuits: the establishment of a children's home and foundation for placing orphans; annual scholarships for California college girls; fund drives and legislation to preserve and restore the state's historic buildings and shrines, and a home for aging Native Daughters, just to name a few.

Members today represent a much wider range of interests and backgrounds than did their grandmothers and great-grandmothers. At a meeting of Santa Cruz parlor, conducted by a former county recorder (first woman to serve Santa Cruz county in that office) the audience might consist of a sprinkling of housewives, a real estate broker or two, several insurance agents, some teachers, a retired county supervisor and other types of business executives.

Nine years ago when Santa Cruz Historical society was being organized, Santa Cruz parlor, Native Daughters of the Golden West, gave its support. Many of its members joined the historical group.

In a few days on March 17, Santa Cruz will observe its diamond jubilee. We salute it, and its members.

Margaret Koch.
A PIONEER’S DEATH

Seth Blanchard, suddenly expires. Brief sketch of his life. Seth Blanchard died of heart disease in the rear of his residence near School Street at 4:00 o’clock December 13, 1889. A passerby saw him sitting with a newspaper in his hand but did not disturb him thinking he was asleep. Mrs. Blanchard’s attention was finally called to him and she went to awaken him. All efforts to arouse him were futile and it was plain to be seen that the life journey of the pioneer was ended.

The deceased was a native of Massachusetts and aged 67 years. He leaves a widow, four daughters and two sons in this city. He came to California from Boston in 1849. After remaining in the mines until 1852 he returned to his native state where he had left a wife and two children. He stayed in Boston only a short time and once more came to the Golden State to seek the hidden treasures which the earth contained.

In 1856 he became acquainted with Chas. C. Labish who had a ranch on the Calaveras River. As Blanchard was possessed of some education, Labish engaged him as teacher in his family where the deceased met the lady who now mourns his loss. He continued as teacher until the Labish family came to Santa Cruz in ’57 or ’58. In 1864 Blanchard arrived in Santa Cruz and his wife in the east having died he married Albertina Labish on Aug. 13, 1865. He followed the occupation of well digger, etc. For many years he was sexton of Evergreen Cemetery.

A son by his first wife is W. E. Blanchard of San Jose who is an aviator. The deceased was a member of the Santa Cruz Society of California Pioneers. Although a hard working man, the deceased never seemed to prosper and leaves little of this world’s goods.

The Old Sexton

High in a grave that was newly made
Leaned a sexton old on his earth born spade
His work was done and he paused to wait

(Continued on Page Three)
NEWS AND NOTES from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

A PIONEER'S DEATH
(Continued from Page One)

The funeral train through the open gate
A relic of bygone days was he
And his locks were white as the foamy sea
And these words came from his lips so thin
I gather them in—I gather them in.

Many are with me and still I'm alone
I'm king of the dead and make my throne
On a monument slab of marble stone
And my emblem of rule is the spade I hold
Come they from cottage or come they from hall
Mankind are my subjects, all-all-all.
Let them loiter in pleasure or fitfully spin
I gather them in—I gather them in.

I gather them in for man and boy
Year after year of grief and joy
I've builded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial ground
Mother and daughter, father and son
Come to my solitude one by one
I gather them in—I gather them in.

But come they strangers or come they kin
I gather them in—I gather them in.

I gather them in and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast
And the sexton ceased for the funeral train
Wound silently over the solemn plain
And I said in my heart when time is told
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trumps dreadful din
I gather them in—I gather them in.

Obituary in Santa Cruz Sentinel of December 14, 1889.
Researched by J. E. Clancy, Santa Cruz Historical Society.

BIOGRAPHY OF
SETH BLANCHARD

I was born in Mansfield, Bristol County, Massachusetts, April 16, 1822. My father's name was Joseph. My mother's name was Sylvia. The family was composed of nine brothers and four sisters. I emigrated to California from the city of Providence on March 5th, 1849. Put to sea from Newport, Rhode Island on March 9th and arrived in San Francisco September 15, 1849 on the bark "Floyd" after a passage of 191 days. Went to the gold mines at Jacksonville, Toulumne County, California in October of 1849 but returned home to Massachusetts May 15, 1851 going back to California in October of the same year, to the mines in Eldorado and Calaveras County.

I came to Santa Cruz July 30, 1855 and have remained here ever since.

Santa Cruz, December 1888

MEMO

Seth Blanchard died at his residence in the city of Santa Cruz about 4 o'clock p.m. on Friday the 13th of December 1889. Aged 67 years and eight months less three days.

Attest: Hy F. Parsons
Secretary, Pioneers

Biography in Constitution and By-Laws book of the Society of California Pioneers of Santa Cruz County, in Cabrillo College Library, Santa Cruz, California.

Research by J. E. Clancy, Santa Cruz Historical Society.

DIAMOND JUBILEE
by Callista Dake
(Concluded from last issue)

Her experiences as grand president were far different than one would have today. The only way to visit Eureka parlor was by boat from San Francisco. This she did. The trip was far from smooth, both going and returning.

Trips through the mining country were by stage. She had the excitement of riding next to the man with the shot-gun in the days of Black Bart.

The railroad between San Francisco and Los Angeles was not completed, but she and another local Native Daughter took the train at Santa Margarita, (the end of the line) and rode by stage over La Cuesta grade to San Luis Obispo. From San Luis Obispo the two young ladies rode a little "jerk water" narrow gauge to Los Olivos. Upon inquiring for accommodations they were told to go on to Santa Inez, as Los Olivos was uninhabited.

(Concluded on Page Four)
THE PLUNGE
(Continued from Page One)

the Pacific coast. Today—with the passing of the Plunge and only two indoor salt water pools remain for public use in the west. They are the Crystal Baths of Victoria, British Columbia, and Mission Beach Baths of San Diego.

Well known reasons for the closing of the pool were:
1. The tank was 57 years old. It had developed many leaks and its mechanical equipment needed replacing.
2. Loss of salt water pumping lines when the Pleasure pier (built in 1906) was dismantled last winter.
3. Gradual loss of patronage during the past 15 years.

Santa Cruz bathing business dates back to 1870, when Stephen Washburn erected California’s first public bath house near the mouth of the San Lorenzo river. William Liddell, in 1875, built the second aquatic stand. It enhanced the sands of the main beach opposite the present Casa de Rey apartments.

Other structures followed:
1. Headed by Captain Charles Frederick Miller, the family opened their Neptune baths on June 23, 1883.
2. John Leibbrandt responded with the Dolphin baths in 1884.
3. Ralph S. and A. E. Miller joined forces with the Leibbrandts to build the first swimming pool (an indoor wooden tank) in 1892-93.
4. Then Director-General Fred Swanton and his Santa Cruz Beach company opened the Plunge on June 15, 1906.

Swimmers were a curiosity 60 years ago. From Australia, Arthur Corrill, originator of the Australian crawl stroke, was brought to Santa Cruz beach to spark Plunge interest in the blossoming tourist trade. Hawaii’s immortal Duke Kahanamoku, hailed as the greatest swimmer of all time, followed in the wake of the Anzac natator. The year: 1910.

The art of instructing people to swim had a long and colorful history at Santa Cruz beach. In 1875, W. H. Daly advertised his profession on the front page of the Santa Cruz Sentinel. He listed himself as a “Professor Of Aquatic Natation.”

In the 1890’s J. E. Armstrong, chief of police, spent his off hours at swim instruction—for a fee. Chief of Police Frank Kittrich Harnack, from 1907 to 1920, also participated in the swim business.

Most famous of the pioneer swimmers and instructors was Arthur “Red” Wallace, “champion swimmer of the world” from 1885 to 1890. Red was featured at the Plunge years later. He was the first man in history to swim 100 yds. under a minute flat.

At its inception, the Plunge was decorated inside and out with replicas of Grecian statuary. It was fashioned by Michael Angelo Garibaldi, noted Italian sculptor.

Scotsman John McLaren, father of Golden Gate park, hung scores of tropical ferns and plants from the 50-foot girders.

Pool illumination was provided by 500 incandescent globes. They ringed the contour of the eight structural girders. Just in case the power failed, the balcony and lobby sported gas-light fixtures.

One mile of neon tubular light replaced the gas-light and incandescent system in 1946.

The pool was constructed with two tanks which operated independently. The small pool (60x30 feet) was to keep open around the seasons. Spring and summer operation was figured for the “large drink” which measured 135 feet by 65 feet.

Capacity of the combined pools was 408,000 gallons. Depths ran from 2½ to 9½ feet.

Adolph Sutro was unhappy with the “modern” Santa Cruz Plunge. The slides in his San Francisco pool were only 20 feet high. Largest of the Santa Cruz installations was 30 feet in height.

Seaside company directors removed their slides in 1919. The copper-plated human chutes were wearing out the seats of their rented bathing garments.

Until 1920, the pools were drained and cleaned every night. High pressure boilers raised average ocean water temperatures from 60 to 85 degrees.

Still remaining in the lobby of the Plunge is a small balcony bandstand. During inclement weather Professor George Hastings, Santa Cruz’ first bandmaster, offered musical diversion—many years ago.

Over seven million people enjoyed the facilities of the Plunge during its life span. In its heyday some 2500 people could be provided with lockers and dressing room space at one time. Stocks of 4000 towels and 2000 suits were available.

During World War II the Plunge was leased to the U.S. Naval Convalescent hospital during morning hours. Hot salt water was locked upon with favor by the

(Concluded on Page Four)
DIAMOND JUBILEE

(Continued from Page Two)

Olivos was not a safe place for two decent young ladies. The young lady with Miss Wilkin was Cora Picknell who later became Mrs. Charles Canfield, the mother of Laurence Canfield.

On to Santa Inez they went, then up over the San Marcos Pass down into Santa Barbara. Here they hoped to organize a new Native Daughter parlor, but due to the social situation this was impossible at this time. Visits were made to a Ventura and a Los Angeles parlor.

The return trip was by stage over the Tehachapi mountains. Visits were made to Bakersfield, Mariposa and Sonora. Miss Wilkin was the first grand president to visit any of these southern parlors.

After a useful and colorful life May B. Wilkin spent her last years at the Native Daughters Home on Baker Street in San Francisco. She kept in communication with Santa Cruz parlor and was proud to make a yearly visit to the parlor in March for the birthday celebration.

Life members of Santa Cruz parlor No. 26, Native Daughters of the Golden West, include Mrs. Florence Peck, 65 years; Miss Anita Triplett, 63 years; Mrs. Agnes Wedekind, 60 years; Mrs. Elsie Sayre, 59 years; Mrs. Katherine Case, 61 years; Mrs. Alice Foster, 57 years; Mrs. Louise Prince, 48 years, and Miss Lillian Scaroni, 56 years.

THE PLUNGE

(Continued from Page Three)

medical profession as a therapy for many ailments.

The ancient swim center had a remarkable record for safety. However, it did register tragedy on occasions. There were 10 drownings from 1907 until 1962.

National attention was focused on the Santa Cruz Beach Plunge from 1928 through 1945 for its famous Water Carnivals. Held every Saturday night, these shows invariably played to “standing room only” crowds.

Current plans call for the Plunge building to be razed in several years. During this interval its dressing rooms will still be available for public use. The tank has been filled with sand and landscaped into a delightful setting for a miniature golf course.

The Plunge has enriched the recreational “yesteryears” of Santa Cruz. Its place in the greater story of this community remains secured for all time.

Published by SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.
Mailing Address: P. O. Box 746
Santa Cruz, California
Memories of Holy Cross Boarding School

In Santa Cruz, California

PART I

By Phyllis Patten

In October, 1861 Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Amat, bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles diocese wrote to the American mother-house in Emitsburg, Maryland, for "Daughters of Charity" of St. Vincent de Paul (popularly called 'sisters of charity') "One of the most important places where sisters are needed" he wrote "is Santa Cruz, California, a nice flourishing village about 80 (Eighty) miles from San Francisco. Steamers run twice a week, sisters can be in frequent communication with their sisters in San Francisco or Los Angeles." Evidently their excellent qualifications were already established in these two cities.

Vincent de Paul's Order

This order of nuns was organized in 1633, Paris, France by a humble cure, Vincent de Paul, who was very solicitous of the needs of the poor and sick, and a Louise de Marillac, a noble young widow. Though endowed with worldly essentials, she had experienced lack of parental affection, orphaned at an early age. Again, bereaved of her husband when their son was only twelve years old, she thereafter zealously dedicated her services to charitable works, collaborating with cure' Vincent de Paul, whose heart yearned to help the poor on his pastoral rounds. Upon the insistence of Father Vincent, M'dme Louise taught the volunteers the rudiments of cleanliness, nursing and some scholastic subjects, going from hovel to hovel. Soon there were so many volunteers from both poor and rich families, Louise gave full time to teaching them in her spacious home, training them in the requirements for charity. At this point it occurred to Father Vincent de Paul to form a company, with specific rules, with M'dme Louise de Marillac as directoress.

The peasant dress of Ile de France of 1633 was adopted. A blue-gray costume with white collar and white cap called

(Continued on Page Two)
MEMORIES OF HOLY CROSS BOARDING SCHOOL (Continued)

(Continued from Page One)

"Toquois" covered with a starched white handkerchief to protect the face. It later developed into the white winged cornet of today. "Daughters of Charity" was the title of the new organization. Only ladies with sincere intentions to serve the needy for the love of Christ and his teachings were accepted. Soon many centers were established in Paris. In time, hospitals, schools, orphanages etc., arose all over the world for the administration of this unique community.

To Santa Cruz

So, in 1862 three Daughters of Charity from the American Mother-house embarked for California crossing the Isthmus of Panama by mule back, up the Pacific coast by ship to San Francisco.

In December 1862, Sister Corsino McKay and associate were dispatched to Santa Cruz Village to fulfill Bishop Amat's request. They acquired the "Golden Eagle Hotel" from Judge Blackburn, a two and one-half story adobe located flush on the corner of School and Emmet streets of today.

"Juzgado"

This adobe was built in 1810 to house widows and girls during the mission era, flanked on both sides with one story adobes. This shelter for women had served in many capacities: a juzgado, a courthouse, finally a hotel, but was in dire need of repair by 1862.

The sisters heroically met the challenge, fortified by the rule and inspiration of St. Vincent de Paul. In a Santa Cruz weekly Sentinel, dated January 10, 1863 an advertisement reads "The school for young ladies just commenced (Holy Cross school). Orthography, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, Spanish language, tapestry, plain and fancy sewing, also music will be taught." Tuition was according to the demand of boarders and day scholars. $100.00 per session for higher and complete curriculum with room and board. Extra for laundry and other details. One dollar per month for first graders, etc. "The attendance is already beyond expectation", records the article.

New Building

Besides the house and school work, sisters nursed in the building that was the forerunner of the county hospital located on the mission plateau north of School street, when medication was mostly of wild herbs and home made remedies. They also visited the needy and old people. The nuns' administration was so well in accordance with the demand of the times, in three years, 1865, a new three story rustic building was erected on the eminent site.

In an old Santa Cruz library book dated 1879, a photograph or sketch shows an orderly looking establishment surrounded with a solid board fence 6 feet high, with wooden sidewalks bordering the fence on Emmet and Mission streets. Two ladies with parasols headed towards town and a horse drawn street-car on Mission street tracts headed for Vue de L'Eau. (end of Woodrow avenue today.) Mission street was not yet cut to the level of today.

Memories...

The ancient adobe resembled a Swiss chalet with its new roof and tidy yard, etc. Two scholars of the adobe era are still living, each a few years under 100 today. Mrs. Mary Hall Folsom of Santa Cruz, a boarder in the adobe Holy Cross School about the middle of 1885 recounts the beneficial works of the sisters in, and outside of the board fence. Boarders earned credits in domestic science for helping with the chickens, cows, gathering eggs, and making bread, baked in stone ovens built during the Mission era. As for other hand-performed necessities of the day, children were bathed in the wooden laundry tubs with stoked hot water boiling near by.

Asked how vacation time was spent besides long walks and picnics, she gleefully replied "Oh! I remember every year, Mr. Pat Morrissey Sr. hauled in wagon loads of hay to refill the mattress tickings for the beds." (No mattress manufacturer of today can compete with the healthful

(Continued on Page Three)
MEMORIES OF HOLY CROSS BOARDING SCHOOL (Continued)

(Continued from Page Three)

fresh aroma of new sun-dried hay or corn husks, popularly used by pioneers for mattresses.)

Mary tells she often accompanied a nun bringing food to a poor family or the aged, also cleaning for them. This was the fulfillment of the same requirements that originated the community centuries ago in far away Paris, France.

Through the supplications of the sisters misfortunate children regardless of color or creed were aided by the generosity of inhabitants who numbered 5000 to 7000 in 1890.

Indian Roxas

The late Mary Jones Alzina told how the sisters cared for old Indian, Justiano Roxas, in his last years. He would not sleep in a bed, but rolled himself in a blanket on the hearth of the fireplace. He died in 1875 aged 123 or more as recorded. Mrs. Mary Enoch Alzina was imbued with old historical mission lore, told her by her husband’s mother, a native of the mission pueblo.

Mrs. Mary Hall Folsom, graduating and leaving with the class of 1895, experienced a marvelous transition during her stay: primitive to modern.

From 1890-1893 the little oasis within the board fence was completely rehabilitated. With San Francisco capital, Santa Clara and local donors, a monumental three story redwood rustic building was added to the 1863 structure on the Eastern brow of the premises. By 1893 the former three story rustic building replaced the adobe house on the corner of School and Emmet streets where it served for 62 years as a school building only.

The present school on High street was dedicated in 1927. The new convent was simple in design, but forthright in appearance crowned with the emblem of Christianity—the Cross. (Mission street hill was leveled, the sides faced with stone the same year, 1890.) The new Holy Cross Convent stood singularly prominent in any panoramic view. The interior was as impressive as the exterior, with very large rooms, 14 ft. ceilings, up to date installations, steam-heating, ample plumbing, gas lighting, etc. Entering the front door one beheld a life size bronze, replica of St. Vincent de Paul, founder of “Daughters of Charity” on a pedestal benevolently holding a child by the hand as though welcoming the new comer or blessing those leaving.

To the right of the stairs on the second floor was a peaceful retreat, the chapel with four big special glass windows on both side walls.

The little white altar was elevated in a center alcove flanked by our Blessed Mother’s Statue and St. Joseph’s on shelves within the communion rail, candles noiselessly flickering enhanced the fragrance of flowers or incense. So serene was this little haven, when one attended prayer services here, one felt far removed from the complicated world, child’s or adult’s. The choir singing or the entire assemblage was inspirational in that unique atmosphere where God’s presence was really felt. Statues of the Holy family and saints were located in appropriate places throughout the building.

New Wing

About 1863 a large three story wing was annexed to the new convent on the western side, doubling it’s floor space. By 1895 the building was filled to capacity with orphans, half orphans and boarders, many from other states. Children’s dormitories and a large wash-room containing bathrooms along the inner wall occupied the third floor. One hundred twenty-five girls with long hair to braid or tie in ribbons completed their morning toilets in here in less than 30 minutes. Their toilets were neatly stored in individual closed pigeon holes above the sinks, claimed by numbers.

Small children were assigned to older ones to dress, wash, comb and button shoes. Each face towel was hung on its numbered hook in an orderly fold on the long towel rack. This community wash-

(Continued on Page Four)
MEMORIES OF HOLY CROSS BOARDING SCHOOL (Continued)

(Continued from Page Two)

room was well planned for speedy and un-congested maneuvering with a long zink sink along the wall, a brass faucet for each sink, left clean and shiny every morning, with extra polish on Saturdays. The small children's and young ladies (late teenagers) dormitories were on the third floor of the new convent.

The third floor of the new wing was a big dormitory for the intermediates, with many windows on all three sides of the majestic structure. From this top floor the scenery was boundless. The crescent shore of Monterey Bay could be discerned. The far away Santa Lucia Mountains in Monterey, the ocean and the growing village on the south and western sides. Loma Prieta and forests could be seen from the north. A thrilling sight any time of year.

Sixty or more beds were in this room with ample space around each. By day they were covered with white bedspreads and an upright starched white pillow sham with fluted ruffles on four sides. Shades were drawn to the accordion pleated starched white curtains evenly around this colossal room. A sister's cell in two corners enclosed when occupied, had large pleated starched white curtains tied back during the day.

The over-all cleanliness, orderliness and the filtered glow of the day presented here a real haven of rest, high above the active outside world.

The other three dormitories were similarly attended to. The nuns' living quarters, dormitory office and infirmary occupied the second floor of the wing.

The rectory too was an admirable spectacle with its white table cloths and napkins neatly rolled in metal rings set for next meal, with its bees-waxed, highly polished linoleum floors. One memorable time, grey moss that hangs on oak trees in the country was wound solidly over the elongated gas fixtures to the ceiling with myriads of white Marguerites dotted thru the moss.

The dining room presented a charming atmosphere. Silence was the general rule, except on special occasions during meal time. Instruction on table manners and general politeness or a book review, were given during this period by the attending sister.

(To be Continued)
WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING

October
Dr. Clarence Brooks, regional chairman of California Historical societies, was a guest from Holister. He spoke on "Preserving Historical Sites."

November
Dinner-meeting at Aptos Bay View hotel with Don Clark, University of California at Santa Cruz librarian, as guest speaker. His topic: "Santa Cruz History."

December
Members met at the council chambers to discuss revisions of the Hoover and Rensch book, "Historical Spots in California."

January
Members continued revision talks.

Don Rafael Castro

Much has been documented about the early Spanish explorers of California. The names of some of those early Spanish families are indelibly associated with the Santa Cruz Bay area.

Recent services for Porfiro Castro, a 94 year resident of Aptos, and his interment in the Don Rafael plot in Mount Calvary Cemetery in Aptos stir memories of his well known relative Don Rafael.

Don Rafael Castro, born October 15, 1803, died May 14, 1878 possessed of a large estate consisting of the Aptos Rancho and current funds in notes, mortgages and bank accounts appraised July 8, 1878 at $64,204.00. He had previously given a church, a school and two acres of land for the cemetery. He had sold a part of the rancho to Claus Spreckels.

By his will dated March 5, 1878 he revoked a previous will dated November 4, 1873. The widow Dona Maria Soledad Cota y Castro, about 69 years of age, received the homestead property. There were five sons: Joaquin, Antonio, Francisco, Vicente, and Jose Maria; three daughters: Maria Castro Hipolito, Antonia Castro Bernal and Agustia Castro Arano and one granddaughter, Francisca Gonzales.

Vasquez and Joaquin Sorios were each left $250 in gold in trust until they should reach their majority.

The $5,400.00 share of Maria Gonzales Melville was invested for her in a portion of the Aptos Rancho, this abbreviated description of which is typical of legal descriptions of that period. "Beginning in the middle of the Valencia Creek from which point of beginning a marked oak tree four inches in diameter bears north to a stake which stands in a little swail southwest of some small springs thence to a large spreading oak tree marked with three cuts, thence north to corner of fence, thence to northerly boundary of the Aptos Rancho, thence to the middle of the afore-said Valencia Creek, thence down the middle of said creek to place of beginning." Number of acres covered by the description is not given.

Vasquez and Joaquin Sorios were each left $250 in gold in trust until they should reach their majority.

The $5,400.00 share of Maria Castro Hipolito was invested for her in 150 acres on the "Old Stage Road" in the area of the El Sausal, El Aliso, and Gabilan ranchos.

Although Don Rafael had expressed a desire that his interment should "be done decently and without show" a sixteen foot marble shaft bearing his likeness carved upon it erected at a cost of $1,015.00 stands in the center of the Castro plot. Eleven of its twelve spaces are now in use.

(From files of the Santa Cruz Historical Society J. E. Clancy)
Memories of Holy Cross Boarding School

PART TWO

These Daughters of Charity not only accomplished exterior cleanliness, but also cleansed the hearts of those from unfortunate environments by example and instructions.

Rain or shine the daily order of activities was adhered to: laundering on Monday all day, ironing all day on Tuesday, clothes mending and stocking darning Wednesday, and Thursday after school by boarders and orphans, a few in the shoe department sewing on buttons Fridays after school. Also long walks to the beach or other points of interest Fridays after school.

Saturdays for general cleaning, shoe polishing and more time for play.

Sundays were spent in an atmosphere of rest after church obligation. Non Catholics were exempt if they did not wish to attend.

The generosity of some local people on holidays and vacations is still remembered today by participants of those yesteryears. Men took time out of their busy day to transport the children and attendants to distant parks, beaches or ranches in waggons for the day. Tickets for tent shows, "Tom Thumb", "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and opera house features were also given.

Holy Cross convent and school often participated in public affairs. June 1895, the sisters created a beautiful fairy like float for the "Venetian Water Carnival" carrying a golden haired queen, her two adonises, and eight spangle winged fairies anchored in appropriate places (this writer helped by handing pins.) The ensemble resembled a dream floating on a billowy cloud by the use of cheese cloth and tinsel, etc. It was drawn out of the laundry yard to join the parade on Pacific Avenue by four white horses furnished by Mr. Kinsley, Sr. His daughter, Miss Lettie Kinsley, (the second adobe school pupil still living) tells how she and her sisters scrubbed the horses with castile soap until they looked as if painted. They curled the tails and mane by braiding them. All the harnesses also were wrapped with white cheese cloth. Four coachmen in white escorted each horse during the parade to its destination at the junction of Laurel and Front Streets.

Floats in the Pacific Ave. parade were constructed so they could be removed on-
MEMORIES OF HOLY CROSS BOARDING SCHOOL (Continued)

(Continued from Page Two)

morning an a capella choir started from the second floor up the big stairs caroling all the way. Oh what celestial voices vibrated through the corridors in the dark stillness before dawn. From afar, then nearer lingering at each dormitory door long enough to sing several stanzas of each selection. "Silent Night, Holy Night," "Angels we have heard on High," "Venite Adoremus" and more. The message seemed to come from another sphere it was so very sweet and beautiful.

The singing was often accompanied by a terrific storm beating against the boards outside. The lighted candles the carolers carried made one feel secure and gas jets were immediately lighted, be assured there were no stragglers this morning. All were up, groomed and ready for five o'clock morning mass in less than thirty minutes. The inspirational singing in ensemble continued during services. Excitement and expectation prevailed from then on.

Periodical fires were spectacular sights from any floor of that lofty building, but an aura of safety always prevailed in that fenced in oasis, except once.

The saddest and most frightening fire in the quiet little village of Santa Cruz in the gay nineties was by explosions at the California Powder Works, April 26, 1898 at 5:15 p.m. This was the second live powder manufacturing plant in the United States. The only one in the west. (Paradise Park today). The Spanish-American war was in progress, work was in full speed to supply the demand of the present crisis. A big brick storehouse was full to capacity with 25 lb. kegs of live powder to be shipped to Admiral Dewey somewhere in the Pacific. A class of 4th graders were studying their homework in their classroom, south-west corner of the three-story school building with a very young nun in charge. Suddenly several concussions were felt and heard. Sparks flew by the west side window like lightning flashes. Instantly the class sprang for safety, some shouting, "the Spaniards are here!" Sister slipped down from the desk platform joining the frightened class jammed against the door on their knees, "Lord have mercy on us," she started the litany, "Christ have mercy on us," responded the children. Soon Sister Superior and another came to aid the isolated class, leading them to the main building to wait for the 5:30 supper bell. By now the source of the concussion was known. There were two more explosions, smaller, but one of these killed a day scholar's father, Mr. Gilleran. While walking home-ward, a hurled brick hit him on the head.

Not only was the town shaken, but windows were shattered within a mile from the powder mill flat. Eleven men were blown to pieces. Portions of bodies lighted on tree limbs and scattered everywhere all beyond recognition. Twenty-five men were injured. About 6:15 a bugle called the naval reserves to help fight fires which were gaining ground towards the packed store house called "The Magazine."

Quiet and suspense reigned in the orphanage that evening. Recreation was voluntarily suspended, all attention was geared to the outside commotion where hurrying clippity clop of horses hoofs and rattling wagon wheels to and fro from the stricken area reverberated in the usual twilight serenity of the northern section of the city. Horse-back riders broadcast the news, from their mounts. A little before bed-time, 8 p.m., a rider galloped furiously up Mission street shouting "the magazine is going up in twenty minutes." He repeated the warning left to right as he rode. It was heard for some distance. He or another made the announcement a second time: "The magazine is going up in twenty minutes."

Speaking to Mr. Joe Gosliner, an old timer, the writer asked why Mission Hill's northern rim was devoid of spectators during those crucial hours. He replied "Residences north of Walnut avenue were evacuated towards the beach." Here was an extraordinary test for those heroic nuns, "Daughters of Charity", human, but endowed with spirituality and faith that reflected on their charges. Serenity prevailed throughout the house under extreme suspense, due to their example. Prayers were recited from bottoms of hearts that evening, because the building on the mission plateau, was a direct bull's eye for that multiple cannon ball, "the magazine," located a distance from the mill (a cozy residence today) but closer to the San Lorenzo canyon.

If sparks passed the school house in the comparatively smaller explosions, what could happen if the magazine ex-
ploded as the criers advised? Fires could be seen creeping closer. Heat could set it off. Each kept a thought hidden that evening, there was no whispering, nor disorder of any sort by the children. Most crept under the bed covers quietly and quickly; a few stayed up in a queue for the usual bed-time errand in the hall, swinging the squeaky doors, then joining the line again and again to view the fires from the hall windows. Finally three remained, then two; they also tired and went off to bed. But there was no sleep.

Activity still continued outside. The town clock struck 10 p.m. Later a horseman, galloped up Mission street shouting 'Fire under control, all is well.' What a relief to all concerned.

Help had come from Monterey Presidio earlier by horseback. Explosions occurred periodically, none as catastrophic as this time.

A pall hovered over the sleepy village during the preparations of the collective interment. The eleven coffins were held in state in the armory (a dance pavilion on Front Street and Soquel Avenue).

Funeral services were held in different churches simultaneously. At this prescribed time church bells all over the city from Garfield Park to Eastside began to toll in funeral tempo, continuing for sometime. Perhaps all during the procession to the graves, because they still tolled after the children returned from the Catholic church rites.

Mr. Gilleran’s funeral was held individually of course. The convent children, as was the custom in those days for friends, benefactors, or classmates, dressed in white, led the funeral procession to the covered bridge at Soquel Avenue. There the double file separated bordering both sides of the road for the hearse and followers to pass.

The hearse in those days had six black (ostrich?) plumes on top of the oval glass sided vehicle with a high silk hatted coachman driving well groomed, shiny black horses covered with fringed black mesh almost to the ground. The children’s presence there was a token of respect for the deceased and the bereaved.

Annually weather permitting, accompanied by two or more nuns a group of children walked to the Catholic cemetery beyond Aroha gulch to visit graves of departed loved ones, Sister’s graves too.

A kind lady on the descending town side of Aroha gulch would invite the Sister’s charges into her fenced front garden full of blooming chrysanthemums to pick for the cemetery. Due to her generosity this is one of the writer’s favorite flowers, the fragrance a reminder of those “All Soul’s Day’s,” of 67 years ago. Kindnesses never fade.

(To be Continued)
WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING

JANUARY
was a work session at the Santa Cruz Council Chambers.

FEBRUARY
at the Council Chambers, Mrs. Phyllis Patten presented her tape recording of Samuel Leask, Sr. Robert Burton spoke on the trees of Santa Cruz County and he and Mr. Henry Washburn showed slides.

MARCH
at Santa Cruz Civic Auditorium Paul Levy, retired school administrator, discussed the Cowell Scholarship to University of California for boys.

APRIL
at the Council Chambers was a work meeting with Father William Abelos of Oakland, also discussing the revision of the Hoover Rensch book.
HISTORY OF THE SANTA CRUZ SENTINEL

The history of the Santa Cruz Sentinel is the history of Santa Cruz. The fortunes and tragedies of the people and the city have been recorded by this newspaper in its continuous publication since June 14, 1856, when it moved across the bay from Monterey.

John McElroy, native of Ohio and Mexican War veteran, had interested Delos R. Ashley, a Monterey lawyer, in starting a weekly paper about a year earlier. Type was secured from the Illustrated Sacramento Union, but we do not know the origin of the press.

Santa Cruz, thriving with its lumber and lime industries, attracted McElroy and when Albion P. Jordan, a partner in Davis & Jordan Lime Manufacturers, offered free transportation for the plant, Mr. McElroy accepted and the little printing plant crossed 20 miles of water on the schooner Queen of the West.

The business district had recently moved down from the Mission plaza and no building was available until a tiny cottage on lower Mission was offered rent free for a year. The name was changed to Pacific Sentinel. The price was $5.00 a year and the paper had 89 paid-in-advance subscribers.

The name of Fred K. Krauth appeared as co-publisher for a few weeks and again in 1857.

In the fall of 1857, McElroy left for a trip east, but retained his interest in the paper. The publishers became A. M. Perry, McElroy and Ashley. A building for a bakery had been erected on the west side of what is now Front Street and the paper found quarters there.

McElroy, back in Santa Cruz in 1859, had briefly as a partner, E. A. Graves, and then until 1862, collaborated with S. W. Blakely, who resigned as principal of the school to become printer and editor. The year 1863 marked the final departure of McElroy, who worked on various other papers in California.

The small revenue was divided too many ways. Hyde bought out Hecox and Cummings, which gave him a half interest, which he promptly traded for 22 acres of logged over land while he kept a hand in the newspaper by leasing Delos R. Ashley's half.

The trade made Ashley owner of the site of a saw mill, constructed in the 40's and passed into the possession of Alexander McPherson, great grandfather of the present publisher in 1856. The site was that of the Happy Valley Resort on Branciforte Drive.

Alexander McPherson did not become a publisher but his son, Duncan, did and except for three years in the seventies when he and a brother, Alexander, published the San Mateo Gazette at Redwood City, continued with the Sentinel until his death 57 years later.

During Duncan McPherson's three years as publisher of the San Mateo Gazette, the Sentinel was owned by J. H. Hoadley, who sold a small share to H. G. Shaw, who after a year disposed of his interest to Benjamin P. Kooser. Kooser and Hoadley were owners until McPherson returned. The firm was then Kooser and McPherson returned. The firm was then Kooser and McPherson until Kooser's death in 1878, when his interest was taken by C. W. Waldron, already employed as a reporter.

Duncan McPherson, after attending the University of Pacific at San Jose and making a trip into theFrazer River mines, had been hauling lumber by ox team when he found himself in the newspaper business. He wrote afterward that he tried unsuccessfully to sell his half interest in the Sentinel for $600.00.

By this time, the Sentinel had found its third location in upstairs rooms of the Hihn building. The Hihn family had occupied these rooms before moving to a cottage on Locust Street.
It was about this time that the name of Santa Cruz Sentinel was adopted and in September 1964, Hyde sold his lease of the Ashley half to J. D. Allison, then in April 1866, that interest was bought by Benjamin Kooser.

For four years the publishers were known as Kooser and McPherson and for a few months in 1870 the firm became Kooser, Littlefield and Co., having taken in F. P. Littlefield and absorbed the Santa Cruz Times, which started in Watsonville in 1863 and moved to the county seat in 1866.

In 1869, Alexander McPherson built the two-story brick building at Pacific Avenue and Locust and his son moved the Sentinel Plant into its second floor. Duncan had come back into the firm by buying the share Charles Hoff had acquired in consolidation with the Times and in 1873 Littlefield and McPherson expanded across Locust Street into the second floor of the Whidden building.

The move marked the end of printing on a hand press and the purchase for $1000 of a Fairhaven press operated by a crank turned by a strong man. This did duty until eleven years later when it was found to shake to pieces under the impetus of a water motor and the speed required for a daily.

The Sentinel saw rivals come and go. The Weekly News in 1859, the Expositor in 1860, The Pajaro Times in 1863, coming to Santa Cruz in '66 and in 1871 the Sentinel assumed its subscribers and advertising contracts and the papers merged. The Santa Cruz Journal started in 1868 and lapsed in 1869. In 1870, the Weekly Enterprise started and eight years later was the first attempt at a daily which lasted two weeks. This was followed by The Local Item. In the meantime, two men who had been employed as typesetters at the Sentinel started the Courier. These three weeklies held the field for two years, then the daily Echo was started, which lasted three and a half months. Before the Echo's failure, A. A. Taylor had bought the Couriers name and good will and both name and plant of the Item to issue the combined Courier-Item.

From 1880 Taylor was a publisher until 1919, when the final issue of the Santa Cruz Surf was printed. Through the years, he had the
weekly Courier-Item, the weekly Surf, and the daily Surf, which started in 1883.

The first of two Heralds ran for a short time in 1879, after which the plant went back to Watsonville. The weekly Record which briefly became a daily. The Penny Press, started in 1895, with its final issue in August of 1898.

In 1896, the Sentinel was prosperous enough to pay $3,700 for the first linotype in the county and in May 1897, Hoadley and Walton dropped out of the partnership, leaving control with Duncan McPherson.

The Evening News appeared in November of 1907 with E. J. Devlin and H. R. Judah, Jr., as publishers. This continued until 1938 when the paper was sold to Frank T. Carroll and after three years was bought by the Sentinel and called Sentinel News with morning and evening editions for a time.

The second Herald appeared in 1923 which was sold in 1937 to Walter Fikes and then to Carroll of the News. In 1938 Riptide, a weekly, was started by James P. Leonard and following his death in 1941, was taken by Cliff Kilfoyl and appeared for some years as an offset-process weekly publication.

After the Sentinel had been in upstairs rooms in the McPherson building until 1913, the purchase of another linotype and other equipment made a ground floor location desirable, so a move was made on Locust Street to the rear of the McPherson building, which then became the Alexander Hotel. Here it continued until the erection of the present building on Church Street in 1938.

For brevity, some short lived publications have been omitted from this article, also the names of many men who were part owners or operated papers briefly.

The Sentinel is in its 108th year of continuous publication, which establishes it as the oldest newspaper in California, and also holds a family record of publication from 1864 to 1964.

-Jeanette Rowland
One of the annual house chores in those days was the refreshing and refilling of all the mattresses. A work table was erected in the service yard where a different group of three or four girls, morning and afternoon, ripped the mattresses and picked the horse hair apart bit by bit. An expert upholsterer refilled the bevel-edged ticking, adding more horse hair and tufting the completed mattresses to look like new.

Bed time was 8 P.M., the year around, for the household. On summer moonlight evenings, the slow sleepers were entertained by the singing from wagon loads of hay riding parties headed home, accompanied by a guitar, harmonica or accordion and, periodically, the snap of a horse whip which was an accomplishment of the times. The singing from porch parties also was heard in that elevated dormitory.

But the most lovely were the serenades by Hasting's brass band on Pacific Avenue in front of the Pacific Ocean House, or St. George Hotel, both having a spacious second story porch to the edge of the broad plank sidewalk, where the honored guests appeared to enjoy the joyful welcome.

Two railroads terminated here then from San Francisco Bay area, the S.P. Narrow and the broad gauge. Stages and steamships also were means of travel. Santa Cruz has always been a favorite resort. Mentioned in a Santa Cruz Sentinel dated 1895, are Calif. Governor Judd, Mayor Sutro of San Francisco and other dignitaries visiting here. Fourth of July evenings were a bedlam of noises, with quantities of fire crackers sold by the Chinese. Admission Day, September 9th, produced a musical treat from bands in the Native Sons and Daughters parade. They were from the Bay Area and far away points. Every Saturday evening the Salvation Army marched from Water Street down Pacific Avenue, tum, tum, tuming the bass drum with tinkling tambourines and singing when stopped in front of a saloon or corner. The chronomatic beat of the drum thru the stillness of the night, seemed to reverberate the earnestness of their endeavors. Dear Sister Martha, a soft-voiced retired teacher,
besides chapel duties, she was the front door keeper. She received the new comers and bid farewell to those leaving. She would persuade a parent to leave the child a little longer, if she knew the child was being taken to an unfavorable environment. She died a few months before her Golden Jubilee celebration.

The forty day lenten season was a period of self denial and contemplation. The visual aspects of the last two weeks, with flowerless altars, purple muselin covering the statues in the chapel and church; from Holy Thursday to Saturday P. M., singing without accompaniment, wooden chappers substituting for bells, instilled a fervor that trippled the jubilation on awakening Easter morning. A true Christ has risen atmosphere.

The joyous aura was also projected in Holy Cross Church with its three decked altars with massive arrangements of hundreds of calli lilies interspersed with tall candles and garlands of smilax. The sermon delivered from the pulpit pushed on a track to the middle of the front of the communion rail. The choir's triumphant renditions of Gregorian Chant, led by Mr. Joseph Enright, lent veneration of the day. Even the rustle of the women's silk taffeta dresses of many yards, hand made creations in those days (when patience and modesty were virtues). Elaborate coiffures supporting big hats trimmed with ostrich plumes or flowers were worn. Some men gracefully opened the pew doors for spouse or family with one hand and held their high hats against their chests with the other. All this could be observed from the reserved balcony for the convent children and added to the festivities of the day.

First communion Sunday in May was a memorable day for the participants with a special breakfast, including strawberries and other delicacies at a special decorated table. It was a big step into the realm of grown ups for the 12-year olds or older. From here, suspense prevailed, due to school exams and closing exercises, which entailed serious rehearsals. Sadness followed the closing of school because friendships were separated. Some boarders, going home to stay and some for a few weeks, but the down hearted were soon revitalized by summer activities. There were picnics to distant places, transported in lumber wagons, there were taffy candy pulls, long walks, and thorough house cleaning. Favorite long-walk
destinations were: Wagner's Park, where the serenity of Redwood trees and undergrowth were enjoyed, Sycamore Flat, where wading in the river was permitted and one was teased by the luscious cherries and peaches beyond reach in Piedmonte's orchard across the river. The longest walk was to Vieu de Leau (end of today's Woodrow Avenue) where the ceaseless breakers formed all sorts of figures against the rocks viewed from a tower that was there then. There was also a free museum of Marine curios which was an attraction for visitors. What especially interested the children here were the antics of the caged monkeys. These all-day outings were accompanied with lunch and lemonade, also a few Sisters.

-by Philomena (Phyllis)
Bertorelli Patten
October 1959

DON RAFAEL CASTRO correction for Feb. issue: News & Notes, Pg. 1, Col. 2, Lines 9 to 12: "and one granddaughter, Francisca Gonzales Melville, two young orphans, Andres Vasquez and Joaquin Sorios were each left $250 in gold in trust." -James Clancy
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society
JOSEPH BOSTON

Original documents in the files of the Santa Cruz Historical Society tell a story of the beginning of leather production in this area.

In 1855, Mr. Boston became a partner in the Richard C. Kirby tannery on Mission Hill -- later becoming sole owner.

A legal description of the 20-acre tannery site indicates that it was bounded roughly by the present Jordan King and Dodero Streets and Highland Avenue "to the top of the hill" "with water rights and water works consisting of flumes and piping above and underground" with several one and two-story structures, 125 vats, engine house and a 60-foot high brick smokestack. It was appraised at $38,210 dollars. There is an artist's sketch of the tannery in Elliott's Santa Cruz County 1879.

His holographic will dated April 15, 1873, when he was forty-nine years of age, disposed of an estate appraised Feb. 16, 1875 at $129,848, including five parcels of real estate and "a stock of unmanufactured leather in the process of being tanned."

It would appear that the tannery was a successful pioneer business. Over 13,000 sides of leather of a value of $54,984 were processed and sold during the administration of the estate, one shipment going to England.
Receipts and disbursements of the executor totaled $71,925 dollars.

Mr. Boston was born April 27, 1824, in Philadelphia, Pa. and died in Santa Cruz Oct. 17, 1874. Mr. Ian D. McPhail relates in his centennial booklet of Calvary Episcopal Church that Mr. Boston arrived in Monterey in 1849 in the United States Government Service on the transport Rome and soon established a general merchandise business in Casa del Oro adobe, which is now a State Historical Monument. He later had a business in Santa Cruz for the export of produce, wool, hides, whale oil and abalone shells.

Mr. Boston was survived by his wife, Eliza C. Boston, age 38; Alice Mary Boston, age 10; Elizabeth Wedgewood Boston, age 6; Beatrice Frances Boston, age 2, and a posthumous child, Agnes Howard Boston.

His mother, Agnes Cecelia Boston, age 72, was provided lifetime care. Two sisters, Alice Anna Dougal and Josephine Elizabeth George, were mentioned to receive provisional bequests. Rt. Rev. W. Ingram Kip, Bishop of the Diocese of California was named to administer a fund of $2,000 dollars - but declined to act.

Eliza Boston died October 26, 1920, at the age of 88. She gave the land upon which the present Calvary Episcopal Church now stands and Joseph Boston was responsible for the architectural design and construction of the original edifice. A page in the centennial booklet memorializes their activities in the church.

It was Mr. Boston's request that he be buried in a plain coffin - free from all ornamentation - at a total funeral expense of not over $50 dollars. He was buried in Evergreen Cemetery where the church had a lot.

-J. E. Clancy

NEWS AND NOTES

From the January 3, 1907, issue of the Santa Cruz Sentinel: An Electric Groom

"M. C. Hopkins, at City Stables, has installed a novel machine which curries horses without a comb. By means of an electrically propelled brush, the animal can be dusted as clean as if bathed, in five minutes. It is worthwhile for any horseman to see it in operation."
FRANCE ORDERS FOUR SUBMARINES

Paris, January 4, 1907

The Admiralty has ordered the construction of four submarine cruisers, which are to be superior to any existing type of any similar vessels. They are to be of 800 tons and to have a speed of 15 knots on the surface and 10 knots below the surface. The French naval authorities have laid down 20 submarines within a year.

Dick Rountree has commenced his duties as Undersheriff under Sheriff Trafton.

AT ANNUAL CONCLAVE

January 5, 1907

The visiting delegates from California Delta chapter of Santa Cruz of the Pi Delta Kappa, at annual conclave at San Jose are: Lester Wessendorf, Daniel Staffler, Steven K. Mead, Edward Morgan, Chester Webber, S. C. Bias, H. S. Houghton, C. E. Johnson, Leslie Hayes and J. S. Taylor.

JAIL AND HOSPITAL

January 17, 1907

In the biennial report of the State Board of charities and corrections is embodied descriptions of all the county institutions of this character in the state. Concerning Santa Cruz it says:

County Jail, Santa Cruz, H. V. Trafton, Sheriff. Average number of prisoners in jail, 14. Total during year - 259.

The jail is a brick building back of the court house. Two stories high, it contains two cell rooms with six cells in each and six separate rooms.

County Hospital, Santa Cruz. S. E. Miller, Superintendent.
Average number of patients, 55. Total number during year - 200.

Wood and coal stoves and kerosene lamps are still used in the six wards and eight single rooms.

Martin Samuels Pays Fine and is Released. Martin Samuels was arrested last night at Soquel and Pacific Ave., being charged with disturbing the peace and insulting a lady. He was placed in the cooler overnight. This morning he pleaded guilty before Justice Craghill and was released on paying a fine.
HERITAGE DAYS IN SANTA CRUZ

Between the 14th and 17th days of this month of October, 1964, the City of Santa Cruz will celebrate the visit of the Portola Party, made nearly 200 years ago.

Don Gaspar de Portola and his band of weary and ill explorers camped where Santa Cruz is now located and named the San Lorenzo River on October 17, 1769.

And so great was their joy in their surroundings that the name "Santa Cruz" -- Holy Cross -- came to the lips of the faithful Sargento Jose Ortega.

Father Crespi wrote of the beauties and suitability of the site for a city ... "lacking nothing."

The Portola Party was not looking for a city site. It was searching for Monterey Bay which the men had not recognized in their weary trek along its shores. And when the footsore explorers stood on a hill a few days later -- and looked out over San Francisco Bay -- they had no vision of its future greatness. Instead, they felt their expedition had failed because it had not located Monterey Bay.

Twenty-five years later Santa Cruz Mission was dedicated on a hill overlooking Portola's river-side camp site. Father Junipero Serra had died in 1784 but his work was carried on and missions founded, among them Santa Cruz.

Peas and beans were growing in orderly rows down by the San Lorenzo River during the Mission's productive years. Corn stood tall where Willow Street (to become Pacific Avenue) later was laid out. Mission cattle, horses, mules, sheep and hogs roamed and grazed -- eventually from the Pajaro Valley to present-day Pescadero. That was the great extent of the lands claimed by the Franciscan fathers who founded Santa Cruz Mission under the direction of Father Fermin de Lasuen.

Later, disputes were to arise between the Mission heads and Villa de Branciforte officials over property lines and grazing rights within this larger area.
Heritage Days in Santa Cruz (continued)

Still later, the Mission was secularized and given over into the jurisdiction of Branciforte officials.

This was to be the nucleus of the present-day City of Santa Cruz....

A failing exploratory expedition, two settlements eyeing each other with hostility from opposite sides of the San Lorenzo River, then finally being welded into one town by a vote of the people.

-Margaret Koch
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society
HAPPY BIRTHDAY! We are ten years old this month. At the Society's first meeting, February 15, 1954, it was formally organized with 89 charter members.

Spirits ran high -- we were out to conquer the world. We were new and brash and maybe a little uncertain of our ultimate aims. So now, in the sobering light of ten years of reality, it might be well to take a good look at where we've been and where we are going.

Our past achievements are few but important: We were responsible for the placing of memorials to Mary Amney Case, who established the first secular school in Santa Cruz, and to the pioneer Baldwin family of our late charter member, Arnold Baldwin.

We played an important part in the State's acquisition of the School Street Adobe which is to be preserved permanently for future generations.

We talked about several other worthy projects, but somehow the days slipped by without their completion.

And now we are faced with the future. What shall we do with it? I can think of no better way to spend our efforts than in working to preserve the Santa Cruz County Hall of Records. The eight-sided building is a collectors' item today in Californiana. It took its form from the octagonal gold piece of 1851, according to legend. It is one of very few brick octagonal buildings remaining in the State of California today.
The old brick building, constructed in 1882, is not capable of being enlarged -- so what shall become of it? Moving it to another site also sounds highly impractical.

Why not leave it where it is, removing the ugly "lean-to" portion which was added in later years and which mars the original octagonal form. And when the old Court House is gone, the entire area in which the octagonal building sits could be a downtown park.

Yes -- a park! Remember? Or perhaps you prefer the old Spanish term of "Plaza."

In 1961 the Santa Cruz County Board of Supervisors passed Resolution Number 410-61 in recognition of the Hall of Records' unique historical significance.

The building, constructed at a cost of $10,000, was dedicated in June of 1882 in ceremonies conducted by the Masonic Lodge. It should be preserved,...and the Santa Cruz Historical Society can help in that effort!

