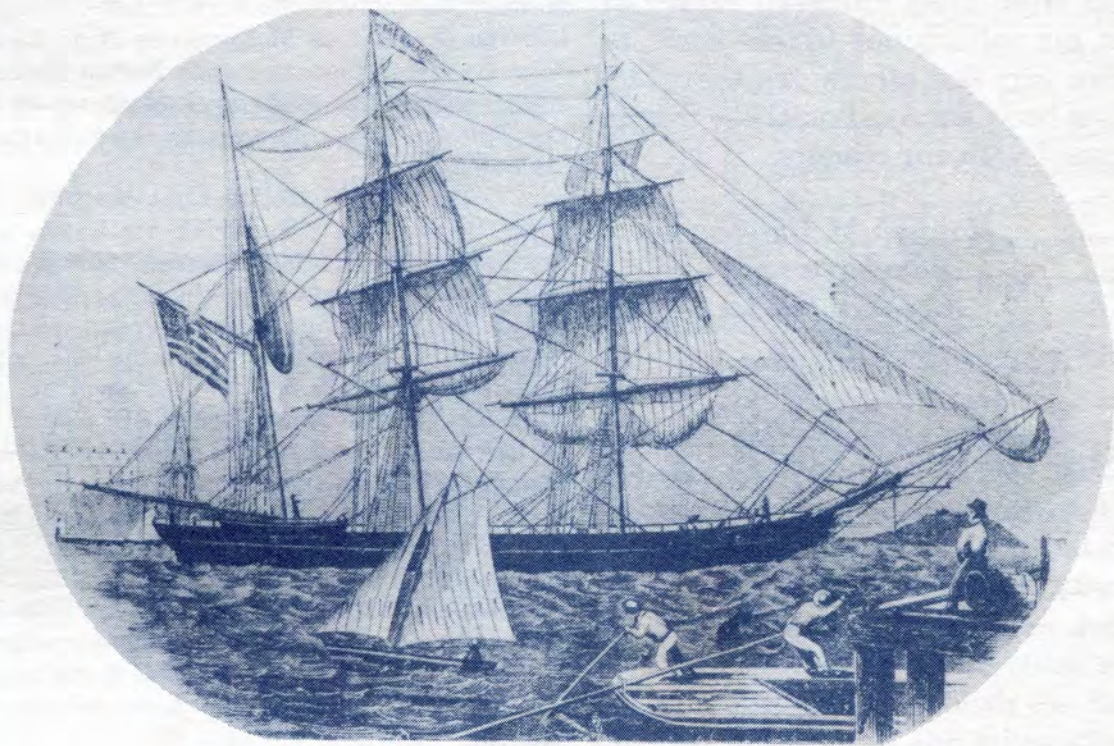


# RUSSIAN RIVER



R E C O R D E R

## A JOURNEY AROUND THE HORN



HEALDSBURG MUSEUM AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Fall/Winter 1989

Issue 36

## EDITOR'S DESK

This issue is a sequel to our Spring, 1989 edition, in which we presented Part 1 of *The Matheson Letters*. As you may remember, these letters are part of a very interesting collection of documents from the Colonel Roderick Matheson estate, recently donated to the Museum. They are being published here for the first time. Like thousands of others, Matheson set off for the California gold fields in 1849. He left his young wife, Antoinette (Netty), and his young child behind, not to be reunited with them until 1856. Unlike most of the other California argonauts, Matheson kept a detailed and often good humored record of his journey in his voluminous letters home to Netty. And like very few others, his thoughts, hopes, and fears have survived on these fragile pages to be shared with our readers.

Editor.....*Hannah M. Clayborn*  
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Cover Illustration.....*Art Read*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Matheson Letters, Part 2.....pg. 3  
Historical Society Notes .....pg. 2  
Museum News.....pg.13

### **Notice: Mistake in Numbering**

Our last issue of the Recorder was mistakenly numbered "Issue 38". That copy should have read: "Issue 35". Please correct your copy of the *Spring, 1989 edition of the Russian River Recorder, Issue 35*.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

