

# RUSSIAN RIVER



R E C O R D E R



Rod Matheson c. 1852

HEALDSBURG MUSEUM AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SPRING 1989

ISSUE 35



# EDITOR'S DESK

# Museum News

Lately Museum and Historical Society workers have been suffering from a weird combination of anticipation and dread. We are joyfully anticipating our relocation to the "brand new" old Carnegie building this summer, but are simply dreading the work and staggering logistics involved in actually moving and setting up the new Museum. Likewise, we are excitedly planning all our wonderful new exhibits, but are loosing sleep worrying that there won't be enough money to build exhibits at all. Such is the state of a group of people about to embark on a great new enterprise.

It seemed appropriate to make the subject of this issue a similarly large and uncertain enterprise: a voyage from New York to California via Cape Horn in 1849. Recently the Museum conserved and transcribed a very special collection of letters donated by Nina von Tillow. Nina is the great granddaughter of Colonel Roderick Matheson, and the collection of his letters home to his wife "Netty" (Antoinette) between 1849 and 1862 constitute a fascinating personal account of the gold rush migration to California. We found them so fascinating that we decided to share them with our readers.

The Matheson letters will appear as the feature article in this issue and as a sub-feature in our next few issues. We hope that you enjoy reading them as much as we enjoyed preserving them for posterity.

*Editor* ..... *Hannah M. Clayborn*  
*Staff* ..... *Diane Johannsen*  
*Design* ..... *Chris Biagi*  
*Cover Illustration* ..... *Art Read*  
*Typesetting* ..... *Cathryn Fairlee*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<b>A California Adventure</b>	
The Matheson Letters, Part 1 .....	<b>3</b>
<b>Historical Society Notes</b> .....	<b>9</b>
<b>Museum News</b> .....	<b>1</b>

The news is that the museum is moving, finally, to its new home. Packing and reorganizing are now going on in preparation for a two-phase move starting in mid-May. The historic records and stored items will be moved to the ground floor of the Carnegie building while construction is proceeding on the Exhibit platforms and cases on the upper (main) floor. We hope that all exhibit case construction will be completed by late July, 1989. Our goal for the opening of the new museum in the Carnegie building is set for fall, 1989.

The main structural restoration of the new facility is now almost completed. A special preview of the building was held on May 12. Visitors were able to inspect the newly resurfaced walls, woodwork, and molding. They were able to experience the advantages of all new electrical wiring, plumbing, heating and air conditioning. Of more interest to those who remembered the old library, was the the lovely new staircase, the new elevator and downstairs handicap access door, and the enlarged new bathrooms. The entire building, inside and out, feels new, but retains the charm and seasoned elegance that its age has earned.

The museum will attempt to stay open at its old location for as long as possible during the move. We now anticipate that the Museum will be open for business (at 132 Matheson Street Next to City Hall) until mid-June, 1989.

## Museum Wish List

We now have a beautifully restored facility for the museum. Soon we will have lovely new display cases and platforms. But there are still many things that the Museum needs to improve its collections or furnish the building, that we cannot now afford. Maybe you have some of these items around the house, and were just waiting for someone to ask for them. Maybe you don't have them, but you know where we could get them, for next-to-nothing! Anyway, it never hurts to ask.



We wish we may, we wish it so, to have the things we list below:

### *Historic Artifacts*

All items relating to Healdsburg's past, but especially:

- items pertaining to the Pomo and Wappo Indians in the area: weapons and tools, photographs, hopper mortar baskets, feathered or decorated baskets, work baskets
- items pertaining to the Hispanic period in California especially: a "Californio" or Mexican saddle and horsegear (1830-1860), clothing especially authentic serape or sombrero (1840-1880), photographs, and objects related to Fitch and Pina families (owners of Sotoyome and Tzabaco Ranchos)
- early homesteading and agricultural tools 1845-1880
- early business signs (1860-1900)
- quilts made in Sonoma county or brought to Sonoma County (1850-1910)

### *Equipment*

- computer: Macintosh
- laser printer
- microfilm copier
- copier that can reduce and enlarge

### *Furniture*

- legal size file cabinets in good repair
- high quality metal flat files for Museum Maps
- desk for Curator (maybe 1900-1920 to match existing chair; medium size for a miniature office)

### *Museum:*

132 Matheson Street (until June 15, 1989)  
221 Matheson Street (after June 15, 1989)  
Healdsburg, CA 95448  
431-3325  
Hannah M. Clayborn  
Director/Curator

## **More Donors to the Carnegie Restoration/ New Museum Project**

In our last issue we published a list of all the generous people who donated money to help restore the 1910 Carnegie Library building, future home of the museum. Following is a list of those who donated to the project since that time, or who were not on that first list:

### *Patrons*

In Memory of Edwin Langhart  
(Herbert and Eladore Lynch)