-Margaret Koch
Editor

SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY is incorporated as a non-profit organization supported solely by membership dues and contributions. There are no genealogical or residence requirements for membership. All dues, contributions or bequests are deductible under Federal and State tax regulations. The $3 annual dues include a subscription to the Society's publications, NEWS and NOTES.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Catherine H. Case  Mrs. Rosemary G. Sawyer
Mr. Samuel Leask
- all three charter members -

Adolph O. Goldstein  William V. Trotts
The Pajaro Valley Historical Association recently held a testimonial dinner to honor Mrs. Helen Haynes Volck Tucker who gave her lovely Watsonville home to the Association.

The home will be used as a museum and meeting place. It will be known as the William Hunter Volck Museum in honor of Mrs. Tucker's first husband, William Volck, who was a nationally known entomologist. He also held a Fellowship in the British Horticultural Society. He developed many insecticides, among which was the well known Volck Spray that gave farmers control of the coddling moth.

Mrs. Volck Tucker has been an active civic leader in the Pajaro Valley for many years. After the death of Mr. Volck in 1943 she purchased the Watsonville home and later married the late Mr. Tucker, manager of the Telephone Company in that area.

According to Mr. Hubert Wyckoff, president of the Pajaro Valley Historical Association, the museum is large enough for living quarters for a curator, has ample rooms for meetings, and storage space for the large collection of artifacts belonging to the Association.

The lot on which the William Hunter Volck "Museum" stands was originally part of the Rancho Bolsa del Pajaro.

Mrs. Mabel Rowe Curtis, who was former president of the Pajaro Valley Historical Association, is confined to the Watsonville Hospital. She broke her hip sometime ago and has had to have a second operation on it, to re-set the bone.

At last report she is doing nicely. She has been a visitor to our Santa Cruz meetings often.
NEWS and NOTES:

Mrs. Callista Dake is the new president of the Society. She succeeds David McFadden of the Cabrillo College Library staff.

Other new Officers elected during the October meeting at Santa Cruz Civic Auditorium are:
- Mrs. Margaret Koch, Vice-President
- Mrs. Leon Rowland, Secretary
- James Clancy, Treasurer
- Mrs. Valeda Burgess, Chairman
- Denver Wolfe and Fred J. McPherson, Jr., Directors
- Mr. McFadden is serving as Director, ex officio.

- WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING!

October

In addition to electing new officers, members were busy with arrangements for an historic window display at J. C. Penney's during Heritage Days. In charge was James Clancy, assisted by David McFadden, Mrs. Callista Dake and Mrs. Phyllis Patton. The window display included items of local historical importance loaned by individuals and the Society.

November

Dr. Earl Rhoads of San Jose spoke on the Donner Party at a dinner meeting at the Santa Cruz Hotel. More than 70 members and guests attended the session which featured colored slides and maps made by Dr. Rhoads who is an authority on the great Sierra tragedy.

December

A holiday meeting at the Santa Cruz City Hall Council Chambers, with Ed Koch showing slides of High Sierra trails. Mrs. Koch read two short accounts of Christmas in the Gold Rush camps.

January

No meeting.
(EDITOR'S NOTE: Every now and again, some long-list bit of "human interest" comes to light when your editor cleans her desk. This issue's "remember when" bit comes from the desk of your president. The boy mentioned in the essay is said to be still living in Santa Cruz and the story seems particularly appropriate for our "birthday issue.")

MY FIRST PARTY

When I was a little girl about seven years old, I was invited to attend the birthday party of a little boy friend of mine. He was four years of age and an only child at that.

In regard to his character I remember him as being very mischievous, of which in the past years he has proceeded very little to improve.

He also had a little temper that proved to be very hard for him to control.

The house was decorated in green and yellow, and many games were played and a fine feast was enjoyed.

True to the reputation of "their only child" he proceeded to kick the guests and spill all the water, and created a great commotion. He also cried because he won none of the games.

I happened to get a glimpse into the kitchen where his mother was wiping something up off the floor, and much to my dismay, I also discovered the young host had not escaped the downfall of water or whatever it was he had upset.

In spite of all the trouble and commotion he had created, I decided that everyone there had had a very amusing time and we all went home happy.

Miriam Martin -- 1916
A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE TO "OLD ABE"

After he became President and the Civil War began, Abraham Lincoln was constantly criticized for telling funny stories. Only a day after the horrors of Fredericksburg, he insisted on reading Artemus Ward to Congressman Isaac N. Arnold, who expressed shock that President Lincoln could laugh when the entire nation was bowed in sorrow. Arnold told friends later that at this point, Lincoln cried out with tears streaming down his gaunt face: "Mr. Arnold, if I could not get some momentary respite from the crushing burden I am constantly carrying, my heart would break!" One of his favorite stories was on himself:

"Two Quaker women were riding in a railroad coach during the war. One said, "I think Jefferson Davis will succeed."
"Why does thee think so?" asked the other.
"Because Jefferson is a praying man."
"But so is Abraham a praying man." the other said.
"Yes -- but the Lord will think Abraham is joking!" said the first woman.

+ + + +

Published by SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.
Mailing Address: P. O. Box 746
Santa Cruz, California
DOUGLAS TILDEN, the Mute Sculptor

On both the paternal and maternal sides, Douglas Tilden was descended from old Colonial stock.

His ancestor, Marmaduke Tylden, came to America in 1625 and settled in Maryland, where he became owner of Great Oak Manor, an estate of 31,000 acres. A number of his maternal ancestors were officers, from Captain to Brigadier General, during the two wars with England.

His maternal grandfather, Adna Hecox, was a pioneer of pioneers, who came to California in 1846, two years before gold was discovered, and became the last alcalde of Santa Cruz. Mr. Tilden's father, Doctor W. P. Tilden, came ten years later; was twice a member of the State legislature; and for many years Director of the State Asylum for the Insane.

Douglas, himself, was born in Chico, May 1st, 1860. At the age of five, he suffered an attack of scarlet fever. This illness left him incurably deaf. As a result he was sent to the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind at Berkeley. He remained there until his graduation in 1879. He entered the University of California in the Class of '83, but gave up his collegiate education to teach in the Institute he had formerly attended.

As a student he had been a member of the drawing-class, and for a short time he drew from casts at the
San Francisco School of Design, under the direction of Virgil Williams.

At the age of 23, he discovered almost by accident, in what line of artistic endeavor his strongest abilities lay. On going home he was shown a copy of a plaster cast modeled by his 12-year old brother. He was so anxious to try modeling himself that he took lessons from his brother's instructor, Mr. Marion Wells.

Douglas learned the technique of the art with such rapidity that he was able to work alone in less than a month. He continued to work at the Institute for four years, but spent all of his leisure time modeling. He was convinced that he had found his life's work.

His first work in 1885 was a small statuette, "The Tired Wrestler." So successful was his work, which was kept at the Institute, that a fund was raised by the Trustees to send Mr. Tilden abroad to study.

He did not enter a school in Paris, but became a private pupil of Paul Chopin, who was also a deaf-mute and Gold Medalist. He spent five months with Paul Chopin, after this he worked alone.

He haunted the galleries, museums, and salons and read diligently on the history of sculpture and methods of its masters.

His first work accepted by the salon was the statue known as "The Baseball Player", or "Our National Game". The statue was cast in bronze and presented to the City of San Francisco as a monument to Douglas Tilden by Mayor James D. Phelan. It stands in the Golden Gate Park.

Next came "The Tired Boxer" which gained more fame. This was placed in the Olympic Club in San Francisco.

In 1892, Mr. Tilden exhibited his work called "The Bear Hunt" -- which was a large group and won honors at the Columbian Exposition. It was placed on the grounds of the Institute in Berkeley, after the close of the Exposition.

Mr. Tilden became instructor in modeling at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on his return from abroad in 1894.

Mayor James D. Phelan of San Francisco became interested in Mr. Tilden's sculpturing ability, and presented his statue "Admission Day Fountain", standing at the
intersection of Mason, Turk and Market Streets for over half a century. Horse and buggy days passed, motor traffic came - and the Native Sons and Daughters had it moved to its present location, in Golden Gate Park.

Another, the "Donahue Monument", stands at the intersection of Market, Bush and Battery Streets. Executed in bronze by Douglas Tilden, it is dedicated to Peter Donahue, founder of the city's first iron works.

The "Spanish American War Monument", just below Market Street, in the parkway that divides Dolores Street, is also a Tilden sculpture. It represents an equestrian victory of heroic size, with a young soldier marching alongside her.

These last three monuments with the "Baseball Player", give San Franciscans an opportunity to see and appreciate the energy, industry and ability of one of California's most gifted and beloved artists.

Our Santa Cruz Historical Society has several plaster casts done by Mr. Douglas Tilden. Mr. Tilden was often a visitor at the Santa Cruz Light House with his maternal grandparents, the Adna Hecox family.

Note: One authority gives credit to Mr. W. E. Brown for having the "Baseball Player" or "Our National Game", cast in bronze and for presenting it to Golden Gate Park.

- Callista M. Dake

---

**WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING...**

**FEBRUARY** Short discussion of adobe repairs. Mike Bergazzi discussed lumbering in Santa Cruz County.

**MARCH** Display and explanation of historical objects from members' collections.

**APRIL** No meeting.

**MAY** Wm. J. Roth, former Santa Cruzan, told of his 24 years in Santa Cruz.
THE STREETS OF SANTA CRUZ

The streets of Santa Cruz make an interesting study: how they acquired their names, how those names in some instances have been changed and why.

The oldest street in Santa Cruz is probably Branciforte Avenue. It was laid out in the latter part of 1796 or the spring of 1797 by Alberto de Cordoba, lieutenant of engineers in the Spanish army. Following the old Camino Real around the bay from Monterey to Mission Santa Cruz, Cordoba halted on the brow of the hill just east of Branciforte creek. From that point he laid out along the level land, in a direction slightly east of north, a straightaway of one mile.

The old Camino Real is now Soquel Avenue, but was not called by that name until many years later.

The present Soquel Avenue was first called Arcan in honor of J. B. Arcan of Death Valley fame and who owned a home on what is now the corner of Soquel and Pacific. That street extended only to the San Lorenzo River. After a bridge was built across the river, the name was changed to Bridge Street which extended as far as Ocean Street, that being the easterly city limits. An influx of settlers from Minnesota caused it to be named Minnesota Avenue for a number of years but finally it was called Soquel Avenue and was the main highway between Santa Cruz and the neighboring village.

Until 1866 Pacific Avenue was Willow Street, named for a growth of Willows along it. Older than Willow Street was Main Street, which we now know as Front. Along its upper end were Santa Cruz' first business buildings after the business center moved down from the upper plaza. Blacksmith shops, livery stables, general stores and hotels were crowded into this area. Main Street for many years extended only as far as the present Soquel Avenue.
School Street is the only one in this city founded by the Franciscan padres and is unique today because of the old adobes of the Spanish era.

The late Ernest Otto in writing of the city streets and his boyhood memories described many of the following streets.

Cherry Street, one block long, with not a cherry tree on it, ran past the old S.P. depot near the tunnel, now an extension of Chestnut.

Locust in the '70's, was rightly named, as almost the entire length had beautiful locust trees and blossoms formed a floral canopy which emitted a fragrance.

Walnut Avenue had a few walnuts, but the Normandy poplars exceeded the walnuts.

Cedar Street never had a tree of that species nor did Elm Street, although there were many elms throughout the city.

Maple, like Locust, was well-named, as it was lined with water maples. With the march of progress, the paving of walks and streets, these went before the ax and in the parking space between walk and street were replaced by dracena palms which gave the street a semi-tropical appearance.

On Laurel Street, starting at the Pacific Avenue end, were several native laurels, also known as bay trees. These were replaced with dracena palms.

There never was a spruce tree on Spruce Street, nor a Sycamore on Sycamore Street, but around the Blackburn place some of the native Sycamores had never been removed.

Many streets of Santa Cruz are named after residents of the city, starting with a name of Mission days: Quintana Street was named for a Franciscan father who was killed in 1818 by Indians.

On Mission Hill, streets were named after old-time families; Anthony named for Elihu Anthony, first postmaster who built the first wharf, first subdivider and an upstanding citizen. Case Lane for Benjamin Case and his wife, Mary Amney Case, who taught the first secular school in her home. The lane later became part of Laurent Street.
Davis Street was named for Isaac Davis and Jordan for Albion P. Jordon, partners in the lime business. A few years ago Escalona Drive was extended to Highland Avenue, taking what had been Davis Street for so many years.

Kirby Street was named for R. C. Kirby who was the owner of the Kirby tannery on Laurel Street.

Peyton Street was named for Bernard Peyton, superintendent of the California powder works.

Baldwin was named for L. K. Baldwin from Massachusetts. He was a dairyman up the coast before moving into Santa Cruz where he became a civic and business leader.

Towne Terrace was named for John W. Towne and led to the Towne home at the brow of the hill.

Grover Lane runs from Towne Terrace to Walnut Avenue and was named for a family of lumbermen, J. L. Grover, Dwight Grover and Freelan Grover, who had homes adjoining it on Walnut Avenue.

Storey Street was named for W. D. Storey of Milwaukee, who was a district attorney at one time.

Weeks Avenue, which runs along the High School tennis courts was named for T. J. Weeks, who was the owner of a large farm in that area and of a spacious home overlooking the cliff. This home was moved to California Street opposite Otis Street.

Fair Avenue was named for Senator James G. Fair who made his money in the Comstock Lode Mines of Virginia City. His family spent their summers here for many years.

Swift Street was named for Mr. E. J. Swift at one time owner of the Pacific Ocean House.

McPherson Street was named for Duncan McPherson, editor of The Sentinel and business leader of the city.

Ingalls Street was named for N. P. Ingalls, who served a number of terms as supervisor of Seaside District and for years operated the Santa Cruz and Pescadero stage line.

Jeter Street was named for the Hon. William T. Jeter. He was elected district attorney and served as California Lieutenant-Governor. He was
best known as a leading banker, being president of Santa Cruz County National Bank and Santa Cruz Bank of Savings and Loan.

The Garfield Park section was named for President James A. Garfield and the circles were named for leaders of the Christian Church: Isaac Errett, Rev. David Walk and Wilkes Circle was named for a pioneer preacher.

Blackburn was named for Judge William Blackburn who owned a farm from what now is Laurel Street and included the entire Southern Pacific grounds. Acres of it were in orchard.

Uhden Street was named for Henry Uhden who, in his later years, was a fisherman as were his sons.

Cooper Street was owned on both sides by the Cooper family who gave one side for a court house and on the north side was the Cooper Store.

Button was named for O. M. Button who lived at Button and Emanline. He helped install the California Powder Works and, as a hobby, made wonderful bows and arrows from native hazel and other woods.

At one time we had a Campbell Street and Campbell Avenue, which caused no end of confusion so Campbell Avenue was changed to Oxford Way. We also had a Dakota Street and Dakota Avenue. Dakota Street was only one block long, but even that length confused delivery men and postmen and is now Colorado Street.

Felix Street should be called Feliz because Juan Jose Feliz and his wife, Maria Antonio Castro, daughter of Joaquin Castro, owned a land grant given by the Mexican government at the location.

The City Map of 1889 shows the street above the union of Lincoln and Walnut named Mill Street; now it is all known as Walnut Avenue. Mill Street was more like a lane and extended as far as what is now Escalona. It was not bordered with homes, had no walks and was deep in mud in the winter. It was in reality the lane used to drive the cows to pasture.

What is now called Cleveland was then Lincoln Avenue. Otis from Mission to King was called El Casco.
Barson Street was named for the Alfred Barson family, which established the Riverside Hotel and maintained it for two generations.

A glance at our city map shows the streets were more a matter of topography and convenience than of planning. Roads were established as the easiest route from one point to another and homes were built along that route or on lanes leading off from a main road. These lanes, later streets, served for the traffic of those times. Trees were planted to provide shade and beautify the lanes but had to be removed when the lanes were widened and surfaced.

-Jeannette Rowland

Published by SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.
Mailing Address: P. O. Box 746
Santa Cruz, California

Return Requested
NEWS AND NOTES

from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Published by SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.
Mailing Address: P. O. Box 746
Santa Cruz, California

Return Requested
NEW OFFICERS

Installed at a dinner meeting October 14 at Santa Cruz Hotel were the following: Mrs. Leon Rowland, President; Mrs. Callista Dake, Vice-President; Mrs. Phyllis Patten, Secretary; James Clancy, Treasurer. Directors, in addition to the officers, are: Fred McPherson, Jr., Charlie Batchelder and David McFadden.

###

WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING:

JUNE meeting featured Don Epperson and Ken Sipes who spoke on Youth Village activities. They illustrated their program with colored slides of programs at a Santa Clara county village. Mrs. Leon Rowland conducted the meeting in the absence of the president and vice-president.

SEPTEMBER meeting, conducted by Vice-President, Margaret Koch, was a business session.

###

CORRECTION...

Under the "Streets of Santa Cruz - June 1965" News and Notes.... Quintana Street was named for a Franciscan father who was killed by the Indians in 1812, not 1818.
GLENWOOD HOTEL -- Resort of Yesteryear
-by Phyllis Patten

Santa Cruz County is blessed with a wealth of scalloped canyons. One of these is Glenwood. An area in its primitive state, surrounded with forested rolling hills, the only exit is a narrow outlet forged by time perhaps, for the creek to pass through Glenwood was founded by an enterprising young man - Charles C. Martin, about 1850. To share his aspirations, he brought his bride there in 1859.

When the S. P. C. Railroad (South Pacific Coast) bored its way through tunnel Number 3 in the center of Martin's holdings, then out tunnel Number 4, the Martins built a two-story resort hotel. There were 8 bedrooms upstairs, a dining room, kitchen and pantry on the first floor. It was placed near their New England-style dwelling which nestled beside ancient spreading oak trees, commanding a panoramic view of the spacious valley.

The purpose of the hotel was to accommodate railroad men and commercial travelers, according to Martin's granddaughter, Joyce Whaley. When the Martins' eldest son William (Billy) brought his bride (Emma Mosher) a Santa Cruz school teacher, to live in one of his parents' frontier dwellings in 1893, the pioneers decided to retire from the hotel business. They turned the entire premises over to the young couple, Billy and Emma. It proved an excellent arrangement.

Hotel in the Redwoods. The following is a partial description of Glenwood Hotel in the years 1903-1907, an established popular summer resort by then and a health spa due to the clean, fragrant air, climate, home grown food, accommodations and a mineral spring. The spring was labeled Mineral Springs and had been located by Billy Martin some years earlier beside Glenwood Road about a quarter of a mile from the hotel. It was an attraction for before-breakfast and evening walks. Hikes, exploring the environs of Glenwood, were one of the favorite pastimes of the guests.

Winter was the period for improvements and expansion. Four and six room cottages made up the cottage row along the creek, plus the former two-room cottages. Each door opened on a surrounding porch due to the slope of the terrain.

Piano and Bathtub. A large dance hall boasted a piano. At the edge of a fenced corral was a four or five-stall open wagon shed which supported an upper floor containing four comfortable bedrooms for the help.
A lean-to attached to the shed served as laundry and there a Chinese laundryman labored. It also housed the only bathtub as this was still the era of wash bowl and water pitcher.

Near the laundry and drying yard there was a concrete-lined swimming pool. And the summer of 1907 marked the appearance of several new cottages for the dining room help which were built in the orchard behind the dance hall.

It was a year 'round job to care for the livestock, truck garden and ready the premises for the summer population...A forerunner of today's "Dude Ranch."

Sunday Ice Cream and Trips. Billy Martin had two special Sunday jobs. One was to make ice cream by hand, churning the container which was buried in a tub of cracked ice and rock salt. It was a long and monotonous procedure but the finished product was delicious.

His second job was to take guests for a tally-ho drive on Sunday afternoons. Billy, proudly seated behind his favorite four-in-hand hitched to a four-seater surrey with fringe on top, took the guests up and down fern-crested glens and dales. They traversed wooded canyons and forded crystal clear streams, both to refresh the horses and to reach higher elevations from which they could survey the magnificent panoramic views. These rides were most enjoyable excursions for city folks. Even the smell of freshly sprinkled dusty roads was an adventure to them.

The "Husband Train". Excitement reigned every Saturday evening at train time. This was labeled the "Husband Train" because it discharged husbands at whistle stops all along the way to Santa Cruz.

Several other rural resorts met their guests at Glenwood station... Mountain View ranch, Summer Home Farm and others.

Lovers' Lane. Glenwood hotel guests would hike the narrow trail canopied with willows and wild undergrowth bordering a gully, to the depot and the Martins' general merchandise store. A rustic bench was placed about half way along the trail. There romancers could rest and dream...Lovers' Lane, it was called.

While Billy Martin met the trains, picked up the mail, supervised the ranch and did other jobs, his wife Emma supervised the hotel. She did all the ordering, the clerical work, performed the hostess duties and did the hiring and firing of help.
The "Ice Box." Every eight days, wagons bearing fish, meat, ice and vegetables came from Santa Cruz. The week's supply of meat for the hotel hung in an enclosure in the wood shed above blocks of ice wrapped in burlap and smothered in sawdust. Here, too, were stored melons, vegetables and butter -- anything needing a cool storage place.

###

Editor's Note: Mrs. Phyllis Patten will continue her memories of Glenwood Hotel in the next issue.

###

SANTA CRUZ CHINATOWN

The first Chinatown in Santa Cruz was on Willow Street - now Pacific Avenue -- between Walnut Avenue and Lincoln Street when those thoroughfares were only muddy lanes. This was in the 1860's when Main Street - now Front - was the principal business district. Chinatown was a row of one-story shacks with the first one a joss house and along the edge of the dirt sidewalk was a row of Normandy poplars.

In the late 70's Chinatown was moved from Pacific Avenue to Front where it grew much larger and according to Ernest Otto numbered about 300 people. There it was sometimes called the Birkenseer Chinatown for the man who owned the property. There it was a collection of one story frame structures with here and there a two-story building. Between these buildings was a dead-end street called China Lane.

After the big fire of 1894 the Chinese disagreed as to the location of Chinatown and the group divided. Mrs. Blackburn - who owned land from Laurel Street to the present location of the Southern Pacific depot erected two rows of houses to the south of West Sycamore St. The Gee Kong tong (Chinese Free Masons) won out and the joss house was located at the Blackburn Chinatown and later was moved bordering the river east of Front Street.

The more prosperous Chinatown was east of Front Street and north of Cooper Street extending to the San Lorenzo River. Gradually the population from the Blackburn area filtered back to the uptown settlement.

Early Chinese coming to America worked in railroad construction or building tunnels. Some worked in the mile long Glenwood tunnel but most of those coming to Santa Cruz were house boys, vegetable
gardeners, laundrymen and a few merchants. Some also were employed at the powder works where they were coopers as the powder was shipped in wooden kegs. A horse-drawn bus transported the men morning and evening.

The joss house or temple - which was in four or five locations in Santa Cruz at various times - was one rather large room. The society which sponsored the joss house in the old days favored driving the Manchus out of China. After Sun Yat Sen became president many felt their aims had been accomplished and interest waned.

The interior featured pictures of ancient heroes of China. The shrine was in an alcove in a corner and a continuously burning light was before the shrine. Smoke from an ever-burning taper set in peanut oil, burning incense, punks and red candles had through the years so blackened the figures on the pictures that the features could scarcely be seen. The joss house by the river stood from 1905 until 1950.

The Chinese wore the same garb here as in China with their heads partially shaved and their hair braided in a queue.

There were many Chinese gardens near town. One large one was above King Street between Peyton and Walnut Avenue and a shack was occupied by the man or men who tended the vegetables. For many years Mrs. Blackburn leased on the lower end of Chestnut Avenue quite an acreage to Chinese for their truck gardens. These gardens were irrigated by the water of the stream which crosses Mission and California Streets.

The Chinese were round hats woven from split bamboo and regularly made the rounds of their customers with baskets of fresh vegetables on the ends of a pole balanced on their shoulders. These were largely root vegetables, radishes, carrots, beets, turnips and cabbage.

The Chinese laundries of the early day were very popular and very reasonable in price: an entire family washing including shirts and collars would cost between fifty cents and a dollar. The Chinese were very prompt in their collection and their delivery.

The lay of each laundry was about the same, the tubs were in the rear and clothes were beaten against a block to remove the water after washing. The clothes lines were arranged above a platform about 10 feet high as the buildings were high above the ground. In the front room, always warm as the coke fires were always going to heat the irons, below the ceiling were rows of lines for use during rainy weather.
Along the length of the laundry on both sides were the ironing boards and for each ironer a bowl of water and by mouth action the clothes were sprinkled. Under the ironing boards were places for the employees to sleep.

The Chinese never forgot their customers on Chinese New Year. Some time earlier they came to the home with a Chinese lily bulb in a bowl with the bulb surrounded by pebbles. These could be covered with water so the bulb would bloom for New Years. Each customer received a bag of candy and lichee nuts and the boys of the family would receive a package of fire crackers.

Starting in 1881 and for more than a quarter of a century there was a Christian Chinese Mission located on China Lane in the Birkenseer Chinatown. It was sponsored by the First Congregational Church and organized by Rev. Mahlon Willett with devoted local women helping to teach the Chinese to speak and read English. Among these were Miss Mary Perkins, a music teacher; Miss Eva Fikes, Mrs. Kate Hall and many others.

Prominent among the Chinese at the Mission was Pon Fang, a local merchant whose store was on Pacific Avenue near where Cathcart Street was cut through to Cedar. He returned to China and brought his wife - the first woman in Santa Cruz to have bound feet - and his son, Samuel, to Santa Cruz. Four more children were born to them here. Samuel graduated from the University of California as an engineer.

Pon Fang organized the first Chinese Christian Endeavor Society in the United States and during his years here served as an interpreter in justice and supreme courts. He later returned to China.

A portion of the Evergreen Cemetery is dedicated to Chinese burials. The ambition of the early Chinese was to be buried among his ancestors so many of those buried there were later removed to China.

The Chinese burial differed from the Caucasian in that a roasted chicken, pastries and fresh fruits were placed on the grave instead of flowers. After the burial all the earthly possessions of the deceased are burned near the grave. The larger the mound of possessions the more impressive the bonfire. Although there have been no burials of Chinese since 1921 in Evergreen Cemetery the local Chinese donated $300 in a recent drive for funds to improve or maintain the cemetery.

-Jeannette Rowland
WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING

*OCTOBER was "dinner out" at the Santa Cruz Hotel with Judge James Scoppetone as speaker. New Officers were elected.

*NOVEMBER featured Margaret Koch in a program of slides and talk on "Early Santa Cruz."

*DECEMBER was the occasion for a dinner-meeting at Adolph's with the SCO Singing Strings furnishing a musical program.

*JANUARY was cold and wet. No meeting.

*

GLENWOOD HOTEL

Part II.

-by Phyllis Patten

Only one employee is known to have been fired. Poi, an excellent Chinese cook and baker called Mr. and Mrs. Martin into his domain, sputtering Chinese with his broken English, and reported that some of his tools were missing.
After secret investigation, the missing knives were found in the suitcase belonging to a waitress from San Francisco. Of course, she was fired immediately.

Another time, girls stole watermelons from the icea house for a party of their own. (Local girls not guilty.) All seven in a group were reproached in school-marm manner. None was fired.

Young Mrs. Emma Martin was a tolerant supervisor with an understanding and sparkling wit. Like the immediate family, which consisted of Billy, his wife Emma, their little daughter Miriam, and Emma's mother, their little daughter Miriam, and Emma's mother, Grandma Mosher, the waitresses could be served anything on the bill of fare. Even filet mignon and watermelon.

To shorten the long given name of one girl, Mrs. Martin suggested substituting "lis" for the last syllable which was "ena," making the name Phyllis -- a name mostly in story books then. The result captivated guests at her table who now gave their order with the prefix "fill-us."

Glenwood resort came to life about April of each year when one or two girls, with Mrs. Martin herself, refreshed every inch of the interior of cottages and hotel, bedding, floor matting and furniture. Mrs. Martin was a meticulous worker. These advance helpers had the advantage of the summer girls, making acquaintance with young railroad workers. Moonlight songfests were held around bon fires arranged by the railroad men near the station. Barn dances at Laurel, a station north of the mountains, were scheduled before the building danced in - was to be filled with new hay.

Getting to Laurel was an adventure -- riding on hand cars manned by railroad escorts through the long black tunnel, sometimes accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Martin. Edwin (Ned) was Billy's brother. Another brother, Herbert Martin and his family, lived up near the summit between Santa Cruz and Santa Clara counties on another section of the Martin ranch which extended into the other county.

Thank heaven the parties were not in the tunnel April 18, 1906. 5:15 a.m. was about the time Glenwoodites usually returned through the tunnel from the Laurel dances. The 1906 earthquake collapsed Wright's and the Glenwood-Laurel tunnels almost completely. The Southern Pacific narrow gauge between San Francisco and Santa Cruz was incapacitated for three long years. But Glenwood hotel continued to be patronized by way of Watsonville and Santa Cruz.
When the first train again ding-donged and hissed to a stop at Glenwood station, it echoed a renewed prosperity and freedom to come and go more swiftly and easily for the mountain dwellers. All the Martins were on hand for a joyful welcome: Billy, Edwin (Ned) and their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C.C. Martin and neighbors, all turned out. They decorated the engine with flags and flowers and with a slogan made up by Emma: "Rah Rah Rah Glenwood -- Glenwood, Ha Ha Ha SP SP Through Through Through."

The hotel recreation hall was open to people of leisure at all times. Vacationers at the hotel on the 4th of July were especially rewarded. Patriotism was reflected everywhere. The dining room was tastefully decorated with American flags and green boughs, flags flew from the cottages and Poi prepared a special menu.

The day was climaxed with a gala evening for everyone, guests, employees and friends. Talent for the program was selected from the guests or from anyone who had something to offer. The whole evening was arranged by a guest, including dancing for all. One annual feature of the July 4th evening was the request that Mrs. Emma Martin, who had been interested in elocution during her teaching career, give a recitation. She presented a lovely picture, standing alone in the crowded hall, dressed in a starched white cotton dress, with a big twist of her long brown hair crowning her head and her blue eyes sparkling. No matter where she performed, here before an audience, or as hostess in the dining room or working with the girls, she unconsciously projected an aura of self-sufficiency that rubbed off on others. No wonder the hotel patrons were of top calibre.

A pleasantry that is missed today is the smell of fresh-sprinkled dust. Every evening during meal time, Uncle West, a faithful ranch hand, watered or hosed all around the porches of the hotel and the family home next to it, and under the spreading oak trees nearby. Guests leaving the dining room not only were reinforced by a wholesome meal, but also met a vitalizing breath of air not experienced today due to black top or concrete sealing Mother Earth away.

The freshness of the balmy air often inspired poetry. Here is an excerpt written on the spur of the moment on the hotel porch during one of those evenings:

"Oh so many bowers sprinkled with wild flowers, where' er one looks on height or nook, some beauty charms, and Nature calms our mind at ease, So all things please."
(By J.C.E. of Oakland, August 5, 1907).
The story of Glenwood would be incomplete without telling about Billy Martin's dream and mechanical ambition. For several winters he and a friend worked to build a horseless vehicle with the propelling power housed in the rear.

Mrs. Joyce Martin Whaley, a niece, says that the vision began to materialize about 1904. With his friend, Lloyd Lukins, who had a foundry and carriage building shop near Park and Vine Streets in Santa Cruz, Billy engineered the project. It was designed similar to the pattern of his four-seated surrey, but with the propelling power -- a chain drive -- housed in the rear.

After two winters' work the new Glenwood Hotel bus was proudly put into general service. This was during the summer of 1907 and it was an original model, the first of its kind in these parts... a forerunner of the 1945 Volkswagen.

Billy's auto didn't have the speed of future horseless vehicles but it gallantly chugged to wherever the fringed surrey went. It transported guests to and from the railroad station at Glenwood, it went after mail and it went on Sunday excursions. It was a conversation piece for all who viewed it.

This represented a crowning achievement for the hotel Martins in the early automotive era. Mrs. Whaley has a picture and clipping from the Santa Cruz Sentinel accurately describing Billy's "horseless carriage."
NEWS AND NOTES  
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Published by SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.  
Mailing Address: P. O. Box 746  
Santa Cruz, California
SANTA CRUZ FIRE FIGHTERS
-by Jeanette Rowland

Santa Cruz has come a long way in fire fighting methods since the Alerts and hook and ladder companies were organized in 1877. By 1887, the community had five hose cart companies and one hook and ladder company with a total of 307 members: The Alerts, the Pilots, the Pogonips, the Kirby Company, the Reliefs and the hook and ladder.

Hose cart races were the big inter-city sports contests in the '80's and the Alerts were Santa Cruz' crack running team.

It was the Alerts who usually upheld the honor of Santa Cruz in races with other central county towns: Watsonville, Hollister, San Juan Bautista, Salinas and San Jose.

Watsonville contributed and in Watsonville today still remains the diamond bat, symbol of victory, engraved with the name of the winning team and year it was won. It had to be won three times to give permanent possession.

The Alerts won twice, so did Watsonville. When the contests ceased the belt was in the hands of Watsonville, there to remain. The rivalry between the cities which has existed for many years started with these races.

The Santa Cruz Historical Society owns an Alerts record book of the years 1882 through 1888.

The organization was to be composed of not more than fifty members and
not less than ten. It met weekly and held semi-annual elections of officers in June and December.

The officers were foreman, first assistant, second assistant, secretary and treasurer. The foreman presided at all meetings, had command of the company at all fires and parades. First assistant replaced the foreman when absent, saw that members remained at posts and reported disobedience. Second assistant duties were to look after hose cart and hose at a fire and replace first assistant when necessary.

Any male resident over eighteen years of age was eligible, had to be voted in by members and pay initiation fee of fifty cents. Each member paid twenty-five cents monthly dues, was fined fifty cents for neglect of duty and twenty-five for non-attendance at meetings and the same for absence at roll call upon return of hose cart after a fire or alarm. Men were suspended for non-payment of dues and expelled for misconduct.

Each racing team was allowed twelve men and two substitutes and the races were held on or near July 4th each year. Two days and two nights were usually allowed for the festivities which ended with a grand ball. Great crowds came in by train and the hose carts and hook and ladder trucks from other towns were brought in on flat cars.

In those days, most of the buildings on Pacific Avenue had porches extending over the sidewalk. These held all the spectators who could find a place on them and on both sides of the roped-off track were crowds from surrounding towns. Each group had rooters by the hundreds, and thousands were in town for the two days. Lodging was at a premium.

The race was 400 yards - running 300 yards to the hydrant, connect hose, opening hydrant, laying 100 yards of hose and then screwing on a nozzle before the water could spurt out.

The Alerts and the Pilots were the principal hose companies who participated in the races. The Pogonip was the only team which never took part. It had its own fire house on River Street and was composed mostly of employees from the Kron Tannery.

From time to time each company gave dances for the public to raise money to support their projects.

The Alert uniforms were flaming red shirts with a white A, white, red and black leather belts and fireman's caps. The Pilots shirts were navy blue with a large P on the front. The hook and ladder had a combination blue shirt with red front.
The Pilots were said by Ernest Otto to be the upper social set but the Alerts were the most popular and according to record, usually reached the fire first. To be a member of either company was a social asset.

The names of prominent members of the Alerts in the 80's, some of whom figured in local affairs well into this century, are Enoch Alzina, Frank Bartlett, Elmer Dakan, Samuel Harry Cowell, C. E. Arcan, Joseph Skirm, and many others. Of the Pilot company are Robert Effey, Carl H. Bernheim, Jesse Cope, Frank Ely, Humphrey B. Pilkington and Charles C. Moody.

The Alerts and hook and ladder had their quarters in the old city hall on Front Street, later moving to Pacific Avenue.

**HOOK & LADDER CO. 1878**

On the afternoon of Thursday, May 2, 1878, Hook & Ladder Co. No. 1 with Alert Hose Co. as escort, with city council members in a carriage drawn by four black horses, preceded by Madeira band, marched up Front Street to the lower plaza and down Pacific Avenue to the Powder company's wharf to greet the Steamer Constantine, bringing the new truck.

It was 6 p.m. before the steamer tied up to the crowded wharf. The truck was taken off the steamer and decorated with flowers. Seated on it was Miss Hoff in white, with flowers and a flag. Cheers were given the steamer company for its free transportation of the truck from San Francisco. The Alerts, 22 in number, opened ranks and saluted as the Hook and Ladder company, 35 in all, marched through then fell in behind. The procession went up Pacific Avenue to the upper plaza, around it, down Mission to Vine, Locust and to the city hall on Front Street. The fire bell was rung continuously while the procession was in progress; crowds cheered and waved handkerchiefs.

The system of electric fire alarms was introduced by the Pilot hose company and started with 12 boxes at a cost of $50 each to cover cost of box, wire and labor of construction. These were placed as property owners desired. When the alarm box was pulled the coded signal rung out on the bell would call volunteers to the alarm box location.

Eventually there were 30 alarm boxes. In 1896 the city paid the Pilots $650 for their alarm system. The city had 48 hydrants.
The Santa Cruz fire bell was cast by W. T. Garratt company of San Francisco in the year 1875. The city of Santa Cruz purchased it in April 1878 for $490. The bell was first installed on the old city hall on Front Street and behind the Hall of Records. Because of the weight -- 860 pounds and with clapper and mountings it totaled about 1200 pounds -- fear was felt it might fall and damage the building so it was installed on a tower.

Until about 1898 the bell was rung in case of fire to call the fire department. About 1900 an automatic striker was installed which would ring the box alarm numbers to indicate what section of town the fire was in. Some time later, the bell was moved to a tower behind the Church Street station where it was in constant use until 1940 when the station was moved to Center St. It now stands on a low pedestal in front of the station.

Following the great fire of 1894 the Pilots built a two-story fire house on Church Street, the location is now a part of Leask's store, housing the appliance department and offices. This station was in continuous use until 1940 except for a short time in 1906 when the earthquake destroyed the brick arches in front of the building.

The Santa Cruz fire department was organized as a single fire fighting unit in October, 1895, at the time of the disbandment of the Alert & Pilot hose companies and the hook and ladder. The equipment was all stored at the Church Street station.

Mr. C. H. Sanborn was appointed by the city commission at a salary of $60 a month to take charge of the equipment, drive the one horse through the city hauling the street sprinkler, and promptly return the horse to the fire station in case of fire.

An 1897 inventory shows two horses with harness, two hose wagons, 2100 feet of hose, axes, crowbars, lanterns, buckets, 15 fire hats, two horse blankets and an ambulance stretcher.

The first truck was purchased in 1912 by the city. It had two 40-gallon chemical tanks. The first pumping engine was a Seagraves bought in 1925 at a cost of $13,500. Later purchases were a Mack in 1935, a White in 1941, an aerial ladder in 1949, another Seagraves in 1951 with a capacity of 1000 gallons per minute, and in 1956 another Seagraves. This latter was driven from Columbus, Ohio, to Santa Cruz by Capt. E. Neal taking ten days for the trip.

The East side station was organized in December 1935 and the West side station in 1954.

These three departments now have five engines, one hook and ladder and one rescue truck. There are 40 members in the fire department.
No one can estimate the number of lives saved or the property saved from complete loss but both have been great. One benefit to every property holder in this area is the reduced rate of fire insurance because of the diligence, skill and "ALERTness" of our fire fighting men.

### WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOING

**FEBRUARY**  Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Abbott presented colored slides showing what can be done to remodel and beautify old buildings.

**MARCH**  W. A. Lloyd of the Monterey office, State Beaches and Parks, discussed roofing work being completed on the School street adobe.

**APRIL**  Mrs. Matilda Dedrick showed slides of her recent world tour.

**MAY**  Mrs. Lois Worth showed slides of Africa she took while on two recent world tours.
SANTA CRUZ POET

By Callista Dake

Information through the courtesy of Bob Lincoln

Laura Catherine Redden Searing, known to the literary world as "Howard Clyndon" was born in Somerset County, Maryland, February 9, 1840.

She traced her lineage through her maternal grandfather to Sir William Waller, one of the original proprietors of Maryland. The family line went even further back to Edmund Waller, celebrated wit and poet of the days of Cromwell and the Restoration. Her ancestry is in close collateral line with that of the "good and great John Hampton" and her poetical inspiration and patriotic fervor came to her from different sources.

In her early childhood Laura's parents moved to Missouri and it was while very young that she was afflicted with the illness that darkened her life.

She had a complication of acute diseases at the age of eleven. The sickness started as a cold which continued for about a week, after which time she went into a stupor which lasted for weeks. When she awoke as from a long, long sleep, she was completely deaf. Her vocal cords also
are injured; she had a difficult time making herself understood. Her voice had a most unpleasant tone and she had no control over its pitch. She became very sensitive about using her voice and talked less and less. Without success, she made efforts to correct the trouble. She received no assistance -- because no one knew how to help. She was sent to different schools with little success -- she seemed almost dumb, as well as deaf. This continued until 1871 when with her almost unintelligible high falsetto voice, she was sent to the Clarke Institute at Northampton, Mass. This was the first articulation school ever established in the United States.

With great difficulty and after spending a long time, she became able to control the pitch of her voice. When Professor Alexander Graham Bell as engaged to teach the system of visible speech, invented by his father, Professor Melville Bell, at Clarke school, Laura made rapid improvement. He also studied lip reading from Zerah C. Whipple. Her efforts were successful in giving her a pleasant speaking voice which charmed rather than offended. But most of her time was spent with writing. She wrote long articles for the New York Mail under the title "Silent Children", advocating the teaching of speech in all schools for the deaf. In 1874 he published her renowned "Sounds from the Secret Chambers."

In 1876 Miss Redden and Edward W. Searing, a well-known New York Lawyer, that day, were married. The wedding took place at the home of friends at Mystic, Conn. Such notable persons as John Greenleaf Whittier andtyard Taylor sent autographed copies of their work. Illness kept Mr. Whittier from attending the wedding. Congratulations came to the wedded couple from all literary people, among them, Joaquin Miller.

The Searings were blessed with one daughter, Elsa, to whom her mother wrote one of her sweetest poems.

In 1886 Mrs. Searing came to California with the convention of Instructors for the Deaf, and, finding the environment of Santa Cruz adapted to the needs of her failing health, decided to make it her future home.

Living at the Seaside resort inspired her poems entitled, "Hills of Santa Cruz," "The Homes of Santa Cruz," "Capitola" and others.
When the Searings' daughter returned to San Mateo from Alaska, Mrs. Searing made her home there and her last days were quiet and peaceful ones.

The last lines written by Laura Searing were these:

"Oh hush thee, hush thee, heart;
Lie still within my lonely breast;
For soon shall come a time when thou
And I shall be laid well at rest.
There must be fairer fields for us
Beyond the midsts of human ken."

Written April 5, 1908.

###

**THE HILLS OF SANTA CRUZ**

I've seen the far-off Apennines
Melt into dreamy skies;
I've seen the peaks the Switzers love
In snowy grandeur rise;
And many more to which the world
Its praise cannot refuse -
But of them all, I love the best
The hills of Santa Cruz.

Oh, how serenely glad they stand,
Beneath the morning sun!
Oh, how divinely fair they are
When morn to noon hath run!
How virginal their fastnesses;
Where no Bacchante woos
The kisses of the grapes that grow
On the hills of Santa Cruz.
And then, how beautiful they look
   Just when the sun departs,
With benediction on their brows
   And Homesteads on their hearts!
O hills of Promise, Peace and Joy!
   No heart could well refuse
To own the charm of your delights,
   Dear hills of Santa Cruz!

When the reluctant sun hath gone
   And left ye love and sweet,
What rapture then to trace the lines
   Where earth and heaven meet.
So low ye lie beneath the sky
   We ne'er can you accuse
of harshness or repellant pride,
   Kind hills of Santa Cruz!

Ah! no; ye are forever dear
   And restful to the eye;
Tho' ever changeful, yet each change
   Is but a glad surprise.
'Twixt gentle skies and gentle seas,
   Your outlines never lose
The tenderness that Eden knew,
   Calm hills of Santa Cruz!

You stand before us like to those
   Meek angels sent of God,
Who chanted blessings on the earth's
   Imbued and guilty sod;
So ye, sweet ministers of hope,
   In mind and heart infuse
Peace and good will on earth, O dear,
   Dear hills of Santa Cruz!

And if I be the first to lay
   The laurels at your feet,
Why, then, my heart can only say
   The task is passing sweet.
For sure I am and sure we are
   Wo ne'er your outlines lose,
There are no hills to match our own
   Glad hills of Santa Cruz!

###

Comment by John Greenleaf Whittier:

Dear Friend Howard Glydon:

"The hills of Santa Cruz" is a lyric which would do honor to any magazine. Fine in conception and felicitous in expression, it will cling to the Santa Cruz Mountain range forever. It will do for the little city by the sea what Bret Harte has done for San Francisco and Mrs. Mace has done for Los Angeles. It will give new interest to the surrounding scenery, and really add to its values in the eyes of the tourist and speculator.

Very truly thy friend,

John Greenleaf Whittier
WHAT WE HAVE BEEN DOING

Highlight of the fall season was the Society's dinner meeting at Adolph's with Elizabeth Calciano as guest speaker. Mrs. Calciano is at University of California at Santa Cruz as a researcher and instructor in Santa Cruz County history. She has captured memoirs of several old-timers, including several who are members of the Society, on a tape recorder. The tapes are then typed off into books. These are to be used as basic information sources.

Mrs. Calciano told of her work and asked for volunteers to type, learn indexing and other various tasks in conjunction with the University's program on local history. She was introduced by President Jeannette Rowland.

Officers of the Society, re-elected in October, are: Mrs. Jeannette Rowland, president; Mrs. Calista Dake, vice-president; Mrs. LaSalle Bachelder, treasurer, and Mrs. Phyllis Patten, secretary.

THE FELTON FLUME

1875-1885

By Phyllis B. Patten

This engineering feat was a manifestation of the ingenuity shown in those magic yesteryears.

The flume must have been built simultaneously with the first railroad into the quiet San Lorenzo Valley, from Santa Cruz wharf; both were built in 1875, according to old records.

May we presume that the same enterprising minds and sources of capital that projected the little narrow gauge railroad to Felton influenced the flume? It was the speediest way to aid the purpose of the railroad, because the Valley's boundless source of "red gold"—redwood lumber, and its by products, had been recognized by the connoisseur.

The Santa Cruz-Felton train made its initial trip to Felton on October 9, 1875, puffing and wheezing up grade on the west side of the San Lorenzo river to the flat between the covered bridge and the Creamer House; both are still much in evidence. Here was ample space for the flume to spew its cargo, and the water rejoined the river on the south side of the bridge.

The purpose of this man-made waterway was to float lumber, split stuff, railroad ties and any other floatable material requiring a speedy passageway; even an injured man who had cut his foot with an ax (George Colby) was floated down on a hastily built raft and arrived safely.

The material, lumber and so forth, was then loaded onto flat cars by the yardmen, then the little engines—"Felton" one was called, another was called the "Santa Cruz"—hauled the freight down to the Santa Cruz wharf where several schooners were waiting for the consignments of lumber to other parts of the globe.

This flume method was speedier than hauling by oxen or mules over those narrow, rutted, up and down grades in the trails then called roads.

(Continued on Page Two)
The Felton Flume
(Continued from Page One)

The flume was 14 miles long, starting somewhere in the vicinity of Waterman's Gap, Boulder Creek. It took 14 men, one man to each mile, to patrol this elevated, snaking waterway. Each man, called a flume-walker, dislodged log jams in the curves and did whatever was necessary.

Following the contour of the land, the flume builders first had to blaze the trail through the rugged wilderness. The structure had to be engineered for proper gravity. The sides and floor of the trough were of three-inch planks; it was dubbed a "vee flume," because the sides leaned outward at angles like the letter V.

This project was considered a marvelous achievement in its day, a spectacular sight. Especially where it spanned a deep ravine, going over it 50 feet above with its underpinning supported by a complex rainbow-shaped girder between two pillars. An old photograph shows this plainly.

The flume outlived the little Felton railroad by five years, due to the South Pacific Coast railroad from Alameda which bored through the mountains from Los Gatos, initiating the route in the spring of 1880 over the realigned tracks on the east side of the San Lorenzo river. The lumber was hauled from the flume area to the new station by oxen or other means of the time. When South Pacific took over the new narrow gauge, sometime before 1885 they built a spur to Boulder Creek in 1885. This ended the use of the flume.

But the valuable virgin timber which floated down the old flume is still in use in many places in the San Lorenzo Valley in buildings and road cribbings. A part of it was pointed out to former county sheriff W. P. (Bud) Hendrick not long ago, still in use, the north wall of the former SP railroad freight house at the old Felton station.

---

Old Santa Cruz
By Ernest Otto

The late Ernest Otto, veteran waterfront correspondent for the Santa Cruz Sentinel for many years, was at his best when writing of things he remembered as a boy. His column entitled "Old Santa Cruz" was eagerly read by old and newcomers alike, natives and non-natives and newspaper readers of all ages.

We reproduce here one of his columns on lumber and charcoal in the "good old days."

LUMBER - CHARCOAL

Not only were there lumber mills throughout the county in the latter decade of the last century, but many other products came from our timbered hills.

Tie camps, in their aggregate, were one of the large industries of the seventies. They produced redwood ties for the railroads then building throughout California. The tie camp might be in a gulch or on a side hill, reached by a dirt road.

The camp would be a row of temporary cabins for the woodsmen who felled the trees, transformed them into ties and piled them on horse-drawn sleds.

Pickets were also used in great quantities, especially to fence farms. Earlier fences had been criss-crossed rails. The old pickets, especially those that are moss-covered, are today in demand for homes such as those in Pasatiempo.

Stakes of various sizes were used in vineyards and hopyards.

Material for Charcoal

Willow and alder growing along the river bottoms was used at the California Powder works for charcoal, an ingredient of powder.

(Continued on Page Three)
OLD SANTA CRUZ
(Continued from Page Two)

Eight tanneries in the county meant a need for much tan bark, which was cut from the beautiful oak trees.

Firewood was used almost entirely for heating homes. A few places such as hotels used coal and the Chinese laundries used coke.

Many men who felled trees on their own places had regular customers for firewood who bought it in four-foot lengths or cut to shorter size. Wagons would come in to town and stand, with the horses tied to hitching posts, awaiting customers for their loads of wood. Hardwood fuel was oak or madrone. Redwood was the cheapest. Pine burned more quickly. A favorite wood for fireplaces was manzanita roots, which threw off a blue flame and sparks, making a cheerful fire. Use of eucalyptus came later.