The *Recorder* came and I was thrilled to see it was about my greatgrandfather, Roderick Matheson. The part I did not like was that you left out so much in the Biography Notes. I have loaned you many things, as has the rest of my family, and it behooves you to recognize these people. These are the survivors of Roderick Matheson: a daughter, Nettie Matheson Luce; a son, Roderick Jr.; and a second son. The two sons met tragic deaths on the Healdsburg property. These are the three grandchildren that survived Nettie Matheson Luce: Nettie Luce Mothorn (deceased), Nina Luce Rose (deceased) and Jirah Luce (deceased, but his wife Margaret Luce survives). The greatgrandchildren of Roderick Matheson by Nettie Luce Mothorn are Marie Mothorn Crabb, Avis Mothorn Lamb, Pressley P. Mothorn, and Phyllis Mothorn Brassler. The greatgrandchildren of Roderick Matheson by Nina Luce Rose are Nina Rose VonTillow and Jean Norton (deceased). The greatgrandchildren of Roderick Matheson by Jirah Luce are Edwin Luce (deceased) and Marietta Luce (deceased).

My mother Nettie Luce Mothorn mentioned other things like - Roderick Matheson was at the Customs House in San Francisco and he was also a Vigilante. The museum has the loan of the large framed certificate about the vigilante group. Research may show that he acquired more than the 300 acres you have recorded, at least my mother said so. Roderick Matheson was also knowledgeable in several languages. You have, I believe, furniture of his and I have some nice pieces all of which came around Cape Horn by Clipper Ship. In those days, men carried their valuable papers, such as deeds, with them and due to this, the papers were stolen from him when he was wounded. Later, after he had died, someone sent his wife his sword. After several months went by, they wrote her and told her the wrong sword has been sent to her and that they would send her another. She never believed them and refused to return it. I believe Margaret Luce has given that sword to the museum. I look forward to reading the future *Recorders*.

Sincerely,  
Marie Mothorn Crabb

*Thank you for setting the record straight. Actually we did not intend that the "Biographical Notes" in our last issue be all inclusive. A much more detailed biography of Colonel Matheson was published in a past issue: See "Colonel Roderick N. Matheson: Civil War Hero From Healdsburg", in the Russian River Recorder, Issue 21, July/August, 1981. Although it is not always possible*

*to list all descendants in our articles we appreciate your list for our archives. Colonel Matheson's children were Roderick Junior, Marie Antoinette (Junior), and George J. In regard to the amount of land owned by Matheson, an 1860 County tax assessment lists him as sole owner of 355 acres near Healdsburg. An earlier assessment (1857-58) shows him owning land in partnership with his brother-in-law, J.F. Seaman, a total of 900 acres. From the above evidence we are only certain about his sole ownership of the 355 acres. Roderick Matheson has been the subject of many museum exhibits and "Recorder" articles. That is largely due to the fact that his descendants have so generously donated and loaned objects to the Museum to make these exhibits and articles possible. - Editor*

## Historical Society Notes

### A Message From Our President

Gentlepeople:

The first three quarters of 1989 have proved to be both satisfying and successful for the Historical Society and your Board of Directors as well.

In May, the Carnegie Building remodeling and rehabilitation phases were completed and an open house at the new museum was held. During the summer, a contract was awarded for the construction of exhibit cases, shelving, cabinets, etc. This phase is currently progressing and the doors to the museum should be open to the public in early 1990.

Speaking of interior changes, the Historical Society's Third Annual Zinfandel Hop was again held on the fourth Sunday in September and was again a success. Approximately 300 people enjoyed our auction and raffle, music and food (donated by many restaurants, stores and delicatessens in the Healdsburg area), the beautiful Hop Kiln Winery grounds and fine wines and beer provided by a new co-sponsor, the Mendocino Brewery of Hopland. The net proceeds from this event, \$7,500, will be added to last year's proceeds of \$9,000 to go toward the cost of museum interior furnishings and fixtures. Many thanks to all of you who supported this affair.

Your Board of Directors has been very active in areas other than fundraising. A committee has been working hard to establish a comprehensive docent program. In that regard, Alice Grove and Shirley Davis have agreed to be docent coordinators and will help conduct orientation and training sessions in the spring. Anyone interested should contact the Museum at 431-3325.

In addition, a Gift Shop Committee is busy reviewing ideas for sale items at the museum gift shop. Again, anyone interested in working in the Gift Shop should contact the museum.

Three other important areas have been focused on by your Board. A committee has been actively exploring the best manner to exhibit recognition of donors to the Society and/or museum. Another committee is working on the concept of implementing "preservation awards", recognizing persons and structures in the Healdsburg area which display an interest in preserving local history through restoration, remodeling, etc. A third committee has been reviewing the by-laws and will recommend changes at our annual general membership meeting in January.