Carter Larsen Vineyards

Aetna Life and Casualty/Milt Brandt Insurance

George and Margaret Grasso

### *Sponsors*

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Haley

Mazzocco Vineyards

### *Donors*

James and Norma Voss

Robert E. Marmor

E. O. Pedroia and Wilma Getchell  
(in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Edrington)

Michael D. Atkins

## **Artifact Donations**

The following people have donated artifacts to the Museum collection since we last published this feature:

Margery Allen  
Norma Austin  
Louise Barbosa  
Mr. and Mrs. Perry Beeson  
Elizabeth Bousman  
Francis Branern  
Mrs. Gridley Clement  
Bessie Cunningham  
Benny Gagliardo  
Mrs. George Greeott  
Doug Hassett  
Mildred Howie  
Johanna James  
Lila Johnson  
Alison Lehman  
Bob McCaffrey  
Jeanette Merino  
Mrs. Robert Meyer  
Barclay Nalley

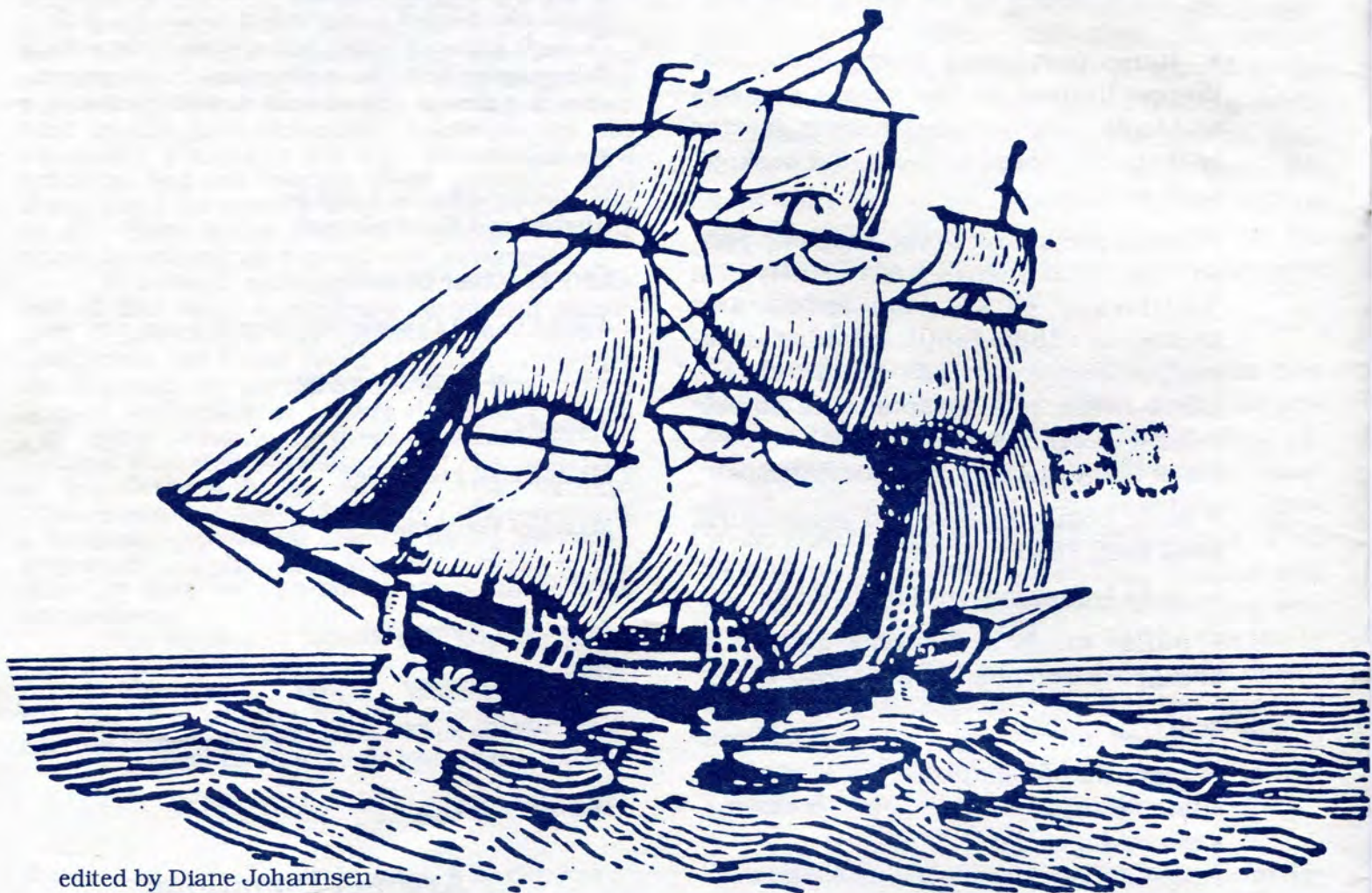
American Legion  
Mrs. Frank Balbi  
Helendale Barrett  
Sharik Boekee  
Anita Bower  
Daniel Campbell  
Maude Cummings  
Rollo Darby  
Cliff Gellerman  
Healdsburg Tribune  
Gertrude Hendricks  
Barbara Iverson  
Robert Jensen  
Bob & June Jones  
Roy Low  
Rudy Meier  
Addie Marie Meyer  
Fern Naber  
Betty Neill

