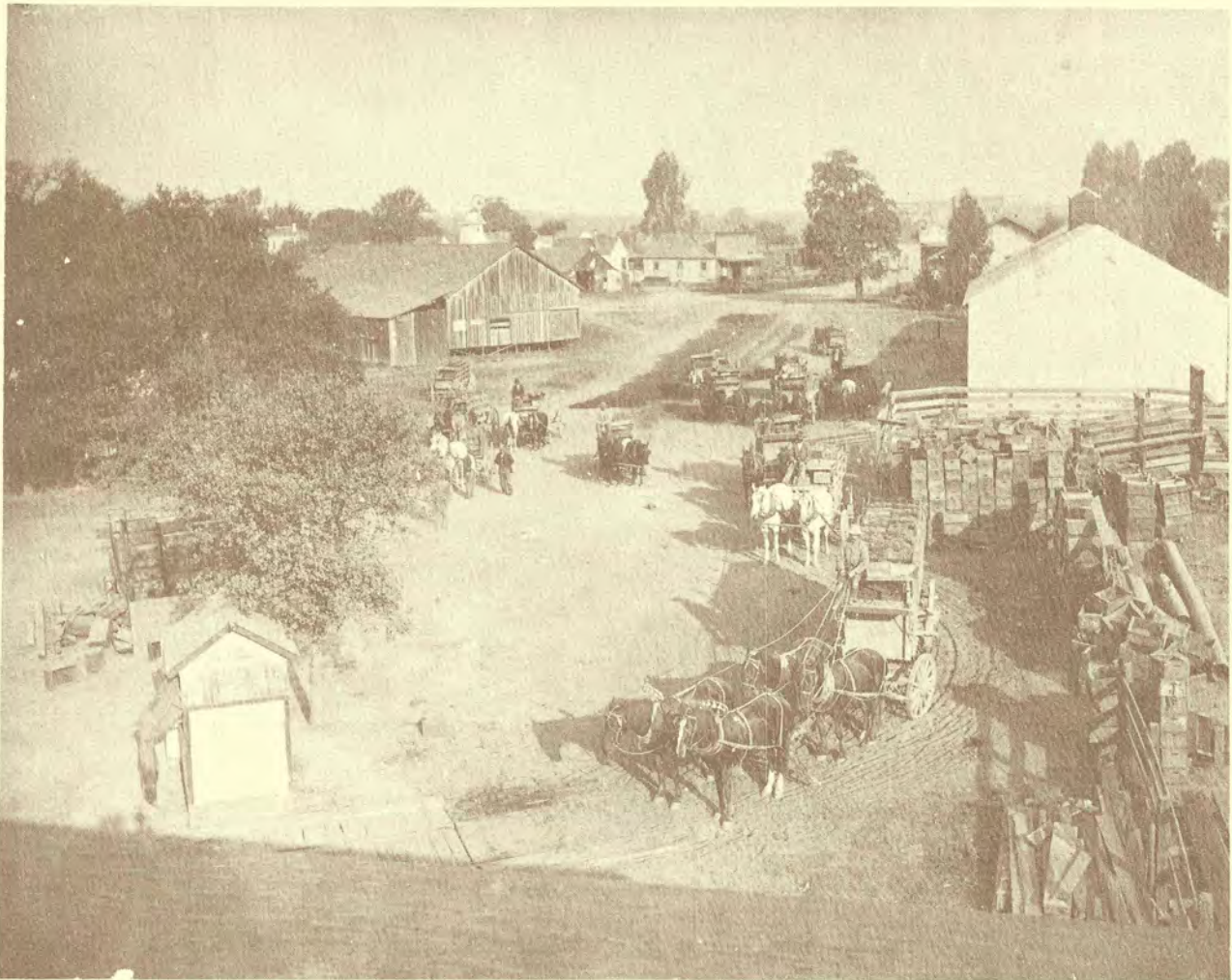


RUSSIAN RIVER RECORDER

Published by
HEALDSBURG HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OCTOBER / NOVEMBER 1980