Locomotives Used Fuel

The early day steam engines used wood for fuel, even the train locomotives which would leave with the tender piled high. The railroad firemen had no easy time.

Wood yards throughout the city sold at a higher price than the wagons which brought wood. From them could be heard the music of the circular saws. The first to have a mechanical wood chopper was that of William Ely on Front street.

Many men made their livelihood sawing and splitting wood, going from house to house with their sawbucks on their backs and buck-saw and axe in their hands. The sawing and splitting was generally on the street in front of the house. The finished product would be carried in their arms or in wheelbarrows, by small boys earning spending money.

One of the woodchoppers, an elderly man known as Carslow, was helped by his wife who carried the wood to the woodshed. She was known as "Four o'Clock" as, when that hour arrived, their stopping time, she would remark: "Four o'clock. Time to go home.

"MAIN STREET" OF SANTA CRUZ

Pacific avenue, the "Main street" of Santa Cruz, has known many changes since the days when most of its travelers were horses and pedestrians — the days of the middle fifties, 100 years ago.

In those days, the avenue was dirt from start to finish. The lowlands were sandy loam but travel was heavy with steady traffic from the mountains, including the horse, mule and ox teams with staggering loads of lumber, split stuff, cord wood and such items as oak, madrone, redwood, pine and redwood limbs, lilac limbs and manzanita root.

Other wagons were loaded with lime from the kilns of the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement company on upper High street, and the wagons bearing grain such as hay from the area between Santa Cruz and Aptos, the loads of sacked oat, barley and wheat.

Other wagons rolling down the avenue were bearing such items as leather from the seven tanneries in this section, paper from the mill at Soquel and sugar from that same area and from smaller factories.

In those days, the wagons made their hauls to one of the three wharves extending out from the beach.

In dry weather, the avenue was easy to traverse, but when the winter rains had struck it became something different. Often the wheels of the heavy wagons would be bogged down and imbedded in the soaked ground and they would have to be dug out. It never was an easy job.

The first attempt at paving was the laying of redwood blocks in the street opposite the Pacific Ocean house. These looked smooth and appeared all right for use, but the tops began to wear away as the wagons rolled along and finally the test was ruled unsuccessful and the blocks were pried up and removed.

The next try at paving the avenue was more successful. Lime rock and macadam was used and for a couple of years many

(Concluded on Page Four)
OLD SANTA CRUZ
(Continued from Page Three)
wagons made their way up High street
as far as the I. L. Thurber quarry at High
and Spring streets.

The writer can remember many times
riding back and forth all day on the high
seat of a wagon driven by Phil Leggett or
Warren Brown to watch the limestone be-
ing blasted out and loaded on the wagon.
Sometimes while up at the quarry, he
would watch a blast. The drilling would
stop and the blasting powder would be
placed in the deep hole. To it would be
connected a fuse from the Talbott and
Dodge fuse factory at Felton. The blasting
powder itself was from the California
Powder works up the San Lorenzo canyon.

After the wait would come the explosion
and the lifting of the rocks into mid-air.

The rock was loaded on the wagons.
The large chunks were transported to
Pacific avenue and unloaded to form a


—By Ernest Otto
EDITOR'S NOTE:

This sprightly story comes to us from the family files of Mrs. Hulda McLean. Mrs. McLean is a daughter of the late Theodore Hoover and a niece of the late Herbert Hoover.

Roy Heald, who wrote this touching "horse story" as part of his autobiography, was a cousin to Theodore and Herbert. His mother, Ann Minthorn, was Hulda Minthorn's sister. His sister, Ethel (Rensch), later co-authored the book "Historic Spots in California" with Mrs. Theodore Hoover.

In the story, Roy Heald has recently lost his father who was killed while driving team for F. A. Hihn on Mountain Charlie road. The father had received the sum of $2.50 for a 12-hour teaming day; on this he was supporting his family. When he was killed, Roy and his older brother took over support of the family.

Roy is about 11 years old, has a Santa Cruz Sentinel newspaper route which pays him $13 per month, and has just bought a horse. The year is 1890. The place, Santa Cruz.

"I looked at her and I thought what did I buy her for. She had long hair stained from sleeping on the manure pile, dirty from rolling in the dirt in the driveway; she was a mess. She was about 3 years old and had never had a halter on her.

"Next morning I got up and put my pants on which were small and tight on me, and I couldn't find my coat in the dark so I put on my brother's coat. It was too big for me so I rolled the sleeves up. I put the harness on the horse which was too big for her, but about 4 a.m. I got her started without any trouble. She went out the lane to the street on down to Soquel avenue to the cross street before the covered bridge to Main street.

"As we were going along Soquel avenue toward the bridge I heard a dog after a cat. Just as we got to the intersection this dog came up out of the creek. She was a Cocker Spaniel with large ears and her mouth open and her tongue hanging out gasping for breath, making quite a noise. The colt stopped and took a look at her. She whirled around, let fly with both feet, kicked some of the slats out of the bottom of the cart. I lost the left line and was hanging onto the other line with both hands. She ran a little way and then let fly with both feet again. That finished the slats in the cart.

"I was hanging onto the line bouncing around on the seat. She was running as hard as she could, just missing the hitching posts along the street by inches. When she got to the crossing she went across the ditch and jumped over the hedge. I was thrown way up in the air, I turned a complete somersault and came down and lit right side up on a bunch of Pampas grass with plumes all around me. . . . I was looking in a bedroom window on the second floor. The window opened. . . and there was a woman on her knees in front of the window looking out to see what was going on. I never moved. She went and woke up her husband and they both looked out the window. I could hear them talking. She asked him what was in the yard across the street. . . He said it looked like part of a buggy.

"She asked him how it got there, their fence is not broken down? He said he didn't know. She said — do you see that little boy sitting way up on top of that Pampas grass? Yes . . . How in the world did he get up there? He just sits there. . . He doesn't seem to be doing anything . . . They finally closed the window.

"I slid down and went and looked at the cart with the harness still hitched to it. I turned it up on its wheels and it was all right. The colt was eating grass near the barn. When she saw me she whirled around and kicked the barn with both feet and ran around the house. When she kicked the barn it made a loud noise . . . A
man piled out of bed and opened the door. He was all tangled up in the bedclothes with the sheet around his head... he sure was boiling mad. He was cussing and asked me what I was doing in his yard that time of day. I just stood there and looked at him. He got dressed and came out. While I was trying to tell him what happened the colt came around the house and walked right up to me and I took hold of the bridle. I told him I had a paper route and didn’t know what to do. He said why don’t you ride her? I said this is the first time she ever had a harness or a halter. Oh, he said, she will be all right. I will fix a rein with the line. So he helped me on and I went up to get my papers.

"The man who ran the press was standing at the door waiting for me. I slid off the colt and was all covered with cotton off the Pampas grass and loose hair and mud from the colt. He was a big man, about 6 feet tall and about 300 pounds with a big stomach. He started to laugh and sat down in the doorway so I couldn’t get in. He laughed and laughed and I stood there looking at him. He finally got up and went inside and got my papers. He had folded them for me and he put them in a double bag and put them on the colt and helped me back up and all the time he was laughing and I couldn’t see what he was laughing at. I was then about an hour and a half late with my route.

"I noticed some of the women waiting for their papers, maybe two or three together. They all looked at me and when I left them they were laughing. I was having quite a time getting the colt to go where I wanted her to go. I finally got home about four hours late. When I rode in the yard Mother was there waiting for me. The colt and I were wet with sweat and I was covered with hair and Pampas grass. My pants were so wet and tight my legs were purple. I tied the colt to a tree so she couldn’t get a drink until she had cooled off. Mother cut the pants off me and then she started to laugh. She laughed and laughed. That night at the supper table I sure took arazzing from the whole family. As I tried to tell them what happened they all got to laughing and had a lot of fun out of me. I sure liked to see Mother laugh."

**HISTORY OF ART IN SANTA CRUZ**

By Lillian Heath

Editor’s Note: This historically valuable account comes to us from the collection of Mrs. Callista Dake whose husband, C. G. Dake, is a nephew of the late Frank and Lillian Heath.

The Heaths were instrumental in organizing and encouraging art in Santa Cruz in the days when one expected—and rightly so—to find an ox or a plow in a man’s hand instead of a paint brush. Frank Heath’s marines and landscapes, many of Monterey Bay scenes, are in permanent collections in this country and abroad. Lillian was known best for her china painting and her miniatures.

I am indebted to Miss Emily Bartlett and to Mrs. L. James for interesting facts concerning the early history of art in Santa Cruz, as Miss Bartlett was born here and Mrs. James came here before I did.

The first teacher of art they could tell me anything about was a Miss Wells who lived first on Soquel avenue and had a little private school in her home. This was over 50 years ago. She then lived with her sisters in the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Miller on Church street and here at one time entertained Joaquin Miller.

Miss Wells for a time gave her lessons in watercolors and drawing in the Sunday school room of the Episcopal church. Mrs. James took lessons from her there. She was a governess to Miss Bartlett at one time. One of Miss Wells’s paintings was exhibited in the Chamber of Commerce windows at the recent Santa Cruz Birthday celebration. She went to New York for a year or so and a Mrs. Taylor came to Santa Cruz and gave lessons in watercolor and color crayons. I have some of those color crayon pictures executed by my husband’s sister, Miss Lina Heath.

Then a cousin of Miss Wells, an English woman, the wife of a Frenchman by the name of Matthias, gave lessons in oils and watercolors. Before she was married she had some of her work admitted to the London Royal Academy. I am told she did not stay in Santa Cruz long but went from here to Sonoma County and painted very lovely wild flower studies which she exhibited in Chicago. She also sold some small panels for as much as $1000.

After this, other artists came occasionally for short periods of time.

Miss Bartlett studied several years with Mary Hallock Foote while she sojourned in Santa Cruz. Miss Bartlett has a Scribner’s Magazine of 1878 with beautiful il-

*(Please turn to Page Three)*
HISTORY OF ART IN SANTA CRUZ
(Continued from Page Two)

Illustrations in it by Mary H. Foote—of scenes in Santa Cruz and vicinity.

Miss Emily Bartlett has taught drawing and painting for more than 36 years in Santa Cruz. For 25 of those years she taught in the Sisters' School, giving lessons not only to the pupils but the Sisters themselves.

A Miss May Cooper also was an early-day Santa Cruz art teacher.

Then a Mrs. Gamble, a very fine artist, opened a young ladies' seminary in a large residence on Walnut avenue somewhere near where the Telephone company is located today. It was a very popular school and in addition to all branches of study she taught painting. She was the aunt of John Gamble, the well-known artist. He often visited her here and gave a few lessons. Mrs. James took lessons from Mrs. Gamble not only here, but in San Francisco where Mrs. Gamble went after leaving Santa Cruz. Miss Carrie Anderson, now Mrs. Daniels, was also one of Mrs. Gamble's pupils. Miss Anderson also went to San Francisco and studied with William Keith. She showed great talent and afterwards returned to Santa Cruz to open a studio and have many pupils.

I was a schoolgirl at this time, and I took my very first watercolor lessons from Miss Anderson. Then I took lessons from my high school teacher, Miss Lillian Howard, on Saturdays in a little studio she rented from Mrs. Ford, back of her residence on Highland avenue. I continued my Saturday lessons from her after I began to teach school.

About this time Mrs. James and Miss Lillian Richardson (later Mrs. Purrington), gave lessons at the Woman's Exchange upstairs in the old building located where the Santa Cruz Theater is now. Miss Richards taught china painting in one room and Mrs. James taught oils and watercolors in another room. Mrs. James taught here for seven years.

Another teacher at this time was Miss Minnie Pope who afterwards became the first wife of James Leonard. She excelled in painting flowers.

Then Frank Heath returned to his old home in Santa Cruz. After graduating from the Hopkins Art Institute in San Francisco he taught painting for a while in a young ladies' seminary. I have forgotten the name of it. Then he opened a studio in San Francisco where he remained for 11 years. He made several trips East to sketch on the East coast, and also spent some time in San Diego where he was successful in selling many of his paintings.

But he always loved his boyhood home and decided to return and open a studio here. He gave lessons in his studio but preferred to take his pupils out of doors sketching. He would hire from a livery stable a big bus with seats going the whole length of each side. The driver would take the class to the place to be sketched and then return for the students at the end of the day. Each pupil brought his lunch and the noon hour was a festive occasion with much fun and jollity.

Mr. Heath had quite large classes and charged so much a day; the more pupils in a class, the less it would cost each one. Nearly everyone interested in art in Santa Cruz at that time joined his classes, among them Mrs. James, Miss Howard and myself. (She was Lillian Dake, daughter of Judge and Mrs. William Storey.)

I took a thorough course from Mr. Heath in cast drawing, outdoor charcoal drawing, and afterward, in oils. I gave up my school teaching to devote myself entirely to my art work. When Mr. Heath encouraged me to start a class of my own, I did so.

After a while china painting became so popular I decided to go to San Francisco and take lessons from two very fine china painters from Chicago: Mrs. Bannister and Miss Malin. After taking a course of lessons from them and learning to fire a china kiln, I returned to Santa Cruz and held an art reception in my mother's home and soon had a large class in china painting. I often held art exhibitions of my pupils' and my own works. I also took lessons at various times from Mrs. Culp and Mrs. Perley in San Francisco.

I spent a winter in New York City taking lessons in figure painting on china. There was a great deal of interest in ceramics at that time and several teachers gave lessons, among them Miss Richardson, Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Shepherd.

Soon after my return from New York City I married my teacher, Mr. Frank Heath. He was not very fond of teaching, and preferred to paint and sell his pictures. He sold a good many to Eastern tourists of which I think we used to have more than we do now. He also exhibited in the Eastern states and in San Francisco. He gave up teaching except on rare occasions when he was coaxed into doing so. When Miss Annie Austin had a private school he taught her pupils drawing and painting and they came to his studio for their art lessons.

Shortly after my marriage I decided to drop my oil painting and confined myself to watercolors and china painting. I went to San Francisco for a while to study with L. P. Latimer, a friend and art student of Mr. Heath's from the Hopkins Institute. I

(Concluded on Page Four)
HISTORY OF ART IN SANTA CRUZ
(Continued from Page Three)
also took a few lessons from the late Mr. Sidney Yard.
One summer Mr. Heath and I took a class to Ben Lomond for a month of sketching. We camped by the San Lorenzo river in a beautiful spot and called ourselves the Jolly Daubers. In this class were Mrs. James, Mrs. Keck, Miss Selina Newman and others.
Mr. Heath and I were so pleased with the scenery around Ben Lomond that we bought a lot and built a summer home and studio there. While there I painted an oil of flaming tokay grapes which I sold to a Chicago man for $135. He was afterward offered $500 for it but wouldn't sell it.
After some years we sold our Ben Lomond Studio home and built another at Mount Hermon. At the time of the burning of the old Zayante hotel there, Mr. Heath had an exhibition of his paintings in it which were all destroyed by fire.
In 1901 a Mr. Roebbach and Mr. Brier opened a studio on Pacific avenue and gave lessons in oils and held studio teas and receptions. Also Mr. and Mrs. Lemos had a studio and gave lessons in Santa Cruz for many years. Their son Sydney Lemos went to the Art Institute in San Francisco and afterward studied with teachers in Chicago and New York.
L. P. Latimer, then of San Francisco, but now of Oakland I believe, gave watercolor sketching lessons to a class which I formed for him in the Big Basin. The following summer he came to our studio in Mount Hermon and gave sketching lessons to a class of Santa Cruz people and to some of his San Francisco pupils. Among his students were Miss Maud Klipple, Miss Margaret Rogers, Mrs. Keck, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. James, Mrs. Blazer and others. Miss Maud Klipple had been giving lessons for some time in china painting and had now decided to take up watercolor.
Miss Margaret Rogers, our present efficient president of Santa Cruz Art League, was one of Mr. Heath's later pupils and urged him to help her organize the League in Santa Cruz. Mr. Heath did not think there were enough artists to form such an association but Miss Rogers, with her characteristic enthusiasm and push, thought there were. She gathered together all those she and Mr. Heath knew, and the League was organized just ten years ago last October. Santa Cruz Art League organized in 1919.
Mr. Heath was voted in as the first president. After his death, Mr. Philip Dodge, a very scholarly man and an artist also, was made president. Mr. Dodge studied oil painting at one time with Mr. Heath and went to Honolulu where he took up watercolor painting. He married in Honolulu and after several visits to Santa Cruz he and his wife returned here to live. After Mr. Dodge's death, Miss Rogers was voted in as president of the League and has remained in that office ever since. She studied marine painting with a very fine New York artist, Alex Bower, who spent a short time in Santa Cruz.
I think I have omitted the important fact that the Santa Cruz Art League in times past has had several beautiful and successful Loan Exhibitions, one at the public library and one at the Santa Cruz Casino.
I think you will agree with me that Santa Cruz has always had some interest in art, and with the efforts put forth by the Art League at the present time and the successful State-wide Art Exhibitions we have held for the past three years, we trust that Santa Cruz will ultimately be "put on the map" as an art center.
Lillian J. Heath
Written in 1929
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Number 38

Published in February, June and October of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 246, Santa Cruz, California 95060
Mrs. Margaret Koch.......................... Editor

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Editor's Note:

This first installment of the chronicle of the Root family appears through the courtesy of Chester Root of Los Gatos. Instrumental in bringing it to the attention of the News and Notes was Mrs. Vera Hall of Santa Cruz, whose husband, William, is a cousin.

The old Root home still stands at the North-East corner of Maple and Cedar streets, Santa Cruz.

* * *

In 1821 in upstate New York was a mixture of farmers living in primitive isolation and villages of modest size. At that early time, Abraham Lincoln was a boy of 12 living in Indiana and George Washington was well remembered for he had given his Farewell Address but 25 years before. Orville Root, my grandfather was born that year near the little town of Portage on the Genessee River.

The family lived in Hunts Hollow, with the river running near by the house and their grist mill.

The family had come some years before from the East Coast where they had lived for eight generations since the first Josiah Roots landed at Salem in 1636.

This period of the 1820's was one of considerable cultivation in the eastern states, and understandably so, for 200 years had gone by since the very first colonists had come over. New England was already the seat of many colleges and Harvard was nearing its 200th anniversary. In the South Thomas Jefferson, happily retired from the Presidency was living at Monticello, and with his spyglass supervising the building of the University of Virginia down in the valley. His classic tastes had swept the country and the Greek Revival style of architectural design was the pattern for many of the homes even in far away upstate New York.

The country up to this time had in large measure not thought of itself as really independent, but in 1814 when the Capitol in Washington was burned by the British and they were raising armies in Canada to recapture these rebellious American provinces, events in Europe came to our rescue by diverting their attention to Napoleon and his activities, and we were on our own.

The new Americans turned their back on Europe and took a look at those hills and valleys to the west, for hadn't the country just doubled in size by the Louisiana Purchase and the Florida Purchase? Maps could now be drawn to the Rocky Mountains and to the Gulf. So now large numbers of them set forth and headed West willing to accept a life of comparative isolation. They developed all the self reliance needed to cope with the hard life of the frontier, and instead of hating the privations and hardships came to accept it as a way of life to be preferred. It has been called an "organized isolation" unlike all previous mass migrations.

And then in 1828 the Pioneers were so numerous they elected their own candidate for the Presidency, Andrew Jackson, much to the shock of the cultivated East, for the old center of gravity had shifted. The President of Yale dismissed these migrants as "not fit to live in regular society—too idle, too talkative, too passionate, too shiftless to acquire either property or character." But the back-woodsmen of the West were defended by Timothy Flint, a frontier missionary for many years who said "he found him to be generally an amiable and virtuous man whose motive for moving West was to a freeholder, to have plenty of rich land and to settle with his children around him."

Such were the Roots, with their 10 children, almost a community of their own. It is reported that one time all ten were in the same room in school but the record shows 19 years between the youngest and the oldest, so that's not likely. In the Spring and Summer the father and the three older sons were busy in the grist mill and in the winter they made barrels for flour and apples. Many evenings were spent in work but the father and the third son, Chester, played the violin for the family's and neighbors' entertainment and for church socials. Years later Orville recalled the little church on the village

(Please turn to Page Two)
green with sleighs going to the pine woods for boughs and the candles being molded for the Christmas festivals. As the family was divided in allegiance between the Universalist and Episcopal church it's not clear which one fitted this idyllic picture.

Straightforward and simple, they could hardly believe it when a partner in business skipped out with all the available funds. This left the family in a difficult spot for it followed on the heels of the 1836 panic in which banks had failed, mills shut down and work on the canals and the new railroads were shut down. Orville and two of his brothers decided to go farther West. They went by team to Buffalo where they got passage on a Lake Erie boat to Toledo and by the newly opened Wabash to Ft. Wayne, Indiana. It was a rough, fast growing place only recently but a fur trading post and not yet chartered as a city when they arrived in 1839. The Erie and Wabash canals were speeding the Westward tide (at speeds up to 5 miles an hour) and the boys wrote back urging the others to come on, which their parents did seven years later in 1846, but the family group was never again complete, some staying in the old home place and one son, Chester, rode off to Chicago, 125 miles away, on horseback. This matter of family solidarity was much on Orville's mind and on the death of his sister Betsy he wrote "... the band of children is now asundered on earth, but our family in heaven is increasing, and soon we will all be there, and there will be no more parting."

The boys first built a log cabin and as they prospered as farmers built a proper house. Then Orville took himself a wife, Elizabeth Hurd, in 1845, whose family's 80 acres became theirs on condition that they take care of her parents for life.

The similarity in the family histories of the young couple must have been remarked. Her parents had moved to Indiana from Cayuga County, New York with forbs for many generations in New England where the first John Hurd had come to Windsor, Connecticut in 1640 from Somerset, England; just 4 years after Josiah Roots.

Elizabeth's grandfather was a Methodist Circuit Rider and his strong feelings on Christianity and its practice was a reflection of the time and the persistence of Puritan morality. A letter to his daughter Polly written while on one of his many journeys says, "A gloom hovers over my soul! Always I have had consoling accounts of thee whenever I saw the Preachers who had been with thee; but now my afflicted mind weighs down my spirits. Brother Beeby informs me that for a long time past thee hast been curling thy hair, and putting on ruffles, bows and ornaments of a giddy, gay and naughty world. That thou hast been spoken to repeatedly without effect; and finally the last time he was there, thou wast put out of the Church. Alas, Alas! Now how can thy afflicted father endure it; my tears roll down my cheeks, and my heart is pierced to the quick. I command and enjoin thee to put far away from thee, without any delay all superfluity of apparel, wash out the curls and curl no more and be dressed in modest apparel henceforth. My afflicted heart cannot bear to have thee in that exposed condition. Humble thyself before God and thy brethren."

Elizabeth's great grandfather was more worldly and was able to bequeath 100 acres of land in New York State to each of his several children. His adopted daughter fared less well than the other children and received one cow, five sheep, a bed, bedstead and bedding when she reached age 18, but only if she had learned to read and write.

But to go back to my Grandparents Orville and Elizabeth. Little is known of their life during the 12 years on their farm in Indiana. It must have been a hard existence in what had so recently been open Indian Country. We do know though that important things were happening to the country in that period. Politically these pioneer people were being wooed by both the Democrats and the Whigs. In the 1840 campaign, the aristocratic Whigs built log cabins everywhere and dispensed hard cider, while accusing Van Buren, the Democratic candidate of being an aristocrat with perfumed whiskers, and prophesied that gout from rich living would carry him off before he could finish out a term.

Slavery was becoming an issue that debate could not settle and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in 1850 fanned the flames. The
A FAMILY AFFAIR
(Continued from Page Two)

North and South battled over the acquisition of new states to help their cause. Texas was annexed in 1845 as a slave state and the Oregon Country in '46 as Free, followed by the great new Western territory after the war with Mexico, in '47. This wasn’t much of a war, for Mexico had only 500 soldiers in all of California and one battleship so old and worn out it couldn’t sail against the wind. This tremendous expansion of the Country to the Pacific was in accord with the theory of “Manifest Destiny”, which phrase got used quite a bit in those days, but which has been spoken of cynically as the hope of getting something that belongs to somebody else.” Rightly or wrongly the borders of the United States were pushed out, largely because of the far-ranging pioneers; those men of “unbreakable will and unyielding courage.”

By 1857 tension had increased greatly over slavery in the new territories. Under the newly proclaimed policy of self determination, each new state could vote whether to be slave or free, and a race was on by both the Democrats and the newly formed Republican Party to populate the key state of Kansas with their advocates. Money was raised by both sides, but particularly the anti-slavery party to bring in immigrants from neighboring states. Whether from their deep conviction that slavery was wrong or because of the highly unsettled economic state caused by this strife the Root family joined the movement. They sold their 80 acres in Indiana to Elizabeth’s brother, who agreed to care for her widowed mother, and leaving Indiana they crossed Illisnois and Missouri to settle in Padonia, Kansas.

The pro-slavery and anti-slavery squatters fought bitterly and lawless elements made family life in Kansas a nightmare. A letter dated March 1851 from Orville Root to a brother and sister still living in Hunts Hollow tells a hard story.

Dear Brothers and Sisters: “I have been at home but a few days from a trip South West, having wintered on the Arkansas River about 300 miles from home. I left home on the 21st of last October, leaving my family in as comfortable circumstances as the times would allow. On arriving at home I found a letter from you which Elizabeth had been unable to answer as she was almost helpless with rheumatism and Ruth was just recovering from a severe and dangerous attack of lung fever which threatened to turn into consumption. Elizabeth’s disease was no doubt brought on by necessary exposure in taking care of the children during the severest winter ever known here, and being entirely worn down taking care of Ruth. As I write without reserve to my Brothers and Sisters I will give my reasons for leaving home. I have been engaged in trade for the past three years and had done as well as the state of the Country would admit—it being the pleasure of the Administration to harass and embarrass the people of Kansas as much as possible, bringing their lands into market, and taking all of their means to save their homes from the greedy speculator who stood ready to take any advantage that would add to the advantages of the would-be pro-slavery rulers of this country, for in the majority of cases, lands forced from the hands of the settlers went into those of residents of the south, or of their agents who were here working for the slavery interests.

The Spring of 1860 opened a fair prospect of unusual agricultural success for the people of Kansas. The mines of the Rocky Mountains and the thousands of consumers on their way to them gave prospects of a good market and induced all to turn all available means into improvements and crops. The result is known. Total failure of everything from drouth; no rain of importance having fallen for 12 months and worse than all, several days of wind from the South, hot as a flame of fire, and killing corn and other plants that in Kansas so well withstand an ordinary drouth. I have seen the thermometer up to 118 in the shade of the north end of our store. From the prospects of the farmers we were induced to sell to them to be paid after harvest as money was very scarce. They were totally unable to pay, and many were obliged to leave the country and may never come back. I used all exertions to meet the demands against me, paid out every dollar I could raise, and as business was totally down I took a small company (my partner and two others joining) and went to the Indian and Buffalo Country for the purpose of sending home meat and opening a trade with the Indians for robes and furs. We established ourselves on the Arkansas River 300 miles west of Independence, built a small Stone Fort (as we were among the hostile Indians who had killed last fall three men at a Ranch on one side of us and two at another) and killed 118 buffaloes. Sending our two wagons back in December loaded with fresh meat in charge of two of our company, and three others and myself stayed for the purpose of building more and drying meat for summer use. Our terms were to come back in February and I was to go home.

(Please turn to Page Four)
A FAMILY AFFAIR
(Continued from Page Three)

The deep snow prevented them and I received a letter from my wife a month behind time informing me of Ruth’s dangerous illness and that she was continually asking for me. I immediately started (another man going also) on foot carrying our provisions and a blanket apiece. We walked 300 miles in 12 days, sometimes lying a portion of the night on the bare prairie without fire, and freezing cold and then working on in the dark. We stood it very well as I am healthier than I ever was before in my life. I found Ruth much better and striving to do the work while Elizabeth was prostrated and her arms and legs covered with blue lumps caused by intense pain, but everything about the house was neat and in order, the children healthy and fat, living mostly on bread. I had sent three loads of goods to the mines on a venture and one of butter, eggs and corn meal had sold (I had sold at home in the fore part of the season 2000 bushels of corn at a low price in expectation of a heavy new crop). The man in charge stayed some time to try and sell the other loads, but finally stored them and arrived at home after I left.

The little money which he saved kept my folks in bread. We have not had any vegetables of any kind. I shall not attempt trade again before fall. I will lose $2000 which will take my home, but I care not if my health is good. I have taken a large farm near here and have been busy the past week sowing wheat donated by Wisconsin. The Northern States are saving Kansas from utter desolation. New York has done nobly and I am proud of my native state.

As I grow older I think more of my home and often think that the time may come when I will purchase it. I miss fruit more than anything and the old apple trees are often in my mind. It seems as if I were destined to be a Pioneer, and without any desire on my part to be so, and driven by what I consider my duty. Where ill luck or poverty pushes I cannot cry over it, but try again."

I had built me a good home here, but fortune seems against me again. I must close. Remember me to old friends and neighbors. We all send love to you and the children and hope to hear from you often. We have five children, four girls. Ruth is a great student, Hazzard is inclined to work, Eliza and Mary are healthy good girls and little Katie, 11 months old the pet of all.”

Truly your brother,

Orville Root.
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Published in February, June and October of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 246, Santa Cruz, California 95060
Mrs. Margaret Koch ................................ Editor

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Editor's Note:
Orville Root took part in the skirmishes over the slavery question that split Kansas and Missouri communities asunder in 1860-61.

He headed a Vigilance Committee that captured a force of about 100 Missouri Guerrilla Raiders without firing a shot and took them prisoner.

In 1863 he wrote another letter to his brothers and sisters, mentioning that he would "like to live in California." And later that year he and his family made the long trek by covered wagon in four months and 10 days. They came through the Santa Clara Valley and down to Santa Cruz to settle.

The last two letters of Orville Root to his sisters and brothers are printed below. They conclude the Root "Family Affair" story. They are taken from the Appendix of the Root Family History and they appear here through the courtesy of Chester Root of Los Gatos who wrote it, and through the cooperation of Mr. and Mrs. William Hall of Scotts Valley. Mr. Hall is a cousin of Mr. Root.

* * * *

APPENDIX

Letter, July 26, 1865

Dear Sister Clarinda:

I recently received a letter from Sister Ordelia who informed me where you were living and I hasten to write you a brief letter, I presume that you would like to hear from us once in a while—and I know that I am extremely anxious to have a letter from you, and often. I can first say that we are all in good health and getting along very well. I am under Sheriff of the County and share equal with the Sheriff—doing most of the business at present although at times both are very busy and also have extra Deputies.

Elizabeth has some boarders at $7.00 per week each, and rather more than supports the family. We live in a good large house, nicely furnished and beautiful yard of flowers and fruit, good Barn and Carriage House—with plenty of soft water from three hydrants. I pay $25.00 per month, renting my own place one mile from the business part of town, for nearly the same. I have a place of 11 acres, beautifully situated in the suburbs, with small streams of mountain water on two sides—a good Orchard of Bearing fruit, Apples, Pears, Peaches, Plums, Apricots and small fruits, fine shrubbery and a House costing $1,400.00 when built four years ago. We will be glad when we get back onto it again, but expect to hold my office two years. It pays me now $125.00 per month and will pay more as soon as tax paying commences; the sheriff is tax collector. Ruth is at home yes and helping her mother. Hazzard is nearly as large as I am and attends school. Eliza and Mary are growing fast and are also attending school. If I have good health I will be out of debt before many months and begin to go ahead. I think I have done remarkably well for a stranger in a strange place, I have written particulars about my prospects as I have moved about so much that I thought that you would like to know, I suppose that I am filling my destiny — and cannot tell what may turn up next, but begin to think that it is about time that I settled down for life.

My youngest Katie lies in our cemetery, and I now think that someday I will rest there also. This is a place in which to live, good schools, churches, and consequently a portion of society is good. No doubt Santa Cruz is as moral a place as any in California and there are as good people here as you will find in any state, and as bad, especially where whisky rules.

I hope you will write to us as often as you can. I have received but few letters since I have been in California and distance should not destroy intercourse between members of the same family. V. E. Howard is living in Los Angeles in this State and I wrote him enquiring about Richard and Russel and have no answer

(Please turn to Page Two)
A FAMILY AFFAIR
(Continued from Page One)

yet. I think that they are all South. I
would be pleased to have William and you write us what is called a "Family
Letter." Love to you all.

Affectionately Your Brother

Orville Root

August 31, 1868

Dear Brother and Sister:

I write you a short letter today as I am
taking time to write several. I have done
very little in letter writing (except business
for sometime) but being now out of Office
I will take pleasure in writing to my near
relations. You see that I am still living at
Santa Cruz and expect to all
my life. I
do not think that I can better myself. I am
doing very well, am in tolerable health,
but can see that I am growing old, and
now use spectacles for fine print by lamp
light.

My family are all well and Elizabeth
works hard as usual as we have board-
ers most of the time. Ruth is married and
is now Mrs. Gragg; has a good husband,
well off and in a good business. They now
board with us but have a fine house
nearly finished and enclose their pictures.
Eliza has attended a Young Ladies Academ-
year for a year, but is now assisting her
mother. Mary our youngest, is now attend-
ing the academy and is ahead of all in
studies, and is acknowledged to be the
most talented girl or woman in the place.
All churches and Organizations strive to
engage her to recite or read for their liter-
ary entertainments and festivals as the
announcement will draw a full house.
Hazzard is running the engine for Lynch
& Gragg's (Ruth's husband) factory. He
is steady and well liked. I have now told
you all about my family and expect you
to write all about yours. Where are the
boys, how many were in the war, and
were they wounded? Where are all the
girls, and are they married? The truth is
I have not kept the sum of nephews and
nieces and I would like to know more
about them.

We are all growing old and not long
for this world and should be more inti-
mate. All our folks but myself are in easy
distance of each other and can visit with-
costing a fortune.

The Pacific railway will make distance
practically less but will be costly. With
good luck I will yet go East and if I do
mean to go to Old Allegheny just to
see how my birth place (and ours all of us)
looks, as I grow older the more I
think about it. William how does lumber-
ing go? I am at it some this summer at-
tending Graggs Lumber Yard and ship-
ning lumber. It is temporary, however,
for want of something better. I will go
into some other kind of business, as soon
as possible.

Write to us as soon as convenient. We
send love to you all.

Affectionately Your Brother

Orville Root

* * * *

The other side of the family is not as
well documented so I'll add only a brief
comment

In 1850, William Campbell, a Scotch
immigrant boy from Glasgow got off the
boat in New York City. He was 22 and a
journeyman baker, having been appren-
ticed after his father was lost at sea. He
was thrifty and ambitious, but even then
it was hard to get work in a unionized
trade.

Without friend or family, he heard the
stories of gold in California and got pas-
sage on a boat to Panama. What money
he had saved was stolen from him there
and he walked the long way across the
Isthmus, working his way to San Francisco
on a freighter—to arrive there with 5
cents.

He headed for the foothills and worked
the streams around Grass Valley. A year
of this and he decided that there were
other ways to come by this California gold.

He took his gold dust and nuggets and
set up a bakery and store in Boston Ravine
near by. He prospered. By hard work and
investment in mining property he proved
his Scotch inheritance. In five years he
married a scotch girl and in another five
years returned to Scotland for a visit. For
the 1865's this must have been quite a trip.

The family fortunes must have kept pace
with California's prosperous history for
they made the trip twice more. The nos-
talgia for his homeland matched the Root
yearning for Hunts Hollow. Pioneers both,
they made their way with faith and com-
mon sense.
THE ITALIAN GARDENS OF MAGIC YESTERYEARS

By Phyllis Patten

In 1869 two enterprising young men, Pete Monteverde (translated green hills), and Antonio Cappelli, recognized the value of the silt laden terrain at the northern end of Ocean Street and acquired 60 acres of rough brush land.

The strip stemmed from Graham Hill Road (which was a sandy trail then, and the only wagon route for Felton and beyond) to the willowy bank of the San Lorenzo River. It was bordered on the north by California Powder Works, (Paradise Park today) and on the south by a stretch of untamed brushy acreage to a patch crossing the river (Tait Street today).

Pete and Tony started a truck garden on the lowland, and a vineyard on the hillside. When the two fellows married, Cappelli left to farmland in Felton (El Solyo tract today.) In the early '70's the four Pedemontes joined Monteverde in the embryo vegetable garden, each acquiring a strip of real estate of his own.

Frank, and Lawrence who was married, settled beside each other on the lower side of the road; the sister Mrs. Antonio Rossi, her husband and young brother John, on upper side of the road. As was the custom in those pioneer times, a member of a family sent for another as the money allowed. Soon another sister Rosa, and the mother ‘Nona’ as she was affectionately called by all, were happily settled in the new-found paradise here in Santa Cruz from a village in Genoa, Italy. Nona lived with her daughter, Mrs. Rossi.

These adventurous young men and women brought with them brawn and the know-how from their native land to explore the possibility of their new possessions. They planted row crops called truck gardens, and fruit bearing trees on the lowland and grape vines on the steep hillside.

An atmosphere of their native land was unconsciously maintained in their first choice for tree planting: mission figs, grapes, lemons, quince, etc. Lawrence and Frank bordered their side of the road with olive trees—some are still there today. Between their holdings there gradually developed a refreshment and picnic area. A big wine cellar was on Frank's property due to an elevated terrain there, perhaps. A commodious grape arbor was built adjacent the north side of Lawrence and Maria’s home, where she often graciously served delicious meals cooked a la Genoese.

A picture dated 1880, reproduced in the Santa Cruz Sentinel Newspaper a few years ago shows the orderly checkerboard plantings: the vineyard on the hill side and more land in the process of clearing, also the garden plots on the low land, with a group of buildings beside the trail that bisected the foot hills and the gardens. This lane was second ingress and egress for the powder works.

Mrs. Molly Pedemonte - Caminata, Lawrence and Maria’s daughter, who with her family returned to the serenity of her parent’s home from San Francisco when her husband retired, gleefully recalls the festive Sunday dinners. They were served in the grape arbor that produced luscious clusters 8 to 12 inches long, covered solidly with grapes, hanging above the long oil cloth covered table. A wonderment to behold. Here too, was a leveled dirt alley for the “boccia”, the Italian bowling game, played with large balls made of hardwood, similar to, or a forerunner of the commercial bowling of today. Another ball was the king pin. It was an amusement for both guests and employees.

Molly, now widowed, lives with her daughter Bernice in the old home which is almost a century old. It is a cozy two-story dwelling in floral surroundings still reflecting the old world charm. With animation Molly describes many happy occurrences of that era, the gay '90's and early 1900's. She remembers seeing Mr. John Costella (nicknamed “Garibaldi”) of the Garibaldi Villa Hotel on Front Street for many years, drive up in his one horse shary bringing special guests to sip a glass of Pedemonte’s 100% verity wine in the serene shade of the spreading fig tree. One of these guests was Mr. A. Giannini of San Francisco founder of Bank of America formerly the Bank of Italy.

When the vegetable plot and orchard grew to need several full time workers, (all manual labor, remember) and to support three two-horse-drawn wagons, (similar to a large pick up of today), a large two-story house was built to room and board the workers. A kitchen and dining room also used for card playing or dancing were on the first floor, sleeping quarters were on the second. Several women at different times, including Rose Pedemonte, cooked and supervised the house which contained from four to 12 men according to the season.

The vegetables were cleaned ready to be sold, stacked in wooden grape boxes or appropriate carriers; assorted fruits were carefully packed—all in readiness for an early start for one or two trips a week. Items sold by the pound were weighed by a dangling little spring scale held by the

(please turn to Page four)
thumb through a ring and called a thumb scale. Frank's territory was around town, catering to hotels, stores, rooming houses and homes. His brother John assumed the northern rough and tough route to Boulder Creek and byways, to sawmill camps and dwellings over narrow one way trails that required stamina to steer the team up and down grades, around stumps, and fording creeks. Imagine the condition of those dust laden paths in rainy weather.

The third peddler circuit was easterly, the Soquel Drive of today. The name is not recalled. What a joyous whistling penetrated the wilderness at the end of day by these two out-of-town hucksters home-ward bound with empty wagons and pockets heavy with silver and gold coins, the exchange of that era. Monteverde, Lawrence and Antonio Rossi remained on the premises to attend to the planting and necessities for the business.

A work day on farms in those primitive years was from dawn till dark, by lantern light without a coffee break. Yes there was time out for the three meals. Wagons had to be kept in good running condition for the wayfaring was strenuous on teams, equipment and driver in this hilly country. The iron axle that holds the revolving wheels had to be smeared often with a black axle grease, an important chore for continuous traveling. Horses had to be fed early for the long haul, groomed and kept shod. The stalls were cleaned daily and the animals freshly bedded with straw each night. The previous night's debris was forked out the barn window where the accumulated dung and straw fermented into an organic fertilizer that enriched the tilled soil. The pile also was a fertile incubator for flies. Harness too, had to be kept in repair and pliable by rubbing the leather with oil, especially after it was exposed to rain.

After a ten or twelve-hour back tiring workday these young people had energy left to spruce up for a Saturday night dance in the boarding house dining-room. This is understandable because these people were fortified with victuals loaded with natural vitamins in vegetables fresh from mother earth to table, raw or properly cooked. Home raised and cured meats, links of pork sausage, spiced salami, head cheese, you name it and you'd find it in a cellar. Delicious crusty bread baked in an outdoor stone oven, homemade cheese, and last but not least the natural verity wines, red, white or pink.

Regardless of the language barrier, the business aspect of the Pedemonte Gardens was very successful, but the paramount attribute that popularized them was the charming hospitality of the Old World. No visitor left without some fruit or something of their bounty to take home plus a snack served while visiting. This hospitality is still dispensed today by the heirs, the Caminatas and the Rossis.

(Concluded Next Issue)
Early History of The Santa Cruz Library

Santa Cruz Library got its start June 3rd, 1861. Thomas Beck who later became Secretary of State, presided over a meeting in Temperance Hall. The group named Thomas Theodore Tidball secretary and appointed a committee to write the constitution and by-laws for a library association.

Two weeks later the committee approved the documents prepared by William Anthony, Dr. Fredrick Bailey, Richard K. Vestal, Thomas Tidball and John H. Coul.

Dr. Bailey and two ministers, W. C. Bartlett and C. H. Lawton, were named to solicit donations of books to be installed in a rent free room in Temperance Hall.

In 1868 John Brazer bought a book store on the site of the Williamson and Garrett Building and offered quarters in the back of his store and to act as librarian.

The association was reorganized with C. L. Anderson as president, Lucian Heath as vice-president and Paul Fiodor, head of a private school at Lincoln and Pacific, as secretary.

Four trustees were F. J. McCann, lawyer; Rev. Walter Frear; County Judge Albert Hagan and Joseph Boston, the tanner. Thirty members signed to pay 50 cents a month and new books were ordered.

In January, 1871, the library moved into two rooms over Joel Shepard’s drug store. Edwin Shepard was the librarian. It had between 500 and 600 books but was rivaled by a public reading room which the women of the city had opened in the Anthony Block at the head of Pacific Avenue.

Seven years later the library and reading room were combined in the Anthony Block. Dr. Anderson, Brazer and Heath were still pillars of the association but to their number were added three women: Mrs. Jesse Cope, Mrs. Duncan McPherson and Mrs. Harriet Blackburn.

In 1879 the Library Association presented the library to the city which agreed to maintain it. But in January of 1881 the library was packed in boxes and stored on the top floor of Mission Hill School opposite Temperance Hall. They had had no new books for two years.

In 1882 the city took over the library support. Trustees elected at a municipal election were A. A. Taylor, editor of Santa Cruz Surl; D. Tuthill, A. J. Hinds, Robert Effey and George W. Place. Peter R. Hinds was appointed librarian. Rooms in the City Hall were made available to which 879 volumes were taken from storage in the school house. The City Hall was on Front Street, at the present site of the Court House Annex. In October, 1882, a levy of five cents on each $100 valuation was put in the city budget.

After the big fire of 1894, A. P. Hotaling began rebuilding the St. George Hotel. He offered an upstairs room and in 1895 the library was moved there but only for a year or so until Williamson and Garrett erected their new building on the site the library had occupied in Brazer’s store 30 years earlier. There the library stayed until Andrew Carnegie made possible the Church Street building.

In 1902, a 100 foot frontage was bought from F. A. Hihn, running 200 feet from Church to Locust Streets. Bought at $40 a month for 10 years. The library had been paying $50 a month rent.

On August 5, 1903, a contract was let to McPhee and Sutton to build a library for $17,925.

The building was a Carnegie gift. It opened April 1, 1904, with a reception, gala night, and art exhibit. F. W. Bliss was president of the trustees, J. W. Linscott was secretary. Samuel Leask was praised for getting the Carnegie gift raised from $15,000 to $20,000.

Minerva Waterman was elected librarian June 3rd, 1890, and assumed office immediately. She retired in June of 1941 after 51 years of service.

—Jeannette Rowland
Editor's Note: One day at the Santa Cruz Sentinel, local newspaper, the topic of soddies came up. Someone asked "What is a soddy?" And Mary Deubler, who worked (and still does) at the Sentinel switchboard, seemed to know an awful lot about soddies. (Sod houses.)

It seems that Mary's mother, Mrs. Annie Deubler, actually lived and attended school in soddies. Mary Deubler was born in an Oklahoma dugout—far superior to the soddy in which her mother was born, according to Mrs. Deubler.

It is our good fortune that Mary had written down this family history of soddies and dugouts, before her mother passed on.

* * * *

I was born in 1875 in a dugout about four miles north and east of Downs, Kansas. I lived in a dugout until I was 5.

In early days on the Kansas prairie the homesteaders mostly made dugouts; some made soddies. Later there were many soddies. The early dugouts were made by digging a rectangle several feet deep. This hole was roofed over with poles covered with wild hay, then dirt. There was a vertical pole supporting the ridge pole of the roof; this vertical pole was usually used to hang clothes on—the only clothes closet. The floor of the dugout was dirt, dampened and trod on or pounded down until smooth and hard.

Where terrain permitted, the rectangle was dug in a hillside. Therefore, the front of the house did not need to be so deep. Walls were sodded or made with poles.

All had small four-pane windows; one in back and one beside the door. Where stair steps were necessary, they were smooth pounded dirt, like the floors.

Many early settlers lived quite a way from creeks and rivers. Banks of streams were covered with cottonwood, elm and ash. Some hackberries, wild plum thickets, wild black currant and wild gooseberry bushes also grew along stream banks. The trees were covered with wild grape vines.

The very early settlers filed on land up and down streams, so we prairie people either had to buy timber and wood or trade work for same, as money was very scarce.

Sod houses were built with 12 by 18 inch sods, about 1½ inches thick, laid up like brick. Some folks made a thin paste of dirt and water and plastered the inside.

Sod houses were roofed over about the same as dugouts.

To make sod houses, the men used sod plows with either horses or oxen, whichever they owned. The sod was cut in lengths, then laid up as high as desired. Some had two windows, some only one. Not many had more than one room. Some started with one room, later added on another. Some had breezeways between the two. The soddie I lived in had only one room and one window. Most soddies had dirt floors.

The first crops were usually corn planted in the broken sod. Some were lucky enough to have ground that would grow potatoes. Later on, they planted sorghum. When someone built sheds and bought pans for molasses, farmers hauled their cane to the sorghum mill. If they had money, they paid to have the cane made into molasses. Cane was stripped of leaves and headed. Then they cut it down and put it in piles ready to haul to the mill. As an older child, I did all of this work. My mother taught school in a soddy built on part of my father's farm. The children sat on boards placed on stumps; no backs. That soddy had a dirt floor. She carried my brother Roy, 7 months old, a pail of water and a lunch from our house to school. I was three years old and trudged on at her side, carrying clothes for Roy, and felt very big that I could help.

My father built some kind of a bed with board slats, and mother made a mattress of muslin ticking filled with either hay or corn shucks so my brother had a place to sleep. I napped there too, as did some of the younger students. My mother was paid with wood, which we needed badly. Sometimes the pay was in corn, or on rare occasions, in potatoes and cabbage.

I first went to school, as a student, in a soddy very much like this one. We carried water half a mile; there was one dipper for all of us.

As a bride, my first home was a dugout in Oklahoma, near Talogla. The construction of it was much the same as those in Kansas. We had one window in the rear gable and one in our front door. The walls were smooth, although I don't remember how they were finished. Mary was born in this dugout.

There were many soddies in Oklahoma; some quite large. My husband's brother
ANNIE’S SODDY STORY
(Continued from Page Two)

had a three room soddy, the walls of which were plastered, and I believe the floors were plank. This was in the late 1890’s, and lumber was more available if one had money to pay for it.

The Oklahoma dugout in which Mary was born was far superior to the one (in Kansas) in which I was born. Homesteaders in Oklahoma had pioneered in Kansas or Nebraska, so had some experience. We still had a hard time making a living.

The part of Oklahoma I am writing about was mostly quite level, only a few rolling hills. There were many canyons, and timber grew abundantly in all of them. The Government permitted homesteaders to cut and use a certain amount for building, and general improvement of their holdings. They were also permitted to cut cedar posts to sell. There was a ready market for these posts in some of the larger towns—Alva, Fort Reno (El Reno), Oklahoma City or Enid, if and when homesteaders had time and the horses to haul posts.

Mr. D. hauled cedar posts to the farm from the canyons, and split them with an iron wedge and an iron-headed maul. So his dugout was roofed with split poles. laid closely. Over them he put a mixture from the canyons, and split them with an iron wedge and an iron-headed maul. So his dugout was roofed with split poles. laid closely. Over them he put a mixture of sand, dirt and water, then the roof was covered with coarse hay, then either sod or dirt. We had a window in our door and one in the back end. Our steps were leveled, and small cedar poles layed in the dirt; it seemed almost like a palace.

I was a carpet weaver and had made 35 yards of rag carpet for myself. I covered the dirt floor with wild hay, then laid my carpet on top of this. And I crocheted a lace curtain for the window in our door. We lived in that dugout for more than two years; Mary was 5 months old when we moved into our nice log house.

The log house had real board flooring, two doors and four real windows, and I am wondering how my father acquired the one and I used old Dock hitched to a sled on which there was a home made box. He would go very slowly down each row, and at the end would turn into the next row by himself. I seldom had to speak to him.

MARY “HEARD TELL”

Mama doesn’t mention the little garter snake that came down out of the roof to nap with us, afternoons. Or tell of the bugs that lived with us in the dugout.