Continued on page 10



# A CALIFORNIA ADVENTURE

## The Matheson Letters, Part 1



edited by Diane Johannsen

The collection of letters written by Colonel Roderick N. Matheson begin with his departure for the frontier of California on January 22, 1849. His departure point was Sandy Hook, a peninsula in east central New Jersey, about 15 miles south of Manhattan. His last sight of land, as mentioned in the second letter were the "Highlands of Never Sink", a borough in Monmouth County, New Jersey, on Sandy Hook Bay (the place where Henry Hudson first landed in 1609).

Rod Matheson himself admitted that his readers were "better scholars than myself". To give you a feeling for his "non-standardized" spelling and grammar we have reproduced his first short note, written before he actu-

ally sailed, exactly as it was penned. That means that misspellings are intact and punctuation appears exactly as it was (not) written. In the subsequent letters we have corrected spelling, added at least a gross of commas, and (rarely) restructured sentences for reader convenience.

### Biographical Notes

Roderick N. Matheson was born in 1825 in Inverness, Scotland. Having emigrated to New York City in 1840, he married Antoinette Seaman ( "Netty" ) of that city in 1844. Catching Gold Fever, he sailed to San Francisco in 1849. He spent some time in the mines, then moved to San Francisco, where he became very active in civic and political affairs.

Matheson served as a General in a division of the Mexican Army and resident Commissioner of Mexico in San Francisco, served as the first comptroller of the City of San Francisco, and helped found the Farmer's and Mechanic's Institute, one of the first schools in that city.

In 1856, at the age of 31, he moved his family to Healdsburg, purchasing 300 acres on the east side of town. Not content with becoming a successful farmer, Matheson helped found and taught in Healdsburg's first school, the Russian River Institute, and soon after the first college, the Agricultural and Mechanical University of California. He was also a prime mover in most local civic and political affairs of that era.



*In 1861, expecting a political appointment from President Lincoln, he traveled to Washington D.C., at the outbreak of the Civil War volunteered instead in the Union Army. He soon earned the rank of first Colonel of the First California Regiment. Sustaining mortal injuries, he died October 2, 1862, and was brought home to Healdsburg's Oak Mound Cemetery.*

*Of his six children, only three survived infancy. His wife, Netty, died in 1884. His granddaughter, Nina Luce Rose, died in Healdsburg several years ago, and his great granddaughter, Nina von Tillow divides her time between Healdsburg and Canada.*

§ § §

On Board of the Ship Pacific  
Just getting under way and  
putting out of Sandy Hook

Jan. 22, 1849

My Dear Wife

We started at 20 Minutes to 9. O'clock in the steamboat Jas Farley and ran down to the S.W. Spit in about 2 1/2 hours but we were not successful in finding the ship for some time as there was not any one on board that had gone down with her but after about 1 hour costing we found her and were transferred immediately from S. Boat to the Ship. Here we found every thing to our entire satisfaction for the boys had been to work and had made the beds stowed away the trunk etc So that we had the satisfaction of turning in almost immediately the Pilot is about to leave us so that I must conclude now my Dear Nett you must keep up your spirits Look forward to the time that I shall return with a Pocket full of Rocks give My Dear Father & Mother Elspet Uncle Lester & Aunt Mary etc & You shall here from me every time there is a chance

I am Your own Husband  
Untill Death

[Addressed to] Mrs R Matheson  
24 Renibuck A  
New York

§ § §

On Board Ship Pacific  
at Sea in South Lat 11.32  
West Long 32.45

26 Feby 1849

My Dear Netty,

We have been out at sea 34 days and are now close to Rio de Janeiro with a fair wind propelling us. At the rate of 10 knots an hour, we expect to eat our Sunday's dinner in the Brazilian Capital, if we are permitted to go on shore, and at the end of this letter I will give an account of it. But you will be anxious to hear how we have been getting along. Well, I will try and give you an account of our doings. (How I wish I could hear from you only one word saying you were all well, but as this cannot be, I shall have to endure with patience what I cannot help.) You of course received my letter dated the 23rd of January from the S.W. Spit, which I sent by the Pilot, giving you an account of my voyage down to the Ship. In two hours from that time the headlands of the Highlands of Never Sink sank down upon the horizon like a mist and shortly after faded out of sight. When the last view of land had faded from my vision and the blue expanse of waters alone were the only thing visible save heaven and the vessel upon which I stood, my spirits sank. Then arose the huge form of my undertakings enabling me to make a minute survey of all the sacrifices which I had made. I thought of my Dear Netty, Father, Mother etc which I had left behind. Our snug little home rose up in my vision and I thought of the smile that awaited me always at my return at the close of the day's work. But these had all been given up for what? The future alone can tell.

