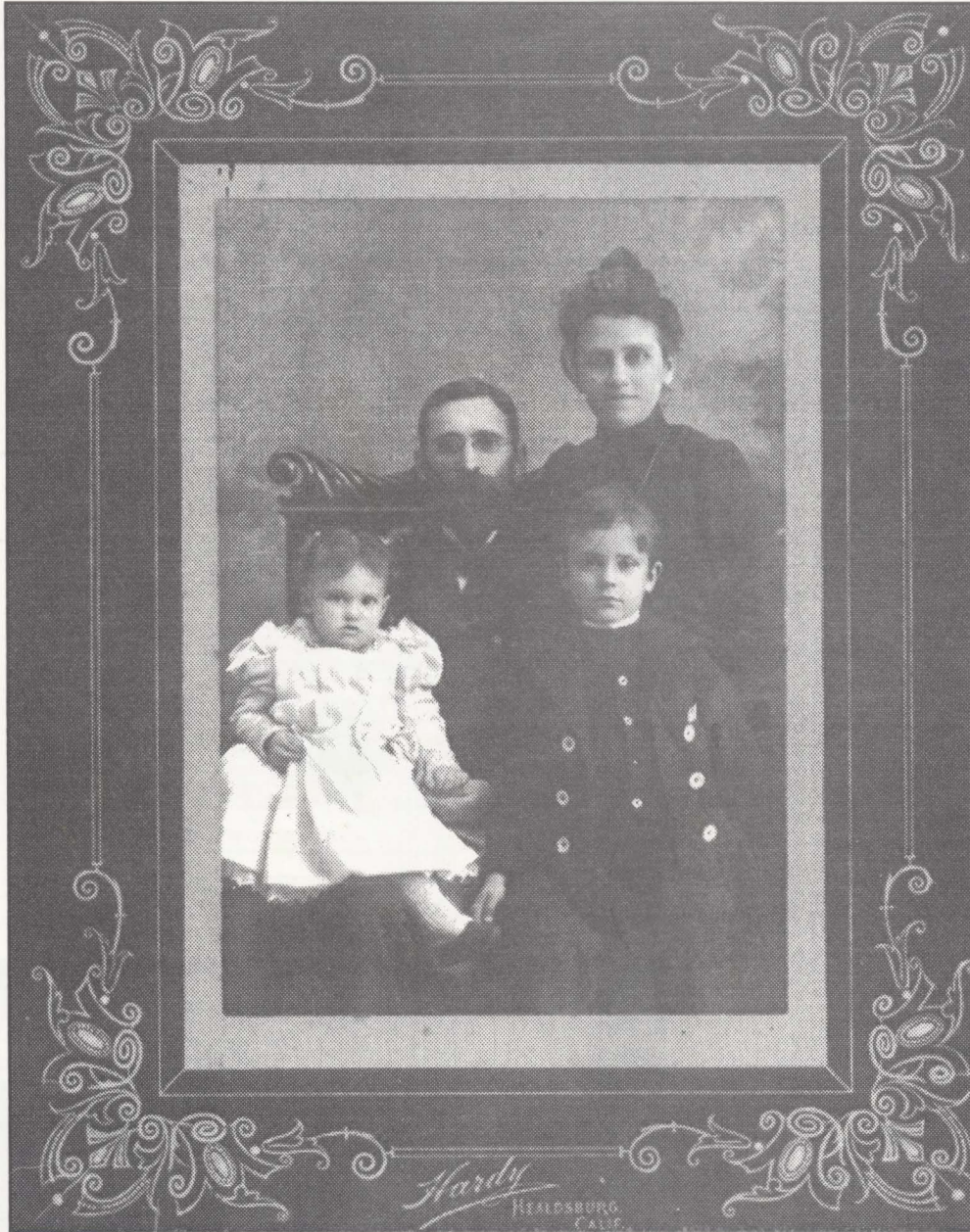




RUSSIAN RIVER RECORDER

WINTER 1997 • ISSUE 59

An Official Publication of the Healdsburg Museum and Historical Society



The Enterprising J.B. Prince

A Life Sketch

by Marie Djordjevich

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65 Years of

Interdenominational

Fellowship

by

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RUSSIAN RIVER RECORDER

The Official Publication of the Healdsburg Museum and Historical Society

221 Matheson Street
 P. O. Box 952
 Healdsburg, CA 95448
 707) 431-3325

IN THIS ISSUE

During the holiday season it is a tradition for the Museum to feature in its changing exhibit a display of antique and collectible toys. In keeping with this tradition our curator Marie Djordjevich, in Medja, has shared a very poignant story about a boy and his toy bear, and what the toy bear meant to him throughout his lifetime.

In addition, Marie has chosen, for her feature article, an interesting account of the life and times of the very enterprising J. B. Prince. (Prince Street is named for Prince family). You will find this a fascinating account of an important businessman and civic leader.

June Maher Smith continues her series about Healdsburg's historic Bed and Breakfast Inns with a beautiful tribute to the Camellia Inn, a one time home and medical clinic, and to its owners, Ray, Del and Lucy Lewand.

Our assistant curator Holly Hoods told us that she has met so many interesting people in her research on her series about Healdsburg churches and their impact on its history. Her latest article, in this issue, features the Federated Church and its start in Healdsburg. You'll find this article equally interesting and informative.

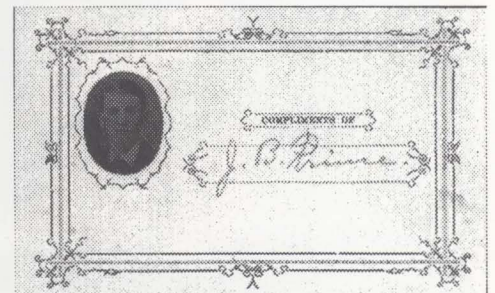
Our featured artifact, chosen by our curator, is a pair of stage coach driver's gloves, worn by Healdsburg's William Cummings. Complementing the artifact are photos and other various documentation.