Your Board of Directors, working with the Museum Board of Trustees, has recognized the need for a permanent part-time employee to assist the Curator. Discussions between these boards and representatives of the City are currently ongoing.

While all of the above has been going on, we have continued to provide docents to the museum, catalog and microfilm objects, articles, and documents, publish the Russian River Recorder, and do all the other things "expected" of the Society. Meanwhile, our membership has increased and our meager assets have grown.

A busy, busy year. Thanks for all your help and support. I look forward to seeing you at our annual meeting.

Yours very truly,  
Phillip J. Smith  
President

(Notes continued on page 13)

# A CALIFORNIA ADVENTURE

## The Matheson Letters, Part 2



edited by Diane Johannsen

*As we pick up Roderick Matheson's letters, he has been at sea for over six weeks. He has not yet docked at any port and he has not received word from his family since he left New York in January.*

§ § §

4th March 1849 23 South Lat 41 W. Long

I have been detained from writing to you and continuing my scribblings from day to day on account of the extreme unpleasant weather for altho we have not had any severe gales, yet the sea has been quite rough which has made the vessel to pitch about and

cause me to make more strokes with the pen than I have any intentions of sending. I cannot read what I have written but as I know you all to be better scholars than myself I think you may be able to spell it out. This is the holy Sabbath day. How have you spent it? Shall I tell you how I have disposed of it? I will. Well, I arose at 5 o'clock and took a bath under the head pump and then dressed myself for church for we hold service every Sunday upon deck at 7. We had breakfast of chocolate, ham and fried rice, having disposed of as much of this as I thought would be for the benefit of the inner man. I went on deck to look at a vessel upon our windward bow. She appeared to be a

brig distant about 7 miles heading in the same way with ourselves. She appeared to have a slight breeze while we were becalmed, but it was not long before we saw, with the aid of our glasses, that she was in the same situation with ourselves-becalmed. Instantly the proposition was started to board her. No sooner said than done, two boats were immediately manned and we were pulling for the brig. She was at this time not more than about 4 or 5 miles. In about an hour we were alongside of her but such a spectacle as presented itself it has not been my good fortune to witness. She was a sharp racing craft of 250 tons burden with 6 cannon upon a side run out of her ports and a crew of

-shall I say men? No, they do not deserve that name. Rather human beings (from 40 to 50). When we came within hailing distance she ran up Portuguese colors and a young man presented himself at the companion way and in good English asked--or, rather, demanded--what ship we were and where were we bound, how long out, etc. The questions in our minds now was as to whether it was best to trust ourselves on board of her, but I could not see that there was any more risk in going on board now, yet so much as we had now gotten under her guns. So the boat was laid alongside and I mounted her side and was closely followed by both boats' crews. After having made our boats fast we were invited down to the cabin and were introduced to the owner who was a Portuguese but could not speak a word of English. The only way we could hold any conversation with him was by means of the person who first hailed us. At the companion way from him we learnt that the vessel was the Pedro Grande (Peter the Great) from Oporto, 42 days out, with a cargo of wine. By this time the table was set out with all things necessary for a good dessert. There were upon the table Dried Pears, cheese, fresh bread, almonds, English walnuts, crackers, etc. etc. and what seemed to please most of all was the liberal way that the wine was set out. There was presented to each a bottle and a glass. After they had eaten and drunken as much as they thought was right they got ready to come away. I did not sit down to the table but stuffed my pockets full and commenced a cruise round the vessel. But it scarcely paid me for my trouble for I could not find out anything. Her hatches were all down tight, her decks were all cleared; she had not even a barrel of water on deck. But the 6 guns upon each side--we found 4 of them to be Quaker or dummeys. Ask John if he knows what a dummeys is. Her crew were all Portuguese and could not speak a word of English.

There were from 30 to 40 of them upon deck--a more hang-dog-looking set you could not find. Three or four of them followed me around wherever I went and whenever I made an attempt to descend below the deck, I was forced to go back. The only thing that I saw different from any ordinary vessel was that the forty Galent (?) fore-castle was built of iron as also was her Galley. After having spent about half an hour on board we were presented with 4 bottles of wine and about 12 apples. The wine was to be given to the captain, but the apples were for our (Prima Donas) ladies. With 3 cheers from our boat, which was answered by the ship's crew, we pulled for the old *Pacific* and were in time for the morning service and dinner, which was put down with a good appetite. On my passage back I picked up a butterfly. Here it is. I thought it is a good omen that we cannot be far from land and what appears to me more strange yet, is that a butterfly and devil's darning needle flew on board today. I must stop once more in my narrative by letting you know that we are moving along at the rate of about 4 miles an hour. We just returned in time--but hark! what a row there is on deck! Land has just been decried from the topmast and I must hasten on deck to take a look at the funomina [sic]. Well, I have been at the masthead and have had a look at that which is said to be land. It looks more like a cloud than anything else and I think it will turn out so; but I must say once more "good night" for Ferris is going to prepare supper and I have no place to write. So good night, my own Netty. Once more this makes one day nearer to my return home.