But, to return to my description of the inhabitants of the island upon which I am an exile: Permit me to begin with our Captain. As a general thing, he is a bug of no small estimation on shipboard. But altho' our captain is a man of no small dimensions, yet it is a question yet to be decided whether he is in possession of a

heart or soul, and it has been currently reported that some of the passengers intend to offer a reward to anyone who will demonstrate that he is the owner of two such requisites in the composition of a man. But he has long since sunk into an "O" cipher and is no more taken notice of than any of the sailors. In fact, not as much, for we treat them with civility and even familiarity. The name that he is known by with us is Jimey Ducks. There has been one or two rumpuses with him and the passengers since we have been out which has led to one or two proclamations on his part. Let me give you a specimen of them, after I have given you a description of the passengers and crew.

To commence let us take a glance at those who inhabit the same part of the ship with myself. The Excelsior Club takes up one half, so of course we rule the roost. Everything has to be done pretty much as we say. There is one other association known as the Snyder Co. The person from whom it derives its name is an elderly man, say about 50 years of age, with 5 others in Company. They are all very nice men and support us in almost everything. They come from Pennsylvania and are farmers. Then there are some 5 others - 3 in one company and 2 in another. The three come from Staten Island. One was a storekeeper; the other, a school teacher; and the third, a jeweler. The other two are young men. One of them is an acquaintance of Miles Carpenter from Hempstead, L.I. By name, Roderick Stewart Hatch, a very fine fellow. His associate is from N.Y. City and has been one voyage 'round the Horn in a whaler. Thus you have something of a view into our Cabin known as Republican Hole. These are one and all united to support one another in all things that are right.

As I have before told you, we are divided into 4 companies. Each company provides their own food and at the commencement of each week they appoint one of their own number as steward,



whose business it is to superintend the getting ready of the viands; for altho' we have a good cook, yet we have to carry all that we wish cooked, or dishes to be washed, to his galley. Otherwise he would not be able to cook for so many. He is a very nice obliging man and we think of making an arrangement to take him up to the Gold Region with us.

But I have said so much about our cook without saying what sort of food we live upon. You of course know that we laid in provisions of a general assortment and in sufficient quantity, and when we came to compare our food and manner of living with those in the after part of the ship known as the Cabin, they could not begin to compare with us. For while they have to eat hard bread, we have fresh twice a week and it is no uncommon thing to have Short Cake for supper accompanied even (sometimes) with honey! Such has been the great difference in our living that several of us have been offered \$50 boot to exchange with them, for they are not only fed upon the most coarse food, but they cannot get enough of that to eat. This of course led to general discord among the Cabin Passengers and they held a Grand Indignation Meeting, passed resolution, and appointed a committee to present them to the Captain. This was done, but the passengers were no more prepared for the onset which they received than were the handful of Patriots at Bunker Hill. But after having been compelled to retreat they immediately rallied and the tables were turned. The captain was intimidated for that night, but with the return of daylight his courage also returned and upon the cabin doors we found this document written:

#### NOTICE

"Any person or persons that interferes with the master's authority in any way or manner on board of the ship Pacific during her voyage to San Francisco will be placed in irons dur-



Antoinette Matheson with child c. 1855

ing the said master's pleasure."