Nor does she tell how papa acquired the land. There were two Cimmaron Rushes; he got his land in the second Rush. When the Government opened up land for homesteaders, the interested persons would line up in their vehicles, or on horseback, at a given point. At a signal they dashed like crazy to get the choice homesteads—near creeks, or canyons, or with better soil. I think it was in the first Rush that papa lined up with the prospective homesteaders and sold his place in line to a late-comer. This he repeated several times. By the time the second Rush was instigated, he had a little money to start on.

There is a mural in the courthouse in Enid depicting the first Rush, and after seeing that, I appreciated the spirit of the pioneer a little more. There were all kinds of vehicles—wagons, carts, surreys (complete with fringe on top!) and the men on horseback. The starter had a gun, and I imagine that anyone trying to get a head start would have been stopped—permanently.

And I have heard Papa tell about going with his brother out on the prairie to gather bones—buffalo, horse, cow—any kind of bones. These they hauled to Woodward to sell. They could then have “store-bought” groceries. Once they got lost, and were about frightened crazy. My uncle kept repeating “top’s north, bottom’s south, right’s east, left’s west” until he nearly drove my father crazy, too. In that flat, trackless waste, I can understand. As soon as the stars came out they could orient themselves and head in the right direction.

Then there is the beautiful story that I wish O’Henry could have written; Somehow, by saving and buying a little at a time, Papa acquired quite nice lumber with which he was going to build a cabinet. Whether in the log house or in the dugout, I don’t know. We had neighbors, Jackson by name, who were also homesteaders. Their baby died. There were, of course, no morticians; neighbors bathed

(Concluded on Page Four)
The Italian Gardens of Magic Yesteryear
(Continued from Last Issue)

Kindness is a magnet that never deteriorates through the years. Miss Matilda Rossi, one of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Rossi's five children, four still living on the parents' property, recalls some of the attractions "nel Giardino", (the title derived from the prolific truck gardening). The Americans designated the spot "The Italian Gardens", and regarded it as Haven for work and relaxation. One memory Matilda recalls: some Powder Mill employees who walked two miles to work from town, stopped to rest on their way home to sip a glass of cool wine with their leftover lunch.

These same men, for many years took over the picnic area and hall for themselves, their families and guests, to celebrate Bunker Hill Day, on the Sunday closest to June 17th, the historical date. Frank Pedemonte, she recalled, would enliven the patriotic atmosphere by draping the fig tree and surroundings with yards of red, white and blue bunting. They supplied the food, and music for dancing and singing lasting until wee hours. Fire crackers too were set off on several occasions.

By late 1890 and early 1900 the truck gardening gave way to fruit-bearing trees: peach and apricot, but predominantly cherries. The balance of the brushland south of Pedemonte's was absorbed by additional farmsteaders. One was Monte-verde's nephew, Frank Segarini, who returned to Italy to court a bride to share in his future plans. Others were Mr. and Mrs. Trucco and family, their daughter Ida and her husband Frank Sonzogno. Each built substantial homes with spacious cellars for winemaking, storage and working space.

In time that part of Ocean Street was bordered with spreading fig trees, flowers and other ornamental fruit-bearing trees, making a delightful lane to drive through. The planting was similar to the first settlers with cherry trees leading and ground crops between the young trees. Staked grape cuttings covered the steep hillside.

When the cherries came into full production the picking job was let out to migrant fruit pickers. They brought their housing and working equipment. It was an exciting time of the year for all hands, as any harvest time is. Peaches and cherries had to be handled carefully and swiftly due to their perishable qualities. Fruit was peddled "tree ripened" in those early days. In the Spring the area west of Ocean Street to the river bank was a field of many acres of leafless spikes covered solidly with clusters of pink to white blooms; a sweep of delicate fruit blossoms. It was a beautiful sight viewed from the elevated terrain across the river and from the windows of the Southern Pacific northbound train. Truly a verification of the title, "The Italian Gardens."

ANNIE'S SODDY STORY
(Continued from Page Three)

and dressed the dead, and cared for the living in time of grief. Jacksons were poor, too, and had there been a place to buy a coffin, there would have been no money. So my father took his precious lumber and made a coffin for the baby. The next Jackson boy was named Edward, and while I am not sure, I like to think he was named for my father. MARY DEUBLER

Published by
SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Mailing Address: P. O. Box 246
Santa Cruz, California 95060
The Italian Gardens of Magic Yesteryear

(Continued from Last Issue)

By Phyllis Patten

When the big green leaves on the grape vines blanketing the steep hills were turning to fall colors, that section too, contributed its transformation resembling a colorful tapestry suspended from the road above to the dwellings below. Especially in the glimmer of a sunset glow. This exclusive spot north of the city limits when viewed from the western rolling hills, from the former Santa Cruz Golf Links or from the northern rim of Mission Hill or from Graham Hill, was a stimulating sight any time of the year.

At the beginning of the occasional socials, volunteer players of various instruments furnished the music for dancing. One was an accordionist who played a small accordion with mother of pearl button keys. The musician manipulated this instrument to produce any tune—excerpts from operas, folk arias, and current ditties, by ear, with an exhilarating lilt and rhythm for a waltz, a polka, a tarantella, or whatever requested. It was music projected from the spring-board of his soul.

When the dining room became too small for the family's occasional parties, that included other Genovese (compatriot) and gallant young wood choppers from sawmills or lime kilns' up San Lorenzo River Canyon to Felton, a large hall was built over Frank's wine cellar.

The festivities in this community were always memorable occasions. Some Genovese fishermen of the municipal wharf, though mere children then accompanying their parents, and who are grandparents today, still recall with animation the fun they had on visits to Pedemonte garden and dances.

It was the zenith era in the life of "The Italian Gardens," with orchard and children paralleling in growth.

One event that is gleefully recounted by many was the dance held before Lenten season. A feature here was "Rompa la Pignata," (Break the Kettle). A form of a basket or kettle was fashioned out of wire that came around unassembled fruit boxes, lined with heavy paper and covered with colored tissue paper, then filled with bon-bons, nuts, oranges, or cascarones. It was hung from the middle of the ceiling—high enough to make it difficult to break, showering the contents, fun for old and young. Cascarones are blown eggs filled with confetti. Those alert enough to grab or catch one would crush it on another's head, thus scattering the confetti.

John Pedemonte married a local Spanish belle 'Ramona Buelna' who sometimes contributed Spanish atmosphere like the cascarones, and in other activities. Musicians too were of more than one nationality, often the Lunbeck trio of Sequel played, it was a popular dance music ensemble with fiddle, double bass viol, and clarinet.

As the years passed like the Autumn leaves of their trees, each of the senior members one by one, fell to Father Time. They are buried in the nearby cemetery. Likewise the cherry trees and in time the grape vines that covered the hill side disappeared, due to worn out earth or a virus that was prevalent through Santa Cruz mountain vineyards. Neither fruit was replaced. The younger generation preferred to make use of their high school educations after graduating from Grant School. They earned their diplomas by walking the two miles to and from the High School on Walnut Avenue and California Street, each school day, rain or shine. A valuable interlude far contemplation.

Frank Pedemonte remained a bachelor and was the last of the clan to succumb. In the distribution of his earthly possessions, he specified a sum for the construction of a new dance hall. The executors fulfilled his wish, but the new rustic building painted white never was used for that purpose.

This stipulation seems to demonstrate Frank's most sincere legacy: the heartfelt joys of music, song and the dances of his day.

His building stands there today, a silent tribute to glorious yesteryears.
By Mary Deubler

NOTE: The basis of this "memoir" is a letter to an uncle (by acclamation), Mr. Amos Kreisel. In a note on a Christmas card, two years before he died, he mourned that no one would remember the grocery clerk (himself) or any of the Terminal Islanders in the years 1904-1910.

I do not know just when Dead Man's Island ceased to be; when I went back in 1919, it was no longer there. As I remember, it got its name quite naturally: a dead man was found there. If memory serves, the man was an abalone fisherman, and got his hand caught between the shell and the rock.

I presume the little island met its demise when the "harbor" was dredged and widened. In the era written about, the channel was so narrow that the Harvard and the Yale, on their maiden voyages, could just be eased around.

* * * *

PART I

DEAR UNCLE AMOS:

Your Christmas card opened such a floodgate of memories that some of them will just have to be set down on paper. I am one and my brother Ed is another, who remembers the grocer's clerk and much, much more.

I remember living in four different houses on the Island. The first was near or across from Dr. Royer's. Next door to us were the Kinsers—her name was Kitty; she was very pretty and had beautiful
clothes. We used to have lovely pictures of them. (Mama bought a baby buggy for twins; my brother was a babe in arms, and I was too fat to walk. She wheeled us to the grocery store and to the beach, over wooden, bumpy sidewalks.)

From there we moved to the Cherry cottage, and I remember it as the nicest house we lived in. One of the neighbors had a Canadian nephew who spent the summer with her. He was so nice to us kids. (He called my brother a "lad" and me a "lass"—new words to us, and I remember mama explaining the terms to us.)

For a time we lived in a little shack; I don’t remember whether it was before or after living in the Tuthill cottage. We had swings, and I burned my foot quite badly (must have been the doctor was called!). There were no close neighbors, and I don’t remember any playmates there.

We bought the Tuthill cottage, and there was some difficulty about it; Mrs. (Old Lady) Tuthill came one evening when the folks were out milking. She gave us kids some apples and tried to reclaim the house. Most of all I remember things that happened during that period of time. (We had the only cows on the Island. My parents firmly believed in giving kids all the fresh milk they could hold. We started out with one cow, and before we realized it, practically every family on the Island was buying milk from us and we had 5 cows. Hay had to be shipped down from either Long Beach or Los Angeles. I don’t remember any coming, but we had a shed for the hay, and one evening a wanderer slept there, and sang. Mama made us be very quiet and listen. One song was "Home, Sweet Home." It was explained to us what that song meant to a person without a home, with only a hay shed to sleep in. That song is still very special to me.)

Beginning at the East San Pedro end of the Island, there was at least one trip out to Dead Man’s Island. We had to wait for low tide and we hiked over a bulkhead or breakwater built of rocks. Aunty Kreisel, Aunty Hoffman and we walked out there, the time I best recall. (All our dear friends were "aunty" or "uncle"—our relatives by-blood were all in the middle west—all save an aunt of mama’s, who lived in Los Angeles.) In East San Pedro I only remember the Rice’s, who had a little restaurant. Sometimes, if we missed the Terminal Island ferry, coming from San Pedro we took the ferry to East San Pedro, and stopped at Rice’s for a glass of milk and a visit. They had a baby born with an arm off at the elbow.

Between Rice’s and the “Big” store (Phil Real’s) is blank in my mind. That was "your" store, Uncle Amos. In that building was the post office to which we went at least once a day. There were also apartments in that building — the Hotchkiss family lived there: Mr. (Jim), very tall; Mrs. tiny; Ethel, who married Oscar Freytag, after she grew up; and Clyde. There was a little red haired woman who lived there—perhaps her husband had something to do with the railroad. The depot was near there, too. In front of the building was a wide beach. We never swam there, as there was a bad undertow; one young man was drowned there. Many Church groups picnicked down there, and he was among them. Fishermen seined there, and us kids "helped" them haul in the nets.

Mother Sample’s boarding house was huge—it seemed then—and it had cypress or some such trees around it for windbreak. Her granddaughter Eva was the envy of us kids—she had two sets of parents, and much more spending money than we. She bought old fashioned chocolates and bit into each one; if it was pink inside, she ate it; we got the others! I can still see her fat yellow curls and those two buck teeth biting into each chocolate. (Many men who worked in the boat yards and the lumber yards boarded and roomed at the Samples. They sat on a bench along the walk and talked to us when we went to the store or the post office. They called me "Ed Deubler’s Dutch.")

Between Mrs. Sample’s and Dudley’s grocery store there were some houses and an apartment house. The Reeds lived in one house; a girl named Ruth and a boy named Reese with whom we went to school. One of the tenants in the apartment house was a sea captain’s wife and small son who was always into mischief. One time he hacked the furniture with a knife and roomed at the Samples. They sat on a bench along the walk and talked to us when we went to the store or the post office. They called me “Ed Deubler’s Dutch.”)

Between Mrs. Sample’s and Dudley’s store there were some houses and an apartment house. The Reeds lived in one house; a girl named Ruth and a boy named Reese with whom we went to school. One of the tenants in the apartment house was a sea captain’s wife and small son who was always into mischief. One time he hacked the furniture with a table knife when left alone for a little while. She always went down to the East San Pedro wharf to wave to her husband when he came into port.

Between Dudley’s store and Weaver’s is a blank. Weaver’s, both mother and daughter were very pretty and always smelled so nice. No matter that they were “fond” of men, they were kind to kids. Near Weaver’s, Talklers lived; Laura and Joe I well remember; they played with us and we went to school together. Joe was drowned, years later.

So many memories of school: mama had to hog-tie me to get shoes on, and I insisting on going alone, the first day. First grade teacher was Miss Laughlin; her brother taught the "big" room, and was the principal. On my first day, Miss L asked one of the big girls how to spell “Deubler”; she did—incorrectly and I

(Continued on Page Four)
Two California Islands of Long Ago

(Continued from Page Three)

promptly spelled all three names for teacher! There was Harvey Ashenour who wet his pants; a sweet little girl named Joyce and Earl Woodley. Second grade teacher was Ysidora Pedroarena who was so pretty and smelled of violets. She wrote in the autograph album I still have.

(Anent the name-spelling: we sometimes went up to Los Angeles to see mama’s Aunt Janey. Being fresh off an Oklahoma farm, Los Angeles looked terribly large, and traffic—in 1905-1910, yet!—was just terrible—there were even automobiles! From the very first trip (without papa) we were taught to spell our names, and where we lived. If we ever got separated from mama we were to find a policeman, and stay with him until the three of us got together. At that age, we were sure that next to God and our parents, our best friend was a policeman.)

Between school and Mrs. Moss’s boarding house I only recall one family: the Woodleys. Mama W. was very silly and was forever bragging about “our Emma” and “our Earl” (he said wrong for wrong) and who painted the face of the little girl in a go-cart. Mrs. Moss had two daughters, and they horrified me because they left the eyes in the potatoes, when they peeled them. I can now remember them, all three, sitting out in the sun, peeling potatoes.

On the bulkhead side of the Island were many summer homes. Kiffs, all three of them, fat mama, fat papa, and fat, impossible Melvin. I still see Melvin in bad dreams. Carlisles were summer people, and we cared for their cottage when they were gone. They had a “maid” named Matilda who was a wonderful cook. (But they still had mama make yeast rolls for them!) They gave us many nice things, some of which we still have. She gave me two lovely dolls, one of which my little brother broke, and the other was broken in the 1906 quake. She also gave me (and Mignon Hamilton) a red coat, the sleeve emblem of which is in a quilt. My favorite doll has the middle name Claire, for Mrs. Carlisle.

(Continued Next Issue)
TWO CALIFORNIA ISLANDS OF LONG AGO

Published in February, June and October of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 246, Santa Cruz, California 95060
Mrs. Margaret Koch...........................................Editor

PART II
By Mary Deubler

Then there were the Merwins: mama, papa, uncle, Catherine (about whom things were whispered: that she was really uncle's child), Margaret who joined the Episcopal church, and with whom I went for instructions, because mama M. did not trust the priest! And Myrtie—oh, Lord, yes, there was Myrtie, with many starched petticoats and pants always showing. She sang in a high piping voice that mama M. thought wonderful. And there were assorted little kids with runny noses. (Myrtie and I were the same age: I sang and recited in school and Sunday School in a manner heard from one end of the Island to the other; Myrtie was a little skinny kid, with a voice rather than a bellow. I think perhaps our respective mothers had something to do with whatever rivalry there was.)

Someplace along there, and perhaps not right on the bulkhead was Aunty Stacey's house. Some people said unkind things about her, but I loved her enough to name my favorite doll for her: Leota Claire. She was a nurse and wonderfully kind to us kids. She took me to the Rose Parade and afterwards we went to call on former patients, in Pasadena. We stayed to supper, and they let me have all the bananas I wanted to eat; I had loved Pasadena ever since. I just vaguely remember Mr. Stacey.

The bulkhead was on the ocean side of the Island; from the beach it was quite high, and there was a broad wooden sidewalk attached to it on the Island side. It was a wonderful place to sit in the sun. Our little share of ocean was protected by a breakwater, the water was warm and not too deep. There was no undertow where we practically lived. There were several times I remember when great green savage waves beat against the bulkhead—they would have engulfed the Island, had we not been protected. And about those wooden sidewalks: we always had splinters in our feet. The bulkhead extended from below the above mentioned "big" store way up the Island. Beyond (above) it there were no houses; there was a hotel—Brighton Beach Hotel—unprotected, and if I remember correctly, one very bad storm beat the windows in and ruined it.)

Now to come across the tracks, and not in our particular row of houses, there was the hermit who lived in a little shack opposite what is now Banning. The kids were afraid of him. One day he turned the wash tub over his chimney and some men took him away. All us little kids were able to breathe more easily. I presume the older kids had told us wild stories, very few of which were really true.

Between our house and the tracks were the Shannons who had a little boy named Raymond. He was younger than we, and a sickly little guy. Mrs. S. had lovely clothes; one dress I remember was pale green taffeta with many ruffles. Then there were the Meeks—a big boy Morris who wrote in my album, and a little girl, Toody, who played with us. That is, when she and Ed were not fighting. Ed once pulled some hair out of her head. Mama held Ed while Toady returned the compliment, promptly putting the pink hair on her pale blonde head, expecting it to grow there. Back of Meeks were the Hansons, with a lot of big boys whom I envied because they could chew a whole package of gum at one time. There were the Jorgensens—papa, Esther and Nils; mama lived in San Pedro. And the Odens, the only one of whom I remember is Carrie, who was cross-eyed, and who "borrowed" a doll from me; the poor little kid probably had none of her own.

Next door to us toward the estuary, were the Wallaces—Aunty, Mr., May and Albert. I could write a book about them. Aunty deserves a crown in Heaven for all the times she made calico tea for me.

(Please turn to Page Two)
Two California Islands
Of Long Ago

(Continued from Page One)

and gave me fat sugar cookies with a
raisin in the center. I remember her wash-
ing machine which she swished from side
to side endlessly. There were jillions of
petticoats for her and May, which were
cold starched, and ironed. My young
ambition was to grow up so that I could
wear five petticoats that would stand
alone. Thank the Lord styles have changed!
I remember the terrible day that May was
to be married, and she waited and waited,
only to learn that the man (Percy Fergu-
sen) had married another girl. I will al-
ways see her face as she watched at the
window.

What I felt for Albert Wallace was un-
adulterated idolatry. I LIVED for the Sun-
days he came home. He took me to Sunday
School, he carried white peppermints in
his pockets (they are still Sunday School
peppermints) and he read the funny pa-
pers to me. In him the sun rose and set
and he could do no wrong. I still have the
Testament he marked for Mama, and
which Foxy (dog) made a wreck of.

If one had asked me then what God looked like,
I would have said He had brown eyes, a
cork leg, read funny papers to funny fat
little girls and carried peppermints in His
closet pocket.

Somewhere, on down the line, was Mrs.
Lewis' sail shop. It was a barn of a place
with a huge loft. Up there Oscar Freytag
sewed sails, by hand. If we were very
quiet, we could go up and watch him work.
I loved Oscar, too. He "waited" for Ethel
Hotchkiss to grow up, then he married
her. (In later years, the Hotchkiss family,
the Freytags and the Deublers were to-
gether again in Glendale, Arizona.) Oscar
also did beautiful inlay work with various
woods and mother-of-pearl in ships cabins
and on cedar chests. I regret deeply that
by the time I was interested in cedar
chests, he had sold his tools because his
hands were no longer steady.

Along the Estuary there were the Fel-
lows—mama, papa, (Joe). Robert and
Richard. Their "hired girl" Christine, al-
ways came for the milk. They were all
Christian Scientists—through their efforts
miraculously cured one of our cows of
milk fever, and Richard's broken collar
bone. Papa built beautiful, fast boats—
for Gar Wood, for one. The boys were
among our nicer playmates. Fultons lived
down that way, too; Clara and Bobby
played with us until our mother decided
Bobby "knew too much"—so he was off
our list. They built boats, and there was
fierce competition between Fulton and
Joe Fellows. They raced frequently and
Fellows nearly always won.

At the end of the sidewalk, on the Estu-
ary, was the fish cannery owned by a
Japanese family. After we had cows, she
dressed in a lovely kimono and formally
called on us to see if we would not sell
them milk. Store-bought milk came down
from Los Angeles or Long Beach, and it
was said to have formaldehyde in it, so
that it would keep. She said the milk made
the baby sick. Mama let her have enough
for the little one; she was our first milk
customer. Later she called on us again to
tell us that "milk made baby happy" and
indeed he was a fat happy little guy. She
played the organ for us and quite well,
if I remember correctly.

Then there was the row of house boats
—the pretty white one that was the home
of the Cherry boys. They spent every Sun-
day morning washing down the outside,
and cleaning the inside. Then Aunty Re-
ynolds—she was quite the gal: convent
trained, she played real music on our
organ. And the Sunday morning calm was
broken more than once as they brought
Mr. R. home in a wheelbarrow—still drunk
—arms and legs flapping. Aunty R. would
walk along beside, screaming obscenities
at the poor, blooto guy! I remember the
interior of their houseboat—the neat, com-
 pact beauty—I still want one. Aunty
Hoffman's houseboat had pots of red
geraniums along the back rail.

There were the summer people whose
kids came to our place for milk—and
drank most of it before they got home. There was Mignon Hamilton, Lyman Stewart and a host of faces to which I cannot attach names. There were marshmallow roasts on the beach, walks to the end of the bulkhead, the daily swims, the full moon that slipped noiselessly out of the water, and the enormous green waves.

The Island rocked in the 1906 quake, breaking my best doll and some fancy dishes on the whatnot. Mama’s brother Roy and his wife were in San Francisco during the quake and I think they got down to the Island by boat. I remember their terror-stricken faces as they came into the house. Papa and I carried bundles of clothing down to one of the boats tied at the Lumber wharf. We went on board across a narrow board. Even with papa holding one hand a sailor holding the other to help me aboard, I was terrified.

Once the Island was flooded, presumably to build it up. The residue was a lovely blue mud—wonderful to play in. There was the Sunday School party at which we got pink popcorn balls. The teacher would not let me have one for my little brother; so I carried half of mine around all afternoon so he could have some, too. There were the Wagner boys, such wonderfully sweet kids who lived with their widowed mother. They rescued me once from the fat bully, Melvin Kiff. There was the pretty lady who became ill on the way to the ferry boat. Her husband brought her in our house for a little while. He gave her a glass of wine, and left the glass; I still have it.

Dr. Royer once gave me a quarter which I spent on ice cream, and ate it all. Grandma Ashenauer and Grandma Berry (who said “there you be”) stayed with us on the rare occasions the folks went up to Los Angeles. They both knit beautiful lace, some of which I still have. There were red geraniums which bloomed their silly heads off, the year around; sand maples that garnered fat fuzzy caterpillars, which we in turned garnered; the tomato bush that lived and bore for 5 years; trips to Long Beach, so we kids could play in grass and eat ice cream out of cones the man made right there in front of us.

There were trips to Los Angeles to see Aunt Janey, and her rare visits with us on the Islands. Her four kids came down to swim, and brought all their friends down with them. They all came once when we weren’t home, and forgot to shut Foxy out of the bedroom; when they returned from the beach, he had made ribbons of everything. They were furious.

Into the warp and woof of all these memories is woven the Kreisels. I remember when Ben first came to the house, and Albert. I remember when Miss Risley visited you; we have a small snapshot of her, Aunty K and us down on the beach. I don’t ever remember visiting your home on the Island, but I do remember the time I spent a weekend with you in San Pedro and bawling when the folks came to take me home. If I had my way, you would have had a daughter instead of a niece. Next to Albert Wallace I loved you most, and still do.

I could go on and on. I am sorry that the Navy and un-civilization have taken over the Island. There is probably not one shred of the old Island left. And I am sorry that other children cannot build a treasure trove of such lovely memories.

You see, my dears, I do remember; that’s why there is a shelf to hold “gadgets” for two little redheads who frequently visit me. There are cookies for them, too, and peppermints, and warm bread and jelly. If, 60 years from now they remember the old maid who built a memory for them, I will find shoveling coal a little easier.

MARY DEUBLER

FIRST SIERRA MONUMENT

On June 3, 1891, a large stone monument of Fray Junipero Serra, O.F.M., was unveiled and dedicated along the shore of the Bay of Monterey near the spot where Serra landed in 1770. This was the first Serra monument erected anywhere in the world. It was a gift of Mrs. Leland Stanford, a non-Catholic. Father Clementine Deymann, O.F.M., of Pajaro Valley delivered the oration. (Monterey Cypress, June 6, 1891, p. 1)
A Letter of Fray Juan Crespi

Editor's Note: This letter of Fray Juan Crespi, dated March 2, 1769, written from the Mission of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe to Fray Francisco Palou, was discovered in 1912 by the late Right Reverend Monsignor St. John O'Sullivan, shortly after he became resident pastor of the long-abandoned Mission of San Juan Capistrano. While searching for historical data in the Libros de Mission, or mission registers which date back to 1776, he noticed that glued to the inside leather cover of the Second Book of Obituaries, there appeared to be a manuscript of some sort, with a blank sheet of paper pasted over it. In the course of time this blank sheet had become torn at the binding, exposing to view several lines of writing. By carefully applying steam to the cover he succeeded in removing the blank sheet, and found this early letter penned in the irregular and complex hand of Crespi. For twenty years he tried to get a complete transcription.

* * * *

Mission of Guadalupe,
Thursday, March 2, 1769
Viva Jhs. Ma. y Jph.
Very Reverend Father Lector and Fellow Student Fray Francisco Palou. My dearest Fellow Student, Friend, and Sir:

Last Tuesday evening at the Pueblo de San Miguel, (1) with the usual pleasure and thanks, I received your Reverence's favor, along with the enclosed letter of our Padre Lector and Presidente Fray Junipero Serra. As to his request regarding the holy oil containers, I discussed the matter with Padre Lector Juan Sancho. (2) He has an extra set of them and has promised to let me have it. I shall see that they are filled with holy oils at the Mission at Santa Gertrudis. (3) as the Padre Presidente suggests in the postscript to his letter.

Day before yesterday at San Agustin, I met Padre Lector Sancho who was escorting his Indians, and they must have already arrived at our mission of La Purisima. From San Agustin the Indians continued on their way, escorted by the soldado de cuera Leiba. From there the two of us retraced our steps to this mission. Thursday night we slept at San Miguel, eight leagues distant from this place, and yesterday we arrived here at 11 o'clock in the morning.

Today Thursday I remain to rest here, and with the help of God will soon resume my journey tomorrow Friday, so as to arrive this Saturday at San Ignacio. Thanks be to God we continue to enjoy good health; nothing worthy of mention—except that my eye is much relieved. The unmarried Indians are happy as usual, and my escort the soldado Miguel Islas, up to this point has served me well. He pleases me greatly and without doubt is an honorable man, from what I have observed of him.

(Continued next issue)
The names of the streets of Santa Cruz was the subject of an article in the June 1965 News and Notes. A further study of those names may be interesting.

Our early streets were just lanes laid out without any plan but to accommodate the residents. They were deep dust during the summer and deep mud during the rainy season.

Church Street was so named because the First Congregational Church was built there in 1858. This structure was sold to the Methodists in 1890. That group moved the building to the rear of the lot and built a sanctuary near the street. This they used until they built their new church on California Street in 1963.

The church site is now occupied by the Santa Cruz Sentinel and Church Street no longer has a church.

Jenne Street was for many years West Sycamore, but in the 1940's when it seemed that Sycamore and West Sycamore would never be joined, and at the time when streets with nearly duplicate names were changed and the houses renumbered, the name was changed to Jenne because of the family living on that street.

Mr. Jenne came from Vermont in 1876 and first settled in the Bonny Doon area, later moving to Santa Cruz. Some careless cartographer in recent years has allowed the mistake of the name Jenny to appear on city maps, but the street signs still spell Jenne.

Vine Street which until last year extended from Chestnut near Mission to Church Street, was an old street with homes of prominent citizens.

At one time it had a large building in which the early fairs were held. In the 1870's those were known as Farmers Fairs. The best of local fruit and vegetables were exhibited. Especially fine were the grape exhibits from Highland, Glenwood and Vine Hill.

Last year the blocks from Church Street to Lincoln were graded and surfaced thus joining Vine and Cedar and the entire length was named Cedar. We no longer have a Vine Street.

Santa Cruz at one time had a Raymond Circle and a Raymond Street, both named to honor Mrs. Isabel H. Raymond, a local writer. She was connected with the Santa Cruz Surf and her poems and prose did much to

please turn to page 2
What We have Been Doing....

October, 1968: W. H. Fieberling, director of Public Works for the City of Santa Cruz, showed slides and discussed improvement of local streets and bridges.

February, 1969: Richard Fickel, superintendent of Santa Cruz County Schools, discussed the history of education in the county from 1848 up to the present.

April, 1969: Dr. Frederick Robinson of Cabrillo College spoke on Hunza, a small province in Tibet, where there is no heart disease, no cancer, no war and the people live in peace and harmony.

April, 1969: The Mid-County Senior Citizens' Rhythm Band under the direction of Marion Bradbury, presented a program of music.

continued from page 1

advertise the city she loved.

Sylvar Street, bordering the upper plaza from High Street to Mission, was named for Jackson Sylvar. He lived there and was a jailer in the county’s first jail, located across the plaza from his home.

The meals for the prisoners were prepared in the Sylvar home and carried to the jail. Mr. Sylvar was a leader in the Portuguese colony.

Noel Heights was the name given to the beautiful point of land purchased from Judge Logan and on which Mr. Logan had a very fine home and where he had perfected the Logan berry.

Theophilus Noel was from Chicago, had made a fortune in patent medicine and planned to build a mansion on the Heights, but died before this was accomplished.

According to the late Ernest Otto, Santa Cruz owes a debt that can never be paid to Theophilus Noel who with A. A. Taylor and Christian Hoffman balked the proposed building of a Santa Cruz Portland cement plant on Escalona Heights above Walnut Avenue.

These three men went to Napa Junction and returned with branches and foliage covered with cement dust from a plant nearby and exhibited them in the windows of the stores down town. Instead of Santa Cruz, the cement plant went to Davenport.

Jeannette Rowland

A DOMESTIC WARFARE

In the blissful yesterday, when germs, microbes and disease carriers were unfamiliar topics, the only fear of the Musca Domestica (house fly) within the home was their filthy feet and chances to deposit eggs in crevices of attractive edibles, preferably meats.

Instinctively these universal winged insects dropped their eggs, numbering 120 or more in one laying, where the larvae would be nourished. In favorable spots the eggs hatched, becoming maggots in eight hours, then developing into adults in five to seven days, according to the temperatures of the heaps of debris.

Since the sparsely numbered inhabitants of Santa Cruz in that era kept chickens and other livestock plus the outdoor privy in their back-years, and with livery stables on Pacific Avenue and Front Street, there were plenty of heaps of fertile guano for continuous propagation of the house fly. These heaps also encouraged the house fly’s counterparts: the blue bottle and the horse fly, the biting fly that kept the animals’ tails switching right and left to drive it away.
Many a pail of milk was kicked over due to a horse fly piercing its sharp proboscis into the skin to suck blood from a cow that was being milked. Hence, various methods were used to control and eradicate these nuisances.

One popular combatant was "fly paper", purchased in mercantile stores. It was a piece of stout paper, about 18 by 12 inches, smeared with a glistening sticky material within an inch of its edge. Two pieces were stuck together for clean handling and stacking.

In order to be used, the papers were pulled apart and placed in appropriate spots. Since flies are attracted by shiny surfaces as well as food, they soon met their doom. Once they landed on the gooey paper, they could not disentangle themselves. Also strips of the same paper cut about two inches wide, were rolled on spools and were suspended from the ceiling.

Other means were a poisoned strip of paper placed in a shallow container of water and pyrethrum powder spread on window sills and other likely places of entry. These two items were obtained at the apothecary.

But the pioneer butcher shops on Pacific Avenue devised a unique method to forestall the intruders -- a canopy -- made of yards and yards of colored tissue paper about two feet wide, perforated and fringed. It was tacked to the ceiling of the open butcher shop where displays included rows of carcasses hung on a rod suspended from the ceiling. There were also several inches of sawdust on the floor.

The wind and breezes caused by displaced air, with people coming in and going out, caused the strips of tissue paper to wave, sometimes quite vigorously.

Mrs. Fred Walti of Walti-Schilling and Company recalls this tissue paper billowing overhead in his father's (Fred R. Walti) pioneer butchershop. It was the Eldorado Meat Market and was located where the Bubble Bakery is today (1969). The swaying paper ceiling intrigued the eight-year-old boy.

Musca Domestica

When electricity was available, large fans were installed to ward off the pests, he remarked.

When Santa Cruz Eastside and Live Oak Districts became a second "Petaluma" in egg production, chickens were free to roam in fenced pens. Flies really reigned in these areas and homes reminded one of the chicken ranchers.

please turn to page 4
Farmers bought the heaps of stable and chicken manure and innocently hauled, along with the "soil enrichment," a multitude of hidden nests of larvae that added to their fly population.

One ingenious rural housewife fashioned a voluminous elongated tassel made of paper, then hung it close to the ceiling on the coal oil lamp chain to distract the flies from parking on the walls because they always left a black speck when they landed. This was called a 'fly roost.'

And one farmerette made her own fly paper from a recipe in a cookbook more than 100 years old. It called for a mixture of melted resin and castor oil smeared on butcher paper. It was effective too, the informant said.

As years passed and citizens became more aware of sanitation, an ordinance was passed by the Santa Cruz County Supervisors forbidding chickens kept in city backyards. Gasoline replaced horse power, the egg and chick production gradually disappeared. Dairy activity became centralized and the invention of insecticides helped, and the fly nuisance diminished accordingly.

It diminished to the blessed extent that today, only a swatter is used occasionally.

Baby Bye, here's a fly! Let us watch him, you and I.

There he goes, on his toes, tickling baby's nose.

How he crawls, up the walls,

Yet he never, never falls!

Phyllis Patten

Published by
SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Mailing Address: P. O. Box 246
Santa Cruz, California 95060
Did you know that Santa Cruz once had a paper mill?

During the 1850’s manufactured articles were brought from the East Coast by ship via Cape Horn or to the Isthmus of Panama, freighted across and loaded on ships to transport north. Both methods were slow and costly. The demand for goods was greater than the supply and ordinary wrapping paper was a scarce commodity. Articles and food supplies came in barrels, boxes, sacks and large containers and wrapping paper was needed for the retail trade.

Young Henry Van Valkenburgh saw his opportunity to manufacture paper for the western market. He had money and wealthy friends willing to invest so he explored the country for a site for his paper mill.

To manufacture wrapping paper from straw, lime is needed, also abundant water power, a supply of lumber for the building and wood for fuel. Another factor is that Santa Cruz is near enough to San Francisco to supply quick and cheap transportation to that large market.

The mill was about one and a half miles from Santa Cruz on the west bank of the San Lorenzo River. Ships plied regularly between Santa Cruz and San Francisco. A vast amount of land now planted to orchards or vegetables was then planted to wheat.

Mr. Van Valkenburgh started his mill in 1860 with the expectation of producing fifty tons of straw paper a month. Alternate layers of straw and slacked lime are placed in bleaching tubs 12 feet in diameter and 8 feet deep then boiled twelve to fifteen hours with hot steam. The whole mass is then ground to a pulp through a sort of endless thrashing machine. The grinding is continued until the pulp is reduced to the right consistency when a large quantity of water is added.

The pulpy water is conveyed to the surface of a very fine cylinder which is made to revolve and acts as a strainer. The water passes into the cylinder and out the ends leaving the fibrous matter evenly distributed on the surface from where it is conveyed to a wide belt and from there between a series of rollers which press out the water and anneal the fibers. It then goes over and under cylinders heated with steam until thoroughly dried and comes out, chipped off into sheets of the size intended. It is put in bundles, pressed and is ready for market.

please turn to page 2
The mill employed 15-18 workmen and operated night and day.

The framework of the mill was of redwood, one hundred and ten feet in length, one half sixty feet in width and the rest thirty seven feet.

The dimensions of the redwood flume conducting the water was three and a half feet wide and three thousand feet long. A dam seventeen feet in height was erected to hold and conduct the water to the flume.

The machinery was driven by two water wheels each twenty feet in diameter.

In December 1860 Henry Van Valkenburgh bought from Isaac Davis and Albion P. Jordan a portion of the Rancho Canada del Rincon for $1100. The paper mill property was gradually increased to approximately 34 acres.

In February 1861 a heavy storm damaged the apron of the paper mill dam. The winter of 1861-2 saw terrible flooding and damage to the paper mill.

It was on January 13, 1862 that Henry Van Valkenburgh was watching the felling of a tree near his mill. It did not fall as expected and a large limb struck him on the head causing instant death. Mr. Van Valkenburgh was 32 years of age.

The storms of 1862 destroyed all dams on the river, Bryant’s, Love’s and Graham’s saw mills were swept away. The paper mill machinery was badly damaged, the flume and building containing boilers and all the tools were completely destroyed. Damage was estimated at more than $10,000. The concern was sold by the sheriff to Mr. M. A. Cohen who sold it to John Sime.

In early October 1867 a fire undoubtedly of incendiary origin destroyed 1000 tons of straw, five sheds and 1000 cords of redwood. The mill had just resumed running after the flood and delay for repairs. $30,000 had been spent to rebuild the dam and flume.

John Sime having many business interests elsewhere sold the paper mill to J. H. Baird; later that property was sold to the California Powder Co. who expanded its plant and erected new buildings. The property is now Paradise Park.

Henry Van Valkenburgh was in his early twenties when he came to San Francisco, married and at his death, the father of two daughters; a son also named Henry was born some months after his death. His wife was Ella Rand Perkins before her marriage, a native of New York City.

As a widow she lived and raised her family on Union Street. She was interested and active in civic affairs. She died in Oakland April 12, 1922. Descendants of this splendid couple still live in this area.

To Florence Donnelly goes the credit for the research of all the early paper mills of California including Soquel, Alviso, Marin County, San Joaquin, Floriston, Saratoga and the San Lorenzo Mill.

Jeannette Rowland
In 1967, the Legislature of the State of California passed a bill creating a State Bicentennial Commission for the purpose of organizing and coordinating a state-wide observance of the first land expedition in 'Alta California' or California as we know it. This expedition was led by Don Gaspar De Portola.

This first land expedition, 200 years ago, marked several milestones in the recorded history of the State of California. It marked the first settlement in Alta California, in San Diego; the first land exploration of Alta California; the first redwood tree discovered and named; the discovery of San Francisco Bay.

Santa Cruz County is one of the coast counties concerned directly with this event, as it was in our county that Portola saw and named the first redwood tree. The events leading up to this first land expedition began in the early 1500's.

Spain ruled more than one-half the world as it was known at that time. Spanish galleons (sailing ships) carried gold, silver, spices and other valuable cargo from Spanish colonies back to Spain.

These same sailing ships veered in close to California's coast, on their way home to Spain from the Philippines. It was a long, tiring sea journey; and they looked for sheltered coves where they could land to get fresh water and make sometimes necessary repairs to their ships.

On December 16, 1602, Vizcaino entered the Bay of Pines. He described it in his reports as "the best port that could be desired...sheltered from all winds, pines for masts...water in great quantity...".

In 1769 the first land expedition was organized to start from the West Coast mainland of Mexico and from Baja California to proceed to Alta California. Don Gaspar De Portola and Father Junipero Serra, Franciscan Padre, led the expedition to San Diego, partly by ship, partly by land. Father Serra stayed at San Diego to establish the first mission while Portola pressed on north, by land, looking for the fabled Bay of Monterey.

Three ships were included in the exploration: the San Carlos, San Antonio and the San Jose, which was lost. Of the 300 men who started from Mexico and Baja, only 126 were still alive to reach San Diego.

Portola started from San Diego with 27 soldiers, six catalans, Fathers Crespie and Gomez, engineer Miguel Costansa, seven mule drivers, 15
Christian Indians and a 100-mule pack train. Captain Rivera brought up the rear guard. Two servants also were with the expedition.

Portola actually thought that he recognized the point of pines and Monterey when he arrived in the area, but he was puzzled not to see the fine harbor described in Vizcaino’s glowing report of 150 years earlier. Portola reconnoitered on horseback...didn’t recognize it, and finally decided that Monterey Bay must be farther on.

On October 8, 1769, the Portola party crossed and named the Pajaro River and were the first Europeans to see the redwood tree. The location of his encampment, where the redwood tree was named, was Pinto Lake, near Watsonville.

On October 15, they camped at Soquel Creek. On October 17, 1769, the party crossed the San Lorenzo River, about at the site of the present governmental center, and made camp. It was St. Lawrence’s Day so they named the river after him. One of Portola’s soldiers also originated the name ‘Santa Cruz’ for this beautiful area which appeared to have everything. A small creek, Major’s Creek, was named Santa Cruz.

On October 20, sick from scurvy, running low on food supplies, the party reached Waddell Creek. They camped there for several days to recover their strength. A small scouting party went ahead up the coast, climbed Sweeney’s Ridge and looked out over San Francisco Bay. They didn’t realize the importance of their discovery. And they felt their expedition was a failure because they had failed to locate Monterey Bay. They decided to return to San Diego.

In October, 1968, Santa Cruz County Board of Supervisors created a Santa Cruz County Bicentennial Commission for the purpose of coordinating and organizing our County’s Bicentennial celebration. As co-chairmen, they appointed Attorney Hubert Wyckoff of Watsonville and Mrs. Margaret Koch of Santa Cruz.
HISTORY OF U.S. POST OFFICE IN SANTA CRUZ

The Santa Cruz Post Office was established on April 9, 1850 with Alexander McLean the first Postmaster. He came to California in 1849 by ship crossing the Isthmus of Panama. He worked in the Elihu Anthony Store located at the head of Willow Street now Pacific Avenue, north of the present fountain.

After nearly four years as Postmaster, he returned to the east, attended the Concord Biblical Institute, received his license to preach and remained in New York state.

The United States government does not erect its own building until the office becomes first class as determined by the annual stamp cancellations. Thus our post office was in several locations.

On Jan. 19, 1854 Henry J. Share was appointed Postmaster. Research has failed to reveal any information on him but the office may have continued in the Anthony store as it was under our third Postmaster.

On Dec. 15, 1855 Elihu Anthony was appointed to the office and held the position more than six years.

Elihu Anthony has many firsts to his credit. He was largely responsible for establishment of the first Protestant church, the first wharf at the end of Bay Street in 1853, and made the first subdivisions in Santa Cruz; one residential and one business. He initiated the first water system for downtown Santa Cruz, was road supervisor, and went to the legislature as an assemblyman.

A more detailed account of his life was published in the June 1962 News and Notes in which he was erroneously named the first Postmaster.

Mail came by pony over the hills until stage routes were started in 1857 or 1858.

It was during this era that first class mail was hastened westward by the Pony Express. A unique venture in which the mail was taken in relays by swift horses and fearless riders from St. Joseph, Mo. to Sacramento, past hostile Indians, over rough terrain, high mountains, deep snow and scorching deserts. It started April 3, 1860, and continued until October 24, 1861, when the Pacific telegraph was completed.

Storer W. Field succeeded Anthony in 1862. A native of Massachusetts, he had been a member of the legislature in Wisconsin and came to Santa Cruz in 1859 and opened a store for staple groceries, fruits and vegetables.
It was located between the Santa Cruz House and Franklin House on the east side of what is now Front Street. He was for four years the county treasurer. He died in 1894 in San Francisco at the home of his daughter.

Silas Felker, native of Maine, was assistant Postmaster 1863-4 and was Postmaster from Dec. 12, 1864, until May, 1870. The post office was moved on March 25, 1867 from the Santa Cruz House to a little building between the St. Charles Hotel and the brewery at the corner of Mission and River Streets.

Mrs. M. Louise Willson, widow of I. C. “Chape” Willson was appointed Postmistress May 1870. In July 1870, the office was moved to Room 3 in the McPherson brick building. In Nov. 1870, it was moved to the Anthony building.

Eight months later John Brazer was appointed Postmaster and he put the post office in his book store near the upper end of Pacific Avenue on the west side. He later moved the store and the post office to the new IOOF building. He was Postmaster for thirteen years.

John Brazer was a native of Groton, Massachusetts. He was a bachelor and lived many years at the Pope House on Mission Street and was very fond of horseback riding. He died Jan. 11, 1907, in Santa Cruz.

The first mail by train arrived on May 24, 1876, and the stage delivery from Watsonville was discontinued.

Following John Brazer was William F. Cooper who held the position for years. William F. Cooper was one of four brothers all born at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and who came to Santa Cruz County either in 1849 or 1850. William F. and John L. had a grocery and dry goods store on the north side of Cooper Street with its opening on Front St. They also owned the south side of that block and the street was named for them. This was the location of the County court house and octagonal building. The Post office continued in the Odd Fellows building. William F. Cooper was the first mayor of Santa Cruz. He was the father of four children and died at his home on Front Street in December 1894, aged 71.

Bart Burke was Postmaster from March 1887, until October, 1890. He resigned to run for Superior Judge, losing to his opponent F. J. McCann.

On July 1st of 1890, city mail delivery was started with four carriers: Ben Blaisdell, Bert Baldwin, W. S. Peakes and Frank Ennor.

Edward C. Williams assumed the office from October, 1890, until October, 1894. He was the son of Edward L. and Narcissa Watson Williams and apparently the only Postmaster born in this area.

William T. Kearney served from October, 1894, until March 1899. He was the son of Thomas Kearney. Prior to being Postmaster he was bookkeeper at the Powder Mill. He resigned in 1899 and H. S. Wanzer, a deputy, served for a time. On October 30, 1895 the post office was moved into the Alta building facing Walnut Avenue. That is now a part of Woolworth store and the post office occupied the corner on the alley. Here it remained until 1912 moving into the present federal building.

Orlando J. Lincoln, a native of Maine came to Santa Cruz in 1879 with his wife and daughter. Their son Robert O. was born here and is still an active businessman.

O. J. Lincoln served as deputy assessor, city clerk, superintendent of water works, and secretary of Santa Cruz Board of Trade. He was Postmaster from March, 1899, to February, 1915.

In August, 1899, the first Rural Free Delivery was started, a distance of about 35 miles out Branciforte Drive into Scotts Valley. Only eight such routes operated in the state at that time. Carrier was C. H. Randall a one-armed Civil war veteran. He was given a five year mail contract in
1902 to carry Bonny Doon mail. He died September, 1908, at Santa Monica Soldiers home, age 66.

There was an impressive corner-stone laying for the new Federal building on July 1, 1911, by the Masonic Lodge. That corner had been in use from earliest time until 1887. First a blacksmith shop, later a butcher shop, then A. P. Swanton built his Bonner Stables which burned in 1887. Then the site stood idle.

The post office was completed and occupied in 1912. Two additions have been made through the years, the first in 1937 and the second in 1967. During the latter, all post office business was conducted in a building at the corner of Cathcart and Cedar Streets for several months.

Charles E. Lilly had served under O. J. Lincoln as assistant Postmaster and was named Postmaster in February, 1915. He was a native of Missouri. He was a nephew of W. T. Jeter, Mayor of Santa Cruz, Lieutenant governor of California and later County Bank president.

Charles Lilly died in office December, 1920 and was succeeded as acting Postmaster by his wife Ella Skidmore Lilly until January, 1922.

He left two daughters, one of whom, Thelma, married Dr. Alfred Phillips.

Fred R. Howe became Postmaster January, 1922, and served until 1932. He had been city councilman from 1907-1911, and mayor of Santa Cruz 1915-1917. He served under four Presidents: Wilson, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. His widow still lives in Santa Cruz.

Fred T. Hale was appointed acting Postmaster early in 1932, later commissioned Postmaster in 1934 serving until August 31, 1942. He was born in North Carolina and received much of his education in England where his father was in the diplomatic service. He served in the Spanish American war and was a civil engineer working for some years in South America.

He came to California in 1900, worked in the Mother Lode country for 15 years, came to Santa Cruz in 1919 and was superintendent of quarries at the Henry Cowell Lime & Cement Company. He married Mabel Chase Grover in 1925. It was in 1939 that the U. S. Mail was put under Civil Service. Fred Hale died May 1, 1946, and was survived by his wife.

Orin Howard became Postmaster September 1, 1942, and is still serving. He was born in Utah and before being Postmaster was business agent for American Federation of Labor. During his years here he has been president of the school board and on the civic planning committee. Presently he spends some time each year exploring Mexico. He teaches classes at Cabrillo College, as well as delivering lectures on Mexico and its culture. He is married and the father of two sons.

In Santa Cruz County as in all parts of California there have been small post offices established and later combined with larger ones in the area as transportation and mail deliveries improved. Such a post office was Seabright with its own postmark established April 13, 1899. It merged with Santa Cruz February 28, 1906.
Vinticulture was nil here until early 1860, according to an old Santa Cruz County history book dated 1879. When European wine growing natives observed the favorable locales for the wine venture here including belittled steep hillsides, immigrants and prospectors eagerly took up acreage as soon as the areas were cleared of timber material. They farmsteaded the tracts and soon vineyards sprouted like mushrooms in a forest after the first rains. The rustic dwellings were planned with cellars mostly for wine growing. It has been written wine is not made, it grows.

Christian Horseman developed a luscious ten-acre vineyard on a slope that demanded a zigzag trail to get to, titled “Main Top Ranch”. A much larger one was owned by his son Billy Horseman called “Satbuck Ranch” situated west of the ridge that divides Bear Creek Gulch and Two Bar, both of these were reached by private trails stemming west from the County Bear Creek Rd. Christian’s brother Henry acquired acreage east of the creek named the “May Flower Ranch” and vineyard. And the road to Pilger’s Ranch and Vineyard took off west of the county Bear Creek Road. Mrs. Pilger was Christian’s daughter.

These four hilly ranches were about six miles from Boulder Creek. Absolutely nothing remains of the fruitful yesteryears at these sites except at Pilger’s, the two storey Winery housing a large primitive grape presser “though droopy as an old man’s bent back”, recalled a relative, is still in evidence.

On the summit and sides of water logged Ben Lomond mount were many luscious vineyards large and small. The most prominent comprizing 90 acres. It crossed Empire Grade or Bonny Doon Road about where the air-port is, the largest acreage was on the slope on the right-hand side of the road, the Christmas Tree Farm was part of the holdings, recalls an old timer.