"Hauling grapes from the Blackburn Ranch, now known as the Bishop Ranch, to Windsor to be crushed. Driver of 1st wagon is Marshall McCracken, second wagon, James Thurman. (formerly the Emily Hopkins Estate - was White "O" Ranch before Bishop Ranch)

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Post Office Box 952, Healdsburg, Calif. 95448

Issue No. 18

October/November, 1980

*****PLEASE ATTEND OUR NOVEMBER 20, 1980 MEETING - ELECTION NIGHT*****

On Thursday evening, November 20th, election of officers will take place. Following the nominating committee's report and announcement of the names of those people they have chosen as candidates to serve on the Board of Directors for the year 1981, members will be given an opportunity to make nominations from the floor. Election will then take place, with the new officers assuming duties at the January 1981 meeting.

AND THE PROGRAM.....well, we think you'll like it. Frank Sternad, who has given a previous program, will speak on "Civil War Taxes on Patent Medicines." Mr. Sternad is publishing a book on the subject of patent medicines and was the winner of a national award for the best research article on antique glass. At the present time Mr. Sternad, a practicing pharmacist in the Larkfield area, is President of the Northwest Bottle Collector's Association. He is a collector of primitives, New England furniture, as well as other collectibles. We're sure you'll enjoy his color slide presentation on proprietary stamps. Vice President Francis Ritz has arranged for this program. AND NATURALLY, refreshments will be enjoyed (a special surprise) following the meeting, as prepared by Hospitality Chairman Frances Etchell.

NOW DON'T FORGET - WE'LL SEE YOU AT 7:30 P.M. SHARP ON NOVEMBER 20TH!

* * * * *

Officers and Directors of the
HEALDSBURG HISTORICAL SOCIETY

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Francis Branern...President | Alice Grove.....Corresp. Sect'y. |
| Francis Ritz.....Vice President | Robert C. Jones...Director |
| E.B. Christensen..Treasurer | Major Phillips...Director |
| Norma Voss.....Recording Sect'y. | Frances Etchell...Director |
| | Jan Harrison.....Director |

Newsletter Editor: Jan Harrison

VISITING THE GEYSERS

Sunday, July 13, 1980

Today, at the invitation of Bernice Auradou and her son "Bill," my wife Zelma and I, together with eight mutual friends, motored up Pine Flat Road (a steep and twisty one), proceeding in a northerly direction from our City of Healdsburg for a distance of about twelve miles, which brought us to our objective, a hunting lodge owned and used by the late Clem Auradou and his family.

This is the headquarters of the "Auradou (et al) Bull Pine Hunting Club," a domain with a thousand acres of spectacular views. We enjoyed ourselves so much that we simply must record the experience, for future reminiscence, in the following passages.

The location is nestled high on a precipitous plot of ground hidden amongst the oak and pine trees which thrive in the rugged and rock-bound territory of Geyser Peak Mountain; there we found the three-room "headquarters" sitting solidly on its secure foundation, somehow seeming to beckon us to come in and partake of its hospitality. At this point, the cabin is clinging to a peak over 2000 feet elevation above the level of the Pacific Ocean, some forty miles west as the crow flies.

THE CABIN

The cabin, a rustic habitat, is furnished with two double beds, a refreshment bar, long dining table with chairs, two electric refrigerators, plastic flooring, high ceilings and glass-paned drop-windows on three sides of the comfortable structure.

THE BAKE OVEN

Out of doors, we observed and examined an old-style wood-burning bake oven built of brick many years ago, with a 16-inch square iron door for stoking the fire and removing the ashes. The meat hangs from an open griddle inside the hot oven - all put together and preserved by Clem and his partners, Ernest Frandsen and Floyd Beffa.