W.J Tibbets, Master

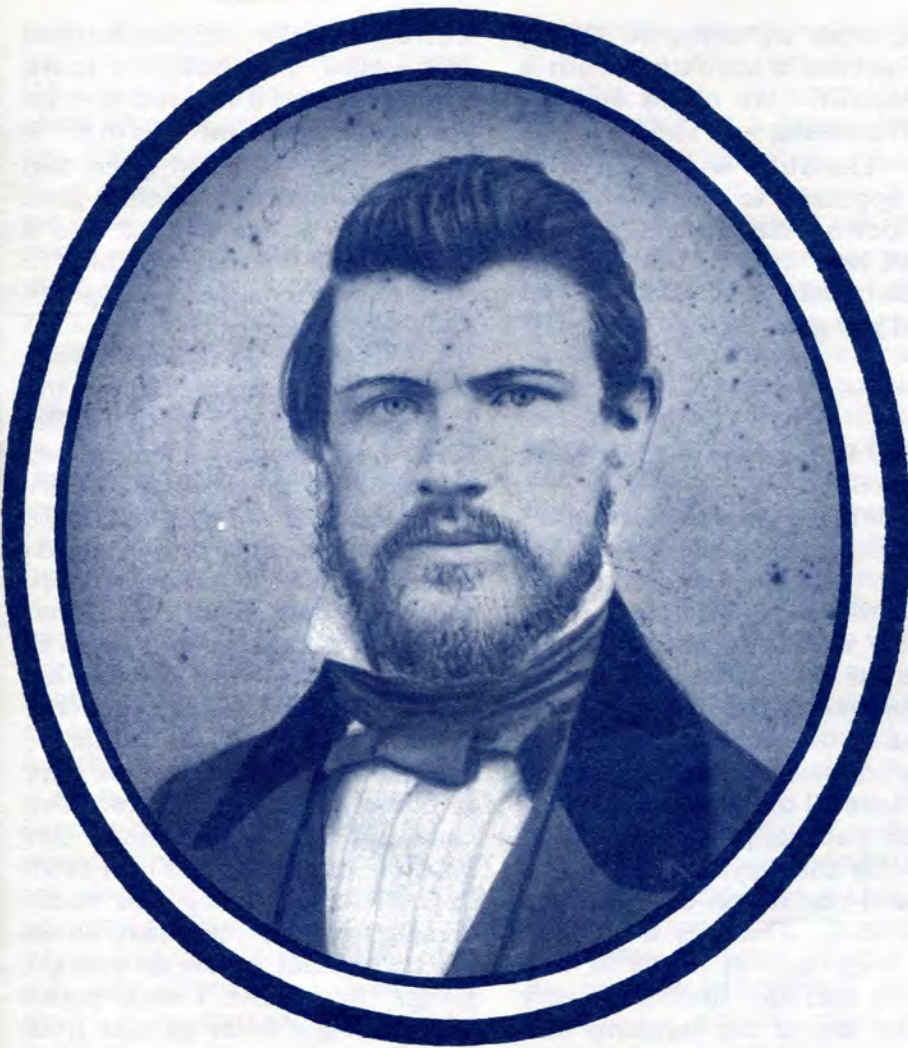
Instantly one of the passengers wrote underneath the word "Gass!" in large letters. That day he was surprised with a sight which brought him to himself. The passengers in our part of the ship turned out in red shirts and white pants and rifles shouldered for general drill. We were known as the First Brigade of Wolverines. Stout played the bugle and one of our Club played fife. At the same time that we were issuing from the forward cabin the passengers in the other cabin were also marching out upon the quarter deck. 40 in number, two and two, behind a couple of fiddlers. After having been drilled for about 1/2 hour, we returned to barracks and have heard no more about putting any of the passengers in irons.

Fortune has favored us with her best smiles. All the way we have had a very pleasant time, all things considered, and all that we are in want of to make us as jovial a set as ever went a-gold-hunting is the dear friends we have left behind.

But I must conclude, for all hands are in an excited state about a vessel that is bearing down upon us at a very rapid rate. Some are busy writing letters in hopes that, as the sea is not very rough, that we shall be able to board her. So I must go up on deck and see what she is like and what the chances are of sending letters to you.

Well, I have been taking a look at the craft and by the aid of a telescope find that it is a large ship (probably a whaler) and most likely an American homeward bound. The captain has ordered





Rod Matheson c. 1860

the signals to be gotten out that we may speak her. Also the boats to be got ready and I have just secured a place in one of them to go on board her. I must conclude this and write you a shorter letter to send by her.

Disappointment sits upon every countenance. The vessel has changed her course and has born off to the leeward of us. By the time that she was abeam of us, as the sailors would say, or by the time we were up to her, she was 4 miles, at least off and all that we have done is to exchange signals with her. So we shall have to keep our letters until we meet in with some more accommodating ship, or until we get to Rio.

But I have gone too far ahead of my story. We were becalmed for about a week upon the line, which was the most wrong part of the voyage, and had

it not been for fishing and boat racing, we should have expired with ennui and heat. But as it was, we contrived to keep up our spirits by fishing for albacore and we were successful, for we caught enough to make chowder for all hands at our end of the ship to participate in a feast. In fact, we have some of them almost at every meal. We also have had the pleasure to have a regatta up the line. There was a vessel off about 6 or 7 miles and we proposed to take a row off to her. The idea was scarcely thought of before two boats were launched and we were pulling away over a sea of glass. The boat that I was in contained 5 others - one of them, an old whaler; the other, a lieutenant in the Navy, late private secretary to Mr. Walker. He threw up his situation at Washington and accepted a situation in the revenue service

at half the pay he had before. His name is Brown. I remember that there was some talk in the papers in N.Y. before we left about it. I have become quite well acquainted with him. I like him very much.