This is the fourth issue of 1997 and we have achieved our goal of publishing the Recorder as a quarterly. For this I extend my appreciation to the Publication Staff - Marie, Holly and June -for their much appreciated help and cooperation.

Arnold Santucci
 Editor

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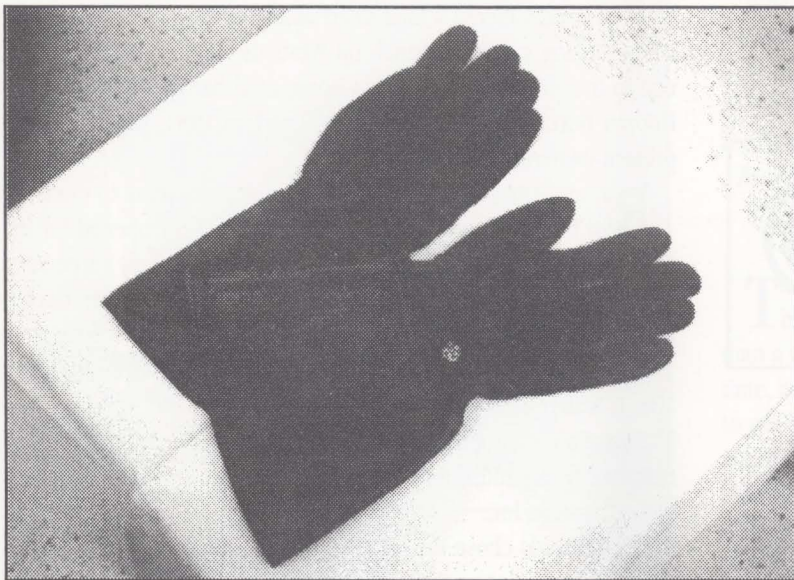
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Ransom Powell, second from the left, shown here with E. H. Barnes, L. A. Norton and R. H. Warfield, 1875-78 in old Sotoyome Bank.

Photos, except for page 5, from the archives of the Healdsburg Museum and Historical Society

ARTIFACTS



Stage Coach Driver's Gloves

1900-1920

leather, brown, large cuffs (cover forearm)
worn by William Cummings

*Healdsburg Museum Collection #120-142
Gift of Maud Cummings*

The Cummings family was very involved in businesses involving horses. William Cummings Senior founded the City Livery in the late 1800s, which was then run successively by his son and grandson. The family also ran successful stage lines.

AMERICAN LIVERY AND STAGE STABLE!

HAVING REMOVED TO THE well known American Livery Stable, adjoining the American Hotel, Main street, the subscribers are ready and willing for business, and fully prepared to give satisfaction to patrons.

Best of Buggies, Carriages and Horses to Let at Reasonable Rates.

Horses Boarded by the Day, Week or Month. The best of care and attention given to all Stock entrusted to our care.

A Hay-Yard and Stock Corral, well supplied with water, for the accommodation of Farmers and Drovers.

U. S. MAIL—DAILY LINE!

We are running a Daily Line of Concord Coaches between Santa Rosa and Cloverdale, via Windsor, Healdsburg and Geyserville, leaving Santa Rosa on the arrival of the cars from Petaluma, at 2 o'clock p. m., and Cloverdale at 5 a. m.

Stages leave Cloverdale for Ukiah daily (Sundays excepted), and leave Cloverdale for Big River Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Through tickets from Cloverdale or Healdsburg to San Francisco.

1-23 MORSE, WOODWORTH & CO.



William Cummings crossing Russian River close to where the Russian River bridge was washed out during the 1906 earthquake.

*Healdsburg Museum Collection #120-140
Gift of Maud Cummings*

Dunham Stage Lines Time Schedule SANTA ROSA TO SACRAMENTO, VALLEJO AND OAKLAND

		A. M.		P. M.	
Leave	Santa Rosa	7:30	11:00	1:00	4:30
"	Melitta	7:45	11:15	1:15	4:45
"	Kenwood	7:55	11:25	1:25	5:00
"	Glen Ellen	8:10	11:40	1:40	5:15
"	Eldridge	8:15	11:45	1:45	5:20
"	Boyes Springs	8:25	11:55	1:55	5:30
"	Sonoma	8:35	12:05	2:05	5:40
"	Vineburg	8:45	12:15	2:15	5:50
Arrive	Napa	9:10	12:50	2:50	6:20
"	Vallejo	10:45	1:45	3:45	6:00
"	Oakland	12:35	3:35	5:35	9:35
"	Sacramento	11:35	3:35	5:35	9:35

(over)

An Interesting History of the



by June Maher Smith

(Our historic home, bed and breakfast series - the third in the series - continues with the story of the Camellia Inn).

You will find the Camellia Inn at 211 North Street where it nestles among trees and other historic homes. The Inn has an interesting history that begins in 1871 when it was built for Ransom Powell, a local pioneer whose career included real estate and banking ventures.

Ransom, a native of Tennessee and a veteran of the Mexican War, came to the American River in California in 1849. Although he didn't find a gold mine, he prospered by hauling freight. In 1856 he settled in Healdsburg where he opened a mercantile business. As time went on he was involved in other businesses, including the gas works, a saw mill, a skating rink, and a dancing school. He also served as a City Trustee and was one of the organizers of the Farmers & Mechanics Bank. One of his large real estate purchases brought him 1,500 acres in Knight's Valley in 1872. He also found time for fraternal organizations and was the last surviving charter member of Healdsburg Lodge, #123, F. & A. M. at the time of his death.