CLEM'S HOBBY

It may be noted here that Clem's hobby had been that of a "Big-Party" cook and chef in his own right during his spare time, and in particular for the Sonoma County Bar Association's Annual Picnics on the grounds of Milt and Mary Brandt fronting along the Russian River. Clem was assisted by the Briggs brothers, Ernie Frandsen, and sundry eager helpers in the more menial tasks of preparation and serving of food and drinks, said helpers being otherwise accustomed to great pomp and circumstance because of their good reputations of importance.

Speaking of this, we must not forget to elucidate on the auspicious attendance of His Honor, the late Hilliard Comstock, Judge of the Superior Court. Clem always invited the Judge and caused him to be seated on a square box marked "BENCH," which was expeditiously located for propitious winding of the spit, a pointed rod on which the meat was turned and toasted by the Judge in his own inimitable style - leisurely and with great dignity.

In the Judge's benevolent defense, we hasten to add and aver that most of the so-called "officers" on such occasions verily believed (and let no man dare deny) that their magistrate of the law personified and imparted dignity and respectability to any task he was obliged to perform - on or off the bench - either while presiding

at the trial of a wanton criminal or with great finesse infusing a magic flavor into the very meat he alone was privileged to turn and toast on the spit for the officers of his court.

These performances at the picnic were all in great fun, and it brings real pleasure to recall the friendly activities and "shenanigans" of those purely social events. Let us now return to the theme of our story.

SMALL BONFIRES

Leaving the cabin, we drive northerly up to the summit of the mountain where we beheld, halfway around the perimeter of their thousand-acre hunting area, puffs of white steam rising from the surface of the earth, resembling small bonfires, scattered at random over the entire domain. While looking easterly, we were able to locate abandoned Socrates quicksilver mining property, and westerly rose the famous Geysers Peak Mountain. A stirring and impressive view.

ACT OF GOD

Surely it must be possible and perhaps we should believe that the energy drawn from the earth's internal heat must have been a generous and tender provision of God for His human family! This is a much more comforting answer, which gives us warmth, as contrasted to the cold physical tables, facts and figures - and conjecture - which the scientists and engineers must bring to bear in their explanations of the phenomena at the Geysers.

In various places throughout the world, mankind is bringing this benevolence into service for heat and the generation of electrical power. On the local scene, various companies supply the steam power to PG&E for the operation of their generators. The entire complex is the only one of its kind in the United States, and is the largest geothermal plant in the world.

I recently visited the local office of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company and was given a four-page brochure entitled "THE GEYSERS", with a subcaption "How Earth's Steam is Captured to Make Electricity." Quoting from it:

"The Geysers Power Plant is the only one of its kind in commercial operation in the United States; and since 1973 it has been the largest geothermal plant in the world - with expansion continuing!

Wells up to two miles deep have been drilled to tap the natural steam. The steam is piped to a number of moderate-sized generating units dotting the hillsides in Sonoma and Lake Counties.

By 1983, it is expected that 18 units at the Geysers will generate 1,248,000 kilowatts of electricity. That will be about 6 to 8 percent of PG&E's total generating capacity and enough power to serve a city of approximately one million people."

"SLEEPY HOLLOW" Tranquility

It could happen, with the burgeoning increase in the activities of PG&E and possibly others, that our little community could become a bustling industrialized phenomenon, as the automobile did for- and to - Detroit's metropolitan area. Let us not be surprised if the area explodes with such activity because of the Geysers and other

* * * * * *CONGRATULATIONS TO MEMBER WILLIAM R. "BILL" LUCIUS* * * * * *

Unable to attend many of our functions due to various county, state and national commitments, Colonel Lucius has always been one of our Society's strongest supporters and is one of our 1976 Charter Members.

We are all well aware of the fact that Healdsburg would not have its present bus system had it not been for Mr. Lucius. His efforts paid off during the many years he served on the City Council (and especially in his capacity as Mayor), and the bus service in Healdsburg he envisioned became a reality.