This vineyard and winery were owned by a San Francisco firm, Wilkins & Co., 124 Sansome St. and J. F. Coope, who was the resident superintendent and pioneered the adventure. Of an inventive mind Mr. Coope rigged up a method to grub the underbrush and chaparral by steam, that cleared the land with great rapidity and less expense, states the old history book of 1879. Mr. Coope also supervised the planting, choosing the variety that grew the highest quality of light wines.

While this vineyard was not in full production, the company offered neighbor vineyardists from three to five dollars more per ton than the current price, because grapes here developed perfectly in plump and closely packed bunches. Nourished by roots in soil impregnated with oak leaf mold and other vegetation for centuries, the areas situated above fog and frost kill, and cooled by ocean breezes, the vines grew luxuriantly producing abundant crops with less sugar, the desired quality for light wines.

Among other notable vineyards and bonded wineries in this Bonny Doon district was Joe Locatelli’s “Eagle Rock Ranch”, a family project and a popular picnic spot. With replantings and somewhat smaller today, it is still producing, now owned and operated by Joe’s eldest son Vincent, formerly a two term S.L.V. Supervisor.

Union Vineyard is about seven miles from Santa Cruz city. “The name is due to the topography of the hills here and the love for the Union represented by the stars and stripes,” said Mr. J. W. Jarvis who acquired

Continued page 5
133 acres in 1879. All but 11 acres was wilderness. An alert vintner, Mr. Jarvis’ success in clearing and planting spurred others to locate in the neighborhood and follow suit, thus titling the region ‘Vine Hill’. Entrance was via Branciforte Creek Rd.

Mr. Jarvis planted his first 63 acres with Zinfandel, Johannisberg Riesling, Chauche Gris, Chauche Noir, Verdel, Baluzat, Pinot and the Burgundies.

In the Verdel patch he obtained 22 tons of grapes from one acre, the largest crop ever recorded, netting $825.00 solely from this acre. In 1888 Mr. Jarvis made 42,600 gallons of wine in his winery on the ranch and sold 4,376 boxes of table grapes @ 40¢ per box (in that era those were big boxes).

1889 was a very poor year due to a torrential downpour at the wrong time for viticulture. His faith and rugged health prompted him to say he expected 50,000 gallons of wine and to sell 5,000 boxes of table grapes that year, 1890.

His winery had the capacity of 40,000 gallons or more, but his future wines were to be in Santa Cruz Mountain Winery, he being prominently identified with the company as promoter and president.

Santa Cruz Mountain Wine Company was a corporation organized to produce the very best wines. It was incorporated 1887, according to the old Santa Cruz history book, comprising its following members and officers: J. W. Jarvis, President; W. H. Galbraith, Secretary; F. McMullen, Mrs. H. Gregory, Ed Fitch, W. G. Klee and H. M. Hanmore. Mr. Galbraith was also Superintendent and Manager.

Property was chosen at the end of Blackburn Gulch (Branciforte Drive today) on the eastside of the creek, including acreage above the bank. A three-story building was erected against the steep bank where a convenient road from Branciforte Avenue was hacked so teamsters could unload the grapes at the second story level.

Here too the company bored three vaults at the base of the sandstone hill, the combined length totaling 380 feet, capacity for 200,000 gallons of wine. The largest cave is 24 feet wide by 18 feet high. The other two are 18 by 17 feet. Temperature is 60° and a little over.

This winery was a very busy unit and it’s carefully grown varietal wines won many prizes. When the wine industry terminated, Mr. Carl Beck took over and moved his brewery here. Inevitably time creates changes. When the brewery moved out and buildings disappeared, shelves of flats for growing mushrooms replaced barrel space in the larger cellar. Like former occupants this business thrived also, except when the area above became populated, complaints about the fumes from an outlet in the area disrupted the operation.

The wine caves are still intact today but the remaining evidence of the happy and prosperous activities of yesteryears are the three closed doors at the base of the sandstone hill, presently reflecting only curiosity.

The Pedemonte’s famous vineyards started in 1869, capping the hillside from Graham Hill to Ocean Street, and winery were a show place. It was featured in the 1968 bulletins. And next to them and above, bordering Graham Hill Road, where the city water treatment plant is today, was Garibaldi’s (John Costella) of the hotel, consisting of many acres of vineyard. The winery was at the base of the hill on Ocean Street.

Mr. Charles Martin also had a vineyard and winery in Glenwood, supported by neighboring grape growers.

Most homes with a cellar grew their wine from a grape arbor or vines in the back yard, adding purchased boxes from country ranches. This was typical of Italians, but other wine
connoissuers bought the fermented juice, proceeded to finish the beverage and bottle it. Grapes and wine were popular and profitable ventures in the late nineteenth century.

It still is in a smaller scale today. This is proven by "Bargetto's Winery" in Soquel, which with other brands, specializes in 100 percent varietal wine from grapes grown only in the Santa Cruz hills, winning prizes at state fairs. "Hallcrest Vineyard", and winery in Felton was also a special wine producer. And 'Nicario' vineyard and winery in Laurel Glen is dedicated to special wine growing, planting the same stock as the early vintners.

There may be other interesting vineyards and wineries in the shady nooks of the Santa Cruz hills. These were known to the writer and some are recorded in Santa Cruz history books.

Phyllis B. Patten
THE TANNERY ON THE SAN LORENZO

There WAS a tannery on the San Lorenzo in 1860, as the sign says; in fact there was one there before that and it isn’t the present one. But the present one is still rich in history and historical firsts and will become richer as time goes on and more of these venerable family-owned institutions disappear.

Now about that first tannery. It was built on property purchased in 1856 by James Duncan and William Warren. Warren had come to Santa Cruz in 1851 or 52 and was probably the first man employed by Richard Kirby at his tannery. Don’t know about Duncan. But during the winter of 1861-62, the San Lorenzo rampaged through the property, sweeping off vats, buildings, bark mill, finished and unfinished leather. It even took off most of the land for in subsequent deeds to the property, the landmarks are changed. Discouraged, the partners sold what was left to Charles Hogquist, who had a machine sewing shop on Willow St. (Pacific Ave.) Whether Hogquist tried to do anything with what little was left is not known, perhaps not, for a year and a half later he sold to Anton Fischer and Wygand A. Mathew.

Fischer (sometimes appears as Fisher) is given as one of the big tanners in the area by some authorities, but he only had an interest in the property for 6 months when he sold his share to Jacob F. Kron. Little is known for sure about Mr. Mathew, mainly because his name has been so battered in various writings. (I selected a correction found in one of the books in the Hall of Records). His connection with Mr. Kron was most successful, for while Fischer sold out for $1000, a year later Mathew sold out to Kron for $4500.

Of course, Jacob Kron was the man who really made the tannery. A Prussian born in 1823, he had arrived in New Orleans in 1855. By 1857 he and his wife and his eldest son were in Napa County, where he raised cattle for 9 years. From 1866 until 1915, the tannery on the San Lorenzo flourished. Demands for leather were increasing as the population in California increased. All forms of horse-powered transport depended on leather. The mines needed belting. Farms and ranches needed leather. Cowboys needed boots. Santa Cruz became a center for the production of wagons, carts, and all the leather appurtenances. So did anyone walking the muddy streets of those days.

In 1870 the Bureau of Census listed 9 tanneries in the county producing leather to the value of $382,000. Mr. Kirby’s product had a national name.
By 1879, the year of Mr. Kron’s death, his business had increased from his original investment of $5500 to an inventory worth about $47,000; he himself had acquired $15,000 worth of real estate and $17,550 in personal property.

Probably his greatest asset was his wife, Anna Katherine. She ‘kept the books’. She cooked for the employees, many of whom were Portuguese and lived in little cabins up Pogonip Creek. She supervised the large house now the office of the tannery. She raised 3 sons and still had time to help the employees and their families. When she died in 1914, the Sentinel said, “In her death, Santa Cruz loses a pioneer lady, one who was esteemed by all who knew her and her circle of acquaintances was large.” According to an informant, besides having an admirable character and a capacity for hard work, she was also small and pretty.

By 1880, the sources for tanbark in Santa Cruz had been pretty well exhausted. This meant that the local tanneries had to obtain large tracts of forests that contained the tanbark oak in other parts of the state. This involved greater financing for the business. The three sons became active. In June, 1880, the Kron Tanning Co. was incorporated, authorized capital stock $200,000. Henry F. Kron, the eldest son, managed the tannery on the San Lorenzo. Oscar J. was president and supervised the wholesale commission house in San Francisco. Franklyn R. supervised an adjunct in Sydney, Australia, which tanned kangaroo hides along with those of cattle.

The Krons lived graciously on River St. They entertained frequently, belonged to social clubs and other organizations, looked out for the progress and well-being of Santa Cruz. The demand for leather increased with the growth of the state. The number of employees grew. There was just this one bad thing. The tan bark was giving out.

Tan bark oaks -- the most important factor for our early tanneries. A British botanist, David Douglas, visiting Monterey in 1833-32, named it Quercus Densiflora. However, the tree actually belongs to the species Lithocarpus but is a member of the Fagaceae (Oak or Beech family). But of course we all knew that. It is a common tree in the Santa Cruz Mountains growing with the California Laurel, California Bay along the edges of the coniferous forests or forming pure, dense stands. It needs some overhead light and so is not at its best in a redwood forest. It needs a mixed forest.

Its bark contains more tannic acid than any other that grows on the American continent. (All trees have some). It attains a considerable height, is sparingly branched, has abundant leaves and acorns, coarse-grained wood, wet and spongy when first cut so sometimes called water oak. The bark was stripped in the forest, hauled out on mule back, ¼ cord per animal. The trees were cut and made into barrel staves for the Powder Works or for fire wood. Some used to produce steam at the tannery.

In spite of their greater financial resources, the Krons couldn’t keep up with the added expense of shipping in the tanbark. They had property in the Big Sur country and in Mendicino. This required extensive logging and shipping operations. In 1913, Franklyn died in Australia. In Jan., 1914, Anna Katherine "Ella" Kron died. And in July of that year, Henry F.'s son, who was to succeed his father at the tannery, was killed in an automobile accident on Olive Springs Rd.

These family tragedies as well as worsening financial conditions made change inevitable. The tannery and all holdings were turned over to trustees, all of whom were connected with the Anglo and London-Paris Bank of San Francisco. Land was sold to pay debts, and in 1919, the tannery itself was sold to Kullman, Salz, Inc.

The history of Kullman, Salz, Inc. in the tannery business really begins Continued page 3
with a man named Charles Wagner who spent 18 months in Santa Cruz 'where at that time the best article of leather was made.' Then he started a tannery in Stockton in 1865. In 1869, he entered into a partnership with Moses Kullman in a wholesale leather business. This company sold the products of the Stockton tannery as well as those of a tannery in Benicia purchased by Kullman Salz and Co. in 1881. In 1896, the Wagners withdrew and Kullman, Salz incorporated in San Francisco. This incorporation was owned by Kullman, Salzes and Harts, all related. From 1919 until 1929, this organization ran tanneries in Benicia, Santa Cruz and San Francisco and did their own wholesaling. As the demand for leather, which had had an upsurge during World War I, again dropped, the company was liquidated.

In April, 1929, the tannery on the San Lorenzo was closed and its future in doubt. Mr. Stewart Miller and Mr. Joe Bellas, superintendent and tanner respectively, tried to raise money locally but had no success. But they did with Mr. Ansley K. Salz, a man who knew and loved the tannery and its products. In 1929, he incorporated as A. K. Salz & Co.

Again the tannery was fortunate in its one-family ownership. The story of Ansley Kullman Salz, and his wife, the former Helen Arnstein, is another one of active participation in cultural and political activities, not particularly of Santa Cruz, but in the state of California. The Salzes lived in San Francisco and Mr. Salz was really an absentee land-lord, but his policies led to the production of first rate product in a plant that enjoyed good relations with its employees.

Two other men have had a great deal to do with the success of the tannery. One was Eduard Ambrosius Gottlob Roedel who came to Santa Cruz in 1883 after learning the tanning business in Norway and his native Germany. He was soon foreman, as hard working and dedicated to a good product as his employer, Mr. Kron. When the tannery was sold to Kullman-Salz he became superintendent. After 40 years in his first and only job in Santa Cruz, he died in an unfortunate accident at the tannery in 1922.

The other was Joe Bellas, a native of Yugoslavia who learned the tanning business at his family's 200 year-old tannery in what was then Austria. By 1917 he had found his place in the Kullman-Salz Tannery in San Francisco. After the Santa Cruz tannery was acquired he would come down once a week. In 1929, when Mr. Salz acquired the tannery, Mr. Bellas became superintendent.

Then began what could be called the 'golden age' of the tannery on the San Lorenzo--soft golden russet the color of the 'Acorn' leather that was produced by a more lengthy process and was the color of the bark of the tanbark oak. Another process which brought out the natural grain of the hide as the basis of the beauty of the leather led to the tannery's most famous product--'California Saddle Leather'. Acorn leather was great for carving, and this was an age of hobbies. Saddle Leather was used for beautiful--and practical--purse, wallets, etc. It was featured in a national advertising campaign. The point was that fine leather is a possession to be cherished.

In 1948, Norman Lezin and his wife, the former Margaret Salz, moved to Santa Cruz. By 1954 he was named president; at 29 one of the youngest tannery executives in the United States. Again the tannery on the San Lorenzo had as owners public spirited citizens who participated in school affairs, local government--a chapter that is still being written.

The trouble with writing about the tannery is that there are so many connected stories---the fires there, the Pogonip Fire Station, the origins of the workers, the fine relationships between both families and the laboring force, the sources of supplies for the tannery, the processes involved, the tremendous machines used---

Continued page 4
But one final chapter. In 1956 Pacific Industries, Inc., purchased the tannery. By this time, imported bags and other leather goods, inferior in quality and lower in price, had taken the market for California Saddle Leather. The tannery, in order to survive, began producing specialty leather for shoes. In 1960, the tannery was sold back to the Salz family group, with Mr. Lezin again as president.

In 1961, the new tanning method using chrome salts was instituted. Thus finally, the bad thing—the disappearance of the tan bark—was licked. These salts perform the same chemical magic that the natural tannic acid did in changing skin to leather, and were much easier to obtain. It might be quite a surprise to some however to watch the skins emerging from the chrome bath—they are a soft sky blue. Stacked beside the old-red-barn paint of the tannery buildings, they are quite photogenic. And gone too—but not forgotten by some—is the indescribable odor of the old methods.

This put the tannery back on its vats, so to speak, and by 1965, Mr. Lezin was able to say that the company’s production was at the highest point in its history. In 1969, the tannery was sold to Beck Industries, a New York fashion and retailing complex. It is now Salz Leathers, Inc. The financial backing is different, but the management will be the same.

What was at one time the smallest tannery on the West Coast has grown to the largest. It processes and finishes about 13 million square feet of leather a year for sales of over $7 million. There are today only about 300 tanneries in the United States, and in California, only 7.

So Santa Cruz’ tannery on the San Lorenzo is unique—unique in its history, unique in its service, unique in its product. And a marvelous example of how the ‘Old Ways’ can be modernized—and still be recognizable and profitable.

Barbara Giffen--
COWELL’S STATE REDWOOD PARK

This magnificent grove at Felton was the forerunner of all California Redwood Parks due to its accessibility via San Lorenzo River Canyon and only six miles more or less from the shores of Monterey Bay.

It was first recorded by an Englishman in 1854. It is also mentioned in writings of Santa Cruz Mission era 1791.

One of the soldiers followed an Indian trail paralleling San Lorenzo River; it lead to this stand. On his return he excitedly told of these big ‘palo colorados’ about two leagues up the gorge.

Another first, this grove was reached by railroad from Santa Cruz in 1875, the track paralleled the river on the west side of the stream to Felton. A trace of it is still evident near the covered bridge.

As the county and neighboring territories became populated the ‘Big Trees’ also grew to becoming a holiday attraction, a spectacular sight. People came by foot, mule back, horse back, whatever carrier was available, a buckboard, a surrey with a fringe on top and stages over unbelievably rough trails.

The first entrance to the park was in the vicinity of the Fremont Tree area, and in time an enterprising party built accommodations for a resort here out of material at hand; rough boards and battens. The country store where meals were served too had a high front face and a roofless porch. Next to it toward the north was a row of four small bedrooms, each opening out into the grove. (My mother and I slept overnight in the fourth one on our arrival from Europe December 1888. The warm hospitality extended to us strangers in a new country and strange language is still relished today because we were served breakfast in bed.)

A saloon, a popular adjunct of the time, was added to the complex. By 1880 when the S.P.C. R.R. was completed from Alameda to Santa Cruz this grove had accumulated a wealth of pioneering history, plus its own contribution of centuries’ battling with nature’s caprices. The park is an inspirational cathedral with sun-rays filtering through the branches of these skyward monarchs permeating the ozone with the fragrance of the odoriferous vegetation accompanying redwoods, for redwoods are gregarious. It was a library of authentic facts, past and present (now, many are denuded by the state).

The scenic route via S.P.C. R.R. bored through the coast range in Santa Cruz County by millionaire James G. Fair of the Nevada silver mines though traveling at 30 m.p.h. at first, opened up a limitless patronage of tourists. Eastern tour agents

Continued page 2
included California “Big Trees”, at this spot because other areas were not favored with a railroad at the time. It is regrettable this grove was not given a singular title because its identity is lost by writers who had visited here, mentioning only “California Big Trees”. There are so many in the state.

In the early days of holiday excursions both Cowell’s section and Welch’s were used as one. Due to the accommodating narrow gauge “Big Trees” became the prime attraction of central California. This spot was extensively advertised then. Hundreds of people took advantage of the Sunday excursions from San Francisco Bay area. A dance floor was installed for their pleasure.

One memorable group was a party of negroes from Oakland. Their dancing, especially the cakewalk, was so gracefully done and exuberant with hi-stepping to the time of banjos. Their singing too reflected jubilance. This was the era of the gay nineties.

Since there were only minor restrictions in the amphitheater, concessions were also set up. One was at the base of a partly burned tree.

Many presidents and dignitaries were entertained in this sanctuary. A plaque tacked on a tree dedicated to an Eastern group was dated 1886, (gone now) President Harrison in 1888, General Grant and President McKinley and President Theodore Roosevelt in 1903. A tree was dedicated to each and other prominent officials.

President Teddy Roosevelt left an indelible mark on his visit in 1903. After the tour of exceptional trees, wined and dined, (a barbecue) he earnestly spoke of the beauty of the monarchical redwoods and merits of preserving the area. He ended the praises with a request to go around again alone. So, a human cordon by all present encircled the premises for protection. On his lone inspection he stripped two majestic redwoods of personal cards tacked solidly as high as one could reach. The offensive tacking was never repeated.

General John C. Fremont with his calvary of 60 men camped in this vicinity on their way South, headed for war with Mexico in 1846. So impressed with the grandeur of the majestic redwoods, he revisited the park in 1888 with his wife and daughter. They were hosted here by Santa Cruz officials and pictures were taken; one was the three standing beside the opening of the burnt out tree dedicated to him.

The charred hole was a room 16 ft. by 20 ft. It is recorded, that a trapper lived in this tree many months. Proof of this: there were three oblong holes formerly about 12 by 6 for windows chiseled about seven ft. from the floor of the interior... They were still evident until a few years ago, also a little round hole for a stove pipe behind the young tree sprouted from a root. One can discern approximately the era the Fremont tree was occupied by the age of this tall juvenile. (Circa 140 yearbook) The openings are completely closed now due to the redwoods’ capacity to mend their wounds.

The popularity of the whole park must have inspired the division of the togetherness by installing little, opened fence from the railroad landing to the river. Cowell’s section was leased to a Mr. Hopkins, who also established a resort by the railroad track. The larger trees and historical facts were in Welch’s side (Welch bought many acres here 1867) of the fence, and some years later a solid six foot board fence encircled the show area with a 50¢ entrance fee for each roam within. This was during the reign of Southern Pacific Railroad excursions, owners of the S.P.C. R.R. then.

Finally Santa Cruz County purchased some of Welch’s property re-
placing the solid fence with an
owned wire one about the same
height and secured it with an
impressive lockable wooden gate at
the new entrance which is still there
today. The fence and lock didn’t
offend bootleggers during prohibition.
They had a secret entry to a solid
group of big trees centered with a
hollow that was perfect for their
operations, until caught. Thus, the
park was free again with many new
conveniences added outside of the
grove.

Says Dr. W. L. Jepson, eminent
authority on trees: “For untold
thousands of years this race of trees
had been growing here – the finest
element we have on earth today of
the vegetation of the Miocene
Epoch”.

The historical aspect carved by
time and nature eons back and by
man was judiciously nurtured by the
county wardens – except wandering
at will was curtailed by a fenced
path with spurs to interesting sub-
jects, a preservation measure of
course. And labels pointed to cur-
ious growths – like the “Teapot”
handle about half way up “Grants”
big tree.

The following are a few of many
authentic exhibits of pioneer days
now deleted not by time or elements,
but by man during the state’s own-
ship. Near the “giant tree” was a
hand hewed trough, a log about four
ft. across by twelve ft. long: the
label stated it was one of three red-
wood troughs used for tanning hides
for tool-leather, etc. It was neatly
sheltered under a roof, and in no
one’s way. Signs that pointed to
curious characteristics of the red-
woods are gone. A fallen monarch,
by a twister perhaps, was sawed off
at the trunk exposing secrets of the
past, weather cycles, healed fire
wounds, a store of information to
whom interested. The trail rail pro-
hibits the freedom of exploration
of it now. Labeled remains of charred

border roots that demonstrated the
size of the giant redwood that was
anchored here thousands of years
ago – now yanked out – no trace of
history of the trees of yesteryears,
for it is written that this stand was
by-passed by the ice flow during the
ice era.

Time and space curtail further
mentionings except for those preci-
ous remaining buildings. They were
genuine relics of frontier days built
by brawn, sweat and ingenuity with
material at hand, the corner one, its
country store, with an imposing high
front face, indicative of the im-
portance of the whistle stop dated
back to 1868. With a little thought
and a little money those humble
structures could have been restored
to an emporium of exhibits of the
past. The removal of those once
much used buildings of virgin tim-
bers, whose exterior walls vibrated
with merriment, laughter and winter
storms is a complimentary accompa-
niment in this sanctuary of redwoods
lost forever to posterity.

PHYLLIS PATTEN
Editor's Note:
This is a talk given recently to members of the Santa Cruz Historical Society by Tom McHugh.

Newspapers and other publications of recent times have been full of so-called "local history" that is replete either with error or outright hooey. To illustrate the discussion this afternoon the Santa Cruz Savings and Loan Association kindly gave me tear sheets of some of their more recent advertising purporting to illustrate the progressive development of Santa Cruz from the very earliest times.

I have brought with me a map of the original town of Santa Cruz laid out by Major Jacob Rink Snyder, late of the California battalion, by order of the Santa Cruz town council under authorization of First Alcalde Walter Colton at Monterey. My impression is that this is the first survey made for public record under the American system, although about the same time Jasper O'Farrel was laying out the town of Yerba Buena (San Francisco).

Monterey was a much older "pueblo" — but those houses were set willy-nilly, facing any old direction with a wide spot between the homes. The same applied to the Mexican portions of Santa Cruz, both at the mission and across the river at Villa Barnciforte.

For their homesites, the pioneers selected what we now call Beach Hill. The lots were set off at Spanish measurement, 50 varas each. That is the reason why those lots are still marked out in their original lines, are quite a bit larger than American lots: a vara being a little bit more than 33 inches of American measure.

With each house lot there was a sowing lot: a place to raise maize and vegetables for the individual table. These sowing lots were set off on the plateau to the west of Neary's lagoon. If you examine the map closely you will find a graveyard marked out. That graveyard, which served the Protestant section of the district, is located at about the end of Woodrow Avenue along the cliff. Afterwards, when the Methodists organized their congregation and erected a church, they had a cemetery and I can think of at least three others that were in use before Evergreen Cemetery was dedicated to the town by the Ims family in 1857.

In fact, the pioneers, made a practice of burying their kinfolk on some secluded and beautified section of the farm in those days. Afterwards, when the cemeteries were set apart, in some instances the bones were collected and brought into the public burying ground.

We are told by historians motivated more by enthusiasm that research that Santa Cruz is a planned community. There is pictured an artist's conception of a Spanish surveying party in Hispanic-California times laying out something or other; a man sits on the ground penciling what seems to be a chart, and someone else is about to head off somewhere supposedly laying out Santa Cruz County as a political entity did not come until almost the final hours of the first legislative session under the Constitution of 1849.

I presume that the historian conceives that was the way the original settlers set out what we called "ranchos", (they also had haciendas,
which were more of an agricultural nature than the "rancho", the latter constituting mostly a place to graze livestock.)

If anyone tells you that they descended from a family that had a grant from the King of Spain, you can put it down in your book that his ancestors were Indians— not that that is bad, for I have two or three tribes of Indian blood in my own veins, and the Indians when they were cleaned up, ran all colors from white to black. But it serves to point up the idea behind the development of the western hemisphere under the Spanish crown.

It was the theory of the King of Spain that this land properly belonged to the Indians; that the Indians were souls, which souls properly belonged to God; that to prepare them for God they had to be instructed not only in the forms of the church but in the arts of civilization. So priests were sent out to convert them from their heathen infidelity to be anointed disciples of the True Worship. In connection with instructions in Christianity, since they would have to give up their state of nature and presumably make provision for the life beyond the grave, they were taught arts of husbandry. When they became of reason capable of doing for themselves and finding among themselves instructors who could lead them in their pater noster, administer communion and give them safe passage into the world beyond, the missionaries were all to leave and turn the government of the community over to the original inhabitants.

Hence, all of the lands were claimed by the missions, those of Mission Santa Cruz extending from the Pajaro River to Pedro Point on the San Mateo County coast. Priests were as aggressive in defense of these titles as any modern farmer would be. If anyone went to the King for a grant the missionary was right there to prevent the outrage, insisting that there was not enough land to graze the sheep and cattle necessary to keep the neophytes clothed and fed.

There were very few Spanish Grants: the ranchos, so called, descend to us from Mexican times. There was a Crown Grant at Natividad. That's the place at which Isaac Graham, the man who afterwards was overlord of the Zayante where Felton now is, found a headquarters for his Rifleros Americanos when they installed Juan Alvarado as governor of California in 1836. It lies just north of Salinas. This was awarded to Manuel Butron in very early times.

Don Manuel had married an Indian girl at Carmelo Mission and I always supposed that that was the reason for the grant, but before coming here, thinking what I might say, I chanced to open a local history that has been in my possession a good many years, to a page listing the soldiers who supplied the escoltas (the mission guards) in this area; which listing gives us this information, among others: "Manuel Butron, invalido (retired soldier) Indio." This was among the original records of the San Francisco presidio that someone had thought to publish in 1882 and thus save for posterity. The original records of the San Francisco district were destroyed in the fire of 1906. The records of Villa Branciforte, maintained in the Alcalde's office at the mission, were destroyed by Alcalde Manuel Castro in 1846 when he discovered the Bear Flaggers had taken Sonoma. Such archives as we do have in Santa Cruz today, in the Recorder's office, were contributed from the Monterey files mainly through the influence of Edward L. Williams.

Each point of interest had a name— either called after an occasion, or a thing: San Lorenzo River derives its name from the feast day of St. Lawrence on which it was discovered; laguna de la playa (Neary's Lagoon), the lagoon of the beach at Santa Cruz through which the waters of the west side of the river were discharged into Monterey Bay, or Aptos, after an Indian community (one can't say tribe, for there was no such...
thing as a chief man, or leader, or council.

Hence every rancho grant had its name. In assigning these grazing, or farming or subdivision right to individuals, under the Spanish crown the application had to be made to the viceroy in Mexico City and if the applicant was not an Indian, (the Castros obtained a permit for the use of land where Gilroy now stands) the applicant had to go to Mexico City to defend his request. The Las Animas grazing permit was made on behalf of old Joaquin Castro, the patriarch of the local family. It took a long time coming through. Before that occasion old Joaquin Castro was dead.

The Alcalde made the grants by assembling all of the people interested in the area granted. Before going ahead with the ceremony he would ask everyone present what if anything was his claim and having established where lines of other claimants ran, if there were any (and, of course, there were for the missions claimed everything and had everything named), he would proceed to lay out the piece starting at one landmark and proceeding to another. The idea that they erected monuments of any kind is simply one that your "historian" grabbed out of the air. Each "diseno" (map) that had been prepared by the applicant and approved by the grantor, had written on it how much area was involved: usually "un sitio de granada mayor" (one square league, about 4500 acres). The maps were freehand drawings in straight lines with other lines indicating the location of the sierra, if there was one, or the arroyo, or the streams of water, or the neighbor's house. The assembly walked around the area, the grantee pulling up grass and earth and tossing them to the four winds, laying down and rolling on the ground, thus disclosing that he was taking possession from all angles.

Usually there were two men assigned to measure the portion meted to the rancho. They carried a piece of rawhide 50 varas or so long. But they did not walk around measuring anything. They climbed on a horse and went round the property throwing the rieta in the direction they supposed was north, south, east or west as the case might be.

If the property was really rough--take for instance Zayante Grant which was full of timber, brush and fallen stuff -- the Alcalde would simply raise his hand in the air and announce "you take all of this." It was this informality that kept the ranchos from being fully laid out and the county of Santa Cruz surveyed under the American system until after the civil war....in fact there is still an argument over the county boundaries, especially in the northwest section, although it has been surveyed at least half a dozen times, the last time within the past quarter century by the late Arnold Baldwin as Santa Cruz County surveyor.

Recent illustrations of purported local history would have you believe the mission padres were actively engaged in planning with Spanish authorities. There is nothing further from the truth. The missionaries disliked the Spanish soldiers and despised the pobladores at Villa Branciforte. The settlers could not cross the river without permission from the priest, who did everything he could to keep them apart from the Indians. As for the mission guard of five, it was commanded originally by Corporal Gabriel Moraga, after whom Moraga Valley in which is located St. Mary's College, is named. The mission not only had to feed these soldiers, but also the settlers at the villa.

These same recent historians would have you believe grain and beans were raised in the flatlands between mission hill and the beach. However, this was the community vegetable garden. Santa Cruz had a reputation world-wide among the whaling and trading vessels that found their way into the Pacific. To counteract scurvy, mariners had to have
fresh vegetables. Mission Santa Cruz was the source of supply on the California coast. To trade without knowledge of the Monterey authorities was in violation of law, but the mission here was isolated to the extent the priest could ignore the law.

To keep cattle out of the vegetables, a row of willows was planted along the eastern verge of the lagoon on a line that approximates the middle of modern Pacific Avenue. These trees were not of the native variety, but a European or Oriental tree that proved in American times, before they were cut down to make way for "progress", to be quite an attraction.

Having nothing else to work with, the missionaries used rawhide thongs for fencing between the trees. Such an arrangement would turn a horse; but it would not have much effect on a cow. However the embankment of the San Lorenzo River, and the tidal basin, helped make that kind of fence effective. Willow Street (Pacific Avenue as we know it today) below Cathcart Street was filled in when the Santa Cruz and Felton Railroad came to town and a horse car ran to the company's wharf from the north side of Mission Hill.

Another piece of misinformation exists in this: it is assumed the vecinos received allotments of upwards of $500 from the government. The record seems to indicate that the outlay for them over a period of years amounted to less than $1800...but that was not an outlay of money. Rather, it included rations, taken from the mission granary for which the mission received the credit, some agricultural tools for the men and cloth for the ladies who converted it into clothes. The ladies were far more adept in their arts than the men were in theirs for in after years when the Americans began to fill up the land their female descendants were the dressmakers for the community.

Under the title "discovery" we are led to believe that this coast was explored somehow by mariners in the captain's gig. It is another false concept. Unless they were expert navigators the early arrivals did not dare come on shore here. If a storm should come up the vessel would have to be in a position to run fast to the open ocean, else it would be deposited on Beach Hill. If the sand accumulation on our beach could be cleaned one would find a number of boat frameworks embedded in the lower stratas; (the fill at the esplanade is 14 feet and most of the hulks are under that fill).

The "discoverers," if that is what one can call lost wanderers, did not come along the coastline, let alone by the sea. They walked over hill and dale, carrying their sick on litters strung between mules.

The crossing of the San Lorenzo River was not between Riverside Avenue and Cooper Street as is generally supposed, but a half mile further up at old Crossing Street, where the water pumping plant now is, and they camped for the night about where the Sylvania plant now is. Here also was built the first mission, a quarter century afterwards.

They encountered seven streams of water - six of which are still with us: Branciforte Creek; the San Lorenzo River, a third fall that now flows under Ocean Street and the freeway approach into Santa Cruz from that side; Pogonip Creek that in those days flowed past the present Sylvania plant and dropped into the river at what is now Josephine Street, plus Tres Ojos de Agua, the "three eyes" (springs) of water that originated on what is today Spring Street. One flowed eastward over the property occupied by Fred Wagner, dropped over the bluff and raced past the present location of Harvey West Stadium to join Pogonip Creek. It no longer exists. The second the explorers called "Santa Cruz" Creek. It is that one of the streams that now flows through the Rittenhouse property. It dropped down the south bank of that hill and into the San Lorenzo River by way of what is today Locust Street. The padres in after
times diverted it so as to run in front of their mission and fall into the river over the bluff that supports School Street steps. The last one, afterwards called Major's Mill Creek, dropped off the hill a half mile further west than Santa Cruz Creek, which today joins it, they flow together into Neary Lagoon by way of King and Laurel Streets.

This abundance of water in American times caused Santa Cruz County to become the leading manufacturing community on the coast - but the Spanish never took advantage of it. George Simpson, when he reached here on an exploring expedition for the British Crown, left the mission an iron grist mill - which constituted about the only piece of operable equipment the mission ever had.

We are told that the village used limestone for their buildings. There were no brick or stone buildings here until 1859 when George Otto and Andrew Trust erected one about where Alice Wilder's office on Front Street is today.

Adobes were manufactured by creating a huge mud puddle and filling it with straw. To this allow were brought calves, sheep and goats, little animals with sharp hooves. They were run back and forth through this puddle until the straw was broken down and thoroughly mixed with the mud. Then, when the puddle dried a bit, it was cut; put in slabs of a given size which were allowed to sun dry.

The reason why there are few of these buildings standing today is that chalkrock was used as the foundation stone (when we were young the hill where Branciforte School stands was called Chalk Rock Hill, whence most of the foundation stone was taken). Into this foundation gophers, moles, rats, squirrels nested and ran at will. This weakened them so almost the least disturbance caused them to fall.

The limestone walls you see around town were not erected until after 1870 when the railroads came into town, the first of them being those walls you see clambering over Beach Hill from lower Pacific Avenue. The father of the Gray boys, Jim and George, the latter a former city councilman, who served as warden at Big Basin, did all of that street work and erected those walls in 1875. They are as good today as they were when first built. There has never been any necessity for repair work.

Indeed, so little did the natives think of the lime deposits here, though they were exposed on top of the soil, that the original American pioneers thought there was no lime in California and the first lime burned was in the neighborhood of Redwood City about 1851.

It is true that these people had excellent horses. Exact background of these animals is not known. They must have had a lot of Barb blood, for they were fast. And they developed a lot of what horsemen call 'bottom' (staying power). The assertion that the caballero rode with a lot of trappings is hogwash.

The Hispano-Californian never walked. If he had to see his neighbor across the street he rode over; but you must remember that 'across the street' might be anywhere from two or three hundred yards to a couple of miles.

These people lived in constant danger. Grizzly bears were everywhere. While it is true a bear smelling a man is going to lose himself as fast as he can, a she-bear, especially with young, would attack on the slightest provocation.

The ranges were covered with wild cattle. They were small, lean, vicious. They would attack anything, including a grizzly bear - particularly the bulls - fast as lightening, having only one characteristic that a man on foot might take advantage of . . . . the bull took a look at where you were, lowered his head, closed his eyes and charged. The victim might escape by zigging and zagging as the bull stopped and looked around and renewed his efforts at encounter.

The bear could run as fast as a loco-
motive. On a treeless plain the traveler encountering one was in a bad fix, and even where trees grew the defendant would have to select one so small the bear's arms would more then encircle it thus preventing him from climbing it, too. Even when he had you treed he would stay there more than 24 hours, or until nature called him to look for other food. And if he got you the best thing you could do was play dead.

When the padres came, not knowing the country, mustard being a plant easy to grow and readily spotted when grown; they sprinkled mustard seed along the path. Going back they could tell the way they had come by mustard sprouts. But this plant became a prolific producer and after a while took over a great deal of the country, growing so high in the rich lands that a man on horseback could not see over it. (When the pioneers came, they went over the countryside, selecting for their farms the lands on which mustard grew tallest!) Bears and bulls hidden in this were constant sources of imminent danger.

Bears and bulls being of a similar nature (always mad!) had another characteristic in common: they were afraid of a man on a horse. So the natives rode horses, more the men than the ladies - the ladies mostly stayed home, raised children by the dozens, and went to church.

The men rode everywhere at all times at a dog trot - not a canter, not a trot, but in between an easy lope that discomforted neither the horse nor the rider - covering upwards of 100 miles a day if they had to. If there were a number of them going any distance they would select three horses apiece, drive the surplus horses ahead as they rode and every once in a while change mounts so as not to greatly tire any one. A single rider would take his favorite steed, go along at the speed that was required. When the horse tired, he would turn it loose after catching himself a tame mount from any of the herds on the road. Leaving his horse at that spot he would continue with the fresh mount until it tired, then repeat the process.

The horses all found their way back home. Everyone knew everyone else's horses. When the ranchero found the new horse he would turn it back where it came from. The next rancher would keep it going toward home. No one was out a thing.
A HISTORY OF RANCHO DEL OSO

Published in February, June and October of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P O Box 246, Santa Cruz, California 95060
Mrs. Margaret Koch Editor

Editor’s Note:

Rancho del Oso is one of the last large land holdings in Santa Cruz County to be in private ownership. But today, taxes and public pressures are making it increasingly difficult for one family to retain this type of holding.

Rancho del Oso has been fortunate. The Hoover and McLean families have kept it as nearly “natural” and with as little interference in ecological processes as possible. Hulda Hoover McLean has written this history of the rancho.

What will happen to it in the coming years?

A HISTORY OF RANCHO DEL OSO
by Hulda Hoover McLean

Rancho del Oso, in Santa Cruz county, California, a series of narrow valleys along Waddell Creek, is a wilderness of about two thousand acres reaching from Big Basin Park to the ocean. Its clear stream, flowered meadows, cool redwood and fern forests, and brushy hillsides are the home of the fish, birds, animals, and plants that used to inhabit all our coastal lands. It is unique in that it controls a watershed and enjoys mountain-protected isolation.

Rancho del Oso was first seen by western man on October 20, 1769. On that date it was named La Canada de San Luis Baltran by Father Crespi when the Portola expedition stopped here on its search for Monterey bay. Many of the party were very ill: Father Crespi wrote in his diary that he thought they “would awaken only into eternity”. Because of their miraculous recovery, the creek was named la Salud (health).

The native inhabitants of the valleys were Costanoan Indians, whose kitchen middens are along the lower part of the creek, the best one now covered by Cabrillo Highway. Acorns and shellfish were important items of diet, as well as game hunted with bow and arrows. Several arrowheads have been found in the valleys, all but one made of native flint from beach pebbles. Many chipped flints can be found on midden sites. One arrowhead was made of obsidian which must have come from the Sierras.

In order to encourage the proliferation of game, the Indians set fire to the canyon (as they did other places) annually to keep brush down so there would be more food. Since brush had no chance to grow dense, these grass fires were not hot enough to kill the trees.

In early Branciforte village days, the canyon was known as Arroyo de los Osos. We are told that it was a good source of grizzly bears for the bull and bear fights in the village.

We cannot find from the records that these valleys were ever a part of any Mexican land grant. Rancho Punta de Ano Nuevo bounded them on the west and Rancho Agua Puerca y las Trancas...
grant on the east. There is a remote possibility that it was a part of the Buelna grant. The point south of the lagoon is called Buelna Point and the rocks where the herd of little harbor seals live are Buelna rocks.

On sailing vessels that plied the coast between San Francisco and Monterey, the valley was known as Arroyo Grande, or Big Gulch. From the ocean, the valley is the deepest cleft in the coast hills hereabouts. On the Whitten Survey map of 1873, the first California State survey, Waddell valley is named Arroyo de Ano Nuevo.

In 1862, William Waddell, a prominent timberman born in Kentucky, had established a big lumber mill at the forks of the creek. Remnants of the tramway from his mill to the beach are occasionally found in the woods. Big iron boilers from the mill serve as huge culverts under Canyon Road for May creek and Tramway spring. Cabrillo Highway, built in 1945 along the cliffs, covered up the last remnants of the tramway along the beach to his wharf near Ano Nuevo point. Mr. Waddell was attacked by a bear and died from the infected wounds, in 1875. Timber continued to be cut on a smaller scale and there were some small farms in the fertile lower valleys.

In the period 1885-1895, the unoccupied land in the hills and valleys was made available by President Cleveland for timber claims. The names of families to whom pieces of land were patented were: Martin, Soper, Connelly, Craghill, Stanton, Gregory, Glanville, Waldo, Lair, Barlow, and Bolton. Bare shaly ridges that were not filed on later reverted to state ownership and are small isolated blocks of state park.

When the Ocean Shore railway was started — to run from San Francisco to Santa Cruz — the lower valley, or Bolton piece, was bought in 1905 by the Ocean Short Land and Investment Company. By 1906 the railway was completed from Santa Cruz to Swanton, and from San Francisco to Tunitas. There was a large labor camp of men and mules at the mouth of the Waddell. But the San Francisco earthquake and fire crippled the company and the project had to be abandoned. However, trains to Swanton and to Tunitas ran until 1920.

The 1906 earthquake was severe on the Waddell. Old residents told us that above Henry creek it rolled boulders as big as a cottage into the creek and snapped off cottonwoods about twenty feet above the ground. On the west fork, also, there is evidence that a much earlier earthquake dammed up a long lake, which was later released, perhaps by another earthquake.

The coast farms were isolated in those days. The only communication with the outside world was through the stage. In 1872 Billy Bias had established an intermittent horse-drawn stage line from Santa Cruz to San Gregorio, with a station, “Seaside”, just south of the Waddell gulch. In 1874 Nathan Ingalls was successor to Billy and drove mail daily from Santa Cruz to Pescadero. It was a hazardous trip. Below the Waddell cliffs the stage track along the narrow beach was at the mercy of the tides. Will Steele of neighboring Green Oaks Ranch, used to tell us of taking his team and helping rescue the stage caught by the waves. When the old highway was built, the tides were not
such a menace, but landslides often blocked the way, and during storms waves washed over the road into the lower pasture of Rancho del Oso.

In 1898 Theodore J. Hoover, a farm boy from Iowa who was an engineering student at Stanford, saw the valley on a geology field trip and fell in love with it. He dreamed of owning "a hill, a field, and a piece of stream".

In 1913, as a mining engineer in London, he was finally able to buy the ranch. Most of it he bought from the Younger family (descendants of William Waddell) and the Ocean Shore Land and Investment Company, and other pieces from heirs of timber claimants and from farming families.

In March, 1914, Mrs. Hoover and her three small daughters came from England to the "Brown House", a redwood cottage Mrs. Hoover had directed built by cablegram. They came from Santa Cruz to the ranch in an open-top spring wagon. As one of those three little girls, I spent most of my childhood at Rancho del Oso (as have my own children and grandchildren). Mrs. Hoover named it Rancho del Oso from the Arroyo de los Osos name of mission days. The Rancho del Oso name was registered with the California Department of State in April, 1938.

Tom Rodoni from Switzerland had been farming the lower valley since 1900. He, with his cousins, Mose and Gervasso Rodoni, raised pigs, horse-beans and made a frugal living there.

There was a grave at the entrance to the valley, on the edge of the present parking lot and highway – now covered up and forgotten. We were told that a drowned sailor was buried there and we children tended it with wildflowers. There had been another grave just west of the creek at the entrance to the old bridge, but the old highway covered that up. Charlie Bella told us he had worked on the road and was reluctant to see it go over the grave.

A neglected county road, which went up the middle of the valley to the Brown House, was officially abandoned by the county in 1917 and reverted to Mrs. Hoover.

Billy Glanville, one of the timber cutters who had taken out a claim in 1894, stayed on the ranch making shakes and posts and firewood. He told us that when he was a young man the fires kept the underbrush down and his sister would ride horseback every week over the hills from Ben Lomond with his laundry, a feat now impossible through thickets of chapparal, ceanothus, blackberry and poison oak.

Redwoods, which are charred but not killed by forest fires, show us that there have been periodic fires here from time immemorial. The two serious fires I remember were the one in 1919 which invaded the valley from the northwest, and the one in 1948 which attacked from the northeast but was held to the ridge at Last Chance Road and did not invade the ranch. It was thought that the 1919 fire was started by lightning. The cause of the 1948 fire was an untended campfire. In 1969 there was an intense but small fire on the east fork, but it was controlled; this also was started by a campfire. Throughout the years there have been countless small blazes started by careless hunters and campers, which have
been controlled by the men on the ranch, or by neighbors, before much damage was done.

One of the upper valley fields was, and is, known as McKinley Field, the story is that President McKinley's brother once farmed it. This was told us long before any of us knew that another president, Herbert Hoover, would be a frequent visitor to his brother on the ranch.

There has been farming on the ranch since the days of Mr. Waddell: pigs, cattle, sheep, dairy, artichokes, nursery stock, and turkeys. But farming is largely an unprofitable enterprise here. Because the valleys run north and south, deep between the hills, the reduced hours of sunlight keep the land marginal.

In 1917, the present Farm House and barns were designed and built by Roy Heald. A series of ranch tenants and managers, some more successful than others, have lived in the Farm House: Albert Ellyson, Gervasso Rodoni, Roy Heald, Elwyn Rodger Gemignani, M. S. Musgrove, John Cardoza, Bill Hauselt, Willis Brown and Chuck McLean. It was during Gemignani's stay, about 1926, that there was a murder in the Farm House kitchen. There had been a drunken fight and a shot through the kitchen door killed Gemignani's brother-in-law. It was said that artichoke racketeering in New York was involved. Another murder that may (or may not — details were never known) have occurred on the Waddell Beach was of a young girl murdered by McGonagle, who died for his crime.

In 1917, Mr. Hoover gave the county several acres of ground at the mouth of the valley for a park and public campground, and furnished it with good water. However, the county did not honor its contract to build a road to it, furnish sanitary facilities, and keep it clean, so the campground reverted to Hoover ownership.

In the 1920's Leonard Keeler, inventor of the polygraph (lie detector) trapped rattlesnakes here and milked their venom to help support his work at Stanford.

There has been timbering on the hills most of the time since the mid 1880's. In the 1920's and 30's More had a mill at the forks and there were enough children in the cottages there for a school. But tragedy struck in the form of typhoid and polio — attributed by the county health officer to the fact that Big Basin Park dumped raw sewage into Waddell Creek. Since 1947 the McCrary's Big Creek Lumber Company has tree-farmed the property. A redwood forest lends itself ideally to tree-farming. When a redwood tree is cut, shoots come up from the root, forming a circle of trees around the old stump.

In 1925 the Casa was built, a thirty room house that was the Hoover family home until it burned in 1959. It was not replaced until 1971 when Charles and Hulda McLean built the Casita as the family and ranch headquarters.

In 1932 Will and Catherine Steele of Green Oaks ranch built a pipeline from the Waddell up the coast. Since that time Waddell water has grown hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of sprouts, cabbages, artichokes, and strawberries.

About 1945 Mr. Hoover gave the state (for a token payment of $100 per acre)
most of the beach front of the valley. A parking space and inadequate toilets were built. They blight the landscape, but serve thousands of picnickers and campers every year. Hippies, who flow up and down the Cabrillo highway, make it a main stopping place.

Mr. Hoover was well known as a conservationist and had been recognized for his work in the area behind Yosemite valley which is shown on maps as the "Hoover Wilderness". Mr. and Mrs. Hoover (and their children and grandchildren — McLeans and Willises) recognized the unique beauty of these valleys and, as owners of most of the Waddell watershed, also realized their responsibility to protect this paradise. This was not easy. There was, and still is, too little public understanding of the value of wilderness and the fragility of ecological balances.

Theodore Hoover died in 1955. He lies buried beside his wife, Mildred Brooke (who died in 1940) on Grateful Mountain overlooking the Waddell Valleys and the ocean. Rancho del Oso passed to their daughters, Mindy Willis, Hulda McLean, and Louise Hauselt.

A new activity started in 1970 at the ranch; It is a pioneering project in fish improvement and development — ocean farming. A group of young men, Silver King Oceanic Farms, is releasing marked fish of improved hybrid strains into the stream in the hope of commercially harvesting them as they return. Each returning fish is inspected at the fish ladder and the unmarked native ones are turned upstream to spawn. Some of the planted fish make their way into other creeks along the coast and should help replenish these overfished waters. Fish in the stream, ducks on the marsh, deer in the meadows, are all coveted by fishermen and hunters who have little regard for conservation nor sympathy with controlled wildlife harvesting. On dark nights poachers have speared hundreds of spawning fish as they come over the bar; pirates have stripped stream banks of five-finger ferns; sportsmen have shot eagles and hawks and pumas; campers have used fenceposts for firewood and carelessly set fire to fields and woods; picnickers have spread their lunches on our front lawn and thrown beer cans along the fence rows; trespassers have cut the wire fences and shot the locks off gates; marksmen have filled cattle with shot; nature lovers have pulled wildflowers out by the roots. Now motorcycles come roaring down the mountains, leaving ruts to erode into gulleys, and terrifying children and livestock on the ranch trails.

Although the owners protect the valleys as well as they can from "human erosion" — the tramping feet of hunters and hikers, the destructive hands and littering activities of excursionists, the ranch has always been hospitable to young people, students and scientists seriously interested in natural sciences. A primitive camp for Boy and Girl Scouts is maintained for them and used most of the year. The ranch has been the scene of many studies of flora and fauna by scientists and students at Stanford, University of California, San Jose State, Chico State, and the State Fish and Game Commission. The birds, mammals, reptiles, insects, fish, trees, wild-
flowers, shells and geology have all been study projects and some have resulted in significant publications. Changes in flora and fauna in the past fifty years are of interest. Hemlock (commonly called wild carrot) star thistle, yellow oxalis, and Scotch broom have all moved in since I was a child. We are told that wild watercress and yellow mustard were brought here by the mission fathers. Starlings are a recent and unwelcome resident Pumas have almost disappeared, as have badgers and nighthawks. The eagles are gone. The little spotted ground squirrels have been poisoned by the State Department of Agriculture Rattlesnakes, and silver salmon have diminished. We know that there were once bears and sea otters here. Coyotes, raccoons, deer and grayfish have increased. Bobcats, foxes, possums (originally from Australia), weasels, sea lions, skunks, rabbits, gray and red squirrels, chipmunks, gophers, moles, packrats, and an assortment of mice are undisturbed tenants. More than 150 species of birds have been observed in the valleys and along the beach; more than 200 species of mollusks have been found in the beach drift; and a very incomplete check-list of insects includes more than 250 named species.
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

No. 50

Published in February, June and October of each year by the Santa Cruz Historical Society, Inc.
P.O. Box 246, Santa Cruz, California 95060
Mrs. Margaret Koch, Editor

Editor's Note:

"A Home in the Mountains" is a small part of a book that has been written by Mrs. R.V. (Emma Stolte) Garrod of Saratoga.