Four of Ransom's wives preceded him in death, but his fifth wife, Lulu (Louise) Madeira, whom he married in 1887, shared his life until he died in 1910. She lived for many more years in Rose Villa, the home they built at the west end of Grant Street in 1892.

That was also the year the Powells sold the lovely home at 211 North Street to James and Alice Seawell. Their son, J. Walter Seawell, was born in Healdsburg in 1879, graduated from Healdsburg High School and received his medical degree in 1901 from the University of California Medical School. He returned to Healdsburg to establish his private hospital at 211 North Street and his parents moved nearby on Fitch Street.

Dr. Seawell added rooms to the home for his laboratory, solarium and his patients. After his marriage to Jessie Hale Smith in 1903, the couple added a dining room. Dr. Seawell kept up with the times - he owned one of the first automobiles in Healdsburg and was one of those who agitated for chlorinating Healdsburg's water supply in 1920. After World War I, Dr. Seawell and Dr. F.E. Sohler established the first "real" hospital in Healdsburg at the southwest corner of Johnson and Lincoln Streets in the former T.S. Merchant home.

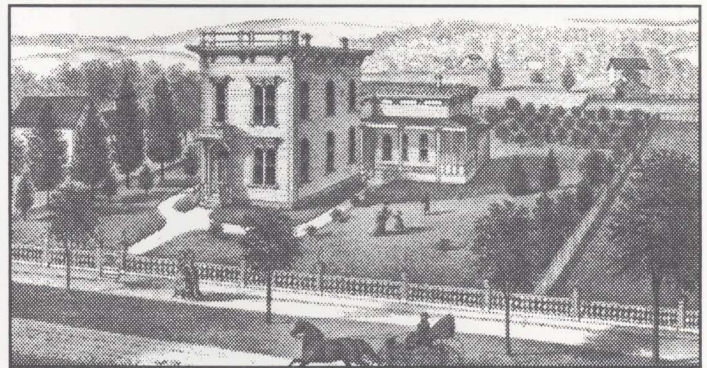
Dr. Seawell suffered a fatal heart attack on Christmas Day in 1937 while making a call at a ranch on Westside Road. His widow continued to live in their North Street home until her death in 1968. Mrs. Hooper purchased the home in 1969 and, in 1981, she sold it to the present owners, the Lewands.

Ray and Del Lewand converted this historic home to the beautiful bed and breakfast inn we see today. They opened for business shortly after they purchased the home with only three rooms renovated and ready for guests. Today Ray, Del and their daughter Lucy have eight lovingly restored bedrooms available for their guests.

A long-time fixture of the home was the gold-lettered inscription "Dr. J. Walter Seawell" on the transom window over the front door. The lettering was removed some time ago and the window has been replaced by a handsome piece of stained glass proclaiming that this is the Camellia Inn.

The Lewands chose the name Camellia Inn because of the many large old camellias on the property. How many are there? Ray says he stopped counting after 80 plants. The landscaping is both colorful and restful. Guests enjoy a swimming pool and terrace on the site and a delicious breakfast served in the main dining room each morning. Of course, they also enjoy all the attractions that Healdsburg and its environs offer.

The community-minded Lewands occasionally give teas to benefit local non-profit organizations. For several years they have served a Mother's Day Tea in the Inn to benefit the Healdsburg Museum. We are grateful for the support and appreciate the care they have given this historic home. It is a lovely part of Healdsburg's ambiance.



Camellia Inn, Circa 1877

SOURCES:

Interview with Ray Lewand, November 7, 1997.

Historic Homes of Healdsburg, (2nd ed.; Healdsburg, CA, 1995), home #40

George Madeira, Life of Ransom Powell, (Healdsburg, CA, April 1, 1905)

Tom Gregory History of Sonoma County California with Biographical Sketches (Los Angeles, CA; Historic Record Company, 1911) pp 895-897.

Frances Etchell, "Healdsburg Physicians," Russian River Recorder, (Fall/Winter, 1982), pp 3-5.

Alice Grove, "A Short History of Healdsburg General Hospital," Russian River Recorder, No. 25 (Fall/Winter 1982) pp 1,2.

Healdsburg Newspapers:

Russian River Flag, March 28, 1872, p 2:2 and p 3:1

The Healdsburg Enterprise, Oct. 17, 1878, p. 3:1; Dec. 11, 1879, P3:1; DEC. 11, 1879, p. 3:4.

Sonoma County Tribune, July 17, 1890, p. 3:2

The Healdsburg Tribune, April 13, 1910, p. 1:4



Medja

As told by Miroslav (Michael) Djordjevich

[Every winter the Healdsburg Museum's third changing exhibit of the year displays Antique and Collectible Toys. This year is no exception, and in conjunction with the exhibit our "Showcase" wall - the glass cabinets on the west side - is filled with a multitude of stuffed bears.

In celebration of this exhibit the following narrative is offered. It is not only a toy story, but is an example of oral history as well.

The world of toys is a complex one, often carrying with it a range of memories, hopes, dreams and imaginings. The idea of oral history carries with it some of the same - it reveals an individual's direct experience, not only the historical information, but perhaps also the attitudes, memories, thoughts and feelings of that individual during a particular time.

While this is not a locally related story, it is a story that celebrates the connection that can be forged between human and toy, and illustrates the value that oral history has in bringing these connections, remembrances and feelings into perpetual existence.

- Marie Djordjevich]

Today is November 4, 1997. This is a quick account, remembrances, about a toy - or something much more to me than it, than a toy. Remembrances that have faded away with long passage of time, and yet in some respects, as I recollect now, very alive and vivid to me in spite of enormous years which have passed. This is a story about a boy and a teddy bear - a story about obviously myself and my teddy bear, which I named Medja from the very beginning of my understanding of what this toy, or teddy bear, or my life companion has been.