To quote the October 1980 issue of "Transactions", "Transportation is a way of life for MTC's newly elected Chairman, William R. "Bill" Lucius."

Mr. Lucius has led, and continues to lead, a busy, interesting and extremely productive life. He has traveled on ships, planes, buses, tanks, rickshaws and even jeepneys. After twenty-five years of service in the United States Marine Corps, Mr. Lucius retired as a Colonel in 1956. Since that time he has served on countless committees, including the Regional Transportation Committee of the Association of Bay Area Governments from 1966 to 1971, during which time he was directly involved in transportation planning for the nine Bay Area counties. In his capacity as a District Director of the Golden Gate Bridge, Highway and Transportation District and Chairman of that District's Governmental Affairs Committee from 1971 to 1978, he was instrumental in assuring that Golden Gate District's services included services to Sonoma County. Mr. Lucius was appointed by former California Governor Ronald Reagan to the State Transportation Board in 1973, and he served as Chairman from 1975 to 1977. During that time the transportation goals and objectives of the State Transportation Plan were accepted and delivered to the State Legislature.

It would not be difficult to fill an entire page listing the various committees Mr. Lucius has served on in the field of transportation. He is an expert in the field, and the Metropolitan Transportation Commission is fortunate in having him serve as their new Chairman.

Appreciation is extended to Mr. Lucius for his interest in the City of Healdsburg and its transit system. Bill and his wife May have traveled to many areas over the past several years - but fortunately, we are able to say they call Healdsburg their home.

Editor's Note: In a recent telephone conversation with Mr. Lucius I congratulated him on his recent appointment. In past years, while working for the City of Healdsburg and with Mr. Lucius, I learned to know and respect him as a strong, serious leader in whatever he undertakes. He has given numerous hours of his time and energy for the City whenever and wherever it was needed. There is another side to this person which reveals kindness, sincerity and generosity. I consider him to be both a true and loyal friend.

From "Tales of Sonoma County"
by Dr. William C. Shipley, and
Published by the Sonoma County
Historical Society, June, 1965
comes the following:

CROPS

From the earliest days, cattle, horses, mules, hogs, sheep, and a few goats were the principal animal products, with wheat, corn, oats, barley, stock beets, and pumpkins for stock feed and domestic use, along with fruit and garden vegetables. The grape and the production of good dry wines was another early industry, along with hops making up a secondary crop.

As the climate in summer was warmer in those days, corn grew tall, watermelons, pumpkins, and squashes grew gigantic, some so large it took two men to load them into a farm wagon. Hundreds of acres of tall field corn grew in many parts of the County. Many farmers would plant every fifth row in their corn to cow pumpkins, while others planted whole fields to pumpkins and squashes to be stored for winter stock feed for cattle and hogs.

In the dry hot days of fall, after the crops had been harvested, small whirlwinds would frequently be seen crossing a field or coming down the dusty roads; when they crossed a corn field they would lift dust, dried corn leaves and other detritus in a spinning mass high in the air. They were spectacular, but did no harm for they were only miniature cyclones. The faster they would spin, the higher into the sky they mounted.

In those days nearly every farmer raised a few hogs, had a smoke house and cured their own hams and bacon. Some would jerk and dry beef, make corned beef and pork for the winter's use. Corn cobs were used as fuel to make the necessary smoke. Corn was shelled by hand or by horsepower shellers and in cases where the crop was small, by hand, rubbing two ears together, or with a corn cob or by placing a spade or shovel upside down over the edge of a tub or half barrel, the operator sitting stride of the handle to hold it in place. The corn was shelled by drawing the ear across the edge of the spade from heel to tip, which caused the kernels to come off and fall into the receptacle. This process was repeated until all the corn was removed from the cob. Bushels and bushels of corn would be shelled in this manner.