But here again I digress from my subject. The other boat had six oarsmen. Most, if not all, old whalemens, often rowing for about 1/2 hour. She beat us in the most rascally state for they rowed 'round and 'round us. A slight breeze sprung up at this instant. We were obliged to pull back to the ship and forgo the pleasure of visiting our neighbors. Supper is almost ready and I must put away my writing for the present.

§ § §

27 Febr/49 Lat 13:26 Long 34.15

We are getting along with a perfect rush and the only thing spoken of is Rio and the probability of our getting in this week. Bets are freely offered and as readily accepted that we will or will not get in this week. There is now nothing to be seen upon deck except a fellow squatting down with a book across his knees for a writing desk, busy transferring his thoughts to paper, or perchance reading a description of the capital of Brazil. But I find it very hard work to write, for the sea is somewhat rough and the vessel is rolling and pitching about. I believe I must defer writing until a more calm time. The sun is right vertical this day and at 12 O'Clock we had scarcely any shadow. If it was not for the breeze we could not endure it. But what is that excitement at the stern of the ship? Let me go and see. It sounds as if all Babel had broken loose or as if some great victory had been achieved. For from a state of lethargy the whole of the ship's crew appear to be mad with joy. Such huzzahing has not been heard by Old Neptune for some time. And what think you is the cause? Why we have just been naturalizing two of his subjects and making them citizens of our



Republic. The one is a large shark about 9 feet long. The other is a diamond fish, or as some term him, a star fish. He is the most singular fish I ever saw. This is something of his shape. [small sketch] He was about 6 ft. square and attached to him are 2 fish about a foot and a half long. Right ahead of him is an oval striped fish known as the pilot fish. If all the stories I have heard are true respecting this fish it is most singular. Here is one of them, and from what I could see for the little time it was swimming round our vessel, it would go to confirm it. It is said that it always swims ahead of the fish to which it attaches itself to (for it always is seen with the shark and other large carnivorous fish) and pilots out the way to where the food of its attachee is most plentiful. Altho' they prey on fish of the size, yet they will not touch them. I observed that the pilot fish swam ahead and sometimes way within reach of the shark and diamond fish, yet they took no notice of them. But when a sucker or any other fish came within reach, they fell prey to their appetites.

The shark was cooked by Mr. Sulgar, a member of our Club. The diamond fish was harpooned by the captain, but he did not succeed in bringing it on board. He was as mad as he could be. We drew up the shark and had it suspended over the side for at least two hours when we were ordered by the captain to cut it loose.

But I hear the supper bell ringing and I must go.

Well, the Excelsior Club have supped. Shall I tell you what we had? Yes, I will. We have had crackers, tea, cheese and herrings, beside a very fine molasses cake made by our Stewart Ferris, for this was his wake. [shift] I have not yet taken my turn but expect to do so the week after we leave Rio.

But I have no doubt that you are tired of all this lingo and I shall close this day's observation by letting you know that if we had been about a mile to the eastward

further than we were, we should have gotten a ducking from a waterspout. We could see the water passing up through the tube. The tube was formed of what appeared to be a cloud. It came down from the clouds in a curved line and its shape was something like this. [sketch] Let me bid you good night.

### § § §

Feb. 28/49 Lat south 15.37 West Long 34.57

When I left you last night I was summoned to plead the case of Mr. Wiggins. He was arraigned before the judge of Republican Hole for upsetting an apple pie, but as the witnesses gave conflicting testimony, the case was dismissed by the complainant having to pay lemonade all round, as the costs were all thrown upon him for not being able to prove him guilty.

By the way, this brings to my mind one of the cant phrases of the ship, which is a "speech from Wiggins." It arose in this way: he had the toothache very bad and one of our company is a dentist, and as fair a specimen of a live Yankee as ever came from Massachusetts. He insisted upon pulling the tooth, but Wiggins could not muster up his courage. But someone gave him half a tumbler of brandy, and not being accustomed to it, he was quite high and courage good. So he got the tooth out with ease. It was no sooner out than he was up on deck telling what a good dentist Mr. Fisk was. Some of the passengers, seeing the germ of a good joke in it, told him that there was a man down in the cabin suffering with a toothache and sent George for a dentist. The dentist came instantly and was instructed to go down to such a room and inquire for such a man and he would find him in bed suffering. But he had no courage and probably would deny having the toothache. But the dentist was to insist upon pulling it. Accordingly, he went down, and as may be expected, he of course denied having the

toothache. The dentist insisted and would have taken a tooth from the man if it had not been for the passengers interfering. It appears that they had given him as much to drink as they gave George, so it has passed into a cant word: if we want anything to succeed, we must have a "speech from Wiggins."