It is related to me that Medja came into my life very early. I do not recollect when, for I was told that at the time I received that teddy bear I was about just the same size as the teddy bear. The bear was given to me by my uncle, the youngest brother of my mother, whom later in life I came to adore and consider as a special human being. He was an officer in the Royal Yugoslav Army, who later in my life - not much later, only four or five years after I received my gift from him - refused to surrender to the Germans, and left to the forest and fought a guerrilla warfare against the occupying Nazis, and later in '46, as communists took over the country, he was arrested and shot by them. That event itself would make this gift of him very special to me, but there were many other things that created this bond between me and the toy - and I really do not want to use the word toy any longer, because this precious gift I received from my uncle has been much more than a toy to me; in fact, I could say it has been a life-long companion and a friend in a way, in which I invested my dreams and my fears and my imagination as a child, invested with the properties that are much more human in any respects than I have seen in my life.

Our story begins with my first understanding of life, which happened abruptly, unexpectedly, in one spring day of 1941. I barely was, well I was not five yet, and we went to see our grandparents on the eve of some holidays. That morning, as our life-long companionship really started, I woke up with tremendous fear because everything around me was shaking and ceilings were falling and dust was making it difficult to breathe. It was an earthquake of enormous proportions as I would describe, but the fact of the matter it was an air raid by the German Luftwaffe on the defenseless city, hometown of mine, Belgrade, Serbia. 1941. And it happened that the big family that gathered with a number of other grandchildren, which all were older than I, they all run away to the shelter - my aunts, and grandparents and everybody. Some how in this commotion and concerns I was forgotten. So was my Medja, and the two of us were alone in the big house. I got up out of the bed, looked a little around with

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unsteady legs from fear and movements of the ground from the heavy bombs that were falling all around. I ran back to the bed, covered myself and hugged Medja, and then, and from then on, we really began to live together. I became conscious of every moment of that day, and my life has started.

It is said that nothing bonds people better than a profound feeling - most of the time a profound feeling - of tragedy and suffering, and I would say that our bonds between myself and the toy - so-called toy - my Medja, my teddy bear, were of that nature. They were born in that moment and continued throughout my childhood, which was basically parentless, and basically and essentially all the time in some suffering or fear or unexpected existence. Of course I was found and fetched away back to the cellar with the others in the shelter; and of course I took my Medja with me, and hugged him throughout that day and the next day and for most of the terrible experiences we have had - and escaping from the town, the burning town, and trying to find refuge in some villages with some relatives outside.

I discovered that Medja was able even to speak in my child's imagination as I was pressing him on one side or the other, and we spent many times together in the shelters of our house and other houses during bombardments, during the war, and we had a lot of time to talk.

It's interesting how left basically alone children of war find their own devices and ways of - how would I say - eliminate or reduce or diminish the cruel reality about themselves. So Medja and I created our own reality, and I remember many times at night or in darkness of a shelter or in some other places strange that we had to go during the war and move around, he and I talked about many things. I guess I was a child with a great imagination, so our stories were boundless and endless in their length and events.

At the beginning he looked so big to me - as I said as I was beginning to realize his presence - his big eyes were sometimes a little frightening to me in a semi-darkness of either an early dawn or a twilight. He was very soft in his outside layer, golden - kind of I would say mostly golden - fur that I loved to touch and cuddle.

So we lived through the war and then through the communist takeover and revolution, and I recall how I hug him in another grave moment of uncertainty and fear and danger when the communists took over our city and came into our house and ransacked everything. And I remember how I stood by grandfather's legs, barely getting above his knees, and holding Medja and observing the ransacking of the house and the rampage of the communists who came and took our possessions and threatened us, threatened to shoot us. As we were lined up against the wall I still clutched my bear, my little Medja, not knowing that this could have been our last moment. In fact, during that period we could have had many so called last moments and we had them, but with God's providence and his protection we have pulled through.

Years later as I grew up, of course Medja's friendship with me was very periodic and was not that intimate in terms of being together and presence; however, he always stayed on my bed when I left in the morning, and he always greeted me in the evening as I was

unmaking my bed and put him very carefully aside in the chair by me, and he was there throughout the night probably guarding me or dreaming, or sharing my dreams, who would know what. But in the morning he was still there, a faithful friend, inseparable friend.

Sometime later, my age 18 or so, I had to escape the country, and I got across the Iron Curtain somehow. I could not take any possessions with me except a little briefcase maybe the size of two by two feet, and of course the first possession, and probably the only life-long possession I still have, my Medja - and possession is the wrong word here to say, I would say my companion - I took along with me.

We crossed the Iron Curtain and lived in exile for a while in Paris, France, and he was again sharing with me my uncertainties, my fears, my expectations, my hopes, and my dreams. From Paris we came to the United States, and then gradually settled in a normal life, and he was always with me and in some way or another he remained a bond with the time of my childhood, and remained a bond and a bridge between the past and the present.

He's still with me, and he's still above, around my bed, still looks the same to me, and when I think about him I don't think about anything but as a part of my life, as a companion, as a friend. I don't think that there is anything stronger than a love of a child that bonds him or her to his mother or father or some one, and to something that was not a living object, but in the child's imagination and through his or her caring and love and dreams and thoughts and experiences became a living friend and a living companion.

So our story obviously has not ended yet, although it now stretches something like sixty years. God willing it will continue for a while, then who knows what, where Medja and I will end. But what has happened to us is there and nothing can change it. I always think about those days when I look at him, if I have a moment to reflect, and particularly I remember my uncle who had in his expression of love had given me this toy, this object, which became to me much more than that, as I said.

So that's the story about Medja and myself. A little longer than I thought, but much much shorter than it should have been said.