Many farmers killed and dressed their own beef and mutton, sharing with their neighbors their excess who, in turn, when they killed, would return the compliment. In this way a supply of fresh meat was maintained as there was no means of refrigeration outside the old-fashioned underground cellars. To keep milk and butter in good condition, many housewives would put them in a bucket and let it down into the open well.

HAY

Most farmers stowed their hay loose in the pig barns which was sprinkled with stock salt as it was placed in the hay mow to keep it from molding and make it more edible by the stock. It also prevented spontaneous combustion. Some would, after filling their barn, make great stacks on high ground and let the stock feed at will. A few farmers baled their hay with the old-fashioned horsepowered hay press, tying the bale with bale rope. These bales were not compact and solid as is the hay baled by the modern high-powered lightning car press, but they served the purpose and made good sweet hay.

ALL PHOTO CREDITS FOR THIS ISSUE ARE GIVEN TO THE EDWIN LANGHART MUSEUM



"CANNERY WORKERS"
Magnolia Cannery - started 1888. T.S.Merchant Proprietor - sold in 1896.



Miller and Hotchkiss Dry Yard

* * * HOW ALBERT POPPED THE QUESTION * * *

Albert Dingle was seated by the big log fire in old Si Lawrence's living room; at the opposite side of the hearth, all resplendent in her best bib and tucker, sat pretty Polly, old Si's youngest and only remaining daughter. Albert was sparking Polly and had been doing so every night since last October. It was now almost spring - in fact, the March storm was at its height and without the wind howled and the rain beat in sympathy with the desolation in his soul.

Albert was a young man of few words but an ardent lover. He would sit by the fire at a safe distance from the lady of his desire, and gaze in rapture at her, with but an occasional comment on his, or a timid yes or no in answer to a question on the part of the fair one, with long and oppressive silences between. He was what you might call an habitual lover for he had sparked a new girl in the same quiet manner every winter for the past ten years, and had become the joke in the neighborhood - some folks went so far as to assert that if he did not succeed in catching Polly he would be doomed to be an old bachelor, for he had worn out his welcome with all the other girls in the Dry Creek Valley by his long continued silent wooing.

On this particular evening Albert had been even more silent and thoughtful than ever, for he was revolving the momentous question in his mind how he could screw up his courage to break the glad tidings of great joy to Polly of his love and ask her to be his wife. His courage was rising and falling like the waves of the sea, at one time the words trembled on his lips only to sink again into the bottomless pit of despair as a wave of timidity would overwhelm him.

It was now past midnight and Albert picked up his old green umbrella from beside the mantel piece to prepare for his departure - he never left before midnight unless requested, it had been his custom through all these years of silent courtship.

Awkwardly poising the umbrella in Polly's direction, his face set and pale, his feet fidgeting nervously as a waive of heroic effort welled up in his being, he made a thrust at Polly as though he would stab her in the heart with the metal tip of the old umbrella and at the same time saying in a hoarse whisper, through the great lump in his throat that he was trying to swallow, "Polly, I'd like to poke you."

"Why, Albert! Why would you like to poke me?" said Polly, blushing and almost overcome by this sudden flow of speech. "Cause you won't marry me," cried Albert in a firmer tone, his courage now rising higher. "You'd never asked me," cooed Polly, greatly relieved. "Well, I asks you now," said Albert, almost shouting with joy, and the agony was over. They were married the following June, and lived happily together for over forty years.

Healdsburg Enterprise: Sept. 11, 1889

The old adobe building situated on the Bailhache ranch, east of town, and formerly used as a dwelling, is being overhauled and repaired preparatory to converting it into a winery. The very best machinery and the most experienced hands will be employed in manufacturing the wine. About 60,000 gallons of tanking will be placed in the cellar.

Don't forget to pick up a copy of VINTAGE MEMORIES at the Langhart Museum. This has proven to be an extremely popular book. Any questions, ask Pat Schmidt.