Her father was Captain F. Stolte, a retired sea captain of sailing ships.

Although Mrs. Garrod has spent most of her life in Santa Clara County, where she helped found the Historical Club of Saratoga, she grew up in the mountains of Santa Cruz County.

Her story is told warmly and well and gives a clear picture of life on a "summit fruit ranch" in the coastal mountains.

Mrs. Garrod is the wife of R.V. Garrod, for many years a leading figure in agriculture in California. Mr. Garrod was recently honored by California Polytechnic College in San Luis Obispo and by University of California at Davis where a campus road was named in his honor.

PART I - A HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS

by Emma Stolte Garrod

Some time during those years, Uncle Julius had left the city and for a time worked in the Napa County wineries, going there, I think, to set up stills which had been built in the Sanders and Dettman Shop. How he found his way into the Santa Cruz Mountains, I don't know, but knowing that part of the country through him, my father purchased 160 acres of land from a Mr. Birce in 1881. At first he did nothing with this place. It was leased or rented, or maybe the Averys just lived there. There wasn't much farming done. For that matter, there wasn't much to do. There was some orchard and a tiny, mixed-up vineyard.

As I visualize the old orchard now, (which was then a new orchard, just coming into bearing), there were 25 cherries, two Royal Annas, two Pie cherries, and the rest Black Tartarians; three figs, a white Smyrna and two that bore delicious brown fruit, sometimes almost as big as teacups; ten or twelve Bartlett Pears, two Winter Nellis and two Easter Bury, a late winter pear; two English Walnuts and two California Walnuts; one Royal Apricot and a variety of plums, one Egg Plum, two Green Gage, two Equit, six Damson; a dozen peaches, of which a few were early Strawberry and the rest Crawfords. There were at least 40 almonds and 60 or more apples. Among the apples were Skinner Seedling, Newton Pippins, Belle Flowers, Spitzenburg, Pearmaine, and Greening, also, 150 or so French Prunes. As these trees were all set 20 feet apart or 100 to an acre, it comes out about three acres of orchard, and about ¼ acre of vineyard, made up of Sweetwater, Muscat, Malvoise, and Rose of Peru.

The summer or fall of 1883 was when Mother despaired of getting me over whooping cough, and her neighbors told her she might as well stop trying. The folks decided to try a change of climate and came to spend some weeks at the Lexington Hotel, located about three miles south of Los Gatos; before the coming of the railroad, it had been a stage stop on the way to Santa Cruz. They rented a horse and buggy and
drove about the hills every day. I doubt if Father had ever driven a horse before then.

The story is that the first sign of life or interest I showed was one day when they had stopped at the Rouse place on the Black Road. I raised my head from the pillow on which Mother carried me and smiled at an old hen and her chicks scratching in Mrs. Rouse’s flowers. That stay in the mountains ended my whooping cough.

The next summer we returned to the mountains and spent several weeks in a little house known as Strong’s Cabin, in a field near Grizzly Rock, several miles beyond Father’s property. Later that year, 1884, Father sold his interest in the saloon, and early in December, the Stolte family moved to a house in the Santa Cruz Mountains, at the upper end of Black Road.

Of the actual moving, I remember nothing, but have been told that sixteen year old Jimmie Newell, with his team and wagon, helped to bring our household goods from the railroad station to the ranch.

I can recall the house and the barn on the western slope, somewhat below the road. The house was a small, low building against a dug bank. The roof’s edge was so near the top of the bank that some hounds of Averys would jump onto the roof and sleep there. The yard was a pretty spot with four big, black oak trees nicely spaced around the outer edge. To one side of the house was a barrel to which the water was pumped by a ram from a spring farther down the hill. There was a lilac tree beside the barrel, and a pear tree nearby, with many oaks, madrones, and laurels growing wild, round about. The barn was a short distance south of the house, in no better repair.

I have a faint memory of a man Fred Beam and his brother Pete, who owned the land just beyond us. Pete had a peg leg and no longer teamed, but Fred hauled wood which had been cut on their place to Mountain View where they lived. Each load meant a two-day trip, so Fred Beam arranged to spend the night at our place.

Early in the morning when he went to the barn to feed and care for his four horses, I would follow him. Then, to keep me from under the horses’ feet, he would pick me up and put me in the manger in front of a big bay named John. John was a gentle creature, and I grew very fond of him. He had some funny little curls just in front of his ears, and Mr. Beam told me that some day he would grow horns like a cow. After all these years, I have never seen a horse with horns. After his chores were done, Mr. Beam would pick me out of the hay and carry me back to the house for breakfast.

BARNS AND ANIMALS

During 1885, Father and Uncle Julius tore down the old barn and built a new one, all ship shape and four square to the wind. Now, in 1963, part of it still stands, but looks sadly weatherbeaten. The barn was a split-level building. The upper part with the yard was designed to store the year’s supply of hay; there were covered hatches in the floor down which the hay was pushed into racks over the mangers. There was also space here for the wagons and storage room for seed grain, chicken feed, etc.

In the lower part there were planked stalls for four horses, storage room for milled feed, such as crushed barley for the horses, bran for the cows, and middlings for the pigs. Plows, harrows, cultivators, all small horse-drawn tools were housed here during the winter.

At convenient points were hooks for hanging the harnesses and saddles. These hooks were cut from trees where the trunk and branch made a suitable angle. These hooks were spiked securely to the studding and other supporting posts. On the south side but connected to the stable by a covered walkway was built a cow barn with stalls for eight cows, a pen for the pigs, and two more pens for any calves that happened to be around. The loft for the cow’s feed hay and some year’s corn stalks, also a chop-
per to cut up those corn stalks, was overhead. This could be reached by scrambling up over cow's heads from the mangers or across the covered walkway from the main barn.

At first each cow had a tie rope fastened to the manger with a slip loop at the free end, to drop over the cows' horns. Later Father put in toggle chains, "Y"-shaped affairs with the tail fast to the front of the manger and the free ends snapped around the cow's neck. These gave the cows more freedom, but were more difficult to put in place as you had to put your arms around the cow's neck to do so.

The main barn was built from first grade redwood lumber. Any useable material from the old barn went into the cow barn; the roofs were covered with split shakes, also redwood, thin sheets 3 ft. x 6 in. x ¼ in. When the buildings were finished they built a corral, using the east side of the buildings for one side and redwood pickets for fencing the rest with a gate to the yard, a door into the walkway, from which both horse and cow stalls could be reached or straight through to another door which opened into the back pasture known as the gulch. There was also a set of bars leading into the orchard. So they had a secure and sheltered place for the animals when they were not tied in their stalls. They also built a tidy little chicken house off by itself.

A team of horses came with the place, a Buckskin called "Jack". gentle, lazy, and sometimes balky, and a little, gray mare named Mattie, the first horse I ever rode. Next, Father bought a matched pair of bay mares, Emma and Cora. Cora came to grief the first summer. She had been tied out to feed on a hillside, became entangled in the rope and died of a broken neck. Emma was around for years. Father always specified when speaking of either Emma, by saying "Emma Horse" or "Emma Girl". (Mrs. Garrod's name is Emma.) An old brown cow also came with the place. She was known as Mother Boss. Father bought some young cows from a neighbor, Ed Richardson, which I remember as Brownie, Paulie, Freddie, and Reddie. These cows were of the Devon breed, which had originated in Devonshire, England: a smooth, reddish brown in color, with a showing of white on their bellies and udders, and perhaps a white heart or star on their foreheads, and horns of medium length. Quiet and easy to handle, of mixed value, they were sought for both meat and milk.

THE HOUSE

With the animals all taken care of, the family spent the winter in the old house. By spring the plans for a new house were in order, and the actual work of building began.

First, the basement or cellar was excavated by hand with picks, shovels, and wheelbarrow. I think both Father's brother William and Mother's brother Julius were there at the time and helped with the work. This cellar extended under the entire front of the house, with a smaller section maybe 12 or 15 feet square to one side, under what became the kitchen and back porch. The whole excavation was lined with sandstone gathered from the place and held in place by a mortar made of lime and sand. A French stone mason living near was employed to do the rock work. The open side of this structure was closed with a freestanding wall with two doors and two windows and high enough so as to form a level surface all the way round for the sills of the house to set on.

As the house took shape, the front faced the Southeast and looked toward the almond and apple orchard. Across the front was an open porch about six feet wide. Here the front door led directly into the living room about 15' square with a bedroom off either side. The right hand room about 15 x 12 feet had a window in each outer wall, but had no closet. The left hand bedroom overlooking the yard also had a window in each outer wall, and was about the size of the other, but lost space be-
cause of a stairway to reach the attic. But it did have a fair-sized closet using the space under the stairs. This was always Mother’s and Father’s bedroom.

Coming into the front room from the porch, you found the door was in the right hand corner of the room with a window in the center of what was the rest of that wall. In the center of each side wall were the doors to the bedrooms. Diagonally across the room at the left hand corner of the last wall was the door into the rest of the house. Most of the rest of that wall was taken up by a sandstone fireplace. Three blocks of stone formed an arch over the fireplace with the date 1886 cut into the keystone. There was a wooden mantle and some wood trim on the front and at each side were small closets, the left hand one used to store guns and ammunition, and the other for books.

From the living or front room you entered the kitchen-dining room, perhaps 12 x 18 feet. At the northeast end of this room was a small bedroom not more than 10 x 12 feet with a window and a small corner closet. In the dining room there were two windows in the outside wall and directly under the windows, a bench, a sort of locker type affair divided into three parts, used to store newspapers, etc; the middle one for potatoes, and the last one for toys and most anything you could cram into it. In the corner beyond the windows was a floor to ceiling storage place for dishes and supplies. Directly behind the living room fireplace stood the stove with the chimney leading into the stone chimney of the fireplace. The cookstove and the fireplace furnished the heat for the whole house. Sometimes the corners felt pretty cold.

The attic stairway at first was in the dining room, but a wall was moved, making the dining room-kitchen a little smaller, while the stairway and the sink located in the opposite corner found themselves in a closed-in portion of the back porch which became a small separate kitchen, with water piped in.

The walls of the rooms were nine feet high, the lower half covered with four inch wide, tongue and groove beaded redwood topped by a neat little molding just wide enough to set small things on; only you weren’t supposed to. The ceilings too were covered with the tongue and groove redwood. The upper half of the walls were wallpaper.

The whole house was built of good, clear redwood except the floors which were six inch tongue and groove pine. All this lumber was shipped from San Francisco. This included shingles for the roof. I think the invoice totaled about $400.00.

The stairs led up to an unfinished attic. Most of it had a good pine floor, and the roof was shaped like a short stemmed "T". It was under the stem of the "T" with one window facing northwest that the rafters were covered with cloth which in turn was covered with wallpaper. The sidewalk closing off the last bit of the rafters was only about three feet high, and there was also a closet and a wall closing off the rest of the attic. There we girls had our bedroom. The rest of the attic was used for dry storage, before winter set in: several barrels of flour (four fifty pound sacks made a barrel), several 100 pound sacks of sugar, pink or bayo beans, 100 pounds, some sacks of onions, and home dried prunes, raisins, apples, and figs, were all stored there. Several boxes of yellow laundry soap were also included. Empty fruit jars and cans, in fact anything that needed to be kept dry, went up those stairs.

Once some friends who were moving from Los Gatos to San Francisco gave us a great collection of The Youth's Companion that went back for years. They, too, were stored near an east window. So when I couldn’t be found, doing whatever I had been told to do, I was sure to be up attic lost in a story.

The smaller part of the excavation or cellar became the milk cellar, where we set the fresh milk in shallow pans for the cream to rise so it could be skimmed off next day, and when enough was collected, made into butter. The
fresh eggs as they were brought from the barn were also kept here, as well as anything that was preserved, canned, jellied, or pickled.

Most of the fruit, cherries, peaches, pears, and tomatoes, dozens of quarts of each, were cooked by the open kettle method and then, since glass jars, although available, were expensive, quart-size tin cans were used for storage. These cans were equipped with a flange into which a neat tin cover fitted; to seal them, a resinous red substance known as "sealing wax" was heated to pouring consistency and carefully poured into place, after being sure no moisture remained on the flange to cause air bubbles. When the cans were to be opened a sharp tool was needed to scrape away the wax. We had a funny, old can opener which did the trick nicely. All traces of the wax had to be removed (it didn't taste good) before emptying the contents of the can.

Meats, both salted beef and pork as well as smoked hams, bacon, and sausages, also sauerkraut and salt cured beans, were kept in the darkest, coolest part of the main cellar. To reach these storage places there was another steep stairway from the back porch to the yard. So there was a continual hurrying either up or down stairs for whatever supplies were needed in the kitchen. The lumber from the old house was used to build a woodshed, a workshop, and a bunk room for any out of the family working man who stayed with us. The workshop was equipped with a bench or counter for woodworking, and another known as the file bench, for metal work, with corresponding tools on or near their designated places. There was also a portable forge and anvil.

Beyond the far end of this building was an outhouse or privy. There again it was a matter of down and up those back stairs.

All together, our home was secure and reasonably comfortable, compact and unhandy as any ship that ever sailed; the only difference was that it was firmly anchored to the mountains. In his youth, my father went "up aloft or below". I spent mine going "up attic or down cellar".

The excavating of the cellars resulted in two bits of level ground confined by stone walls and lath fences; the one in front of the house was Mother's flower garden. There grew a lovely pink Duchess Rose and a snow white La Mark, and the Lilac tree, and also violets, wall flowers, velvet pinks, etc. The back piece was intended for a vegetable patch, but the shortage of water defeated that.

Along with the other masonry work, they built a reservoir for water, well above the house so the water would come to the house and yard by gravity. When finished, it was 6 x 6 x 6 with a nice smooth cement lining and a neat gable roof to cover. The rock and cement work was all underground. There was always water in the spring below the house. Getting it up the hill was the problem. Over the years Father went from the ram, to a ship pump to a gas engine. All these devices presented difficulties. Therefore, water was a very precious commodity and never never wasted. Faucets were not allowed to drip and two pans of water never used if one could possibly be made do.

For light after night had fallen there were candles, lamps and lanterns. The lamps were of various shapes and sizes. All had a bowl for kerosene or "coal oil" as we knew it then. This bowl was topped by a screw-on burner, fitted with a wick to suck the oil up to the flame, and a glass chimney to protect it from drafts and also to diffuse the light. There was a hanging lamp in the living room decorated with glass prisms which threw off rainbows when the sun touched them in the daytime. Footed lamps were in the dining room and bedrooms, and one in a bracket with a reflector behind it was on the kitchen wall over the sink. In the milk cellar there was a candle, and candles were used to move about the house; it was considered too dangerous to trot around with an oil lamp.

Lanterns were used outdoors or in the barn. Sometimes one was tied to a vehicle to give light and warning when
Lanterns were metal except for the glass chimney, which was covered by a metal hood so wind and rain could not put out the flame. They were carried by a wire handle or bail and could easily be hung up. Both lamps and lanterns had to be filled, if not daily, at least often, the wicks trimmed and the chimneys washed and polished. Later, when I reached teenage, and the responsibility was mine, I got many a scolding for not attending to them in the morning as I should have.

Coal oil was purchased from the grocer in square five gallon cans with a permanent spout in one corner of the top. Two cans came in a wooden box.

While all this building was going on, the general farm work was also taken care of. The young trees were just coming into bearing. I learned about prunes the first summer. I can still see us: Mother, Father, sister Lotte, never called by her whole name Charlotte, and myself walking up the lane, the short bit of roadway from the yard to the public road, on our way to the prune orchard; Mother carrying a pillow in a snow white slip for me, the baby, to sleep on while the others picked up prunes. At that moment I was not asleep, but told Mother I wanted to find "eine schone grosse" one big one. Later they found me fast asleep on the ground in the sunshine, a prune in each hand. Mother never again carried a pillow to work for me to sleep on, though I’ve had many a stolen nap cuddled down on the ground out of everybody’s way.

The cherries and peaches too are good to remember. The first cherries hung high on the supple branches of the young trees. As Father bent the branches into reaching distance, I stood beside him saying "bitte, gebe mir viel". (please give me many). You see, in the first years of my life, I spoke only German. As to the peaches, one day while the house was being built, Mother gave Lotte a pan and told us to go up to the orchard and bring some peaches. So we climbed the hill to the peach trees, and there we found some animals, four or five, eating our peaches. Feeling very courageous, we tossed clods at them and told them to go away. These animals, of course, were deer. They minded us and went away so we were able to get our peaches. Going home, Lotte, who not only was two and a half years older than I, but also able to run faster, was in a great hurry to get home and tell of our adventure, leaving me to follow her the best I could. Calling "Lala-Lala", my own name for her, I would always see her just ahead of me so it wasn’t too bad.
Editor's Note:
This is the second excerpt from Mrs. Garrod's story of early days in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Her father, Captain Ferdinand Stolte, established a fruit ranch on what today is Summit Road.

PART II - A HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS  
by Emma Stolte Garrod

The Stolte family was not alone there on the mountains. There had come into this part of the world in the late 60's and during the 1870's, mostly single young men, veterans of the Civil War. Before these men began to come, government surveyors had established survey lines all through the Coast Range in 1850. Some of these young men came in exploring; some to hunt and fish or just to have a look. Others came to work in the timber. The Redwoods had been discovered and there was such demand for sawed lumber, bridge timbers, and railroad ties.

We had neighbors, all friendly and ready to give a helping hand where needed. But here and there were also some lively dislikes and feuds.

None lived nearer than a mile; others as far away as ten or fifteen miles were still counted as neighbors. To the north of us lived the Richardson brothers. Henry a widower and Edwin a bachelor lived in a nice house on the very top of a hill together. Monroe, another bachelor, lived in a little cabin in Monroe Gulch beside a pretty creek. A road of sorts made its way along the creek. This was the nearest road to Saratoga. His second house was a well built three room cottage facing a small orchard on the upper part of his land. Long after Monroe's death and several changes of ownership, Dick, my son, and I acquired title to part of this land and still hold it.

These Richardsons all lived on land they had taken from the Government. I'm not sure of the details, but it was something like this: A person found a piece of land he or she liked, notified the land office of intention to file, took on the obligation of establishing a home and making certain improvements, like planting orchards or raising cattle. If a man wished to give up the piece of land he had chosen, he could sell his pre-emption rights and start again on another location. How often this could be done I do not know.

Further down on the road to Saratoga lived the Bernard family from France. There was a daughter Josephine and a son Emile, both somewhat older than Lotte and I. Our family visited them quite regularly, and Josephine and Emile were the first children I remember playing with.

There were other French, Italian, and Swiss people in that neighborhood. Their plantings were mostly grapes. Each farm had its own wine cellar, and every household its clay or stone oven, in which a fifty pound sack of flour was turned into round loaves of bread at one baking. It was good bread and never seemed to get dry or stale.

These people brought other old country customs with them too. For instance, one
Sunday Afternoon, Leon Baille, Mrs. Bernard’s handsome young brother who had come to America some years before, came to tell my parents goodbye as he was leaving for France in a day or two, since his father had written that he had found a suitable wife for Leon, and he should return home at once and be married. So he did. She was not only suitable, but a charming young lady. They spent a long and I think happy life together and reared two daughters.

The Lottis were from Italy, several families, all cousins. The girls were beautiful with dark eyes, black hair and olive complexions. Romanzinis were Swiss and Todts from Alsace-Lorraine.

Down the Black Road were the Olaves from Chile and the Beggs from Pennsylvania. Both these families had numerous children. Bill Chilcote, alone, and the Newells, a jolly Irish family with six children were also neighbors. Over the years, the Newells were our closest friends. There were Thomsons, Bakers, Raymonds, Rouses, and others.

Along the summit to the south about two miles away were our nearest neighbors, the Minis, with two sons Joseph and Johnny from Bohemia, and the Gists, Pennsylvanians with two older daughters Lucy and Addie. Nickles and Sharps, and an assortment of single men were also in the area. Way over on the Bear Creek Road lived Van Lones, Hoffmans, Stringfellows, and Mallots. On the ridge beyond Richardson’s near Grizzly Rock was the Nickerson family, a son Stillman and a daughter Mandy whom I loved dearly. Their home was a story and a half house, built entirely of hand split redwood.

It seems the Nickersons were part of a group of Mormons from Utah, who had come to California after the Civil War. There were three families which had broken away from the main group and come to the Santa Cruz Mountains intending to raise race horses. The land between our place and Minis was known as the Senter Place. A little house by a big maple tree near a spring, and a few black raspberry bushes was all that remained of their stay. The other family whose name was Brown were said to have been the leaders of the three. They had settled on the Bear Creek Road just inside the Santa Cruz County Line, giving their name to the Brown School District, which functioned for fifty years or more. The Browns had moved away so we never knew them.

The Nickersons left the mountains shortly after we came there, but many years later I found Mandy again. She was sister-in-law to my sister-in-law. They had married Pfeffer brothers.

An amazing piece of work done by these early settlers was fence building. A man would locate a corner stake of the piece of land he was taking up and set out to build a fence along the survey line of that forty or eighty acre piece. Most of these fences were built of six foot redwood pickets set on about twelve inch centers. You could follow these fences by sight on and on, up hill and down. If you lost one because of brush or deep gulches, way off in the distance you could pick it up again where someone else was following the same line. To this day, small sections of these line fences still exist.

WOODCHOPPERS

At this time there was much wood being cut in the mountains, some to clear the land for farm planting, some just for the money that might be gained from its sale. This was called stumpage, the roots and small trees were left in place, trusting to nature to grow another crop. It usually did in ten or fifteen years. This cutting was done either by the land owners themselves or by men paid to do so, known as Woodchoppers.
There were two types of wood cut, one for household use, known as Stovewood, usually hardwood; the various oaks, madrone, laurel, etc., cut into 14 or 16 inch lengths and split into convenient sizes for the average kitchen cook stove, usually about 3 x 3 inches. The other type was cut in four foot lengths and only split down to a size a man could handle easily. This was Fourfoot or Cordwood, mostly oak or Douglas Fir, known as pine. It was sold to commercial furnaces in the valley. Stovewood was the most expensive to have cut. It was often paid for by the tier and measured three tier to a cord. Cordwood was always cut and sold by the cord with pine the cheapest, being the easiest to work. Tan bark was another money crop, taken from the virgin forest. The Tan Oaks grew mostly in the deeper canyons, and men would buy just the bark, felling the trees in the spring when the sap was flowing freely, stripping off the bark in four foot lengths, and leaving cords upon cords of good hard wood to go to waste. The bark was brought up out of the canyons by donkey pack trains, to some roadway where wagons could be loaded to haul it to tanneries.

The woodchoppers were a class by themselves; older men who had seen better days, invariably single or at least alone. A woodchopper with a wife was seldom heard of. Mostly they lived each man by himself, way off in the woods in a carelessly built cabin, near water. He might have to climb up and down for a mile or more to the spot where he was working and carry all his groceries and other things in on his shoulders. But there was one thing he did not have to do. He did not have to pack water -- that seemed very important, although he certainly used very little of it!

Those who didn’t drink to excess when they succeeded in gaining possession of a gallon or two of wine or an occasional bottle of whiskey, were most likely somewhat unbalanced mentally.

One that stands out in my memory was Peter O’Shaunessey, “Crazy Peter”, an Irishman, tall and well-built, of amazing strength, with piercing black eyes, a high bridged nose and coal black hair and beard --- always too long and uncombed. He went unbathed, too; his clothing always in rags and oh-so-dirty. The way he lived and what he cooked in his tumble-down shanty was beyond description. And his mind was full of vagaries and fancies.

Peter worked for Father for years, clearing land and cutting Cordwood. He had two imaginary associates, the Little One who was good and the Big One who was bad. Sometimes he would cut down a big pine, four or five feet in diameter and then go home and not touch it again for weeks. If asked about it, he would explain that the Big One had been there and put knots in it and made it too hard.

Then would come a day when his ax and saw could be heard hard at work. Pete would explain then that last night the Little One had jumped over it and now it was easy to cut.

In the spring he would plant little gardens here and there in the woods. When some cow came by and ate his vegetables it was all right; “the good Lord had told her to.”

Even though his mind wasn’t right, Pete could figure. He always knew how much he owed for supplies and how much he had coming for work done. He also knew how to put short odds and ends and unwieldy chunks of wood at the bottom of his ranks of Cordwood or build his wood right over a carefully hidden stump so it wouldn’t show when Father measured the wood to settle accounts.

When he had a few dollars in his pockets, he went to town and gambled at
Editor's Note:
This is the second excerpt from Mrs. Garrod's story of early days in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Her father, Captain Ferdinand Stolte, established a fruit ranch on what today is Summit Road.

PART II - A HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS
— by Emma Stolte Garrod

The Stolte family was not alone there on the mountains. There had come into this part of the world in the late 60's and during the 1870's, mostly single young men, veterans of the Civil War. Before these men began to come, government surveyors had established survey lines all through the Coast Range in 1850. Some of these young men came in exploring; some to hunt and fish or just to have a look. Others came to work in the timber. The Redwoods had been discovered and there was such demand for sawed lumber, bridge timbers, and railroad ties.

We had neighbors, all friendly and ready to give a helping hand where needed. But here and there were also some lively dislikes and feuds.

None lived nearer than a mile; others as far away as ten or fifteen miles were still counted as neighbors. To the north of us lived the Richardson brothers. Henry a widower and Edwin a bachelor lived in a nice house on the very top of a hill together. Monroe, another bachelor, lived in a little cabin in Monroe Gulch beside a pretty creek. A road of sorts made its way along the creek. This was the nearest road to Saratoga. His second house was a well built three room cottage facing a small orchard on the upper part of his land. Long after Monroe's death and several changes of ownership, Dick, my son, and I acquired title to part of this land and still hold it.

These Richardsons all lived on land they had taken from the Government. I'm not sure of the details, but it was something like this: A person found a piece of land he or she liked, notified the land office of intention to file, took on the obligation of establishing a home and making certain improvements, like planting orchards or raising cattle. If a man wished to give up the piece of land he had chosen, he could sell his pre-emption rights and start again on another location. How often this could be done I do not know.

Further down on the road to Saratoga lived the Bernard family from France. There was a daughter Josephine and a son Emile, both somewhat older than Lotte and I. Our family visited them quite regularly, and Josephine and Emile were the first children I remember playing with.

There were other French, Italian, and Swiss people in that neighborhood. Their plantings were mostly grapes. Each farm had its own wine cellar, and every household its clay or stone oven, in which a fifty pound sack of flour was turned into round loaves of bread at one baking. It was good bread and never seemed to get dry or stale.

These people brought other old country customs with them too. For instance, one
Clothes Washing in The Pioneer Era

BY PHYLLIS PATTEN

Clothes washing in rural areas was a challenge as well as a satisfying Monday morning chore. At an early hour water was put on the wood fed stove or on an outdoor open fire fashioned with pieces of iron bars or rails laid across a depression in the ground or a rock-lined hole to set the water container on. It was a five-gallon kerosene tin can or a boiler.

Water too was dramatically manually fetched in buckets from hand pumps, from nearby wells, from running streams, or brought close to the dwelling with a vee-shaped trough made of two lengths of 6" x 1" redwood boards nailed together, a perpetual flow of water into a barrel, a convenience too for irrigating.

The most versatile carrier in those coal-oil lamp days was the five-gallon kerosene square tin can, with a rounded piece of hardwood nailed between the two sides for a handle. It was used for all purposes, hot or cold, and often substituted for a clothes boiler. It required only one stove lid removed for heating; two lids were removed for a regular clothes boiler.

Wood ashes were soaked in these five gallon cans to obtain lye for bleaching garments, especially the red trade marks on 50 lb. white flour sacks. This cotton fabric was a multi-purpose material.

When and where finances allowed, a tin clothes boiler was purchased. It was an oblong item about 24" x 12" x 15" deep with rounded ends where handles were welded for easy carrying, also with a tight fitting cover. There were three types, according to a retired hardware merchant: a tin one, a heavier tin with copper bottom and a luxurious one, all copper with tin lining inside.

THE "TIN MAN"

When one sprang a leak it was mended by an Italian Swiss from the old country. Speaking broken English, he made the rounds on foot carrying soldering equipment by hand and sheets of tin on his back in a wooden carrier suspended from his shoulders. As he walked the dirt or plank sidewalks, he’d sing out in three notes "Tin-ster-Man," and when a husky tall 18 year old son accompanied him the boy would echo in two notes "Me too." This is recalled by several old timers of the era. In the quietness of the city and environs they could be heard for some distance. Customers would be out waiting with utensils, tin buckets, boilers, any tin ware to be mended. The red hot point in a little bucket of live coals was always ready to melt the solder drop by drop into the hole, restoring the article for many months of usefulness.

Another necessary item for the boiling process was a strong stick or broom handle to poke the clothes down occasionally and pull them out of the boiling suds into a tub of cold rinse water. Sheets were handled by rolling them around the stick. Of course the back-breaking rubbing preceded the boiling. Colored or sweat and dirt laden work clothes were soaked in soapy warm water before the rubbing on a factory washboard of tin before glass ones were fashioned. And there were home-made ones too with grooves chiseled on a piece of board adding a cleat above the
grooves to hold the brick-size laundry soap, an inverted vee sawed at the bottom featuring legs and with a cleat on the back of the board to keep it from splitting. Factory wash tubs were of zinc, with two handles, a portable convenience, because besides clothes washing they were a commodious item for the weekly bath.

SATURDAY NIGHT BATHS, TOO

Picture a six-footer bathing in one of those round tubs about 40 inches in diameter, 18 inches deep.

There were home-made tubs, too, of half barrels and of five pieces plank size redwood boards, nailed tightly together, with an augered outlet in a corner and having a whittled piece of hardwood for a stopper. Necessity was the motivating power for inventions in the raw pioneer era.

In 1920 we moved into a two-story house on River Street one block from Santa Cruz city limits. It had been built some time in 1870. It had a double redwood laundry tub poised against the back of the house in an attached lean-to porch, the custom of the times. In later years the same outlets that channeled the discarded water via a wooden trough into the garden, were fitted with modern outlets with rubber stoppers and connected to the sewer. Also hot and cold water faucets were put into each.

With a smooth wooden cover and a larger enclosed porch I used these stationary antiques for thirty-two years without repairs of any kind, without the aid of the tin-ster-man. They still remained when new owners acquired the estate. (The secret of wooden receptacles' longevity is to keep an inch or more water in them; it keeps the wood from drying.)

After the rubbing and boiling the clothes were thoroughly rinsed in cold water, but the white batch got an extra rinse of blueing. Six to ten "Stewart Ball Blueing" the size of marbles were securely tied in a piece of cloth, then swished in the clear cold water until it became transparent blue. The blueing bag then was hung on a nail supporting the soap dish (an abalone shell) above the utility bench on the back porch ready for next week's laundering.

The drying was sometimes a problem for an engineer to figure out. Dark and work items were often thrown over picket or rail fences or a tree stump; white items were more carefully hung on a line and some were spread on the grass on sunny days to whiten or bleach. The starch for items needing it came in irregular white pellets in wooden boxes a trifle larger all around than a shoe box of today, with a sliding lid on top, an excellent container for storing when emptied.

OLD FASHIONED SOAP

Methods and ingredients for homemade soap were various; grease and lye were the basics, ammonia, borax and other ingredients were added according to the quality of the water. Oil of cloves and scented toilet water from drug stores were also added for baths.

Old timers still insist the result of the soap mixtures and laundry methods of yesteryear surpassed the bleaches and detergents featured today, by producing the whitest, crisp-cleanest and sweet smelling sun-dried wash to wear or sleep between. Furthermore, the sudsy water was used to scrub the wooden floors and irrigate the gardens.

The town dweller's method for laundering was about the same as the rural, perhaps a little easier because water was in the house. To supplement their income some housewives took in washings. Honest labor was a virtue in those days.

CHINESE LAUNDARY

For some years Chinese held the monopoly on laundering for the public. A row of them were located on the east side of Front Street between the Swanton House, corner of Water Street, and Garibaldi Hotel which stood opposite
Cooper Street.

Anyone walking down the plank sidewalk flush with the building saw curious sights through the shadeless windows. The Orientals in native costume with long braided black queues, baggy cotton pants, loose jackets and Chinese slippers, ironed clothes on a long table against the wall, swinging the cooled iron onto a pot belly stove with a rail around its midriff to hold the irons against the wood-fed heater. To dampen the article to iron they’d take a mouth full of water, then blow it out onto the white shirt or whatever was in hand, and repeat the process until the item was nicely finished.

They also had an original way for hanging the clothes to dry on lines in a small elevated back porch. With sheets, they’d double them, pinning one end of the fold on the first clothes line, the other end on the farthest paralleling line. It was surprising how many sheets could be hung in this crosswise method in a small space.

They collected and delivered the wash in two deep wicker baskets hung one at each end of a bar carried on the man’s shoulders.

Yes, they were typical Orientals, interesting and picturesque, smoking long pipes during relaxed moments. A tourist sight until they and the whole block from the city hall south of Cooper Street to the lower plaza was burnt out in 1894.

By 1900 there were several steam laundries in Santa Cruz. Mr. Ernest Kunitz, an 1875 arrival, did well locating his soap factory south of Kron’s tannery on River Street (Salz Inc., today); it inspired glue making, and handy to the tannery’s discarded essentials for soap and glue. Grease was collected wherever obtainable. Mr. Kunitz’s son Otto became a popular piano virtuoso, leaving his valuable collection of music to Santa Cruz public library for posterity to enjoy. In 1893 Kunitz sold to Parsons and Hamilton who continued the operation until 1918, the end of this enterprise. Another contemporary soap manufacturer was progressive Mr. Rawe, a former employee of E. Kunitz; his factory was on Columbia Street; this plant served the county also. On delivery days his seventeen year old son would get up at two A.M. to feed and ready the horses for the long haul to Watsonville and by-ways delivering orders of that smelly brown laundry soap, dainty smelling toilet soap too, returning home around 8 P.M. Those were the days, remarked that former young man who is a senior citizen today.

Editor’s Note:
This is the third excerpt from Emma S. Garrod’s story of early days in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Her father, Captain Ferdinand Stolte, a retired sea captain, established a fruit ranch on Summit Road.

PART III CHAPTER 5
THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE

I stayed on at Fentons till April 18th, the day of the historic earthquake and fire, when everyone in San Francisco moved.

The quake shook me half awake but being something of a sleepyhead, I settled more comfortably under my covers and went on sleeping. I was soon wakened again by a voice just outside my window. Alyce was crying and pleading with Bud, her brother-in-law, to go in the house and see if I had been killed, this really wakened me, so I dressed and went out on the street to see what all the commotion was about.

EXCITEMENT

The Fenton family and other people from both sides of the street were gathered in groups, many in their night clothes, excited and frightened.

There was little visible damage, a few chimneys had tumbled down, that was all I saw.

We stood around and talked for some time, neither Bud nor I could coax the rest into the house, so I left them to walk
up the hill to Lymbery's intending to go on to work from there.

At Bess' everything seemed quite normal, a few dishes broken, nothing serious. She was alone, her husband due home from a business trip the next day.

We went downstairs to her kitchen, turned on the gas, prepared and ate a good breakfast, giving no thought to the possibility of broken gas or water lines. From the upper floor of the house, great clouds of smoke could already be seen, rolling up from different sections of the city below us.

I left Bess, still intending to go to work; in Chinatown and along Kearney people were gathered in excited groups, many already carrying loads of personal belongings, bent on reaching safer locations. Every now and then the earth underfoot seemed to shiver and the surrounding buildings would creak and groan.

AT WORK

At the office a number of people had gathered like myself expecting to go to work, we found that the door to the cement vault, where the ledgers and current papers were stored each night had shifted and no one could get it open.

Mr. Fred Dohrman asked us to come to the Art Department and gather up as much of the unbroken stock as we could. We hadn't made much progress, when there was another heavy shock.

No bull in any China Shop could have caused the havoc in hours that the next few moments accomplished. Stacks of dinnerware, hundreds of beautiful glasses, everything that hadn't come off the shelves during the first shock at six fifteen that morning, came crashing and banging to the floor, the most terrifying noise imaginable.

Mr. Fred came, calling to everyone to get out and go home, as he was afraid someone would be hurt, and that would be more than he could stand.

STREET SCENE

Leaving the store, I walked out Kearney Street to Market, a fire was burning furiously near the Call Building, people were coming from the south of Market District with whatever they could carry or move otherwise, in toy wagons, baby buggies, in chests of drawers or piled on tables and sewing machines, depending on the insecure castors to move them along.

I heard one young fellow, staggering under a load of household goods, say to another “the cop told us to go to Golden Gate Park, I never heard of the place, have you?”

On O'Farrell Street some men were trying to hitch a restless horse to a delivery wagon. It was easy to see they didn't know much about what they were attempting to do. I felt it wasn't my place to pass out unasked for advice, so I moved on.

Upon reaching home I found that with the help of a fellow worker, who owned a horse and wagon, Bud had been able to bring his sister-in-law, Maggie, Mrs. Fenton's oldest daughter and her little girl Eileen, from their flat somewhere beyond Market to her mother.

MOVE

They were still sure that the house was about to collapse and refused to think of spending the night there, so we spent the afternoon moving food and bedding to Lafayette Square, a small park at Octavia and Clay about six blocks west.

Maggie had been ill a long time, far too weak to walk that distance, so Alyce and I, forming a chair with our crossed hands, carried her. A very lopsided chair it must have been, as Alyce stood a possible five foot two inches to my five foot almost nine inches. It is surprising what one can do in time of need.

Many others had the same idea as we. There were hundreds in that little park that night, few slept, everyone moving about, watching the fire, looking for others who might have made their way to this refuge.

- To be continued -
The Italian Hotels of Santa Cruz
By Phyllis B. Patten
(Continued from October 1972 issue)

These memorabilia are from the era of the nineteenth and early twentieth century, when God's marvelous creations predominated on land and sea borders. The epoch concerns the taming of Santa Cruz County, which attracted enterprising adventurers.

The influx of Italian immigrants in the later half of the nineteenth century was continuous. As soon as an arrival saved enough money for transportation via steerage across the Atlantic Ocean and railroad fare from New York to the Pacific Coast, relatives or the balance of a family would follow. The majority came from peasant villages in Italy, where livelihoods were meager. They brought with them willingness to work and learn, imagination, and love of family togetherness. Bountiful resources and open spaces offered freedom to develop their dreams.

UNIVERSAL HOTEL
This two-story, Italian hostelry was located on the east side of Eagle Street. Built in the early twentieth century, it had a square front that reached beyond the gabled roof of the extended building towards the rear. This headboard offered more space on which to print a sign. The accommodations were similar to the other Italian boarding houses, serviced by the proprietors' wives, who featured an abundance of wholesome food, family style. As usual, the saloon was the core of hospitality.

Later the same manager who built the rustic building decided to convert it into a macaroni factory — less work and bigger profits, perhaps. As a reward for services to a club by a few Holy Cross high school girls, I took them on a tour of six local industries the macaroni factory was one. A demonstration plus explanation of how macaroni was made and formed was given by a gracious, blond, young man. Only water and white flour from a special wheat were used. Mixed to an unimpressionable consistency, wads of this paste were put into a tube, then pressed by electric power through a circular copper die, perforated with holes to create the desired pattern. Demonstrated were the DITALINI, little short macaroni (Americans use them for salad). Lengths are automatically cut after pressing through the die. A mechanized operation. From here the product was taken to the drying room equipped with electric fans. The long varieties, VERMICELLI to LASAGNE, were hung on wooden racks. Other patterns used in that era were MOSTICOLI, GRANDINI, RIGATONI, AVE MARIA, LINGUINE, and many more. It entailed several hands to handle and pack the finished assortments into wooden boxes for delivery to grocery stores. A flourishing business while it lasted.

The above visit approximately dates the cessation of the macaroni factory, circa 1930, also verified by an old timer. When the partners decided to sell the premises, one to the other the non-agreement was solved in a unique way — by splitting the elongated structure in two. With a five foot space between both ends were amicably lived in by the partners until forced to move by the redevelopment agency.

The spirit of John Costella is evident yet to old timers by a bold lettered sign, "Garibaldi" extended across the west sidewalk of Front Street, designating the Front Street entrance of a cocktail lounge operated by his two sons, Pete and Norman Costella. (Pete left the clan via death after an illness in 1966.)

D'ITALIA HOTEL
The D'Italia Hotel was located on the corner of Front and Cooper Street Extension, toward the river. All Italian boarding houses
offered the same commodities and amusements as space allowed. Furnishings were utilitarian. Bedrooms contained a clean, comfortable, double bed, the three-piece, iron crockery set (a tall white water pitcher in a matching wash basin, a chamber for under the bed or in a commode), a holder for candle light, or electric lighting stemming from the ceiling. The saloon, the heart of the business, contained the decor of the trade.

Wholesome meals with old-country flavor were served family style on long, colorful, oilcloth-covered tables, with benches for seating. This being a pioneering era, patrons were mostly working, single men. The dining room substituted for a dance hall when needed.

Mention of D'Italia Hotel stimulates the memory of a former "Pasarina," a grandmother today, when she accompanied her parents to dances here. Usually the lilt of the accordion music lulled her to sleep through the evening, except on one unforgettable evening she gleefully recalls. A few young blades were huddled in a corner, arms around each other, singing, singing, with the fervor of virtuosos, old country ditties, excerpts from operas, or whatever came to mind. "The intonation of various parts was beautiful," she repeated. It must have been extraordinary for her to remember the event to this day. Similar interludes happened anywhere on weekends and holidays when participants volunteered. They were music lovers with inborn troubadour spirit.

A popular Italian game needing no equipment is "Morra," a swift moving contest played anywhere, even by a twosome waiting for a train in Ben Lomond. It is usually played by a foursome in hotels at a table, two standing opposite the other couple. Each swings out swiftly a closed fist hitting the table with a bang, each simultaneously shouting the number of extended fingers, ONO (one), TRE (three), CINQUE (five), or whatever. A player must be quick of eye and perception to match the caller's shout. Points are calculated after each swing. The masculine bang and shouting of numbers is an exciting spectacle to an observer, though not understandable. The losers paid for the drinks.

RAILROAD EXCHANGE HOTEL

Located near Southern Pacific depot, formerly part of Grover's Lumber Company's complex in that area, the Railroad Exchange Hotel was owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Pelizza, who acquired the established business from Mr. and Mrs. Ribago in late 1890 (told by an old timer). As stated previously, all Italian hostleries maintained the old world pattern, a family togetherness atmosphere. The saloon and wholesome meals were the attractions. Mrs. Pelizza, affectionately called Sophia, had been a school teacher in her native village near Parma, Italy, and as hostess she projected a similar aura here with her perfect diction. Sophia also possessed a secret formula to cure erysipelas (St. Anthony's fire). At a meeting with a former patient, I asked what did she do? She told no one nor allowed another in the sickroom. "Oh nothing," replied the former erysipelas patient, "only rubbed the inflamed area with a silver coin while moving her lips as in prayer." In early 1900 I witnessed a severe case of erysipelas. The man was bedridden. Two doctors failed to relieve him. Finally Sophia was sent for. The man soon recovered after her visit. Mrs. Mary Carniglia, a loyal and knowledgeable Italian, here says many primitive remedies are hand-me-downs through centuries back, taught by PRETE (priests) on their pastoral rounds in Italy, deduced from proverbs and psalms in the Bible.

Among popular accordionists for the dances in converted dining rooms was a tall, heavy-set man who played a larger instrument and who possessed a beautiful singing voice nicknamed "Milung" (a village dialect nickname), John Casserino. He was often accompanied by "Pete the Leaf" (Pete Lazarotti). Both eligible bachelors, they enlivened the dance numbers with peasant ditties, bits of opera, and other popular lyrics for the benefit of the young ladies. John, working in the forests, was available only a few weeks between his redwood split-stuff (grape stakes, etc.) contracts. "Pete the Leaf," as he was called, working in lime kilns in Felton, seemingly a walking distance then, was always on hand, accompanying any player. Even after the ebbing of the Italian era and during his retired years, Pete
was in demand by lodges, clubs, picnics, and other groups, to be entertained by his unique performance, vibrating a lemon or similar stout leaf carried in his pocket. He'd hold the leaf to or in his mouth with both hands, similar to playing a harmonica. Old timers are not able to describe how Pete accomplished the volume and perfect lilt of arias with a single leaf.

Miss Matilda Rossi of the "Italian Gardens" recalls the unforgettable heavenly music that floated from above the vineyards over the serene valley on Sunday's twilight hours when Pete plodded up the steep Graham Hill Road playing the leaf homeward bound to Felton. Sometime after senior Pelizza's demise, the property was sold by the heirs, circa 1930. The old rustic building still served under another title.

RIBAGO'S HOTEL
Mr. and Mrs. Ribago established a boarding house on the southwest corner of Laurel and Blackburn streets minus the saloon, the core of the other six hostelries. Here the Ribagos featured cuisine A LA PIEMONTESE, cooked by Mrs. Ribago. What generous and flavorful victuals—soups, stews, fresh vegetables from the "Italian Gardens" perhaps, crisp salads with French dressing all organically grown, insecticides were unknown yet), homemade pasta with savory sauce, plus locally made grated cheese, just to mention a few. Miss Matilda Rossi's taste-buds still retain the gusto. She and her sister Harriet both employed on Cooper Street, often walked to Ribago's for lunch, costing twenty-five cents—"A meal costing $4.95 or more today" she remarked. In this era, breakfast and lunch cost twenty-five cents, single dinners fifty cents, including wine, in these language-barriered hostelries. Room and board was $30 per month and sometimes less. Ribago's as the place was called, developed into an eating place for any epicurean for Italian service, a forerunner of today's Italian cuisine.

By the existing seven boarding houses in the city of Santa Cruz between 1880 to the early twentieth century plus two in Boulder Creek, one in Watsonville, one in Laguna near Davenport later one built by the Pelizzas of the Railroad Exchange at Davenport Landing north of Davenport, all thriving in the same period, the Italian population in the county was worthy of note.

A SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY magazine dated August 1878 mentions the Italian fishermen located from Lighthouse Point to the flat north of the beach with grape arbors in their yards. Consider the population of the fishermen at the wharf, 'Little Italy' at the end of Ocean street, plus scattered settlers in between and other hundreds in rural areas; The later half of nineteenth century, then some can truly be designated—The 'Italian Era' of Santa Cruz.

These ambitious immigrants, impregnated with peasant stamina, accepted the first jobs offered them—jobs spurned by others, often requiring pick, shovel and ax for road clearing and building in forested, deep canyons. They gave the assignments their all. Intuition, spit, and sweat that saturated dust-laden, red, woolen under-shirt and longies (I know because as a teenager I had to wash some). Spit in the hands was for a nonskid grip on handles. Many were employed in lumber mills, where skillful accuracy was demanded for tasks such as falling a redwood monarch into an uphill cradle, manually, measurements calculated by the naked eye.

Imagine the difficulty encountered during the first months of employment anywhere due to the language barrier. For example, Charlie Bella, an immigrant working at Grover's lumber mill at Laguna as a donkey engine helper, was promoted to an office boy. An order was given him to get six dead men (an unforgettable scare he often retold). The nineteen-year-old youth, worried to tears, went to the yard boss, an Italian, lamenting he'd have to quit because he didn't want to kill anyone, etc. The yardman explained the order was for timber to be buried—foundations, piles, and the like. The phrase was simply a trade idiom.

The caliber of early immigrants is portrayed by only a few for want of space. These started in the rough terrain of sawmills Charlie Bella and his bride became owners and operators of Ocean View Hotel in Davenport. Later Charlie became a director of Bank of America here. John Costella (Garibaldi) and wife became noted hotel operators. John became a philanthropist, giving regardless of creed. T. F.
Costella, formerly an accordion player, became a cement contractor, laying streets and sidewalks. He built the replica of Santa Cruz Mission with cement displaying his artistry with graceful scrolls in the sidewalk. Fortunato Beltrami became a partner in a grocery store. Eugene Costella became owner of a men’s clothing store. There were many more top-notchers, including those who grubbed the hillsides and valleys, becoming prominent fruit growers and vineyardists.

A quote from the Eagle’s monthly news-letter, dated May 1949, titled “Folks from Italy” in big letters, by Larry Lawrence, is applicable to Santa Cruz as though written for here. “Love of life and laughter, Opera and oranges, Song and salami, Art and artichokes. From Columbus to Sinatra, America (Santa Cruz) owes a debt of gratitude to the sons and daughters of Italy who have helped not only to make America (Santa Cruz) great, but to make it gay, happy healthy, and hungry for beauty.”
SHE WAS STILL PAINTING AT 94

For some people years don't seem to mean a thing. Years don't scare them the way they do some of the rest of us.

Lillian Heath was unafraid — and she didn't seem to grow old. At least not on the inside — and that's where youth counts, according to Mrs. Heath.

She's gone now. She died August 13, 1961.

The last time I interviewed her was 1958. She was 94 years old and going strong. Still painting almost every day just for the love of it.

She claimed that her hobby of painting kept her young.

She was still living in the family home at 1025 Third Street on Beach Hill — it's gone now, demolished shortly after she died. Lillian and her husband Frank had a famous studio there in that home. She entered the home as a bride, and Frank had built on the studio portion just before their wedding.

But her story goes back to the days when she was Lillian Dake and came to Santa Cruz from Milwaukee with her mother and step-father, Judge William D. Storey. Storey Street is named for him.

They arrived in 1877. Lillian, who had drawn pictures and made paintings since she was a small girl, continued her art studies at Santa Cruz High School. She graduated in 1882 and went to teaching school at Powder Mill Flat, riding horseback to and from her job.

She liked teaching and she liked the daily horseback rides but she liked painting even better. And in 1889 she resigned her job as teacher to go to New York for a winter of advanced study in painting miniatures.