The Enterprising J. B. Prince: A Life Sketch

by Marie Djordjevich

Joe Prince was my friend. Away back there in boyhood days he came out to the old farm as my childhood chum. Out over the hills we would go and gather the wild flowers. We would trap the quail in the valley and swim in the waters of the creek. Barefoot we would run through the tangled grass and forget all save in the chase of the butterfly, and the wild places of the moss and the fern. So we were boys together... (Julius Myron Alexander, Healdsburg Enterprise, 11-6-1915)

Joseph Bucknam Prince was born in Marin County in the town of Tomales on October 14, 1858. He was the son of Thomas Ruddick Prince and Abigail (Abbey) Seabury Prince, originally of Yarmouth, Maine. Thomas left Maine and came to California in 1852. Abbey and their four children - Lady Bird, Samuel, Alice, and Matilda - eventually followed, coming "around the Horn" in 1856. They lived for three years in Shasta County, then moved to the Tomales Bay region where they raised and sold cattle.

In 1861 or 1862 the Princes left Tomales and moved to Healdsburg. On the way to Healdsburg the family of seven - Thomas, Abbey and their now five children - grew by one more. They found a little Indian boy, and apparently unable to locate his tribe or family, Abbey, who "mothered all who crossed her path" (Annette Downing Brown) took him in, named him Bill, and raised him alongside her children.

On reaching Healdsburg the Princes bought a house and settled down on some rich bottom land north of town on the extension of West Street, out toward Lytton Springs. This old homestead of theirs had been known locally as the "Ohio House" in earlier days. Thomas, continuing in the livestock trade, worked as a wholesale stock dealer.

In January of 1883 Thomas Prince died from a chest injury incurred by a falling branch during a tree trimming. Abbey and the family survived financially, and later sold the house and land and purchased a home in town on Sheridan Street (now Fitch Street).

Over the years the Prince family dealt with happiness and sadness, growth and change. Lady Bird died in 1864 soon after the move to Healdsburg. Alice, too, died young. Bill, the adopted son, died in his early twenties from tuberculosis. Samuel married Eva Kimball and moved to Southern California, where he owned a general store, and later a hotel. He and Eva had several children, the first being twin boys.

Matilda married Joel Burlingame, brother of Anson Burlingame, famous diplomat and ambassador to China. They had four children, two of whom (Alice and Freddie) died young; Lyndon, living to the age of 15; and Anson, who became close to J. B. Prince, and lived to maturity. Joel Burlingame died less than ten years after their marriage. Matilda opened a dressmaker and millinery shop in Healdsburg, and earned a living to support her small family. She met



KUYKENDALL & ADAMS, PHOTOGRAPHERS.

and married Joseph Henry Downing, who became a well-known Healdsburg photographer. Together they had a daughter, Annette (Nettie).

As a boy J. B. Prince attended the Alexander Academy and Healdsburg's public schools. In 1876, when he was 18 years old, he began working in the John Mulligan hardware store on West Street, *Mulligan and Co.*, whose primary business means was work as tanners. A few years later his long tenure as an enterprising business man started.

In all his business relations of life he bore a reputation above reproach. Of a quiet and unassuming disposition he held the confidence of all his associates. From childhood through all the years of his active business life there can naught be said save of upright character and a true manhood. His memory shall long be held in tribute to him as a man of steadfast principles. (Julius Myron Alexander, Healdsburg Enterprise, 11-6-1915)

In 1879 Joseph entered into a co-partnership and opened a grocery business under the name of *Weiberts and Prince* on the corner of Center and Matheson Streets, in conjunction with Logan's boot and shoe store. Eventually this became just *J. B. Prince*. Later he moved the location to West Street and founded a news agency, which he united with his grocery business. By 1890 Prince was very successful: "since that time [1879] his business has increased to such proportions that he has now one of the leading groceries in this city" (*Healdsburg Enterprise*, 1-1-1890).

In 1890 he was appointed postmaster for the city of Healdsburg. The *Sonoma County Tribune* announced the appointment: "J. B.

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Prince, who has always ranked popular in the Republican party, has been appointed postmaster of this city by President Harrison" (12-18-1890). J.B. Prince served four years as postmaster, also running an adjacent news business and stationary store during those same years. On January 3, 1895 his term as postmaster ended, and he disposed of the news stand and stationary store. He already owned a lumber mill several miles outside of town, as well as a lumber yard in town, and turned his full attention to the running of this business: *The J.B. Prince Lumber Company*.

He appeared to be a well-regarded figure in the Healdsburg community by this time: "One year Healdsburg was visited with a flood that washed away great pikes of Uncle Joe's lumber - and the friendship of the community for him was evidenced by the fact that people from all directions brought back loads which had been washed onto their property" (Annette Downing Brown).

1897 was a busy year for the enterprising J. B. Prince. He opened the *Healdsburg Warehouse*, for those needing to store such things as furniture, grain, etc. (*Healdsburg Tribune*, 6-17-1897). He retired from the lumber business and re-entered the grocery business. Prince bought Andrew Passalacqua's interest in the grocery firm of *Passalacqua and Miller*, and entered into a partnership with George Miller. The name of the business was changed to *Miller and Prince*, and was situated on the corner of Matheson and West Streets in the old J. H. Downing building.

Prince continued to work in the grocery business. A few years before his death, he was elected manager of the *Healdsburg Rochdale Company* - also a grocery store - and kept that position until his death.