But enough of all this nonsense. You cannot imagine the amount of anxiety I labour under here. I am not only shut off from all communication with those we hold most dear upon earth, but we are also in suspense as regards our enterprise. O! what would we not give to have just the news that the account from California was as encouraging as it was when we left New York. But I will not despond. Neither must you about me, for we are just as well off as tho' we were at home in some respects. You must not let yourself suffer nor want for anything. Call on John Cornell for anything you want. Remember, it is your own, so do not be bashful. How do you get along? Remember, I shall expect full as long a letter as this from you waiting for me at San Francisco giving me an account of all that has transpired since I left. You have no doubt been somewhat crowded for room, but I hope that you have not been uncomfortable. At the first of May you may be able to make better arrangements. How is Father getting along? Is he with Fort & Lindam. Or what have they done?

There is one thing that has troubled me all the way. It is about the leeches. Do you know what has been done about them? Has Mr. Wiggins paid the money that he was to collect from Mr. Dear to father or not? If not, let John Grunt call upon Mr. Dear and get it. He keeps a drug store upon the corner of Moot Street and Spring and has a bill for the amount in my handwriting.

My mother - how is she and Elspet and the children? Tell Willey that he must be a good boy and that Uncle Rod will bring him home something that will be very



nice. Be sure and let me know how Caroline and John get along. What has he done, or do they get along after the same old sort? O! how I would like to take a look in upon you, just for a little time, but months must roll around and many changes will have taken place no doubt. But the prayer of your loving husband is that every change may bring joy to thee, my dearest Netty. I knew not the affect nor yet the import of those touching words "Good-bye" until the last moment and perhaps it is well that I did not, for there is one thing is one thing certain, that had I realized its meaning in connection with you, I never should have left New York City. Has it been for the best? Were I satisfied that my undertakings would be crowned with success or even had but the assurance that it is not all a delusion and that the prospects were as bright as when I left N.Y., I would be satisfied. But here we are shut out from the world and you can realize little of the suspense in which I am held. You may very naturally ask, I am sorry that I have started for the Gold Region? I answer no, I am not, and were I at home again with the same inducements as when I started I think I should go again. But I would not, I think, go the same route, but rather by the Isthmus of Panama. But I must not give way for any despondency.

My dear Netty, you cannot imagine how singular I feel and what odd capers I have cut. The first night or two I would lie awake and start up in my sleep and call you by name, and at the same time feel all round for you, but it was of course only to be disappointed, for the only answer I would get would be from one or another who would ask what in the name of common sense I was making such a time about. I would tell in answer that I had the Nightmare. It troubled me very much for some time, but as they did not know your name, I got along with it very well. But I am home by your side every night, just as regular as I go to sleep.

Sometimes, we are seated 'round our little table, partaking of our evening meal. At other times we are inhabiting a large mansion furnished in the elegant manner. Well, I care not whether it be in the mansion or lobby cot, if I am but permitted to return to my own beloved One! Once more I think it will take something more than California to allure me from my Netty again. I must conclude for the present by sending my love to Uncle Lester, Aunt Mary, Lucretia, and Emma. Thomas, I suppose, has started for California by this time. You may tell Uncle Lester that I have become quite a sailor. For there is now no part of the ship but what I can go to with perfect freedom and that is not all, for I have learned to steer and take a trick at the wheel almost every day. So you see that I have learned something. But this is but a poor recompense for the comforts left behind. And furthermore, tell him that I can eat a piece of good fat! pork with anyone. How is Sister Emma? Give her my love and tell her that she must get a good husband by the time I return and also she and Breashy must not forget to save me a piece of wedding cake, for I will be home before you know it. But I must leave you again for the present. Good night, my dearest.

End of Part One

## Remembering Our Friends in Santa Rosa

There is never a lack of worthy causes, but even when we in Healdsburg are strapped for funds, we must remember other worthy efforts in the county. One of those efforts is now in progress in Santa Rosa by the Friends of the Carillo Adobe. The Carillo Adobe, located on Montgomery Drive in Santa Rosa, is in a state of ruin and is in danger of disappearing altogether if it is not preserved and restored now. This valuable historic property (the only remaining adobe in Santa Rosa, and one of the oldest in the county) is one of the few remaining visible relics of the Mexican rancho era in northern California.

To help in the preservation effort by donations of time and money contact: Barbara Crossland, Chairperson, Friends of the Carillo Adobe, P.O. Box 2843, Santa Rosa, CA 95405, or call 539-9598.





# Historical Society

April 4, 1989

Dear Members:

It's an old cliché but most appropriate: Carol Muir's three year tenure as your president will be a hard act to follow. During the past three years (1986-1989) the Society has seen the move of the Museum to its current temporary location, the introduction of its annual Christmas Toy Show, the successful birth and toddling years of the Zinfandel Hop and a very successful partnership with the Healdsburg Museum Board and its Museum Fund Raising Committee, the City of Healdsburg, and the residents of the Healdsburg area, to raise the monies necessary to restore and refurbish the Carnegie Library into the Museum's new home - a lot accomplished. A debt of gratitude is owed Carol and all those Society members who worked with her, the Board of Directors and committees who contributed to these and many other accomplishments.