A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF A MUSEUM
AND ITS OPERATION

(This is Part III of a series of articles based on information researched by the editor:)

Security is the most important consideration in the administration of any museum. (Next is cleanliness).¹ Security embraces the protection of the museum buildings, its contents, its staff, and its visitors. It includes the care of the collections, insurance against severe financial loss, and physical security (protection against theft, fire, and vandalism).

Museums, by their very nature, must be security conscious. Insurance is a poor substitute for preventive measures because the value of museum collections cannot really be expressed in financial terms. In guarding against theft, carelessness, and vandalism, the museum is placed in an awkward position because good public relations are so important to it. The museum wants to welcome all kinds of people in great numbers and to make them feel "at home." While being friendly and hospitable, the museum must also prevent any damage and disturbance the visitor might cause.

Some museums feel unjustifiably safe from potential dangers. This is partly because not all losses to museums are publicized, certainly not nationally. Yet Joseph Chapman pointed out that in 1964 there were "daily between four and six thefts of art items valued at \$5,000 or more."² As art values rise, thefts will probably continue to increase. Newspapers frequently carry stories of thefts of art from private collectors and from museums. Almost every issue of a museum periodical carries notices of thefts. Directors of small museums in remote locations cannot reassure themselves that such thievery occurs only in cities. It is worldwide and becoming steadily more serious. Museum thefts have nearly doubled in recent years.

Thieves are removing ancient statues and paintings from the temples and museums of India. A story in the Los Angeles Times in the spring of 1969 stated that foreign collectors and tourists are removing stolen goods from the country. Police arrested an American professor and his wife as they were taking aboard ship 37 rare miniature paintings stolen a few months earlier from a \$2 million collection in the museum of the Maharajah of Jaipur. The professor said that he had purchased the items in good faith at the residence of the curator of a museum. One hundred sixteen pieces of ancient jewelry were taken from the National Museum in New Delhi, according to the story, and statues of gods as tall as 30 feet were sawed out of their niches.

According to the Ecclesiastical Insurance Office, a church in England is robbed or desecrated every day. Authorities believe that organized crime syndicates are shipping silver, armor, and other kinds of antiques to the United States, where they bring high prices. Organized thievery is rampant in Italy, where churches are being robbed almost daily of art treasures. In the first three months of 1972, 1,598 art objects were stolen from churches and museums, and each year an estimated \$10 million worth of archaeological objects are removed from the country.³

To be continued next issue.....

1. Douglas A. Allan, "The Staff," The Organization of Museums: Practical Advice, Museums and Monuments Series, No. IX (Paris: UNESCO, 1960), p. 63
2. Caroline E. Keck et al., A Primer on Museum Security (Cooperstown: New York State Historical Association, 1966), p.1.
3. G. Ellis Burcaw, Introduction to Museum Work, 1976.

OCTOBER FEST - On October 18th great flocks of people gathered at the Plaza to enjoy the October Fest. Museum Curator Hannah Clayborn and her crew of workers were on the site ready to explain the exhibit of antique farm equipment. These "strange" objects stimulated the curiosity of many beholders who have never before set eyes on the items that were displayed. Appreciation is extended to those persons who allowed their collector's items to be on loan, with a special thank you to Dwight Richardson. For those who enjoy sightseeing from a moving vehicle there was a hayride which journeyed about the neighboring City streets. A good time was had by all, and many thanks go to all those who participated on behalf of the Healdsburg Historical Society and the Edwin Langhart Museum.

The exhibit presently on display at the Museum is "FAMILIES". Do drop by - perhaps you will find your family name or photos on view.

There will be another "CHRISTMAS SHOW" on display in the Museum, and this change should take place the latter part of this month. Last year it was a real hit with everyone. Hannah puts a great deal of effort into her many duties at the Museum. Recently Hannah was hired by the City of Healdsburg on a full-time basis, thus allowing her additional hours to complete her many tasks.