Well, another night is passed and we are now in sight of land. It is Cape Frio, or, in English: Cold Cape, distant from Rio 60 miles. We are moving through the waters very slowly with the wind unfavourable and we may not get in to the harbor before night. It is a most beautiful

sight. The cape is upon a "rock in the ocean" isolated from everything else. From the vessel it appears to be quite desolate but the scenery is very fine. The sun is shining quite clear and strong and there is about half a dozen small crafts sailing about upon the coast. The only thing spoken of today is the oranges and lemons and it is asserted that they come from the groves seen around. All hope of making Rio this day is at an end for we have no wind at all. The ship is going from one side to the other at a great rate. The passengers are busy catching fish. Dolphin is very plenty. We have just caught 5 large ones. There is nothing worthy of note this day to chronicle so I must conclude. Goodnight again.

§ § §

Tuesday morning 6th March 1849. Arose this morning before sunrise and found that we had been bearing to all night and 3 vessels in sight. One of them is a brig and looks as tho' she is a coaster. I must hasten and take my bath in order to be ready to board her as they are getting the boats ready.

Well, I have been out in the boat. I had quite an adventure. We had scarcely pulled 200 yards from the ship before we were in a dense fog and we lost sight of both vessels. Here we were in a small boat, 12 in number, rowing away with all our might. After trying to find the vessel we started for, we gave it up and turned about for our own ship; but we had no better luck in finding it than we had the other. Some became afraid and vowed that they would never go out again in a small boat. But after rowing about for about half an hour, we heard them on our ship tolling the bell for us that we might be able to find her. When we came on board we were all heartily satisfied to do without fruit for that day, especially from off the vessel that we were in chase of. For when the fog cleared up we had a gentle breeze which

soon brought us alongside of the brig and we found her to be loaded with manure. But there is now a large ship making in from the sea with the stars and stripes flying. Instantly our flag was given to the wind which was the signal for the other two to do the same. And behold! we were all American! and 3 of us bound for San Francisco!

One of them is a brig named the *George Emery*. She ran down upon us and hailed us but our Captain, happening to be in bad humor, would not answer her. In about an hour, the ship was alongside of us and so close that we could see upon her decks. She proved to be the *Architect* from New Orleans, Capt. Gray, Commander. When she was alongside, the capt. got up upon the traffel rail and hailed us. But he got no answer. He hailed again with his speaking trumpet: "What ship is that?" Our Capt. replied, "Why do you not lie further off?" The answer was, "We could so or not, just as we please." After he had got the name of our vessel he hailed again, "Who is the commander of the *Pacific*?" One of our Passengers immediately answered, "Capt. Tibbets." The reply was, "Thank you. We will watch the *Pacific*." He immediately hauled down his colors and went off to windward. From what is known of

his character, we expect he will have to apologize. It is the intentions of the passengers to give Mr. Fisk (the one who answered and gave the Capt.'s name) as good a dinner as Rio can afford. He is the dentist that I told you of in the commencement of this letter.

Another day has passed and we have not yet made Rio. But the Sugar Loaf is in sight and the wind is fore. We now expect to make Rio by 3 or 4 o'clock. The anchors have their shoes on and the decks are all clean. The ladder is even got out, and above all, some of the passengers have dressed themselves to go on shore. It is a doubtful case if we are permitted to land or not but we have written a petition and signed it and intend to send it to Mr. Todd, our minister, to use his influence at Court to procure us liberty to get on shore. I have been looking at the scenery at the entrance to the bay and it goes ahead of any thing I ever saw. I dare not give a description for to attempt it would be folly. We have had a fine view of a huge mountain which rears its conical head to an enormous height. It is called the Sugar Loaf. At the entrance of the harbour there is an innumerable quantity of islands. Some of them appear to be nothing but rock, while some are so densely covered with