1989 promises many new and equally exciting challenges and also will require energy from all of you. The museum will be moving to the Carnegie Library building during the summer. Thereafter docents will be needed to fill these positions.

The third annual "Zin Hop" will again be held at the Hop Kiln Winery on Sunday, September 24th from one o'clock til five o'clock. This year Hopland Brewery will participate along with Hop Kiln as a sponsor. The afternoon will include an auction, raffle, food, music and hopefully, nice late summer sunshine and air. Please mark your calendars and be generous with your checkbooks.

The Christmas Toy Show will be held at Madrona Manor on Saturday, December 9th from noon until five o'clock p.m. (another calendar mark).

During the year, the Society will continue to work with the schools and the community

accumulating and dispensing historical information.

All of these activities take time and money. Please be generous with both and enjoy your participation as a Historical Society member.

Very truly yours,

PHILLIP J. SMITH  
President

## Historical Society Officers and Board

The following people were installed as the new officers and Board of Directors of the Society at our January meeting:

President:	<i>Phillip Smith</i>
Vice President:	<i>June Smith</i>
Corresponding Sect'y:	<i>Fern Naber</i>
Recording Sect'y:	<i>Verna Lafon</i>
Treasurer:	<i>Richard Iverson</i>

Directors:	<i>Carol Muir</i> <i>Francis Branern</i> <i>Bill Caldwell</i> <i>John Hoag</i> <i>June Jones</i> <i>Betty Reukema</i> <i>Clyda Ritz</i>
Membership Chairman:	<i>Pat Schmidt</i>

## Third Annual Zinfandel Hop On its Way

The third annual Zin Hop, the Society's largest annual fundraising event, will be held on Sunday, September 24, 1989, from 1 to 5 p.m. at the Hop Kiln Winery. Tickets will be on sale at the Museum and various local businesses after August 1, 1989. (Watch for flyer to be mailed in late July for locations).

To make this year a success we need your help in gathering auction items. Almost any quality



object or service, old or new, would be suitable for this auction. If you have something that you wish to donate for this worthy cause - to help furnish the new Museum - please call:

Orin or Rhea Bain  
Auction Committee Chairpersons  
433-7348

## Life Members

Welcome and congratulations to those who have recently joined the ranks of life members:

*Henry and Holly Wendt*  
*Elsie Passalacqua*  
*Dale R. Goode*  
*Mrs. Robert Maize*  
*Richard and Dorothy Haub*  
*Walter R. Snider*  
*Stephen J. Brooks*

## In Memorium

We regretfully acknowledge the following Historical Society members who have passed away since our last publication:

*Maude Grove*  
*James Steele*  
*Walter F. Wright, Jr.*  
*Gertrude Rotlisberger Young*

## Memorial Donations

Since we last published this feature the following memorial donations have been made to the Society:

*Thelma Pitts for Roy Pitts*  
*Rossaline L. Maher and June Smith*  
*for Olive Langstone*  
*Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Saini for Walter Wright*  
*Don and Pat Schmidt for Maude Grove*  
*Eugene and Pat Saini for Palmira Bellagio*

Continued from page 2

John Neussi  
Francis Passalacqua  
Custis Piper  
Ed Rhodes  
Chester Robbins  
Charlie Scalione  
Debbie Siegel  
James Voss  
Roland Wilkinson  
Louise McConnell

Estate of Mrs. W. Packwood  
Rena Phillips  
Agnes Remolif  
Dr. Francis Ritz  
Dick Saxton  
Pat Schmidt  
Charlotte Smith  
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Wheeler  
Lucile Nowlin

## A Final Push To Finish What We Started

The Museum Board and the Historical Society remain ever grateful to the generous donors who made the restoration of the Carnegie building possible. Because of your donations, a project that might have taken up to five years to complete is now finished. The fundraising drive was so successful that there was even a bout \$50,000 left over to help furnish the new museum. Adding in all our possible sources of money, including proceeds from the annual Zinfandel Hop and interest, we are "only" about \$25,000 short for the completion of all new display platforms, cases, etc., shelving for our research library/city archives, and storage equipment for our precious artifacts. Unfortunately, there are no "extras" in that plan that can be cut from the project. Early on we gave up on a museum sound speaker system, a hoped for computer, and even all office furniture and files. A new bronze handrailing on the front steps was sacrificed to add to the money available for the exhibit cases.

With an additional \$25,000 we can proceed with plans to open a museum with attractive, permanent, display furniture and adequate storage equipment for our collections. That is our goal, and we are happy to "make do" in all other areas to insure that it is reached. Please add your weight to our final "push" to finish what we started, by donating just a little more to the Healdsburg Museum, Edwin Langhart founder.