The parlor was handsomely decorated with beautiful flowers and was a gorgeous as the mind can comprehend. At 8 o'clock, to the symphonies of a wedding march artistically executed by Mrs. G. W. Wolcott on the piano, entered the bride and groom and they proceeded beneath a beautiful umbrella of flowers, where the wedlock ceremony was performed by the Rev. Whiting, the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Santa Rosa. The bride was charmingly attired in a white silk gown and carried a bouquet of La Franc roses. The groom was dressed in a neat evening dress suit of black. After the ceremony the new couple were accorded many



Left to right Charles Peavler, Al Swan and J. B. Prince, manager, 1914 in the Rochdale Store, located on Matheson Street next to the City Hall

kind words of congratulation, after which all repaired to the dining room where a palatable dinner was served. The rest of the evening was spent in music and conversation (Sonoma County Tribune, 12-3-1891)

On Thanksgiving night 1891 Joseph B. Prince married Luella Wolcott at the home of her parents in north Healdsburg. Luella had been born in Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras County, her family later moving to Healdsburg. The couple honeymooned in San Francisco and Monterey, then returned to Healdsburg, at that time living with J. B.'s mother Abbey on Sheridan Street.

Luella was "extremely pretty and had a delightful voice" (ADB). She had received some musical and voice training in San Francisco, and because of this was able to appear at the local "opera house", and was in great demand for weddings and funerals. She was happy to oblige all the invitations and requests for her talents. She was also an accomplished seamstress, and worked with her widowed sister-in-law Matilda in Matilda's dressmaker's shop.

In 1894 Joseph and Luella had a son, Joey. The small family soon moved to a newly built house on Piper Street. In 1899 their daughter Eloise was born. Tragedy struck the family in 1902 when little Joey died in a freak accident. He had been attempting to walk an inclined wooden plank in the yard when he fell about five feet and hit his head. The injury apparently seemed small at first. Joey appeared

MILL Situated on Mill Creek, Eight Miles West of Healdsburg.

J. B. PRINCE,
DEALER IN

Pine and Redwood Lumber

Shingles, Siders, Laths, Split Pickets, Posts and Grape Stakes.

HEALDSBURG, - - - CALIFORNIA.

Fruit Boxes and Trays a Specialty.

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slightly dazed, but okay. He was helped into the house to rest. The next day, however, he took a turn for the worse. Doctors were called in, but Joey soon passed away. Joseph B. took it hard, for "he and Joey were inseparable" (Annette Downing Brown).

The family grieved and went on. Eloise, who was a "great comfort" (ADB) to her father, went to school in Healdsburg, graduated from Healdsburg High School in 1918, attended U. C. Berkeley, where she was a successful music student, and married Lester Liston of Oakland in early summer of 1926.

Joseph Prince was a man of sterling worth and of high ideals. He was always true to his convictions, and he left a host of friends to bear testimony to his integrity.

J. B. Prince was an active and busy man. His list of ventures seems endless: tinner, grocer, postmaster, lumber merchant, stationer, etc. He also owned a peach and prune orchard a few miles south of town, which he sold in 1907.

Furthermore, according to his niece he loved horses, and owned six to eight thoroughbreds at one time "which he raced and had a jockey to care for them and train them" (Annette Downing Brown).

Prince was a personable and friendly man, who "loved to give pleasure to people" (ADB). His niece Annette remembers many incidences where her Uncle Joe would convey a thoughtful word or gesture. For instance, at Christmas her stocking was always full, "even to the toe, into which Uncle Joe always tucked some little piece of jewelry - something small but nice" (ADB).

Saturday nights after the regular band concerts were also opportunities for J. B. to give to others: "after the band concert, various youngsters were rounded up by Uncle Joe and taken to the ice cream store for the usual treat" (ADB).

J. B. was definitely a people person, and took advantage of the holidays to be sociable: "When New Year's Day arrived, he would don his "stove pipe" hat, hitch his finest stepping horse and make his calls, leaving elaborate calling cards" (ADB).

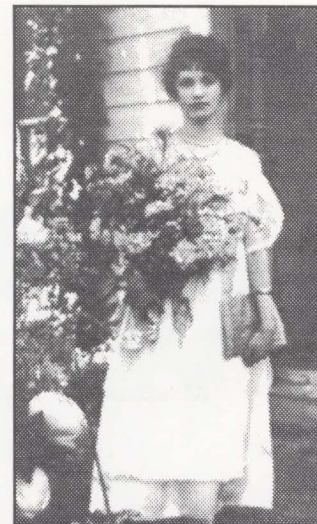
Joseph Prince was definitely a high-minded business man, who added to the commercial climate, growth and development of the town of Healdsburg. He was also very civic and community minded. Besides serving as postmaster for four years, he was elected a City trustee in 1907 - to fill in for resignee C. B. Emery - and served out the term.

Additionally he was a member of many various Healdsburg service organizations, including Healdsburg Lodge of I.O.O.F. (and held "many offices of honor as a beloved Odd Fellow") (*Healdsburg Enterprise*, 11-6-1915); the local order of the Knights of Pythias; and the Independent Order of Red Men.

*So life shall come and go
As tides that ebb and flow;
Today, tomorrow, and the conflict ends,
While o'er his grave 'tis sorrow bends (Julius Myron Alexander,
Healdsburg Enterprise, 11-6-1915)*



Luella Wolcott Prince



Eloise Prince (Liston) graduation from high school, 1918

On November 4, 1915 J. B. Prince died at his home on Piper Street. He had been ill two months before with near pneumonia, from which he had never fully recovered. He caught a cold, and in his frail state it spread to his lungs and he succumbed to death.

The funeral took place in the Prince house on Piper Street "under the supervision of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows" (*Healdsburg Enterprise*, 11-6-1915). It was attended by many, many people - family, friends, members from the fraternal orders to which he belonged. His niece's husband, Rev. Edwin Brown from the San Rafael Methodist Church, presided over the funeral service, and was assisted by S. A. Parker of the Healdsburg Presbyterian Church. Rev. Brown referred to J. B. Prince as thus: "He was indeed a Prince" (Annette Downing Brown).