herbage and woods that they form a most pleasing contrast. The trees are so different from anything that I ever saw. It looks as though we were in some foreign land. We can see plainly the palm and the coconut trees growing on shore. Away up in the harbor we can see \_\_\_\_\_ Quarantine, the shipping being in the \_\_\_\_\_. It will be quite night before we can get up to anchor, but I must quit the present as we are going to have an early supper. Only think, we are going to have molasses cake and apple pie after supper. If I can keep down long enough I will give you an account of how it eats. [Later] Well, we have had our supper and it was first rate. I must clear out once more with my epistle as we have been advised to clean up our cabins and prepare for the health officer who may make a descent upon us at any time. So goodnight again.

§ § §

Wednesday 7 Mch 1849 We are this morning in the mouth of Rio's harbor, beating up with a faint breeze and against a strong current. We will not get up to the city today.

A farce took place today. While we were beating upstream a Prussian vessel was coming out and it appears that is the way of the place that all vessels coming in have to go around of all those coming out. But we had no wind to propel us along; consequently we could not comply. In the meantime she was coming down upon us at a great rate. When quite close, our captain hailed her and told them that if they did not keep off that they would get their bow split carried away. But the tables were quickly turned. They instantly put down their helm and went astern of us, running their bow split through our Signal Halyards and carried off our flag. Instantly a fight ensued, but she came off victorious. The only damage she sustained was from the breaking of a Thunder Mug! [chamber pot] upon her deck,



drawing by Gilbert Gaul, *Century Magazine*, April 1891 - Bancroft Library

### Night Scene on a Gold Rush Ship, 1850

hurled by one of our passengers at her captain. This made them so mad that they instantly hoisted our flag under theirs and told us that if we wanted it we must come and get it. No sooner said than I and a party of 25 volunteered to rescue the American Flag. But while they were getting ready their arms etc., the Prussian hauled down the flags and loaded a cannon, using our flag as a wad and fired it at us. Just at this instant a breeze from the shore sprung up and filled her canvas and was soon lost to our sight. We were obliged to call anchor and here we are, comfortably quartered for the night.

The scenery grows more interesting as we come nearer to the city. We can see the strong fort and Castle of Santa Cruz. Among the high mountains and hills, the valleys are seen. The picturesque cottages common to this country are built of what the natives call Adobes, or half-burnt bricks, and are white-washed inside and out. Their shape is 8-sided, one story high. The roof conical formed and covered with red tiles, which gives a most pleasing aspect, especially when they are half hid from view by the palm trees which grow wild in this country.

8th March 1849 We have been trying to break up the bay all day and have not made more than about a mile and a half. At last we are compelled to anchor abreast of the Castle of Santa Cruz. It is a very strong place, built upon a peninsula of rock at the entrance of the bay. Every vessel that passes has to come right up in the range of the guns of the fort, and when in that situation she is hailed from the solid Rock in a sepulcher voice, "Belay, what ship is that? Where from? Where are you bound to?" All of the questions being answered, the vessel is suffered to pass on upstream until they get up to the guard ship, but what takes place there I do not know. While we are waiting, we have had a chance of seeing all vessels going out and coming in.

The laws are of the most vile character. There is a whaler anchored right alongside of us going out in a few minutes bound for Sag Harbor, yet we are not permitted to send letters on board. The ship's name is the [Superior?]. I must conclude, as it is time for us to read the Scriptures (for we read them every night).

§ § §

Mch 9 Friday. We are up as far in the bay as we intend going. There is a man-of-war boat alongside, ready to take our letters. I must conclude, my Dearest Netty.

You shall hear from me again before I leave Rio. I have not forgotten the promise I made you to meet you at a throne of grace every night, just as we used to do at our little snug home. You, of course, do the same. Continue, my dear, to put your trust in him who cares for you and I hope it will not be very long before we meet, not again to part, until we are summoned to give up our accounts to him who has a right to ask it. Accept of my warmest love yourself and believing me to be your

Loving Husband,

Rod R. Matheson

*[Editor's Note: No Matheson letters in the museum's possession describe Rio de Janeiro. It is not known if he even went ashore there. If he did, and did write home about it, those letters are not available to us now. We pick up his letters written more than 6 weeks after the Pacific left Rio on April 3, 1849.]*