On returning to Santa Cruz in the spring, she joined an art class being conducted by a young man who had already made quite a reputation for himself as a fine oil painter — Frank Heath. And that was the beginning of a romance that led to a proposal of marriage. The proposal took place at Rocky Falls — the class was there on a painting trip. Lillian in later years told with pride and affection of his constructing a temporary platform so she could have a fine, unobstructed view of the falls and of his subsequent proposal to her there, that day. They were married in 1897.

The class spent many happy days painting in all parts of Santa Cruz County. Frank would hire a "bus" — horse-drawn of course, from a local livery stable. The bus would call for the aspiring artists at an early hour and they would clamber aboard, painting equipment and sack lunches in hand. The bus would deliver them to a selected site, then leave and come back about 5 p.m. to carry them all home.

It was a leisurely way of life compared with today's hectic freeway struggle to go anywhere.

Several times in Frank Heath's career, he took groups of artist-students to camp at Ben Lomond beside the San Lorenzo River, for three or four weeks at a time. They pitched tents and drew lots for K.P. duties, sat around great bonfires at night and sang to the music of mandolins — and painted like mad all day!

For awhile after their marriage, Lillian dropped oil painting to specialize in watercolors and miniatures, because as she said, "My husband was such an outstanding oil painter, himself."

In Santa Cruz, two of his large oils hang in the main public library and others are permanently displayed at First Methodist Church and the Art League Gallery.

Lillian Heath was listed in WHO'S WHO IN ART and in WOMEN OF THE WEST, and her paintings hang permanently in the Art League Gallery, 526 Broadway, and the First Methodist Church, 250 California Street, Santa Cruz.
The Methodist Church also played an important part in the life of this remarkable woman. When she died in 1961, aged 97, she had been a member of the church for 84 years.

She had years before presented the church with its famed rose window in memory of her parents, Judge and Mrs. Storey. She also was instrumental in starting the fund to purchase the church organ, turning over a legacy she had received. Heath Hall at the church, when it was located on Church Street, honored Lillian and Frank Heath.

However, Frank and Lillian will probably be best remembered for their pioneer work in art. In 1919 Frank organized the Santa Cruz Art League, with the help of Margaret Rogers. He served as its first president until his death in 1921. A few weeks before he died, Zayante Inn at Mount Hermon burned, destroying a collection of his oil paintings and Lillian’s watercolors. The Heaths for years had a summer studio at Mount Hermon.

Fifty years later another fire, at the ranch home of a nephew, Clarence G. Dake, destroyed more Heath paintings.

Frank, by the way, had come to Santa Cruz with his parents, the Hon. and Mrs. Lucien Heath, from Oregon where Lucien was first secretary of state. They arrived in Santa Cruz in 1866. Lucien opened a hardware store on Pacific Avenue, was busy with real estate interests, and served as president of Santa Cruz County Bank. He was twice sent to the State Legislature from Santa Cruz.

Frank had no interest in his father’s businesses and showed his preference for art at an early age. He studied at Mark Hopkins Art Institute in San Francisco and taught in the San Francisco Bay area for several years before returning to Santa Cruz to live and paint.

His large oil, "Bird’s Eye View of Santa Cruz," first was exhibited at the Chicago World’s Fair in 1893. It was purchased by a local committee headed by Frederick A. Hihn and hangs permanently in the main Library.

Before his marriage with Lillian, Frank had built a studio section onto the family home as a gift to his bride. The south-western section of the home was for many years Frank’s mother’s home. The studio faced north—of course, the northern light that artists seek—and had windows overlooking Santa Cruz and the backdrop of mountains beyond.

Lillian, who was a fine painter of miniatures, painted delicate tiles for the fireplace facing. They had darting swallows, cattails, water lilies and several song birds.

It was in this home she had entered as a bride, that Lillian spent the long years alone after Frank’s death. They never had children.

She lived there and painted—a dear little person who greeted callers with a smile and a cheerful word—always.

She had a soft way of speaking, but her eyes were quick to notice everything—they were the trained eyes of an artist, trained by years of educated looking.

And she never seemed old, even when she was 94, as I stated in the beginning of this piece. She was unafraid of the years—and the years treated her kindly.

Margaret Koch.

WHAT WE ARE DOING?

The Historical Society’s booth at this year’s Spring Fair (April 28-29) on Pacific Garden Mall, drew much comment and many visitors.

More than a thousand signatures were collected for a telegram to be sent to Golden West Savings and Loan, asking for the preservation of the McHugh-Bianchi Building. Contributions of $129 also were collected, to pay for sending it.

15 new members were signed up.

President Doni Tunheim’s design for the booth won third prize (a tie with two other booths) and $50 prize money.

All in all, it was a good two days for Santa Cruz Historical Society.

* * *

Presentations by the Historical Society to the Santa Cruz County Board of Supervisors and the Santa Cruz City Council have led to their adopting resolutions urging preservation of the McHugh-Bianchi Building. A Defense Fund also has been created and any donations will be greatly appreciated. Who knows? Maybe the Society can raise enough money to buy the building.
The Santa Cruz Historical Society is pleased to announce that it will sponsor a special advance edition of Margaret Koch's forthcoming book on the history of Santa Cruz County.

A brochure is being prepared and will be sent to all interested persons.

**REAL NEWS AND NOTES**

Would you like to learn what was newsworthy 'way back when? Complete bound sets of the NEWS AND NOTES will soon be available for purchase.

The one missing issue (most copies of which were burned in a fire) will be reprinted from Jeannette Rowland's copy to complete the sets. Pat Bellis is putting the material together. Get your orders in soon.

**ART AND ARTISTS IN SANTA CRUZ**

An Exhibition of Santa Cruz Painting and Drawing, from the Santa Cruz Mission period to the 1950s, is now open to the public daily, noon to 4 p.m., at the Octagon Museum, Cooper Street.

The show has been put together, with much searching and work to say nothing of the research involved, by Santa Cruz Museum in conjunction with Santa Cruz Public Library and The Octagon Museum staff.

When you visit the art show you will see work by a group of artists that includes a woman teacher who faithfully recorded the ruins of the Mission (there are no photos known) in pen and ink.

You will see the work of Frank Heath, founder of Santa Cruz Art League and first president of it. Heath's dignified and stately paintings won him many prizes and much acclaim in his day. They hang in permanent collections nation-wide and in several foreign countries.

You will see the work of Cor de Gavere, who certainly was ahead of her time in her use of color—and that of Margaret Rogers, cowgirl-turned-artist and museum curator.

DeJoiner redwoods — Lillian Heath's watercolors — and many more historically important and interesting works are included in the show. Don't miss it!
The Jerkline Team of The Nineteenth Century

By Phyllis B. Patten

The Grover Lumber Company owned and operated four jerkline teams from ten to sixteen heads. One of these, a team of ten heads, was operated from Grover's Gulch (Glen Haven today). Jerkline teams were always composed of horses or mules. Ox-teams had no line. They were guided by a bullwhacker with a goad who walked beside the team.

Veteran blacksmith and horseman Fred Wagner, eighty-eight years young in December 1966, still gay, with a marvelous memory, prefaced his description of a single-rein jerkline team emphatically thus: "It took skill and guts to maneuver such a team over those primitive one-way dusty roads in and out of the wilderness. Perched on the saddled high wheeler (the left-hand horse next to the wagon), the driver's only control of the sixteen, twelve, or ten heads was a single rein, his vocabulary, and a long black snake (a lash of braided leather strips) dangling around his neck. The two leaders and the two pointers were mules. They were specifically trained to respond to three orders, their attention alerted by calling their names. If the response lagged, the truants would feel the sting of the tip of the black snake accompanied with some swearing and juicy name-calling. This, when necessary, brought results."

When questioned why leaders and pointers with mules, in a photograph at hand, Fred replied, "Because mules are smarter than horses."

The leaders are trained to respond to the command "Gee" accompanied with the jerking of the rein, meaning to turn right. A vociferous "Haw," accompanied with a steady pull on the rein, meant to turn left. Each command was repeated until the sickle shaped turn was satisfactorily made.

The pointers located next to the wheelers (wheelers are next to the wagon) were also very important and specifically trained, alerted by calling their name. Commanded to go left or right from center, these intelligent and strong mules had to jump the chain to the direction ordered, to keep the wagon and trailer in the middle of the road while maneuvering a hair-pin curve, sometimes it was a precipitous cleft. The chain hitched to the tongue of the wagon, then down through the center of the workers (horses), connected to each pair, to pull the load or hold it back down hill. The pointers remained pulling at an angle until the turn was completed, then ordered to return to their former positions. It must be noted only one side had to jump the chain, to the right or left. An extraordinary feat for both trainer and beasts, also a commendation for the drivers. They unconsciously projected an aura of superiority, proudly bragging about their team, job, the care of the animals, etc.

A set of five or six bells about three inches long or more, each with a fraction of a different tone, hung loosely from an iron bow which was fastened up-right to the home of a heavy draught-horse collar worn by all leaders of hauling teams. The walking jerked the bow, causing the bells to tinkle a melodious chime effect that could be heard a long distance through the canyons or valleys' quietness, especially when the going was up or down hill. The beast's shoulders resulted in a seesaw motion creating more stress on the bells that produced a clear-toned symphony. If this is once heard midst the tranquil wilderness, remarked many old timers, the beautiful combination of feeling and hearing is an experience never to be forgotten.

The purpose of the bells was to advise an on-coming team or vehicle to stop at
the next turn-out made for such occasion on the new one-way dusty roads until the bell bearers passed. They had the right-of-way.

Credit is due to Mr. Fred Wagner of 606 Highland Avenue for the above. A nonagenarian (95 this December). A lover of beasts of burden he shod. He can fill books of do's and don'ts about their care, especially horses, for he is the recipient of many trophies for his graceful riding and appearance in horse shows, also an artist with the pliable red-hot iron of yesteryears, an advantage to his trade, including anecdotes of the times that produced roaring laughter, an expert "Black Smith," and a proof that long hours of hard work are no detriment to a fruitful longevity.

SANTA CRUZ MISSION

By Phyllis B. Patten

To appreciate the local Santa Cruz Mission era in a fair measure, one must visualize the primitive state of the site. A terrain ribboned with gullies and determined riverlets by eons of winters and summers. Bisected by a river (San Lorenzo) flowing towards the bay, bordered by the seashore and ocean. Inhabited with unschooled, naked Indians, many wild animals, including grizzly bears, and a luscious vegetation. (The last bear in the county was killed in 1885 on an Empire Grade ranch).

When Padre Junipero Serra and his retinue were enroute to Alta, California from Loreto, Mexico, to establish mission pueblos, he had remarked to his associates, "Let's save the title Santa Cruz (Holy Cross) for an appropriate locale." The Franciscans are devout to God and the Cross, the symbol of Christianity.

Crossing the border, July 16, 1769, the first mission compound was established overlooking a fine harbor that today is San Diego (St. James). After a fair settlement here, master-minds decided to strike out to locate Port Monterey, favorably described by Sebastian Vizcaino in 1602, who named it Port Monterey, honoring a Mexican official. The aggregate was divided in three sections, one to remain in the new mission supervised by Padre Verger, one group to accompany Presidente Junipero Serra by ship, and one group to escort the trail blazers on land following the coast, led by Padre Juan Crespi, the diarist, and Don Gaspar de Portola, a comandante. In this group were soldiers, Mexican Indians, and pack animals.

Serra's party disembarked in Monterey, establishing the second mission of the chain of twenty-one, naming it San Carlos IV, honoring the king of Spain, the sponsor of the expedition.

The overland aggregate, though camping in the vicinity of Carmel Creek, missed the goal. Continuing northward they camped near Pinto Lake (Watsonville), where they observed the first redwood trees, recorded in Crespi's diary, "Palo Colorado." Making their way through the wild thicket, they again camped near Soquel Creek, recorded as "El Rosario Arroyo." It can be assumed the rosary was recited here for the welfare of the weakened soldiers because the overland trek was arduous for both men and pack animals. Evidently their prayers were answered; it is recorded "soldiers recuperated from eating water-cress."

Trekking a little over a league, they again rested beside a sizable river, states Padre Crespi's notes, on San Lorenzo's feast day, October 17, 1769. Crossing the willow-bordered stream, recorded "Rio San Lorenzo" it was followed via an Indian trail, perhaps. Passing a chalk-rock buttress, they turned right, heading north. After scrambling up a short, steep hill, they soon came to a crystal clear, fern-lined creek. Here they must have stopped to pin-point the splash of a voluminous waterfall, tumbling from a higher level on the right (Allegro Heights, still flowing today) and envisioned the resources they'd encountered in the last seven leagues. Lots of water, good land, timber, limestone, food for both man and livestock. The panoramic view from this little elevation was beautiful, the wild growth spiked with palo colorados, dotted with spreading oaks and maples, and the evergreen mass splashed with autumn colors, including the unrecognized, crescented Monterey Bay and ocean. Verily, a fitting site for former Presidente Serra's suggestion—the stream was named "Arroyo Santa Cruz" (Major's Creek, today).

The trail blazers continued north following the coast, encountering difficulty due to many gulches and other impediments. From
a high hill many leagues hence, a peninsula was seen, surrounded with an elongated body of water. They named it San Francisco.

Returning to San Diego via the same route, both Juan Crespi, the diarist, and Gaspar de Portola, the leader, told Junipero Serra of the rich find at Arroyo Santa Cruz area, truly a site for a mission and a pueblo. Everything was at hand, including a bay. The proposed compound was on Serra’s agenda, but saintly Junipero died in 1784.

Time passed. Serra’s successor, President Francisco Lasuen, and escorts chose the coast route to visit Mission San Francisco and pueblo in 1789. He returned to Carmel as enthusiastic about this locale’s resources and possibilities as did Padre Palou’s report in 1775.

August 28, 1791, the site (in the vicinity of Santa Cruz Lumber Company) was consecrated by the erection of a wooden cross by Padre Francisco Lasuen. The following seems to indicate that the date, September 25, the Feast of the Exaltacion of the Cross, was purposely selected for the same reasons arroyo Santa Cruz was named. A veneration to Christ and the Cross.

Surrounded with clergy from neighbor establishments, neophytes, soldiers, and local friendly Indians, the first mass was offered by Padre Isidro Salazar and Padre Baldomero Lopez, permanent missionaries for the new settlement, recorded “La Exaltacion de la Santa Cruz.” Gifts of livestock, feed, seeds, etc. also manual help for the buildings by pueblo San Francis, Monterey, Santa Clara, San Jose. Spain who sponsored the venture into Alta, California, also contributed towards soldiers to safeguard the missionaries amongst unschooled natives. Their camp was on the hill behind and above the chapel, where the bay could be surveyed for ships. The hill bordering the shore was fairly bare then, according to old sketches. School Lane, a dead-end street today, may have been the trail between the two areas. After three winters, 1791 to 1793, a flash flood collapsed the hastily built settlement and chapel.

It is written that they moved to a higher level which was behind and overlooking their thriving orchard. Again, engineers were not aware of the lurking dangers behind the innocent looking chalk-rock buttress-
was always referred to as Lower Plaza. A plaza always was a contemporary adjunct to a mission for public gatherings, etc. Hence the Lower Plaza could have been the southern end of the first mission site west of River Street. Remember, the byways were only trails. The Upper Plaza, minus the present ornamental trees, fountain, and lawn, was the plaza in front of the second mission, the new site, where natives gathered when a big bell clanged to be fed and taught husbandry, etc. Today's dead-end School Lane may have been the trail connecting the first mission settlement with the guard house; it is directly opposite the former two-door structure. For certain, School Street was the trail from the new edifice to the military quarters.

Perhaps reports of the local bountiful resources prompted Spain to send a colony via Mexico, who included some undesirables. They disembarked here in 1797, when trading was progressing, taking possession of the opposite chalkrock hill (Bran ciforte Avenue and Water Street), about a mile from an established compound, a breach to Spanish rule: no civilian pueblo within a league (three miles more or less) of a mission installation. Of course, trouble ensued from piracy, deceit, confusing the natives, and disrupting the padres’ routine.

Livestock and church attendance diminished but not the zeal of these dedicated Franciscans, servants of God, fortified by the note sent to Mexico by former Presidente Padre Junipero Serra when requesting for priests: “See to it that the friars who are to come are provided with patience and charity. In that case they will have a joyous time and will here become very rich in hardships.”

This was applicable in some mission areas, but here with Providence’s bounteous offerings on land, sea, and peaceful Costanoan Indians, plus ingenuity, imported grapevines, fruit trees, and seeds, total failure was impossible. The little pueblo on the hog-back mesa survived to become the springboard of industry, education, and Christian living, the nucleus of Santa Cruz County, reaching as far as Pescadero then. (To be continued)
NEWS AND NOTES
from the Santa Cruz Historical Society

Number 58.57
February, 1974

NEW OFFICERS

Roy Rydell is the new president of Santa Cruz Historical Society, succeeding Mrs. Doni Tunheim.

Other officers include: Skip Morris, vice-president; Judy Steen, corresponding secretary; Virginia Sharp, recording secretary, and Pat Bellis, treasurer.

The staff was elected at the society's annual dinner-meeting at the New Riverside Restaurant.

LA EXAL TACION DE LA SANTA CRUZ

By Phyllis B. Patten
(Second Installment)

Imagine the difficulty in the beginning due to the language barrier, the penetration into uncivilized minds. This twelfth mission was fortunate, having experienced Indians from neighbor compounds along with local volunteers to help clearing and building, the needed material at hand, plus twenty years of trial and errors, an importune background for the organizers.

The usual plan was to build the chapel center and military quarters simultaneously but not near each other because Franciscans' way of life and the soldiers were incompatible.

Reference to when this garrison was built—a history buff's calculations are as good as the writer's. Since armed soldiers were commanded and paid by Spain to always accompany the clergy through the wilderness or possible attack by savage natives, it is reasonable to assume the above plan was followed.

Surrounded with needed material, soldiers with the help of experienced neophytes could put up two walls three feet wide of overlaid chalk-rock, lime-rock, and river stones to desired length, allowing window and door space on both side walls, braced by similar narrow end walls and a gable roof of redwood shakes (6 inches x 3 feet x ¼-inch). The floorless, one-story structure, weather permitting, could be completed in the time adobe bricks for facing dried. Remember it was late September or early October.

Again, consider decoding Spanish or Latin into English. A prominent California historian wrote: "Santa Cruz Mission destroyed by a tidal wave." An impossibility due to the hill bordering the shore. A few years ago, a local historian, the late Leon Rowland, discovered the source of this remark in Monterey archives. "Mucho agua," (much water) was interpreted "tidal wave." Whoever translated Crespi's diary of 1769, called the herb eaten at Arroyo Rosario (Soquel Creek, today) "water cress," another disputed word—perhaps, cress in Spanish covers all water-growing herbs. Here two items are mentioned to show the trackless area for interpretation in those primitive years.

At the inception of Santa Cruz Mission, the viceroy in Monterey directed the padres to resort to the presidio of Mission Dolores, 1776 (in San Francisco) and Mission Santa Clara, 1777, both established compounds, for necessary tools and manual labor. Corporal Peralta from the presidio was appointed supervisor of the soldiers here. In his first report to the Monterey viceroy, after praising the natural beauty and resourcefulness of the site, Peralta added two suspicions. One, possible floods due to the proximity of San Lorenzo Rio; secondly, distance from El Camino Real, the mustard-seeded trail from San Diego. In time his observations proved correct.

Inlet and outlet by-paths were series of camel-back trails, some humps higher and steeper than others, throughout Santa Cruz County. They can be observed today, bordering the modern roadways. And like today, blocked by fallen big trees and slush during stormy weather, creating several weeks, perhaps months of suspense due to lack of proper tools, etc.

Conclusions and suppositions here are derived from former history buff's statements and visual aspect of the era, like lower plaza, upper plaza, School Lane, adobe
In the lush 1810 itemized inventory to Monterey were cattle and sheep numbering into the thousands, mules and horses into hundreds, etc., and more building, mentioning a house for Indian girls and widows (an evidence of a protective and character-building influence). This two-and-one-half story adobe house stood flush on the corner of Emmet and School streets (dirt trails then). It served in many capacities under various flags for almost a century (1798 to 1890). Originally built to house Indian girls, it ended as a boarding and day school for girls, acquired by "Daughters of Charity," of St. Vincent de Paul (popularly called "Sisters of Charity") in 1862 until replaced by a modern wooden school building in 1890. Additional floor space was affixed to the military quarters at this same time by adding a second floor over its original adobe house, reached by an outside stairway against the broad wall facing south with a spacious balcony at the entrance where boat traffic could be seen on Monterey Bay, weather permitting. And a similar four or five room apartment attached to the east end of the original, also with a second floor, reached by an outside stair against the east wall from where the entire valley could be scanned—northerly the mission orchard, the potrero, easternly Villa de Branciforte, southernly Santa Cruz port, southwest ship traffic. Minus the balcony, perhaps, this stairway is still there, a veritable stamp of the mission era, to the only entrance of the upper floor of the new apartment.

Primarily the main entrance to the mission garrison was via the steep dirt road now Mission Street. Adjustment had to be made here in later years for the present driveway when Mission Street was leveled as of today.

When Jose Rodriguez, a former Branciforte soldier, acquired this east end of the adobe duplex including the land across the hog-back mesa, from edge to edge, in 1938, from Indians for two cows and two mules, during Mexican reign, he later was asked how old he thought the apartment was. The reply was that it was about forty years at the time he made the trade. This figures back to 1798, attested by the 1810 inventory and by pattern of the building.

A tragedy occurred in 1812. Padre Andrea Quintana was murdered by a group of ambushed Indians. Summoned to visit a dying neophyte in the wee hours of night, the kind padre ventured out accompanied only with the messenger. What followed remained a mystery for some time, proving the value of a guard. Two years later the accidental discovery of the six culprits at "Ano Nuevo" by the local majordomo who unbeknown to them understood their dialect, bragging they were not caught, etc., was a miracle, resulting in their arrest and landing in Mexico for punishment by the viceroy.

The Mexican revolt against old Spain started fermenting in 1815, during these years an appointee of Spain, Lieutenant Colonel Vincente de Sola was governor of the two Californias. Residence in Monterey. A loyalist to God and country. Among many excellent Spanish laws was one that paralyzed trade, beneficial to both sides, especially the bare mission's necessities; "Forbidding foreign ships to land at Pacific ports," which created much illegal trafficking. The new governor unfamiliar of circumstances earnestly was going to stop this disloyalty to law. He ordered two ships waiting at El Refugio, up the coast here for the Ortegas, the middle agents between traders, to be seized including the captain; on further research perhaps, were released the same day. The following year, that's how slow travel was then, he allowed ships waiting at El Refugio, up the coast here for the Ortegas, the middle agents between traders, to be seized including the captain; on further research perhaps, were released the same day. The following year, that's how slow travel was then, he allowed ships to transact business and proved himself a true caballero by writing to the viceroy stating his act and why. From that time on, Alta, California was saved from "total want" (Torchiana's words). The missions carried the Providence. Santa Cruz Mission was rich of hides, tallow, wheat, flour, and other products. Governor de Sola must have enjoyed Monterey Bay environs, when Mexico finally
won her freedom in 1822, de Sola pledged allegiance to the new country Mexico and was assigned to continue his governorship.

Itemized inventories of 1820 and 1830 sent to the viceroy in Monterey are precise worthy records, apparently accomplished under difficulties. Dedicated religious individuals living by a specific rule, enjoy an inner peace that stimulates achievements, a selfless and purposeful attribute. This is what the founders of California were.

The 1840 inventory to the viceroy in Monterey was noticeably lessened due to the chaos created by a few of the many Mexican governors who were plunder bent, living off the fruits of the missions, territories supposedly returned to the Indians. Spain, during her fifty years' reign, sent men of dignity to head offices and artisans to teach natives various trades. Historians have recorded this fact. Hence, the non-know-how Mexican element fell heir to established order that was disregarded by their way of living. Another deterioration between civil and parish centers was secularization, completed in 1834. For material reasons perhaps, Spain had considered this long before revolt started. Some of the secular clergy were not the caliber of the Franciscans.

Volumes are written about this era. For lack of space we will remain with the interesting subject: Mission La Exaltacion de la Santa Cruz (Holy Cross), our rich local heritage. By 1822 some Yankees had filtered in by deserting ships and other ways. Some of these, too, helped themselves in that free-for-all era, large land grants beckoned squatters and confusion. Santa Cruz County suffered its share of the ordeal. Word finally reached the United States Capitol. The declared war against Mexico ended without much battling, replacing the Mexican flag with the U.S. Stars and Stripes in 1846.

Considering the current difficulties and stress, Santa Cruz Mission pueblo was prosperous and still producing in 1835. At this time Governor Figueroa established ranches pertaining to missions for their maintenance, starting with Mission San Carlos (Monterey) and Santa Cruz Mission. His death soon after discontinued the plan, but Santa Cruz beach remained the loading and unloading port between San Francisco and here with the little mission pueblo still in the ring.

In February 1851, Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany, Bishop of Monterey, petitioned its land commission in San Francisco to reclaim mission church and land. It was granted a month later, March 3, 1851. Also by act of congress in Washington, D.C., and confirmed by President James Buchanan of the U.S.A.

As stated before, the report of the bell tower's slump in 1840 was due to an earthquake. Local historian and Santa Cruz Sentinel columnist, the late Leon Rowland, retracted the statement after discovering there was no earthquake that year. The front of the adobe chapel, aligned with the former tower, collapsed in 1857, aided by a recorded earthquake. The truth of the two cataclysms was due to undetectable seepage from the chalk-rock hill nearby that honeycombs the subsurface even yet today, feeding the bluff's wild vegetation, wet or dry season. An imposing wooden structure replaced the adobe one. A photograph shows the plaza partly surrounded by a fence that served as hitching posts for rural parishioners. An article and sketches in a Scribner's Magazine, dated August 1878, describes the mission garden behind the wooden church, mentioning the grape arbor, the calla-lily bordered fountain, a cracked big mission bell broken in the 1840 fall perhaps. The slit was held together with a screwed piece of metal. A Spanish nun from the boarding school came to pick flowers for their chapel and a picture of Father Adams, the last Spanish priest at Holy Cross reading his breviary—and pigeons fluttering about, resting on the hand-hewn timber in the recessed window of the old remains of the venerable mission church with rose trailers hugging its wall. All reminders of the yesteryears and zealous Franciscans. Yes, Franciscans and Spain's "gente de razon" left California, including Santa Cruz, an admirable heritage worth telling, evident here yet today to purposeful, meticulous observers.

A four cell jail of granite blocks was built in 1864, located east of the wooden church, formerly mission graveyard.

Pictures of those glorious yesteryears portray the necessities of the times; for instance, the fence around the plaza was a guard against wandering livestock and served as
hitching posts for rural parishioners coming on horseback, one-seated carts, buggies, surreys, buckboards, etc.

Venerable reporter, the late Ernest Otto, has perpetuated interesting facts about the mission era and descendants of the gracious Spaniards in his historical column in Santa Cruz daily Sentinel, mentioning many firsts that originated in this hallowed pueblo, like the first teachers, the missionaries, the first business on School Street, the first example of co-existence, the priest inviting a Methodist minister to hold his services in one of the vacant adobes, the U.S. flag flew on School Street two weeks before Monterey (by mistake), the first court house, and many, many more worth telling. Ornamentation of the plaza was planned and donated by Phelan-Sullivan families of Lighthouse Point; planted by their artistic gardener, Mr. Doltz. This plaza, now owned by the city, deserves an informative plaque for its historical usage, from wilderness to nucleus of Santa Cruz County, the spring-board of industry.

Here is one of the many firsts, developed in this embryo industry center, formerly mission pueblo. Mr. F. Hihn, a land tycoon, took advantage of the water cascading over the bluff at the end of School Street, built a brick-faced reservoir there sometime in the Sixty's. This water was distributed in the flat below through hollowed, fair-sized redwood limbs. It is recorded this water saved the westside of Pacific Avenue from the holocaust that lapped and consumed the entire block and both sides of Front Street to Hihn's brick building (Plaza Bakery today) April, 1894.

The Neary family acquired the original, the west end of the adobe duplex and the land in 1865. They reached the second story by a stairway built from the entrance hall on School Street, removing the outside one, supposedly built in 1798, leaving the Castilian rose-entwined balcony, which besides a lookout to distant horizons, in later years was an appropriate elevation to present excerpts from Romeo and Juliet opera to an audience seated in the flower-bordered lawn plot in front of the portico.

(To be continued)
SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Officers & Committees, 1974
President: Roy Rydell
Vice-President: Skip Morris
Recording Secretary: Virginia Sharp
Corresponding Secretary: Judy Steen
Treasurer: Pat Belis
Board of Directors:
Elizabeth Barnes
Janet Bunn
Jeanette Rowland
Doni Tunheim
Committees
Commendations:
Bruce Meacham, Chairman
Janet Gunn
Virginia Sharp
Frances Smith
John Chase
Hospitality:
Janet Gregg, Co-Chairman
Ruby Puckett, Co-Chairman
Frances Smith
Landmarks:
John Chase, Chairman
Richard Cutts
Bruce Meacham
Skip Morris
Publications:
Doni Tunheim, Chairman
John Chase
Sandy Lydon
Bruce Meacham
Phyllis Patten
Jeannette Rowland
Pete Steen
Ways & Means:
Ruth Ogilvie, Chairman
Frances Smith
Doni Tunheim
Telephone:
Pat Belis, Chairman
Jeanne Gregg
Esther Hopkins
Ruby Puckett

Membership:
Frances Smith
Nikki Silva

The Santa Cruz Historical Society received a letter of Commendation from the Santa Cruz County Board of Supervisors for... "Its Landmark Designation Program, which has served to alert the community to the importance of its Architectural Heritage.

Our trip to the Monterey Adobe Tour was enjoyed by the whole bus load. Arrangements for the delightful day with a special lunch at Mary's Tea Room were made by Ruth Ogilvie.

Pete Steen and Virginia Steen gave California Parks and Recreation Officials a tour of the decrepit School Street Adobe. The Society is beginning a campaign to revitalize this important structure.

Phyllis Patton, our favorite author concludes her series of articles about old Santa Cruz in this issue.
SANTA CRUZ MISSION
3rd Instalment
To continue, Neary’s beautiful garden bordered the convent fence, sheltered by the broad, three-story building that equalled six or more stories of today’s structures. Sometimes convent choristers entertained public tea parties held here, singing out of second floor windows.

Lending Mission era atmosphere to the spacious garden and adobe dwelling were several primitive, upholstered guest chairs, covered with rawhide, in excellent condition (poised in the portico, reflecting relaxation or a siesta.) They were still there in 1966, somewhat weather beaten by then, but still usable.

Water for domestic purposes was obtained from a well, by hand pump, handy near the kitchen entrance. The well was screened by a circle of English ivy over a lattice enclosure. This shiny, big-leaf, trailing evergreen was used profusely here, around portico pillars, to hide the outhouse, or a fence, wherever appropriate, accenting the English influence.

A large area of land existed between the adobe and Mission Street which was laid out in formal garden plots (‘twixt remaining Mission plantings,) one, an enormous fig tree, with conical clipped cypress trees dotting the brow of the slope, paralleling the street. Sometimes during their tenure they planted the redwood trees there that have inherited the admiration of the departed fig tree.

By mid-1890, the remaining members of the Neary family (living here) were two bachelors, past middle age, (and a spinster maiden) sister, Miss Mary Neary, a former millinery business owner and operator. A married brother, Patrick, and family lived near, in the 100 block on Mission Street, at the base of this plateau. Their sprightly little daughter Alice was often seen enlivening the garden like a fairy, (observed from a convent window.)

The luscious plantings, table offerings, floral, plus arborous atmosphere projected a parklike aura within and a picturesque, elevated sight to outer distant observers. This was easily accomplished due to veins of subsurface seepage and fertilizer from their ranch at Neary’s Lagoon, where livestock, carriage sheds, and barns were kept.

Eventually, the last of the trio followed God’s command, vacating this Blessed site October, 1926. From then on, or perhaps sometime before, portions of this oversized area reverted to moods of nature.

Through efforts of Santa Cruz Historical Society, California State acquired the duplex and lands as a historical monument to Santa Cruz County heritage. Due to the immediate sudden death of the California official and promoter, the future of this original and valuable estate is in limbo at present.

In 1966 the leaky roof of the west end of the duplex needed to be replaced. To do the job properly, (according to engineers,) the end wall placed there by the Nearys when they sacrificed the end room to make space for a driveway from School Street, was ripped off. The old driveway from Mission Street was effaced due to Mission Street improvement (as of today in 1890.) This removal barred an exciting revelation (to history buffs,) workmanship of centuries ago was exposed, outline of the one-story building was clearly evident and other features plus the patchwork of 1890 amateurs when this partition was sliced. When this temporary, redwood lumber wall is removed to restore the
facing to the original likeness, it again can be a privilege to view workmanship of the Mission era. Little wooden pegs holding beams at both front and back portico roofs were lost by the new roof job. (I had pointed them out to tourists many times.)

Gracious hospitality with old country charm was dispersed from this adobe duplex from its inception, continuously. The civilians refurbished the interior and exterior to accommodate their needs. A high board fence amicably separated the terrain that originally was a unit.

In later years, the Rodriguez family incorporated the whole back portico into the living quarters, thus creating a kitchen pantry on the southeast corner with exit to the yard (in the south wall.) A dining room, an all-purpose room with a second exit canopied with an old, old wisteria vine and a utility room were next. Natives of Spain, Senor and Senora Rodriguez’s home and beautiful garden projected Spanish influence, which was continued by the three children and a little Spanish girl the trio took to raise, Cornelia Lewis. Mrs. Cornelia Hopcroft who fell heir to the estate, (still a tenant to California State,) is now 94 years old, with an excellent memory.

Evidently military occupants used this end of the hogback plateau for husbandry purposes. A stone wheel used to grind wheat for flour is still here. The shorn bluffs on three sides of the point, especially the southeast corner are mute testimonials where chalk and lime rock were obtained for construction of the necessary buildings and fences. A 60 foot fence separating the missionary’s garden behind their living quarters and the mission cemetery was still intact behind the brick church way after 1930. (I took a picture of it in 1907.)

So, we’ve come to the conclusion of a brief catalogue of Santa Cruz County’s illustrious and courageous heritage, Blessed by the most religious title in the Franciscan realm, recorded by Padre Juan Crespi, the diarist, and associates in October 1769, “Santisima Cruz” (Holy Cross), deserving historical recognition.

By Phyllis B. Patten

HELP - Help Evergreen Live Permanently is working to restore and preserve Evergreen Cemetery, (located near Harvey West Park). We are compiling a biography on every person resting in Evergreen. Do you have any information on the following Santa Cruz Pioneers, or know of remaining family or friends who could help us?

**Mary J. Brinton:**
- died 1912 possible age 51

**Addison Newell:**
- May 8, 1812-May 3, 1892 native of Maine

**Sophia Elizabeth White**
- July 4, 1836 - May 26, 1863
- Native of Honolulu

**Sloan Family:**
- Uriah - 1838-1921
- Eliza - 1845-1926
- Carlton - 1877-1926
HELP has weekly work mornings and monthly work weekends at the Cemetery and welcome one and all to help us lay the paths, clean the headstones, clear the brush and research our ancestors.

For more information call - Renie Leaman - 426-3259 or write P.O. Box 246 Santa Cruz 95060.
The Historical Society's annual Dinner will be October 24th at 6:30 p.m. at the Babbling Brook. Antiguarian Funk will contribute background music of a most historical sort. Special Commendations and Historical Landmark Plaques will be awarded. Ruth Ogilvie is in charge of the arrangements; John Chase, Historical Landmarks and Bruce Meacham, Commendations. If you have not received your invitation or would like further information call Judy Steen-426-8052.

This issue contains dues notices. A new policy is in force. If dues, past and present are not promptly paid, you will be dropped from membership rolls immediately.

The Committee appointed to nominate officers for 1974-1975 have nominated:

Skip Morris...............President
Doni Tunheim..........Vice President
Pat Belis...............Treasurer
Nikki Silva ............Corresponding Secretary
Ruth Ogilvie....Recording Secretary

John Chase's "Sidewalk companion to Santa Cruz Architecture" is now at the printer's. This will be the Book of the year for local historians, tourists and the generally interested.

Phyllis Patten has added another book to her growing list. "La Exaltacion De La Santa Cruz" is available at local bookstores.

Edward Lydon, author of this issue's "The Hanging of President Arthur" is chairman of economics, history and political science at Cabrillo College. Mr. Lydon's specialty is the Asian in America. Mr. Lydon is a member of the historical society.

NEW MEMBERS

Rosamond Adkins, Dorothy Bilodeau, Jonathan Boutelli, Gladys Barham, Embert Brown, Belsy Bowen, Rick Bebeau, Louise Cain, John Cuje, Dr. & Mrs. Bill Christie, Miss Dale Davidson Delbert Farmham, Mary (Mickey) Farley, Sara Boutelli, Florence Graffin Kelly Garrett, Mr. Jansen Goldstein, Mr. & Mrs. Joe Hall, Gerrie Hadin, Martin Heicksen, Rose Kelly, Burton Kessenick, Danny Kaufman, Renie Leaman, Edward Lydon, Betty Lewis, Rod Lundquist, Dr. Burney Le Boeuf, Andrew Lachman, "Skip" Willard Morris, Bruce Meacham, Laura Miller, Susan McMurry, Margaret Nielson, Futzie Mutzle, Edward Newman, Mike Scoggins, Rosemarie Shechan, Mr. & Mrs. Page Smith, Edwina Stranahan, Larre Sintetos, Linda Pope Selman, Camille Thompson, George Vrana, Claudine Van Olinda, Mr. & Mrs. Don Webber, Eva Waters, Patricia Wilkinson, Adele Woods, Robert Yocent.

THE HANGING OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR

(inside)

NEWS
THE HANGING OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR
by Edward Lydon

One finds it easier with each passing day to slip into the "good old days" view of Santa Cruz History, particularly in light of the nostalgia craze currently sweeping America. To view Santa Cruz as a bucolic, summer-season backwater out of touch with the world is to do Santa Cruz and its history an injustice. Santa Cruz was a vital cosmopolitan town which supported frequent cultural events, a library, and at least one (and sometimes three) quality local newspapers. When the community was interested in an issue, it could find out about and react to national events with astonishing swiftness. All the issues which touched the nation eventually touched Santa Cruz and oftentimes with no delay. Such an issue was the campaign to restrict Chinese immigration into the United States. At one point the community felt so frustrated about Chinese immigration that President Chester Arthur was hanged in effigy one spring evening on the Lower Plaza.

The Chinese came to the United States in sizable numbers after 1849 in response to difficulties in China and the lure of wealth in California. The United States Census listed 4,825 Chinese in 1850 increasing to 105,465 by 1880 with over 75 per cent of them living in California. The Chinese population of Santa Cruz County rose from 1 to 523 over the same period.¹


Very early in their experience in California they found that they were not welcomed by a large part of the white population. Californians began passing restrictive laws in the 1850's, and by 1880 there were literally hundreds of municipal, county, and state laws restricting the Chinese. The Chinese in California could not become naturalized citizens, they could not vote, could not testify in court against whites, and could not be employed by corporations or governmental entities. The Chinese paid exorbitant license fees for the few occupations left to them, and were acutely aware that violence could find them quickly.² In Santa Cruz, besides paying excessive fees for peddler's licenses and laundry permits, the Chinese were threatened with a prohibition from carrying their poles on the city sidewalks.³

²Chinn, Chinese in California, pp. 23-30.
³Santa Cruz Sentinel, March 29, 1879; March 27, 1880.

reflected the sentiments of the majority of Californians; in a state referendum in 1879, 2,450 voters in Santa Cruz County voted for restricting Chinese immigration while only 4 voted in favor of unrestricted Chinese immigration.⁴ (One newspaper theorized that those four hold-outs must have been cranks.)

Though it is possible to trace anti-Chinese sentiment in Santa Cruz County back to the late 1850's, the most intense periods were 1877-78, and the 1880's. As the economic slump of the late 1870's stretched into the following decade, increasing pressure was brought upon the Federal Government to restrict Chinese immigration. Both major political party platforms supported restricting Chinese immigration as did California labor
unions. In 1882, Senator John F. Miller of California introduced a bill to restrict Chinese immigration for a period of twenty years. As the bill made its way through Congress and to the President's desk, all California and Santa Cruz watched hopefully.

Duncan McPherson, editor of the Santa Cruz Sentinel had been a leading advocate for Chinese exclusion. He had written anti-Chinese editorials since coming to the Sentinel, and as President Chester Arthur pondered over the Miller bill, McPherson editorially mulled over the chances for getting the bill signed. In the lead editorial April 1, 1882, McPherson declared that he could find no cause for concern as there was nothing in President Arthur's previous speeches or acts that would indicate anything but a ready signature. On April 4, 1882, President Arthur vetoed the bill, and though he explained that it was only because of some technicalities in the bill, Californians rose up in indignation. The news of the veto reached Santa Cruz in the morning of April 4, and an evening rally on the Lower Plaza was organized. For the remainder of the day the flag flew at half mast, and the citizens went about looking sad, according to one reporter. By 7:30 that evening a bonfire was roaring as a crowd gathered to see a burning effigy of President Arthur hanging over the Plaza. Several community leaders asked that it be cut down and then Arthur was denounced by a series of speakers: Reverend Willett, Duncan McPherson, Blakie Pilkington, Elihu Anthony, and W.D. Storey. They expressed disappointment in the President and reaffirmed their opposition to further Chinese immigration. Later that week McPherson wrote in an editorial that though the effigy had been in bad taste, the President's veto power should be removed to prevent him from further thwarting the will of the people on the West Coast.

Senator Miller introduced a modified Chinese exclusion bill almost immediately, and by late April, 1882, it had passed Congress and arrived on President Arthur's desk. On May 6, 1882, President Arthur signed the bill into law, and the people of Santa Cruz emptied onto the streets to celebrate. Thirty pounds of gunpowder were purchased and a salute fired to express the joy of the citizens. The will of the people had been enacted into law, and the Chinese "threat" was ended.

At first it is hard to understand how the citizens of Santa Cruz saw the Chinese as an immediate threat in 1882. The Chinese population of the city was no more than 100, and over half of them were safely working in wash houses and kitchens. They did not compete with white laborers in Santa Cruz, nor were they a numerical threat. Most of the fear was groundless, yet the basically law-abiding citizens were angry enough to hang the President in effigy when he seemed to favor the continued immigration of

5 Santa Cruz Sentinel, April 8, 1882

6 Santa Cruz Sentinel, May 13, 1882

7 Unpublished census schedules, U.S. Bureau of the Census, 1880, Santa Cruz County.
Chinese. In fact, by 1882, the Chinese had come to symbolize the cause of all the ills of California. Since the large land-owners and railroad magnates (often the same people) favored continued Chinese immigration, and since these same wealthy men also seemed to prosper even during hard times, the average California working man saw both the Chinese and wealthy as causes of the hard times. And, since they could not get at the railroads too easily for redress, the next best target was the Chinese. Many Santa Cruz residents believed the Chinese. Many Santa Cruz residents believed the Chinese responsible for everything from unemployment to epidemics. They concluded that the immediate solution to all the county’s economic and social ills was the removal of the Chinese. Of course, as with most simplistic solutions, it did not work out that way. Though the Chinese were excluded from 1882 through 1943, the economic difficulties remained.

But, on that bright and sunny May day when news of President Arthur’s signing the Exclusion law reached Santa Cruz, the townspeople rejoiced. They were victorious. The cannon boomed and the flag rose proudly to the top of the staff on the Lower Plaza. The citizens of Santa Cruz reflected the sentiments of the nation on the issue of Chinese exclusion, and must bear some of the responsibility for making the land of the free a lot less free. Just as most Americans, the citizens of Santa Cruz were capable of both humanitarian acts and racism. It is important to put the “good old days” in perspective and leaven the good with some of the not-so-good. It may not sell as much gingham or as many old oaken tables in the antique shops but it certainly makes nineteenth century Santa Cruz a lot more interesting.
Meetings and Events of
Historical Interest Calendar
MARCH-JUNE, 1975

Through March — California Coast—Carmel to Mendocino. Photos by Dr. Stanley Truman, County Historical Museum, Cooper and Front Streets, Santa Cruz, Monday through Saturday, 12 to 5 p.m.

March 12 — Coffee Hour, Friends of the Octagon, to honor members and volunteers. County Historical Museum, Cooper and Front Streets, Santa Cruz.

March 14-15 — 28th Annual California History Institute at the University of the Pacific, Stockton.

March 22-23 — California Historical Society Annual Meeting in Monterey.

April 3-May 15 — "They Called it Home," University of California, Santa Cruz, Extension Class, conducted by Margaret Koch, based on her new book. To be given on seven Thursdays, 9:30-11:45 a.m., 2nd floor meeting room, Santa Cruz Public Library, 224 Church Street.

April 18 — Annual Meeting, Friends of the Octagon.

April 26-27 — Spring Fair, Santa Cruz.

April 30, May 1 — Workshop for local committees sponsored by the State Bi-Centennial Commission. Fresno Sheraton Inn, Fresno.

May 12-18 — Third Annual National Historic Preservation Week, sponsored by the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

May 24-26 — Memorial Day at Evergreen Cemetery, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., sponsored by H.E.L.P.

June 19-21 — 21st Annual Meeting of the Conference of California Historical Societies, Pomona.

The Santa Cruz City Historic Preservation Commission meets on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month at 4:00 p.m. in the Heiner House, 346 Church Street, Santa Cruz.

H.E.L.P. (Help Evergreen Live Permanently), the organization working to preserve and restore Evergreen Cemetery, meets on the first Wednesday of the month at 7:30 p.m., in the 2nd floor meeting room, Santa Cruz Public Library. For information on the meetings, or if you have information on pioneers buried in Evergreen or wish to do historical research, call Renie Leaman, 426-3259.

The Santa Cruz Archaeological Society meets on the 3rd Thursday of every month, 7:30 p.m., at the City Museum, 1305 East Cliff Drive, Santa Cruz.

RECENT HISTORY

For those of you who may not have been around for some of the more important historical events of 1974, here is a brief resume.

In spite of the efforts of the Committee to Save the McHugh-Bianchi Building this historic structure was demolished August 20, 1974. Although many bemoaned the passing of this notable Italianate structure, it was agreed that the struggle to save it focused the community's attention on the cause of historic preservation and gave added impetus towards the passage of a historic preservation ordinance.

In February of 1974, a commendations program was established. A corollary of the landmarks program, it will recognize the efforts of individuals who contribute to the preservation and maintenance of Santa Cruz heritage. In October, Society President Skip Morris created a joint committee, the Landmarks and Commendations Committee, to oversee both these programs.

Also early in 1974, H.E.L.P. (Help Evergreen Live Permanently) became officially associated with the Society. With a grant from the Society and monies obtained throughout the community, H.E.L.P. has embarked on an ambitious program of restoring Evergreen Cemetery to its original condition. Renie Leaman directs this important work.

The Citizen's Committee on Community Improvement, headed by Robert Darrow, a local attorney, was busy attempting to restore the old town clock which used to grace the I.O.O.F. building on Pacific Avenue. Preliminary plans for a base and pedestal were designed by Roy Rydell and Kermit Darrow. As of late last fall funds for the reconstruction and a possible site were still being sought.

A structure very close to the hearts of Society members, the Neary-Hopcroft Adobe, was given a new lease on life by the formation in June of the School Street Adobe Advisory Task Force. Al Schadel, Pete Steen,
Skip Morris, Jim Hammond, and Charles Prentiss are members. The Task Force has retained the services of Kenneth Cardwell, professor at the School of Environmental Design, University of California, Berkeley. Mr. Cardwell is a specialist in the restoration of adobes and has acted as an advisor to the restoration of the Cooper-Molera adobe in Monterey. We should also be pleased to learn that the Hon. Frank Murphy (R-28th Dist.) is contemplating legislation to fund the restoration of this most important structure.

Through the efforts of city planning staff and Society members (notably Skip Morris and John Chase) the Historic Preservation element of the city's general plan was drafted last spring. This plan outlines the steps to be taken to protect our architectural heritage, identifies outstanding buildings, and relates the concept of historic preservation to other elements of city planning. Other municipalities have expressed an interest in this document and it is being readied for distribution statewide.

Following the drafting of this planning tool, a Historic Preservation Commission was formed by the City Council in October. Skip Morris, Phyllis Patten, Pete Steen, Harry Tsugawa, and Margaret Lezin were appointed members. A revolving fund to finance the restoration of historic structures by private individuals who might otherwise be unable to obtain financing is one of the concepts advanced by this group and favorable action by the city council on this proposal was foreseen for 1975.

The Society's year was brought to a most pleasant end in October. The Annual Banquet was held at the Babbling Brook Restaurant. Members sipped champagne to a background of baroque music offered by Antiquarian Funk and then got down to the serious business of electing officers and presenting awards. Certificates of Commendation were given to Max Walden, Ruth Ogilvie, and Mr. and Mrs. Jason Goldstein. The Hagemann House, the Reynolds House, and the Francisco Alzina House were honored with the Society's landmark plaques.

1974 has indeed demonstrated that history is alive and well in Santa Cruz!

Santa Cruz Historical Society Meeting Schedule, 1975

This year, the Santa Cruz Historical Society is planning to alternate regular meetings with field trips to nearby places of historical interest. Meetings will be held on the second Wednesday of the months scheduled, at 4:00 p.m., in the meeting room on the second floor of the main branch of the Santa Cruz Public Library. Exact dates, times, and prices of the field trips will be announced at the meetings as well as in the local news media. If you would like to reserve a ticket for a particular trip, please contact Doni Tunheim, 123 Green Street, Santa Cruz, 426-6415.

March: Meeting. Our speaker will be Aaron Gallup from the Historic Preservation Section, California Department of Parks and Recreation.

April: Tour of the Monterey Adobes.

May: Santa Cruz Heritage Tour. Kenneth Cardwell from the University of California, Berkeley, will give a lecture on the history and restoration of the Neary-Hopcroft Adobe.

June: Meeting. Janet Gunn, of the Santa Cruz Historical Society, will talk about articles of historic interest from her collection.

July: Tour of San Juan Bautista Mission and Fiesta Picnic in the Park. Wine tasting at Almaden.

August: YWCA Antique Show. Several antique dealers will talk to us about the restoration and collection of antiques.

September: Meeting. Our guests will be John Frisbee and GiGi Platt of the National Trust.