J. B. Prince was buried in Oak Mound Cemetery in Healdsburg, where he rests to this day. He was a man who generously contributed to the economic, civic and neighborhood growth of the city of Healdsburg.

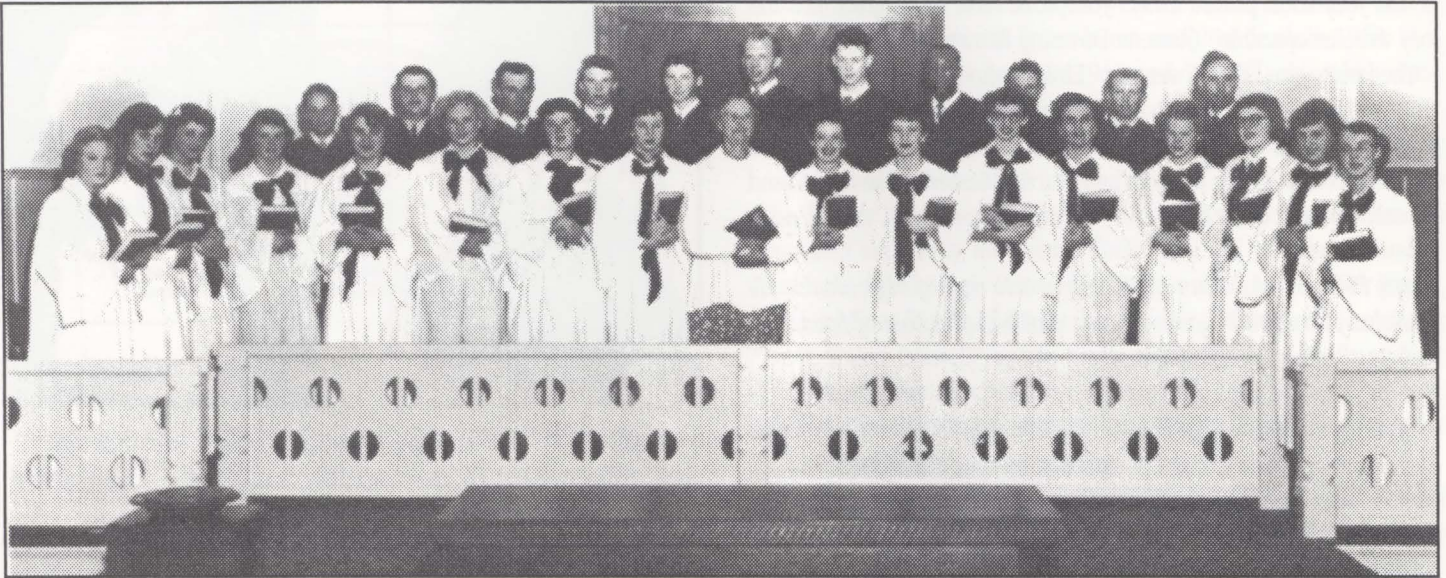
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*Healdsburg Chancel Choir, 1951, Smith Robinson, Director
Photo donated by Darla Williams Budworth, pictured far left.*

THE HEALDSBURG FEDERATED CHURCH: 65 YEARS OF INTERDENOMINATIONAL FELLOWSHIP

by Holly Hoods

Sonoma County Protestant Roots

The Healdsburg Federated Church was formed by the merging of three early local Protestant churches: the Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist Episcopal South and the Presbyterian. The Protestant faith has been long and well represented in Sonoma County. The first Protestant Church in the county--in the entire North Bay in fact--was the Methodist Church, organized in 1850 by Rev. Isaac Owen in the town of Sonoma. Two years later, circuit-riding minister Rev. A.L. S. Bateman held Methodist church services at Cyrus Alexander's home in Alexander Valley. In the late 1850s Healdsburg became the head of a preaching circuit that included Dry Creek, Alexander Valley, Geyserville and Windsor.

Cyrus Alexander was a great supporter of the Protestant churches. Methodist services were held in his home until 1855, when he donated the land and raised money to build the Alexander Valley Church. In 1857 Harmon Heald laid out the town of

Healdsburg, reserving lots for churches, a district school, a cemetery, and a central plaza. That year the southern Methodists built a church on East Street, south of Matheson. This church was the first church built within the present city limits of Healdsburg, and was used until 1872, when a new church was built on the same plot. The Rev. James Woods, one of the pioneering Presbyterians of the Pacific Slope, came to Santa Rosa in 1855, holding regular church services in the courthouse. In 1858 he established the First Presbyterian Church of Healdsburg. Cyrus Alexander was one of ten charter members of the new church, and became its first ruling elder.

The first Methodist Episcopal Church in Healdsburg was called the Plaza Church. Completed in 1859, it was located on the south side of the Plaza. Paying off the building debt was so difficult, however, that Alexander ended up paying the Methodists what they had put into the property, and turning over the Plaza church to the Presbyterians

in 1861. They used it until 1900. The Methodist Episcopal Church bought a lot and built a new church in 1870 at the corner of Fitch and Hayden Streets. It remained there until 1920 when it was moved to the corner of Piper and Fitch Streets.

Union of Three Churches

In June 1900, the Healdsburg Tribune reported that plans for a new Presbyterian church on Fitch Street had been finalized. The new building at 217 Fitch was completed, and opened for Easter services ten months later. The Presbyterian congregation, however, failed to grow much in the first twenty years. They had a nice building and property, but the congregation wasn't large enough to finance a church.