§ § §

On board Ship *Pacific* 26 May 1849 in South Lat 22.52 West Long 79

My own dearest Netty,

We have doubled the horn in safety, and under the pale rays of the new moon are pleasantly gliding down the eastern side of the Pacific Ocean towards the port

of Callao (the principal port of Peru) where we intend to stop for a few days for fresh provisions and then start for San Francisco, the future theater of action of all our ship's company. And where I hope to find letters from home giving me an account of all that has transpired during my absence. You, I hope, have not neglected writing me before this time, so that your letters may reach California before me. For you can only judge of my feelings at not hearing from you for so long a time, but what shall I say? By your own, for I know that you feel anxious about me and I know full well that you have not forgotten me, for every night my ears burn as tho' they were in the fire. You used to tell me that "left or right is good at night." As I know that few will take the trouble of talking about me, around the supper table with Father & Mother and the rest of the family eating soft clams. Perhaps saying, "Oh, I wish that Rody had some of these." But you must not think because we are at sea that we are without our delicacies. Two or three days ago we were becalmed off the Islands of Juan Fernandez where we got a quantity of fish and so this evening we had fresh fish, as well as you, for supper. For I know (it being Saturday evening) that you must have some for supper.

When I wrote last we expected to leave Rio on the first of April but did not leave until the 3rd. From all that we can learn we have made a very good trip around Cape Horn, altho' we had for about a month nothing but one succession of gales. Yet we have caught up to and passed some ships that started out of Rio 15 and 30 days ahead of us, so that we cannot grumble in justice. You know that I am very prone to be guilty of that sin when on a long journey and I think that when I start to come back that I will be able to find a much shorter route than round Cape Horn. I am heartily tired of a seafaring life and, in fact, of a roving one, and if it is ever good fortune to get back

by the side of my own little wife again "I will be content no more to roam" but settle down in some quiet nook in the country and be satisfied with the world just as I find it. I have made a map of our route from Rio to the present place so that you can see what we have made from day to day.

When we were off the Horn we were all very busy. Whenever a chance occurred, fishing for gooneys or albatross, but the fates were against me for I lost two fishing lines without getting a bird. But at last I became desperate and arose one morning with the determination of capturing one. After fishing nearly all day, I finally caught a fine large bird measuring about 9 ft. from tip to tip of his wings, but he was alive and I had not the heart to take his life and was ashamed to ask anyone else to perpetrate a crime that I was not willing to do myself, so I let him fly! I had to forgo the pleasure of having a gooney's head or bill, but never mind. I have a noble wing of one which I am drying for the purpose of making you a tip-pet. Also a pair of cape pigeon's wings, which will make a most beautiful baby's cape.

Our life is a very monotonous one, but to me it was somewhat disturbed for 7 days by its being my turn as steward. Oh, you should have been by to have seen me with coat off, shirt sleeves turned up and me up to my eyes making bread, bean soup or pumpkin pie, etc. etc. The last day of my administration I made crullers that I know would equal Creashey's sponge cake. But it was very good considering the maker and the place. Having some buckwheat flour on board, we have indulged in buckwheat cakes and I tell you that they did not go bad in the cold mornings.

A few days ago we had a very violent hail storm which we improved to the greatest advantage by gathering all the hail and making ice cream! I have tasted better (I suppose) at Thompson's or the Alhambra, but ice cream in these diggins is not to be grinned at.

This is the holy Sabbath. We have finished our breakfasts and some have either gone on deck to loiter away an hour, or are engaged reading or writing. All is still, so that I am enabled to collect myself. I was very much disappointed upon awakening this morning at finding myself still board of this old ship, for I dreamed last night that I had returned from California and was with you, father and mother, and telling over all my adventures. I was as happy as it was possible for me to be when I awoke again to find myself still floating upon the mighty waters and as far as ever, from all that I love on Earth. Did I say as far as ever? There I was mistaken for each succeeding day brings me nearer to you not only in distance, but in time. I look forward to that period when I shall surprise you by my sudden appearance; for you may rest assured that I will not stay one minute longer than I can help. Altho' it is yet a long way off, yet it is a source of infinite enjoyment for me. In the meantime, you, my Dearest, must not despond, but keep up your spirits, and enjoy yourself. If the City is unhealthy, be sure and spend the summer in the country. You must not permit yourself to want for anything and do not be ashamed to ask for whatsoever you want from John Cornell. Remember, it is your own, and you are under no obligation to want for nothing. If you do, you may be sure I will be very angry and you know what that is. But I must now make some inquiries, for I expect to have an answer to this by the time I arrive at San Francisco.