November: Meeting. Ms. Giffen, of UCSC, will speak to us about the history of film in Santa Cruz county.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Cor de Gavere: Paintings and Drawings, July 19-August 24, 1974. A catalog prepared by the Santa Cruz City Museum for the exhibit held in the Art and Music Room, Santa Cruz Public Library. The catalog includes 9 color plates and other illustrations. (Cor de Gavere paintings are on exhibit and for sale at Heiner House, 346 Church Street.)

Del Mar Theatre. A two-page brochure on the history and plans for the Del Mar Theatre, written by Michael S. Gant, and
ONCE WATSONVILLE WAS A SEAPORT

By Betty Lewis

In the year 1903, when the people of Watsonville were finalizing their dreams of a new Carnegie Library, two promoters from San Jose had a different dream—to make Watsonville one of the most important ports on the coast. These two men were W. J. Rogers and H. H. Main. Three influential men of Watsonville joined them in this venture—R. W. Eaton, F. A. Kilburn, and Stephen Scurich. They formed a company called the Watsonville Transportation Company and stock was sold for $100 a share.

A pier was built for the loading of goods and passengers and construction started on a three-foot, narrow-gauge electric line. Thomas Beck, state senator, was the designer. A power house, freight warehouse, and car barns went up on Beach Road. The company bought rolling stock—4 flat cars and 2 box cars. Two interurban-type cars powered the line. These cars carried passengers inside and hauled freight cars behind. The line ran out Beach Road to Camp Goodall (now Palm Beach) then curved over to the right to Port Rogers (now Sunset Beach).

Two large boats carried the freight and passengers from Watsonville to San Francisco—the Aurelia and the F. A. Kilburn, the latter named after the vice-president of the company. The Kilburn was built in San Francisco with local capital and in her day was one of the finest coastal steamers afloat, equipped with 45 berths and able to store many tons of food in her hold. Her maiden voyage took place in May of 1904 carrying 70 passengers from San Francisco, and half of Watsonville turned out to see her tied up at the end of the big pier. She then took 350 Watsonville people for a pleasure trip as far as the Santa Cruz lighthouse and back again.

Port Rogers enjoyed local fame as a seaside resort. A large pavilion was built near the pier with hardwood floors and glass-enclosed front—affording a magnificent view of the ocean. There was also a soda fountain and modern restaurant with beautifully kept lawns and shrubs. People flocked to the Port on Sundays, lured by baseball games, dancing, racing, and other amusements. Crowds waited at the Main Street terminal for the electric trains which ran at regular intervals to the beach. Flat cars were pressed into service, delighting the younger generation. Passengers stepped off the cars after a seventeen minute ride—one trip of 11 minutes is on record.
The main objective of the railroad and navigation line was the transportation of Pajaro Valley produce and passengers to San Francisco and other coastal points in competition with the Southern Pacific Railroad. Ranchers in the vicinity patronized the new line and saw a real advantage in shipping their produce via the fast Kilburn. Freight rates over the line were three per cent less than those offered by the Southern Pacific. In 1904, H. H. Main submitted a report to the stockholders showing business of $50,000 for a seven months' period; $13,750 from passenger traffic and $36,250 from freight.

In November of 1904 disaster struck. Heavy seas and high winds washed away 200 feet of the wharf and the loss to the company was severe. Teredo worms had ruined the piles and had weakened the structure. Redwood piles were soon delivered from Green Valley and damage was repaired. Shortly after this, disaster struck again and 500 feet of the pier fell off into the bay. The company proposed to build a new wharf and Port Rogers was renamed Port Watsonville, but the wharf was not rebuilt and the Kilburn was sent north to run between San Francisco and Portland. A cloud of suspicion hung over the company. The Pajaro Valley Bank was worried about a $20,000 note and attached the company's assets. Other creditors followed suit and in September of 1905 the Watsonville Transportation Company was declared bankrupt. A lengthy legal hassle followed that kept the electric railway and port idle for over five years. Creditors were paid, the company sold, and the stockholders got less than 10¢ on the dollar. (The Pajaro Valley Historical Association recently acquired one of the Gold Bonds #19 that belonged to I. H. Tuttle.)

In the fall of 1911 the property was purchased by F. E. Snowden, prominent realtor and promoter. Snowden reorganized the company under the name of the Watsonville Railroad and Navigation Company and a bond issue of $100,000 was floated for the rehabilitation of the concern. About $25,000 was taken up by local capital. The wharf was rebuilt by the San Francisco Bridge Company at a cost of almost $100,000. Piles were treated to resist teredo worms. The wharf was 1700 feet long and 30 feet wide—the longest on the Pacific Coast.

(To Be Continued)
The Pajaro Valley Development Company purchased desirable beach property, subdivided it and offered lots to the public for $150 to $500 each. The new subdivision was called "Calpaco", the name coming from the first two syllables of the corporate name, "California Pacific Company." At one time, a total of 65 tent houses were on the beach to the right of the wharf with named streets, board sidewalks, and water piped to the cottages.

In December of 1912, Port Watsonville was hit by one of the heaviest seas in history. The casino and a large part of Calpaco was flooded by heavy breakers and when the storm had abated, over 150 feet of pier lay on the beach. The company was never to recover from this serious blow--the loss was estimated at $40,000. F. E. Snowden tried to sell the property but to no avail. A suit was brought against the San Francisco Bridge Company to recover damages but was dismissed due to lack of evidence.

In August of 1913 the steamer Noyo arrived from San Francisco and took up the anchor buoys at Port Watsonville. Creditors closed in on all sides and in October of that same year, J. E. Gardner, Watsonville attorney, was appointed receiver of the Watsonville Railroad and Navigation Company. An attempt was made to keep the car line in operation, but Gardner stated that he did not want to become a railroad operator and shortly after the last car ran over the doomed line. Buildings were dismantled--much of the lumber was used in building of local packing houses. The Southern Pacific had the satisfaction of taking away the remains of its once proud rival--the rails being taken up and transported to Nuga Station. Reportedly, a forced sale brought about $30,000 and the property went to a San Francisco junk yard.

The dream lasted about ten years and lost nearly half a million dollars. All that is left are some pilings down at Sunset Beach to the left of the picnic area.
RECENT HISTORY

The site of the McHugh-Bianchi Building will be graced with a new office of Golden West Savings and Loan Association. The building design has met with criticism from many corners as being insensitive and dull. The City Planning Commission denied Golden West a building permit, but this decision was rescinded on appeal to the City Council.

The reconstruction of the town clock and its eventual placement on a pedestal is well underway. A local chapter of a watchmaker's guild has restored the clock. A medal will be struck and sold to provide funds for the construction of the pedestal and base.

These last several months have seen the establishment of several new historical societies in this county. They are the Capitola Historical Society, the Scotts Valley Historical Society, and the Boulder Creek Historical Society. Al Schadel, through the County Commission on Historic Preservation, is attempting to coordinate the efforts of these groups.

The Publications Committee of the Society has been busy handling the sale of member John Chase's book, The Sidewalk Companion to Santa Cruz Architecture. As we go to press, more than half the edition of 2000 books has been sold. The book was formally announced at a reception for John at the County Historical Museum. More than 200 invited guests came and almost everyone bought a book!

John's book has received favorable reviews from the Santa Cruz Sentinel, the San Jose Mercury, and the San Francisco Chronicle, among others. We have had requests for the book from as far away as Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut. If you haven't bought a copy of the book, take a look at one at either Plaza Books or Bookshop Santa Cruz and then order one from the Society. Roy Rydell (423-1138) or Bruce Meacham (426-9035) can get a copy for you.

The Publications Committee has also received pledges to underwrite the printing of a giant-size picture postcard showing landmark buildings in Santa Cruz. We are grateful to Norman Lezin, Max Walden, and the Downtown Chamber of Commerce for their pledges.

The Committee is also considering the printing of Christmas cards from color photos of a Christmas exhibit at the
Octagon a couple of years ago. Taken by a Sunset photographer, the color transparencies show Victorian toys amid masses of Christmas foliage, as well as scale models of farming implements.

The Committee is desperately seeking funding for its programs. The printing and reprinting of local history is an extremely expensive undertaking, and the Publications Fund cannot yet sustain the printing of a major work. Members of the Society are urged to send a check payable to the Santa Cruz Historical Society with their suggestions on what they would like to see printed.

A possible threat to the Lorenzana Adobe on Branciforte was brought to the attention of the Society and through the efforts of Society members and the Santa Cruz Archaeological Society, public concern for its preservation was made known. The adobe is the last surviving structure from the settlement of Branciforte. Preliminary excavations of the site by members of the Archaeological Society revealed traces of Indian, Spanish-Mexican, American, and Chinese occupation on the property. The adobe has been designated as a landmark building by the Society and a suitable plaque will be presented at the Society's annual dinner in October.

The news is brighter but mixed on the other side of town along Pacific Avenue. Max Walden reports that the effort to save the Del Har Theatre, an outstanding example of art decoratif, is dormant. The building has not yet been sold by the United Artists Corporation, but local groups have been unable to raise enough money to purchase an option on the building.

Gary Garmann, Architect, and a Consortium of other owners have undertaken the renovation of the old Sear's Building on Pacific. False fronting has been removed, exposing leaded windows on the first floor and the facade is being given a face-lifting with cornice detail being picked out in blue and white. Plans are for the interior to house offices on the second and third floors and boutiques on the first. Congratulations to Garmann and Company for a job well done!

ADOBE RESTORATION

The City of Santa Cruz has applied for a $125,000 National Park Service grant to restore the Neary-Rodriguez Adobe on School Street. Assemblyman Frank Murphy, Jr. has introduced legislation to provide the necessary matching funds.
If the application is successful, the restoration project will take three years to complete.

Submission of the application marks the end of a year of negotiation and preparation. Last summer Santa Cruz Mayor Burt Muhly asked Jim Hammond, Skip Morris, Charles Prentiss, Al Schadel, and Pete Steen to study the adobe and recommend the best course of action. Joe Hall of the Planning Department provided staff support.

The adobe is owned by the State of California. The State Department of Parks and Recreation readily agreed that the building ought to be restored and given to the City. The City Council passed a resolution to accept title should restoration funds be found and as a gesture of good faith appropriated $1,000 to hire an architect to make a preliminary survey.

Complications arose this winter when Governor Brown made staff adjustments. However, the signs are favorable again; thus the grant application. It will be some time before we know whether the venture was successful or whether additional searches will be necessary to find restoration funds for this most historic building.
RECENT HISTORY

Earlier this year it was announced that the State of California had received a $20,000 grant for the restoration of the School Street Adobe. $10,000 in emergency repair funds are also available, thanks to legislation introduced by Assemblyman Frank Murphy, Jr. The City of Santa Cruz has pledged support by restoring a $1,000 grant that was originally intended to finance an architectural survey of the adobe.

On May 15th, the Society held a Beaux Arts Auction to raise funds from the private sector for the adobe restoration. The auction netted over $1,500 for the adobe, and thanks are in order for all those who worked so hard to organize the event and to the donors who so generously contributed. Among the items auctioned were an antique French clock, a crystal chandelier, Navajo carpets, limited edition books, wine from Bargetto's Winery and Thomas Kruse Vineyards, original graphics, hand thrown pottery and much Santa Cruz memorabilia.

The event was held at the flower bedecked Villa Perla, the former home of Fred Swanton, prominent early day resident of Santa Cruz. Special thanks go to Sam Bloom, who donated his talents as auctioneer; Friesell Bros. Florists, Sunbay Florists, and Eve B. Durigiano Nursery, who donated lavish amounts of flowers; Grant Erickson, caterer, for the fine food; and last, but not least, Gary Bascou, John Cureton and Eugene Williams for loaning the Villa for this event.

The Historic Preservation Commission of the City of Santa Cruz has printed a limited number of copies of an architectural survey of the City by Charles Hall Page and Associates. Based on the Old Savannah Survey and Scoring system, it includes virtually every building of architectural importance within the City. Structures are rated from exceptional to fair. This document will aid the City in its enforcement of the Historic Preservation Ordinance. Copies are available from the City Planning Department, 426-5000.
The Society and the Santa Cruz Archaeological Society are expressing concern over the application to build a group of townhouses on Adobe Lane in the vicinity of the School Street Adobe. The proposed site is considered one of the richest archaeological sites in Santa Cruz County and may yield important evidence of Indian, Missionary, Spanish and Mexican occupation. The site is within the precincts of the former Mission compound and is perhaps the only such unexplored site on Mission Hill. A hearing is planned before the City planning authority and all members are urged to attend and express their concern over hasty development of this site before an adequate archaeological survey can be completed. Copies of the Environmental Impact Report, which covers the archaeological question in great depth, can be obtained on loan from the Santa Cruz Public Library, 224 Church Street, Santa Cruz. The complete application may be viewed at the City Planning Office and Ted Hilton is the planning staff member assigned to this application.

The Four Palms Apartments, that "tour de force of the scroll saw", to quote John Chase, has been newly repainted and refurbished. The building, at 319 Laurel Street, is rated "exceptional" in the Charles Hall Page survey. The building at 406 Branciforte Avenue has also received a notable refurbishing. An interesting feature is the replacement of many fish-scale and other old wooden shingles with new ones.

The old Sears Building on lower Pacific Mall has been sold by Gary Garmann and Associates, who had hoped to develop a series of office suites and boutiques. Society members Harold and Barbara Morris are the new owners of the Metropole Hotel Building, almost directly across the street from the Sears Building. This 1908 building, with classic pedimented window fronts, now houses Plaza Books and Paper Vision; the bookstore and poster shop, which Hal and Barbara own.

Restoration continues at the Lorenzana Adobe at Goss and Branciforte, the home of Society members Joseph and Edna Kimbro. The Kimbros hope to create a period garden around the structure and enclose it with a wall of handmade adobe bricks. Mrs. Kimbro's research efforts in connection with the adobe have revealed the existence of
News and Notes

(continued)
a collection of "Branciforte Papers" at the University of Texas. Microfilm copies are being sent to the University of California at Santa Cruz Library, Special Collections department. The papers evidently contain original Spanish and Mexican documents dating from the early 19th Century.

Speaking of which, the Society's annual dinner will feature food of the California Arcadia - the rancho era which existed from about 1820 to 1848. The food of the times was basically a modification of Mexican cuisine. Some of the original ingredients, like bear meat, will be a little hard to come by, but we'll try to present an authentic and colorful, as well as tasty menu. Further information will be sent to members along with an annual membership notice early in October.

This bicentennial year of 1976 should give us pause to remember our own heritage as Californians. Without the hardy colonists who came to the Californias from the frontier region of Mexico over 200 years ago, the '49ers would have found an inhospitable land indeed. As it was, they were supplied from the ranchos and farms of the hacendados and of those Yankees who had married into their families. The brunt of the uncivilized wilderness, the Indians, the diseases, were borne first and foremost by the Spanish and Mexican colonists - the invalidos, and soldados who peopled such remote places as Monterey and Santa Cruz. To them and to their descendants today: Castros, Vallejos, Rodriguezes and others who still live among us - we say:

"Recuerdos y gracias a los primeros colonizadores en California."
Recent Publications


Other books by Donald M. Howard: Archaeology in Paradise - A Survey of Monterey County Archaeology, 1974. $2.95; Primitives in Paradise - The Monterey Peninsula Indians, 1975, $2.95; The Famous Abalone Songs of Old Monterey, 1975.

Jeffers, Robinson. Granite and Cypress, Lime Kiln Press, Santa Cruz, January 1976. Special limited edition of 100 copies only. $250.00 each. Two years to compile and publish. Sold out in one month.


Reinstedt, Ronald A. *Shipwrecks and Sea Monsters of California's Central Coast - With Emphasis on the Historic Bay of Monterey.* Ghost Town Publications, Carmel, 1975. $3.95.

Other books by Randall A. Reinstedt: *Ghosts, Bandits and Legends of Old Monterey and Gold in the Santa Lucias - The First Recorded History of Monterey's Mother Lode.*


Weber, Tom. *All the Heroes are Dead - The Ecology of John Steinbeck's Cannery Row.* Ramparts Press, San Francisco. 1974. $2.95
EVENTS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST
June-September 1976

June 18 - July 15: American Needlework Exhibit, Central Library, Santa Cruz.

June 18: Dedication of adobe gate, Neary-Rodriguez-Hopcroft Adobe, School Street, Santa Cruz.

June 18: Celebration of arrival of DeAnza-Moraga Party, San Juan Bautista.

June 27: Play commemorating founding of Mission San Juan Bautista, El Teatro Campesino, San Juan Bautista.

July 3: Capitola Fireworks Display, 9:00 p.m., Capitola.

July 3: Santa Cruz Poetry Center, A Day of Poetry, San Lorenzo Park, 11:00 a.m., all day.

July 3-4: Boulder Creek Bicentennial Down Home Fair. Numerous events include contests, music, country foods, auction, historical displays and Parade at 9:30 a.m., July 3. West Park and Highway 9, Boulder Creek. All day 'til dusk.

July 4: National Bell Ringing. Bells throughout nation will be ringing at exactly same time for four minutes, starting at 11:00 a.m. PDT.
7:00 p.m. - Bicentennial Parade followed by Town Clock Dedication around 9:00 p.m.

July 4 - December: People of Santa Cruz County Exhibit, upstairs Central Library.

July 4 - July 31: Exhibit of Santa Cruz Photographs, art and memorabilia circa 1876, Octagon Museum.
July 16, 17 & 18:  Y.W.C.A. Antique Show,
Civic Auditorium. Noon to 9:00 p.m.
Fri. and Sat., Noon to 6:00 p.m. Sun.

August 4:  Children's Artists Performers Festival, San
Lorenzo Park, 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

August 8:  Capitola Arts and Crafts Fair,
Capitola Village, All day.

Sept. 12:  Begonia Festival Parade, Capitola Village,
Soquel Creek, 2:00 p.m.

Pending for Fall:  Sound and light show on mission adobes,
Neary-Rodriguez-Hopcroft Adobe, School Street, Santa Cruz.
RECENT HISTORY

The Society's Annual Dinner was held November 13 at the Santa Cruz Women's Club. Co-Chairmen Pauline Podesta and Frances McReynolds Smith outdid themselves in producing a gala evening reminiscent of Santa Cruz County's hispanic past. Especial thanks are due to Shirley Gleason, Frances Rydell, M.J. Vernier, and Pauline Podesta (decorations), Antonelli Bros., Bryant's Nursery, and Ebert's (flowers), Renie Leaman (hors d'oeuvres), and Ledisla and her flamenco dancers.

The Society, along with local archaeological interests staved off a threat to the destruction of Indian and Mission relics. The City Zoning Board (not to be confused with the City Planning Commission) rejected the archaeological section of the Environmental Impact Statement prepared for the Adobe Lane Townhouse project, a nine-unit development located off Adobe Lane (Mission Hill). The developer must now retain an archaeologist to do a sub-surface survey.

As an example of what ought to be done, I cite the recent actions of the Brown Brothers (of bulb fame). Messrs. Brown have generously donated a choice building site in the Bonny Doon area to Cabrillo College. The site is rich in Ohlone Indian remains and has been partially excavated.

Work on the School Street Adobe moves slowly. A recent development is the selection of Francis Palms of Monterey as the supervising architect. Mr Palms will be remembered for his sensitive restoration of the Octagon, the former County Hall of Records, and repairs to Colton Hall in Monterey.

Earlier this fall, a special bi-centennial marker was dedicated in the garden of the Neary side of the Adobe. The presentation was made by Dr Knox Mellon, State Historic Preservation Officer. Mr Roy Rydell represented the County of Santa Cruz. A number of local notables attended, including members of the City's Historic Preservation Commission.
and presidents of local historical societies.

The exquisite Hudson River Gothic at 411 Cedar Street, an example of one of the earliest phases of Victorian architecture and one of the few, if not the only one of its type in Santa Cruz, is being brought up to building code standards by Mary Ellen Chappell, the new owner. Ms Chappell intends to establish an art gallery, picture framing shop and lunchroom in the building. Ms Chappell, a potter, is one of the "Meder Street" craftsmen.

Although the Society has urged the County Department of Parks, Open Space and Cultural Services to establish historical sites and parks, no action has been forthcoming. I urge Society members to write to their County Supervisor asking for action on this matter. Two prime sites for inclusion in such a system are the Redwood Discovery Site near Watsonville where Fray Juan Crespi first recorded the presence of the "palo colorado" or red wood tree, and the site of Isaac Graham's sawmill in Zayante. Such sites are of statewide, if not nationwide, importance.

Somewhat farther afield, the restoration of the Mission San Juan Bautista must be mentioned. Painstakingly restored by Mike Taylor (Mission Adobe Contractors), the Mission Chapel is now in its pre-1812 state. A new bell tower, cloister wall for the cemetery, freshly done mural decorations, newly applied mud coating and renovation of the chapel roof are among the new sights to be seen. In feeling and authenticity, the restoration has been totally successful.

To counter this glowing report, we must alert our members to a threat to the Mission San Antonio de Padua. The US Army plans to place an extensive residential housing unit in the immediate vicinity of the Mission thus destroying the beautiful setting of this isolated, rural mission. One of the few missions to be restored to anything approximating its former glory, the beauty of San Antonio de Padua lies partly in the undisturbed countryside around it, recalling to mind the days when the mission stood alone in the wild grandeur of the California coast and coastal valleys. Now ugly tract housing will shatter this illusion, bring with it noise, vandalism, and the other niceties of urban living. Members are urged to write to their congressman, opposing this development.
Santa Cruz has long been associated with the timber industry. When that association began it is not possible to say. Perhaps crewmen from a Chinese junk were the first to fell and work timber in this area. We do know, however, that Father Juan Crespi of the Portola expedition was the first man to note the "palo colorado" or "red wood tree" and leave a written record of it. On October 10, 1769, Father Crespi named for the first time a stand of Sequoia Sempivirens growing near the shore of Pinto Lake, Watsonville. Later, the Malaspina expedition noted and recorded various trees growing in and around Monterey. Although redwood is the tree most associated with the forest products industry in Santa Cruz County, other trees have been harvested including the douglas fir, the live oak and pine.

One of the earliest uses of timber that is indicated by the historic record was for ship's timber. Supply ships and other vessels putting into Monterey sometimes were outfitted with new masts and other parts made from local timber. Inasmuch as Monterey was a victualling station for the Manila galleon, it is possible that timber was cut by the crew of the galleon.

Bancroft states, "The Spanish Californians gave little heed to the timber resources and even in the forest regions they preferred adobe houses. The few boards required were mostly imported before entry of the Anglo-Saxons..." Some timber however, was used in the construction of adobe buildings for roof rafters, verandahs etc.. It is known that wood was used in the building of Mission Santa Cruz. In 1818, it was reported that it took six men six days to make twenty-five twelve foot planks at the Mission. The inventory of 1835, prepared pursuant to the decree of secularization, lists "one principal dwelling with fourteen adjoining sections, walls of adobe, seventy varas long by fourteen wide, roofed with tile, floor and ceiling of board with twenty doors and seven windows of wood." It also mentions a carpenter shop and a tannery both of which would call for timber both rough and finished. Since the earliest powered sawmill in Santa Cruz County was begun in 1842, one may surmise that
the Mission fathers did indeed direct the logging and sawing of timber. Although we have no evidence left of what kinds of wooden articles were produced at Mission Santa Cruz, we do have evidence from other missions that chairs, tables, reredos (altar screens), ornamental bars for windows, doors and even musical instruments were produced. The carpenter's shop at Mission Santa Cruz may have included a primitive wood turning lathe of the "great wheel" type. The inventory of 1835 mentions "one box of carpenter's tools valued at $40", axes and hand saws. Among the household furnishings are mentioned tables, shelves and armoires of "ordinary" wood as opposed to an "imported commode of fine wood."(8) Could the ordinary wooden articles have been those produced at the Mission?

With the advent of the first Anglos into the country, lumbering activity began a steady and continuous climb. To quote Condit, "Commercial cutting of timber began slowly in this area. The first person so engaged though on a very small scale, was Jose Amesti who was producing and selling shingles at a whipsaw mill on his grant in Corralitos Canyon. The first power saw mill in the area, which was also the first in California, was the one which Isaac Graham installed on the west bank of Zayante Creek (opposite Bear Creek) in 1842.(9) An account of an early lumbering operation in the area above Woodside, San Mateo County in the 1840's was given in the San Jose Pioneer for June 17, 1877. "The eight or ten old run-away sailors then there worked in twos, each partnership owning a sawpit from 16 to 24 feet in length. Two bearer logs a foot or ten inches thick were laid over the pit and on top of these went the square-hewn timber for sawing. The two men plying the long-handled whipsaw one on top of the log and the other in the pit could turn out about a hundred feet of logs or square beams a day."(10) As to the demand for timber, let me quote a letter from the commercial firm of Marshall & Johnson, Honolulu to Thomas Oliver Larkin, Monterey, dated March 16, 1842. "Dear Sir,....In regard to the lumber, the square Red Cedar Logs you speak of will always sell here at from $5 to $10 ea. They are in good demand for gate posts and will also sell well sawed into boards, if it is the kind that has the clear straight grain. It is preferred by Carpenters here on account of the ease with which it is worked.. ..." (11) The "Red Cedar Logs" are almost certainly the heartwood portion of Sequoia Sempivirens. It is the heart-
wood that displays the true red color and has the straightest grain. It is interesting to note that lumber from Santa Cruz and the Monterey Bay Area was shipped all over the Pacific - to Valpariso, Cartagena, Acapulco and, as mentioned above, Honolulu. Perhaps this area even supplied material for the building of the Iolani Palace, the residence of the Hawaiian monarchy.

A final quote, will I think, give the reader a unique insight into the lumbering trade in the days before the bandsaw. This is a letter from Josiah Belden, who ran a store for Larkin at ex-Mission Santa Cruz, to his employer in Monterey. It is dated, Santa Cruz, April 5, 1842.

"Mr Larkin - I wrote to you nearly a week since giving you a statement of what I have done here but had no chance of sending the letter for 2 or 3 days. I then gave it to the priest in case he should see any body going there while I was away and he told me yesterday that he had sent it with another I wrote on Sunday by Henry Cooper and as Bowles says he got there before he left I presume you have it before now. If you have not I will just state now that I have received in all 51500 feet of stuff. Of that I have received for goods that I have sold 11500 feet. The balance 40000 I recd. on the old accounts. There is 36379 ft inch Boards 8421 ft 2 inch plant 4803 ft Pillars 1916 rafters and 4000 shingles.

I have Recd. of Ramon Buelna 1000 ft inch Bds
of Wm Weare 1100 Do Do
" Juan Hilario 1000 Do
" Wm Brander 2000 Do
" " " 1000 ft Pillars
" Joaquin Castro 1700 " inch Bds
" Samuel Thompson 6092 Do
" Wm Trevathan 2550 Do

I have recd. of George Chapel 500 ft Pillars
" James Rogers 3000 inch Bds
" " " 5519 2 inch Plank
" " " 2803 ft Pillars
Recd. of Alvin Wilson 3000 ft inch Bds
6. News and Notes

Recd. of Elijah Ness or Francis Young 2485 ft inch Bds
" " 2902 " 2 inch Plank
of Wm Thompson 4000 inch Bds

Thompsons lumber is so much above 51500 feet as I recd. it since I made the account.

I have on hand now 116 hides and 42$ in cash.

The water has been so high and the roads so bad that it has been impossible to haul a stick to the beach as yet except 600 feet of rafters which I went yesterday and rafted down the river myself. I got 2 indians today and went to try some more but they were verry green and so heavy that when I put them into the water they sunk to the bottom so that I had to give it up. The water is going down some now and I shall go tomorrow and see the carters and try to get them to make a commencement immediately. You may depend upon my doing all I can to hurry the lumber down, but it is impossible for any one to rule the weather. I have been to M Lodge's Beach and I think the lumber can be taken off there in good weather though it is not quite so good a place this. There is one bad gulch to cross in coming there from J Rogers pit but if it keeps dry 2 or 3 days longer I think the carts will be able to go there. In regard to the boards of the Italians I shall do as you say. As to borrowing any more there in none on the beach to borrow of any account and as soon as there is any possibility of hauling any yours will be hauled. I have bought yesterday 1000 feet of rafters of George Chapels father and can get another 1000 of James Weeks as soon as they can be hauled. Dye has not done as to getting down timber but of that he will tell you himself as he started fo Mont this morning.

In my other letter I gave you a more particular account of things here which I hope you have received.
Yours - J Belden." (12)

NOTE: Lodge's Beach is of course Capitola Beach, the Lodge in question being Don Miguel Lodge, husband of Dona Martina Castro Lodge, grantee of Rancho Soquel.


(4) MS. Isidro Alonzo Salazar and Baldomero Lopez, Informes of 1792, 1793, Mission Santa Cruz, to the Guardian of the College of San Fernando, Archivo General de la Nacion Mexico, Archivo Historica de Hacienda, Documentos para la Historica de Mexico, on microfilm at the Bancroft Library, Berkeley, California.

(5) Bundle 31, No. 299, De La Guerra papers, Los Angeles County Museum Library, Quoted in Brown, *op.cit.*

(6) MS. Invenario General y Avaluo... con arreglo al articula 13 y predencion 2ª del reglamento provisional de secularizacion de 9 de agosto de 1834, Mission de Santa Cruz Ano de 1835, translation in author's collection.

(7) Brown, *op.cit.*, page 54.


(10) San Jose Pioneer, June 6, 1877, quoted in Brown, *op.cit.*


RECENT PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST

The Society is pleased to announce the recent publication of: WATSONVILLE - MEMORIES THAT LINGER, by Betty Bagby Lewis, Valley Press, Fresno. The book is available at the County Historical Museum, through the Friends of the Octagon, and local book stores, price $9.54 (including tax).

Stone, Deborah, Do-it-Yourself Guide to Santa Cruz History and Architecture, City of Santa Cruz Historic Preservation Commission, 1975, 21 pages.

Santa Cruz, City of, Historic Preservation Commission, Revolving Fund of Historic Preservation......, 31 pages, illustrated.

Pfremmer, Patricia, Santa Cruz 1850 - 1976; A Selective Bibliography Based on Resources In The Library of the University of California, Santa, Cruz, UCSC Bibliographical Series No.2.

Published By
SANTA CRUZ HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Bruce Meacham, Editor
Mailing Address: PO Box 246
Santa Cruz, California 95061

Non-Profit Organisation
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
Permit No. 208
Santa Cruz, CA
Collectible Show to benefit HELP

A Collectible Show to benefit HELP (Help Evergreen Live Permanently) is scheduled for October 14-16 at the Civic Auditorium, and plans are already in high gear according to Coordinator Renie Leaman.

35 dealers from the Bay Area and throughout California will be present, covering such diverse fields as election memorabilia, fruit crate labels, depression glass, postcards, records, samplers, musical instruments, and vintage clothing.

Admission to the show will be $1, and an added attraction will be scheduled talks by recognized experts in various fields of collecting.

Hours for the show are 10am-8 pm on Friday and Saturday; 12 noon-6 pm on Sunday. For more information, or if you'd like to help, call Renie at 426-3259.

YWCA Historic Homes Tour: Aug. 20

The YWCA's annual benefit historic homes tour is slated for Saturday, August 20 from 1-4 pm.

The four homes on this year's tour are:
- "Epworth-by-the-Sea", 320 Santa Cruz, 1887
- Gharkey House, 135 Gharkey, ca. 1885
- Alzina house, 109 Sylvar, ca. 1850
- Deming House, 417 Cliff, 1899

Admission to the Homes tour is $3.50, which also includes admission to the Antique Show/Sale at the Civic Auditorium, August 19-21.

Tickets for the Homes Tour or Antique Show may be purchased in advance at the YWCA, 303 Walnut, or at the door. For more information, contact the YWCA at 426-3062.

Course on County History at Cabrillo

A popular course in Santa Cruz County History is being repeated again this year at Cabrillo College. Taught by Sandy Lydon, who is also head of his division, the course will be taught in two sections over a two-semester period.

Fall semester will cover local history up to 1885; 1885 to the present will be the focus of the second (Spring) semester.

Sections will be on Tuesday evenings, 7-10, and Thursday afternoons, 4-7.

Cabrillo College classes start in late August, in advance of both the public schools and UCSC. For more information on registration, contact Cabrillo directly at 425-6000.

Exhibit of S.F. Victorian Architecture

A photographic essay on the Victorians of San Francisco is the current show at the County Historical Museum, The Octagon, at Front and Cooper Streets.

The show was developed by the De Young Museum in San Francisco as part of a bicentennial exhibit. Photographs are all the work of Carol Olwell, and have been printed in a large format paperback book, "A Gift To The Street." The book is also for sale at the Museum.

Museum hours are 12-5, Monday-Saturday. The show will be at the Octagon through the end of August.
City Landmarks Designated

The first batch of individual structures to be designated as official city landmarks under the new Historic Preservation ordinance was passed by the City Council this summer.

Upon the recommendation of the City's Historic Preservation Commission, and with the blessings of the owners, the following residences were given landmark status:

- 407 Cliff Street, "Cliffcrest"
- 105 Sylvan
- 724 California, "Weeks Mansion"
- 250 Ocean View Ave
- 1120 King Street
- 391 Laurel St., "Four Palms"
- 410 Locust Street
- Also the Covered Bridge at Delaveaga Pk.

Commissioners are now in the process of contacting additional property owners, to put together the second group of landmark nominations. This group is expected to emphasize commercial buildings downtown.

Evergreen Cemetery Tours, Restoration

Renee Leaman, the limitless energy source behind Evergreen Cemetery's support group, HELP, reports that she has been busy throughout the summer giving memory tours at the Cemetery.

Other activity has included restoration work by members of the YES (Youth Employment Services) crew. In just 2 weeks, the high school students restored several hundred feet of the original, 6' wide buggy path.

A CETA worker for Evergreen has been approved, and will be working for 11 months. First job for this new employee will be restoration of some of the brick walls.

Evergreen also received $1,350 from City Revenue Sharing funds for the purpose of constructing a white picket fence along the roadside boundary of the cemetery. Work is expected to begin in August.

'Sidewalk Companion' Sold Out!

"The Sidewalk Companion to Santa Cruz Architecture," which was authored by John Chase and published in an edition of 2000 by the Historical Society in 1975, is now sold out. Although the Society would like to participate in revision and reprinting of the book in the future, there are no immediate plans for this.

In other words, if you have a copy, hang onto it. If you don't, you may still be able to get one at one of the local downtown bookshops or museum shops.

Grant for Preservation Program in Schools

Thanks to a grant from the National Trust for Historic Preservation, Santa Cruz schools will soon have assistance in developing a historic Preservation curriculum and resources guide for grades K-8.

The grant, which was prepared and submitted by Leslie Stobin, covers the salary for one half-time project coordinator for one year. Cynthia Mathews, Historical Society President, has been named to the position.

The Santa Cruz County Society for Historic Preservation, because of its recognized non-profit status, has been designated as the vehicle for the funding. A teachers advisory committee has already begun to meet. Although the project does not officially begin until September, Cynthia would welcome any suggestions for program content or resources, and may be reached at 423-8977.

Progress on Co. Preservation Ordinance

The County is now proceeding on the development of a Historic Preservation Ordinance, under the direction of the Santa Cruz County Society for Historic Preservation, Inc. Patterned after the City's ordinance, it is currently being reviewed for comment by citizen's groups and county departments.

National Preservation Week Observed

The Historical Society observed National Preservation Week this year (May 9 - 16) with a mailing to all North County teachers, 500 in all.

Included in the mailing was a cover letter to explain the specially designated week, a list of free resources available to teachers in the area of local history, and brochures on Evergreen cemetery, museums, the library's resources, and the City's walking tour.

Cost of the project was minimal, as brochures were provided free, and mailing was done within the schools' own distribution system at no cost.

Gift to Society from Phone Company

This Historical Society has been presented with a framed copy of this year's Phone Book cover, a gift from Pacific Telephone Company. The design is comprised of 8 black and white drawings from the City's Historic Preservation Plan. The Society had suggested "Historic Santa Cruz" as the cover theme back in 1975, at the urging of former President Bruce Meacham.
The Old House Catalogue; 2,500 Products, Services and Suppliers for Restoring, Decorating and Furnishing the Period House—From Early American to 1930's Modern.

This book lists the names and addresses of firms that supply almost anything that might be needed to refurbish a home. It is full of fascinating items—from fabrics to bricks to hardware and to accessories of all kinds. The catalogue is in the reference section and so must be used in the library. Allow plenty of time to look through this informative and interesting work.

745.5 A charming book by a local author is Fun with Antique Crafts by Bill Poeze. There are directions for about 135 different items to make. Those particularly appropriate are the Victorian picture frame, the crazy-quilt afghan and the antique footstool. I was also intrigued by the directions to hollow out a book to make a secret hiding place. (Naturally using a book no longer useful!!)

Exterior Decoration; Victorian Colors for Victorian Houses.

The library has had this book for a year or more, but it is so delightful that it is worth mentioning for those who don't know about it. The book is full of colored illustrations of houses with various color schemes; sometimes the same house will be shown with 2 or 3 different paint jobs. There are color cards from 1871 also. Even if you don't have a house that needs painting, this is a fun book to look at.

To give away.

The National Trust for Historic Preservation publishes a monthly newspaper; Preservation News. Each month, Joe Hall of City Planning brings copies to the library for free distribution. They are on the counter in the Art & Music Department, upstairs at the Central Library, 224 Church Street, Santa Cruz.

We are always interested in hearing suggestions for purchasing books that you think are GREAT and that we might have missed. So let us know. Thanks. Jeri Shelley

Head, Technical Services
Santa Cruz Public Library
224 Church St., Santa Cruz
Phone: 429-3524

People of S.C.Co. is traveling exhibit

"People of Santa Cruz County" is the title of a traveling exhibit prepared by the City Museum for exhibit throughout the County.

Opening at Cooper House in April, the exhibit is now at the Watsonville Library through mid-September. From there it will go to the Aptos Library from mid-September through mid-October.

The exhibit is comprised of large-scale photographs of local residents, spanning a period of roughly 100 years. Photos range from formal to casual, serious to comic, everyday to memorable events, anonymous to well-known subjects.

Both the arrangement and content are imaginatively conceived. Well worth an effort to see!

Join the Historical Society for '77-78

For new membership or renewal, use this clip-out form for the 1977-78 membership year.

Return to: Historical Society, P0 Box 246, Santa Cruz, CA. 95061

I enclose my check for ___ for one year's membership at $5/person.

NAME ____________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________

CITY __________________ ZIP _________

PHONE __________________ DATE ________

People of S.C.Co. is traveling exhibit

"People of Santa Cruz County" is the title of a traveling exhibit prepared by the City Museum for exhibit throughout the County.

Opening at Cooper House in April, the exhibit is now at the Watsonville Library through mid-September. From there it will go to the Aptos Library from mid-September through mid-October.

The exhibit is comprised of large-scale photographs of local residents, spanning a period of roughly 100 years. Photos range from formal to casual, serious to comic, everyday to memorable events, anonymous to well-known subjects.

Both the arrangement and content are imaginatively conceived. Well worth an effort to see!
Historic Building Survey Reprinted

The City's published results of its commissioned Historic Building Survey quickly sold out of its first printing, and the Society helped make a second printing possible late in the Spring.

The Survey was prepared by Charles Hall Page of San Francisco in 1976. Using a rating system which included both architectural and historical significance, the consultants listed 330 buildings built before 1930 which they felt to be of most importance to the local community.

The Historic Building Survey is the published result of this 3-month project. The 200 page book contains a picture and brief comment for each building included on the list, and buildings are grouped according to neighborhood throughout the city. Entries in the survey range from the obvious grand mansions to typical summer cottages, and include the classic Boardwalk structures as well as many commercial and industrial buildings.

Copies of the Survey are available at local museums and bookshops for $3.50.

Mark the dates:
Next regular meeting: September 14, 4 pm
Annual Meeting: October 22

In Memoriam

The Historical Society lost two of its oldest & most dedicated members in the last year, Phyllis Patten and Fred Wagner.

Phyllis Bertolucci Patten died in April of 1976 at the age of 91. She had written and published several booklets on local history, served on the Historical Society Board as an officer on numerous occasions, and also served as a member of the City's Historic Preservation Commission.

Fred Wagner died in May of this year at the age of 98. He had a long and colorful career as a blacksmith in the Santa Cruz area; he also took an active interest in the Historical Society, and was a member for many many years. Wagner Grove in Harvey West Park was named in his honor.

Phyllis and Fred both participated in the Oral History project at UCSC, recording their experiences and impressions of early Santa Cruz for future reference. Both of them shared generously the richness of their long and productive lives.

Officers

President: Cynthia Mathews
Vice President: Virginia Sharp
Recording Secretary: Edith Fikes
Corresponding Secretary: John Leonard
Treasurer: Tom McCarthy
Board Members: Doni Tunheim, Barbara Morris, Skip Morris, Nikki Silva, "MJ" Vernier, Renie Leaman
October Meeting this Wednesday - 12th

Our regular meeting for October will be held on Wednesday, Oct. 12 at 4 pm in the Upstairs Meeting Room of the Public Library, 224 Church St.

There will be a brief business meeting, followed by refreshments. The program this month promises to be a fascinating and unusual one: An Illustrated Talk on the 1955 Flood in Santa Cruz. Basis for the program will be color slides and a text prepared by Howell Rummel for UCSC's Regional History Project.

Mr. Rummel, now 81, lived with his family in Santa Cruz for many many years. As he is unable to be with us in person on Wednesday, Virginia Sharp will present the commentary on the slides based on Mr. Rummel's text. Newcomers to the city should definitely take this chance to learn about an event that was so significant in the city's development; and old-timers will undoubtedly want to add their own recollections.

Gift of Phyllis Patten Books to Society

Nearly 350 copies of Phyllis Patten's book "Mission Santa Cruz" have recently been given to the Historical Society from her estate by her son, Paul Patten.

In making the generous gift, Mr. Patten acknowledged Phyllis's long association with the Historical Society, and expressed the hope that in this way the books would be distributed and appreciated as they should be.

The booklets, which sell for $1.50, will be available at local bookshops, museum shops, and Historical Society meetings.

INTENSE EXCITEMENT!

Annual Meeting set for October 29

Make plans NOW to attend the Historical Society's Annual Dinner, always a superb event! The meeting this year will be on Saturday, Oct. 29 (not the 22nd as originally planned). It will be held at Adolph's Restaurant Banquet Room, and will feature a sumptuous buffet at $7.00 per person. There will be a no-host bar beginning at 6:30, with dinner at 7:30.

The program will include presentation of officers for the coming year, and will of course be highlighted by presentation of Landmarks and Commendations by the Awards Committee.

The Annual Meeting is always a great occasion to visit with other members and friends from throughout the community. You are of course welcome to bring non-members, but reservations are limited, so please reserve early! Chai ng the event is Margaret Carter; for reservations or details call her at 423-1118.

New Membership Year Begins - Renew!

Our membership year officially ends this month. If you haven't already done so, please take just a minute to renew. You may include your membership dues ($5/person for the year) on the same check with your Annual Meeting reservations ($7/person) if you wish.
Public Hearing for County Historic Ord.

A public hearing on the County's proposed Historic Preservation Ordinance is scheduled before the Board of Supervisors on Tuesday, Oct. 11 at 9:30 am at the County Building.

The Santa Cruz County Society for Historic Preservation, which guided the drafting of the proposed ordinance, hopes for a large and supportive turn-out for the hearing. If you can come, please do; if you can't, try to get off a quick note to your supervisor expressing support.

At its September meeting, the Historical Society membership did vote officially to endorse passage of a Historic Ordinance by the County.

Map of Historic San Lorenzo Valley

A handsome fold-out "Guide to Historic San Lorenzo Valley" has recently been prepared and produced by the Santa Cruz County Historical Museum ... available at the Octagon.

Elliott's Santa Cruz County Reprinted

A detailed description of Santa Cruz County, published nearly 100 years ago, is once again available thanks to a course in local history at Cabrillo College.

The book, Wallace Elliott's Santa Cruz County, was first printed in 1879. Long out of print and a collector's item, it has now been reprinted for use as a text. It is available at the Cabrillo College Bookstore for $7.80 plus tax, or at the Octagon for slightly more.

To quote the title page of the original, the 102 page book includes "Illustrations Descriptive of its Scenery, Fine Residences, Public Buildings, Manufactory, Hotels, Farm Scenes, Business Houses, Churches, Mines, Mills, etc. (From Original Drawings by Artists of the Highest Ability) With Historical Sketch of the County."

This is a real gem, well worth getting! Thanks to Sandy Lydon, who teaches the class in S.C. County History, for having made the book available! From all indications, it will very quickly sell out, so act quickly. But if you miss it this time around, the book will be reprinted again next fall, and at a lower price at that.

Extension Classes on Victorian Era

Two classes focusing on the Victorian era are being offered by U.C. Extension this month.

The first is a weekend program in Santa Cruz on the topic Restoring Victorian Homes. The program will run Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 22 and 23, from 9 am to 5 pm, at Stevenson College, UCSC. Cost of the non-credit workshop is $50.

The second course is a weekend in Santa Cruz and Nevada City on the theme Popular Arts of the Victorians. Starting off with a Victorian concert in Santa Cruz on Friday evening, the course leaves Saturday morning for Nevada City. There will be a stop en route in Old Sacramento for lunch and a sampling of Victorian Theatre. Then on to Nevada City for Dinner and a concert at the American Victorian Museum. Sunday brings a full day of lecture/demonstrations by experts in art, music, and theatre.

Cost of the weekend is $115 for credit, or $105 non-credit.

For further information on either course, contact Julie Reak at UC Extension at 429-2821.

All-Day Meet for Area's Historical Groups

An all-day workshop and get-together for representatives of the many historical societies throughout the County has been planned for Oct. 22 by the Santa Cruz County Society for Historical Preservation, Inc.

The morning session, after registration and coffee, will include brief reports from 8 local historical societies, followed by an open discussion on directions for the future.

Following a brown-bag lunch, the afternoon session will feature a talk by a representative of the National Trust for Historic Preservation on the topic "The Role of Local Historical Societies in Preservation." Al Schadel, Coordinator of the Santa Cruz County Museum, will also discuss "Valencia Hall: Past, Present and Future."

Historic Valencia Hall in Aptsad will be the location for the meeting, which has been organized under the direction of Louise Cain, current president of the County group. For further information, contact Louise at 436-0677.
HELP's Collectible Show Oct 14-16

It's almost here; the Collectible Show to benefit HELP, scheduled for October 14 through 16 at the Civic Auditorium.

Coordinator for the event Renie Leaman reminds us that there will be 35 dealers from throughout the state in a wide variety of fields. Admission to the show is $1.

As an additional fund-raiser at the time of the show, HELP is raffling off an elaborate, custom-made doll house with many period touches included. Tickets are $1 each, or 6/$5.

For further information on the show or raffle, or if you'd like to help, call Renie at 426-3259.

State & National Preservation Groups

If your interest in historic preservation goes beyond the local level, there are two groups at the state and national levels which might especially warrant your attention.

Californians for Preservation Action is a statewide group whose main interests are following and reporting on state-level legislation affecting preservation, and promoting communication among the various groups throughout the state working in this field. The organization puts out an attractive, informative newsletter on a quarterly basis. Membership is $15/ year: CPA, PO Box 2169, Sacramento, CA 95810.

National Trust for Historic Preservation is a national, non-profit group chartered by congress to promote preservation throughout the country. Activities include the maintenance of several historic properties, publications, consulting services to communities, awards, and grants. The Trust publishes a very attractive quarterly magazine, as well as a more frequent newsletter. Membership is in a variety of categories, starting at $15/year. Address to National Trust, 740 Jackson Place, NW, Washington, DC 20006.

Paintings of Local Historic Homes

Historic homes of Santa Cruz are the subject for 50 paintings by local artist Gloria Benedetti Seneres, in an exhibit set to run October 8 - November 19. The show, which is open to the public, is located at The Kite Shop, 123 Pearl Alley (behind Woolworth's); hours are 10-5, Tues. through Saturday.

Gloria is a member of the Historical Society, and welcomes other members to drop by and enjoy the exhibit.

Notecards Feature Art of Historic Scenes

Handsome notecards of historic Santa Cruz area scenes are versatile and distinctive, whether for everyday personal use or for gifts for the upcoming holiday season.

One series, created by long-time Society member Hulda McClean, is available at local stationery shops. It features pen-and-ink drawings either in plain black and white, or in individually hand-colored series.

Another set of cards is available at the Octagon Museum on Cooper Street. Re-produced from meticulous pen-and-ink drawings by former Museum staff member Theresa O'Neill, the cards may be bought individually or in sets. Sales benefit the Octagon.
Historic Archaeology Program Series

The Santa Cruz Archaeology Society has been sponsoring an intriguing series of programs on the theme of Historic Archeology. Two of the five programs remain to be held.

October 13: Lost Mission - Ventura: Excavation and treasure hunting are contrasted at Mission San Buenaventura (1782). Also Digging for Black Pride: A class of school children in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant area use archeological and historical research to piece together the history of Weeksville, a self-sufficient black community of the early 19th century. Both are movies.

October 20: One Pony Express Station in Nevada - Excavation and Analysis: Talk by Dr. Diane Gifford of UCSC.

The programs will be held at the Santa Cruz City Museum (by the beach), 1305 East Cliff Drive, from 7:30 - 9 pm. They are open to the public free of charge.

Also of interest: at the Archeological Society's General meeting on Thursday, Nov. 17, Bill Roop and Kathy Flynn will speak on recent Archaeological Research on Santa Cruz's historic Mission Hill. This meeting will also be at 7:30 pm at the Museum.

Branciforte Library Anniversary Program

The Branciforte Branch Library at 230 Gault St. is celebrating its 10th anniversary, and Librarian Alvarda Orlando has put together a fascinating series of programs to mark the occasion.

The program, all open to the public free of charge, includes:

Saturday, Oct. 8, 2:00 pm
SANDY LYDON, Chrm. of the Cabrillo College Social Science Dept., will present a panoramic view of East Santa Cruz history.
RENIE LEبان, Pres. of HELP, will give an illustrated talk pioneers buried in Evergreen cemetery, with an emphasis on Eastside.

Tuesday, Oct. 11, 7:30 pm
ED SUNDBERG, Cabrillo College English Dept., will speak on techniques of Oral History.

Saturday, Oct. 15, 1:00 pm
ADA BELLE MCGEE of the Santa Cruz Genealogical Society will conduct a workshop on dating & identifying old photos. Please feel free to bring along some of your own.

Tuesday, Oct. 18, 7:30 pm
VIRGINIA EVerson, local author, will give suggestions on how to weave your own facts into a good story.