The 1920s and 30s was a time of reconciliation for Protestants in general and Methodists in particular. In 1924 the two branches of the Methodist church in Healdsburg successfully merged to become one congregation, under the pastorate of Rev. W.J. Lee. Fifteen years later, three of the main

Methodist factions were united nationwide. In this emerging climate of Christian unity, the stewards of the Healdsburg Methodist Church were receptive when the Presbyterian elders proposed joining forces. When the church leaders presented the proposal to the both congregations in 1932, a vote was cast in favor of merging. In January 1933, under the pastorate of Rev. W.T. Menard, the congregations of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches were formally joined. The Presbyterian Church on Fitch Street became the house of worship for the new Federated Church. A fire severely damaged the building December 1935 during the tenure of Rev. R.C. Krug, but it was remodeled, rededicated and reopened in the Fall of 1936 with Rev. C.W. Mill.

Despite the merging of the congregations, the church is under the authority of both the Methodist Bishop in San Francisco and the Presbytery of the Redwoods, centered in Petaluma. The church is required to keep separate books. Once a year the church conducts a Methodist meeting at the Methodist Quarterly conference and a Presbyterian meeting. The church is governed by an 11-member council. The pastor serves as a non-voting moderator. At first, the goal was to alternate hiring Methodist and Presbyterian pastors. The congregation decided in 1942 that the Presbyterian method of "calling" a pastor to the church was preferable to the Methodist policy of having a pastor assigned by the Bishop.

Growing Up in the Federated Church

The Federated Church grew in body and spirit through the 1940s, especially after World War II. Church Council member Roy Haley chaired the Finance and Building Committee, which orchestrated major improvements to the church complex. In February 1943, Phase I of the church's building program was completed: a large room for Sunday School, three large classrooms, and a study for the pastor. Phase II included a Sunday School auditorium and social hall, a kitchen, and three additional classrooms built to connect with existing buildings to form an open quadrangle. The number of rooms built for Sunday School instruction was intentionally large: the church school was thriving under the guidance of Vernon



Members of the Church late 1800's

and Marion Nichols, the superintendents of the Sunday School. For nearly forty years, the unflappable couple logged countless volunteer hours and earned great respect from the children they taught. Helping the Nicholoses administer religious education was Fred Durst, who was in charge of the older children in the junior and senior high youth groups.

Adults who grew up in the Federated Church enthuse about celebrating birthdays there as children. On the first Sunday of the month, all who were born that month would be called by name to the front of the congregation. Each child would get to take a piece of birthday cake wrapped in wax paper from a silver tray as everyone sang "Happy Birthday." All looked forward to their turn. Darla Williams Budworth recalls how the pleasant ritual "always started out the month on a good note," and became a cherished part of her birthday celebration each year.

Darla and many others also enjoyed the fellowship of singing in the Federated Church Chancel Choir, under the direction of beloved civic leader Smith "Smitty" Robinson for 20 years. The choir sang at Sunday services and offered cantatas at Easter and Christmas. As word of their talent spread, they were invited to perform at other churches. In the early 1950s, one such invitation to a church in San

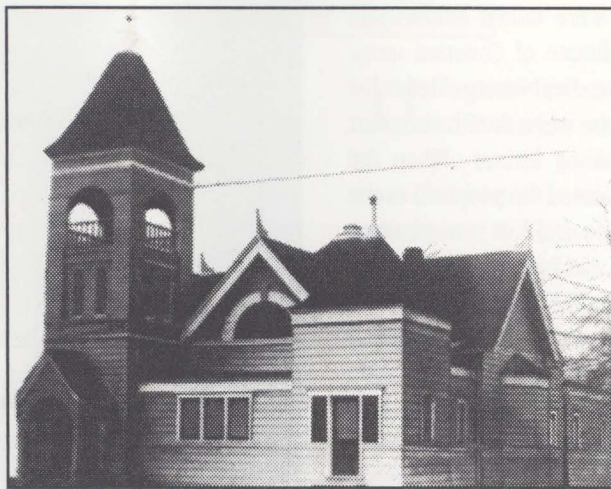
Francisco's Chinatown gave the all-white Healdsburg choir an unexpected encounter with racial prejudice. Just before they were scheduled to go inside to perform, Smitty approached the choir and told them calmly that someone else would be directing the performance that night, because this church did not allow negroes inside. The choir members were shocked, then indignant Darla led a revolt: "If they don't want you here, then they don't want us here either. I don't want to sing anywhere you're not welcome. You're one of us!" The rest of the choir immediately joined the protest, refusing to sing at a church that wouldn't admit Smitty. The objection to his presence was hastily withdrawn and the performance went on as scheduled.

A spirit of solidarity at this church persists today, although perhaps less dramatically. Most church members consider themselves to be first a member of the Federated Church and only secondly a Presbyterian or Methodist. As former church secretary Jennie Pearl Reese explains, "We're more or less a congregation of Christian believers made up of many different denominations. We're more a church for the whole community than actually a Methodist or Presbyterian church." Missionary outreach and charitable

activities are very important to the church. They provide monthly support to Christian organizations including: Wycliffe Bible Translators, Intersity Christian Fellowship, Manna House in Santa Rosa, The Santa Rosa Rescue Mission, and Shared Ministries. The church also actively supports Westminster Woods, the Presbyterian campground near Monte Rio.

It was a huge milestone in the life of the Federated Church when they sold the Fitch Street complex to St. John's Catholic Church for a school. This occurred during the 21-year pastorate of Rev. William Hayes, the pastor with the longest term of office in Federated Church history. Moving was an emotional experience for many of the older people in the congregation. Ties to the property were strong. "The day we moved out of that building, tears flowed," recalls Jennie Pearl.

The new building opened November 1990 and is now becoming part of the pleasant memories of the next generation of church members. The Federated Church congregation hopes to be calling a new minister in the next year to grow with them. Whoever joins them will find a church with a rich history of unity and fellowship.



Methodist Episcopal Church, 1874

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