In glancing back through previously published Russian River Recorders, it was noted that Mr. Langhart had made a special plea. Since his message was printed in our very first publication (July 1976) it might be well to reprint his comments, which follow:

"THERE IS A WEALTH OF HISTORICAL MATERIAL IN THE COMMUNITY THAT SHOULD, IN TIME, BE MADE A PART OF THE COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM. ALL MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY ARE URGED TO LOOK FOR ITEMS THAT WERE A PART OF OUR LOCAL HISTORY AND TO ARRANGE, IF POSSIBLE, FOR THE EVENTUAL TRANSFER OF THIS MATERIAL TO THE MUSEUM."

In consideration of Mr. Langhart's wishes and desires, members are urged to comply with his request. If you wish to donate items to the Langhart Museum, or if you have questions regarding items previously donated, please contact the Curator, Hannah Clayborn, at either 433-4717 or 433-9362. Your consideration is greatly appreciated.

REMINDER: Don't forget that our stationery depicting four beautiful scenes of Healdsburg is on sale at the Museum and the Country Store for only \$1.00. This note paper has been very popular and they make unique Christmas cards.

The Healdsburg Historical Society gratefully acknowledges contributions made to the Memorial Fund in memory of:

MELVIN FLOHR
DOROTHY WILSON
MARTHA DAVIS

Do you know the Botanical Name of the popular Holiday Bush known for its bright red berries?

It is Mountain Holly - or botanically, *Heteromeles arbutifolia*.
A real tongue twister!

The Cloverdale Historical Society is in the process of putting together a book of that area. If you feel you can contribute to this endeavor, please contact the following member of their Society: Jack Howell, 124 Broad Street, Cloverdale 95425, Phone: 894-2246. This must be done soon, as this project is nearing completion.

Healdsburg Tribune
Sept. 21, 1916

A recent development of the local "wet" and "dry" campaign, has arisen in connection with an examination, by the "wets" of the petitions for placing the propositions upon the official ballot.

Copies of the original petitions have been obtained and it is said that a number of people who sought employment in the hop and grape industries have failed to secure employment, or lost it after having obtained it, because their names were on these petitions.

It is said that the boycott has been carried so far as to prevent the sale of certain crops of grapes, because members of the families of some growers signed the petitions, presumably without full knowledge of the intent of the documents.

Healdsburg Tribune
Nov. 2, 1916

Grape-Growers and the Saloon

The fight against both prohibition amendments has been made in the name of, and by, the grape growers of California. They have been used as the goat by the saloon interests. The saloon itself is too wise to appear before the public on its own merits. So they hide behind the grape-growing industry. Yet if all the Saloons in California were closed, it would not divert the sale of 100,000 gallons of wine. Wine is not used in saloons.

In fact, only a small proportion of wine is used in the state at all. Of the 41,000,000 gallons produced in 1914, only 2,000,000 were used in California. All the rest was exported.....

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Healdsburg Tribune
Dec. 21, 1916

A GOOD-SIZED PIG

Sol Patterson of Alexander Valley sold last week, to Moore & Yanglin of Healdsburg, a year-old pig that weighed 635 pounds. Mr. Patterson raised the pig at his ranch in the valley. He received a check for \$35.10 for the pig.

Healdsburg Tribune
Dec. 21, 1916

Luther Burbank will become the husband of his private secretary Miss Elizabeth Waters, today, according to the Santa Rosa Republican.

THE NEW OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS (WHICH MAKE UP OUR HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS) WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR ATTENDANCE AT OUR NEXT, AND FINAL MEETING OF THIS YEAR - NOVEMBER 20, 1980, COMMENCING AT 7:30 P.M. --- HAPPY THANKSGIVING TO ALL!



Apple packing at John F. Miller & Sons, Grant Street.
(Phoebe Enzenauer, 3rd from left, standing)



Matt Huges, driver, delivering hops - Wohler Ranch. Circa 1910