How is father and mother? Be sure and give them my love and when you write me, give me all the particulars as to how they get along. Also Elspet and the children: kiss them for me and tell Will and Mary that they must be good, or else Uncle Rod will not bring them anything from California. Tell Father to send me the Price Courant by every steamer and the Herald.

*My Dearest Betty,*

*We are at present  
700 miles from San Francisco and  
you after 6 mos absence in  
such a hurry yet damn fortune  
other smile upon us in  
some of us is to have this  
month shall it, out with a  
wish you get it? Be  
to give you a description of  
Father's improved by a long  
which is no doubt formed by  
Destructive of vegetation and  
it is the report of myriads  
the depth of several feet  
blows from that quarter  
satisfactory news of the good  
is distant about a mile*

The latest news we have had from the States we received from the Panama steamship, but she brought nothing of consequence except the fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, which I verily believe was thought more of than the news from California. I hear the dinner bell ringing for us and I must put this aside until I have my dinner of what is denominated by sailors "duff" (a corruption of "dough").

[Later] We have had our dinner, which consisted of boiled ham and rice with Pilot's bread besides the dough! I gave you a description of our meals in order that you may form an opinion of our method of living. But how different is a bath at sea to what it is in New York.

We have had services in Episcopalian form upon the quarter deck as we have every Sunday. I had to break off just here, to go on deck to see a school of whales



*On said ship Pacific 10th July 1849  
Lat. 20.50 Long 129.50*

*becalmed and not more than about  
place where I am to hear from  
negoties, yet altho we are all in  
will not for some season it  
it all that she appears to have  
golden bold almost within our  
stately grasp saying "don't you  
I will not disappoint but proceed  
What I saw in the harbor  
hand of black fish. The harbor  
volcanic eruption. The present  
to present a very singular appearance  
birds and the wind was covered so  
with guano & when the winds  
it is some what offensive to the  
people of Callao from which it  
The present city of Callao is*

playing round the ship. They were so close that the spray came in my face from the spouting of one of them. This, by the way, just puts me in remembrance of a little excursion we had about a week ago.

We were becalmed just below Juan Fernandez when we were surrounded by quite a number of blackfish. We instantly lowered a boat and went after them, but it was some time before we could get near enough to strike one. Finally we succeeded, but we had hardly struck him with the harpoon before he went much faster than ever it was my good fortune to be carried before. The unaccommodating fellow headed right from the ship. We gave him as much line as we could spare and made signals to the ship for assistance. When they lowered away and came to us, having a harpoon and rifle, and before the boat steerer had an opportunity of

striking him, one of the persons fired the gun and so frightened him that he made a sudden plunge and broke the line. We had to pull back 7 or 8 miles to the ship, determined never again to go blackfishing.

We have had our supper and have lit our lamps and things begin to wear a more quiet aspect, for it is a warm clear moonlight night with the trade wind wafting us along at a rate of 7 miles per hour. Our expectations are raised up to its greatest height, hoping to reach Callao by Wednesday or Thursday. You may be sure that everyone is speculating as to what sort of news it will be that we shall receive--favorable or unfavorable--as to whether the gold excitement is as fierce as ever and as to whether we are likely to make our fortunes in the next few months or not. All kinds of queries are out, and as you pass one group of our companions in exile you hear nothing. I wonder if the President's message is as popular as his letters were. All that I care for is to hear from California and then speed to San Francisco and have my mind set at ease by hearing from you. Oh! what pleasure, what joy that will be. To know that you are in the enjoyment of the same great blessing as myself--Good health. If I only know this I could content myself, but as this cannot be I must wait until I get to California.

Tell everyone that I am getting to be quite a sailor and can eat my allowance of salt fat junk with any. But, oh!, for a good rare beefsteak! Tell Lise that I have a piece of Robinson Crusoe's cave for her if she will be married by the time I return. Do not forget me at a throne of grace. Remember me very particularly to Mr. Smith and say to him that the tracts he gave me have been very acceptable to the sailors, for they have been slighted by all the passengers in that line.

§ § §

Monday morning. We are still tracing our way over the trackless ocean, but still not going as fast as we were yesterday. I am becoming more and more impatient at every delay that occurs, but as I can do no better, I shall have to put up with it.

What do you think I have been doing? Give it up? Why, darned stockings! to be sure. You would have laughed with all your might to have seen me with a stocking stretched over a bottle, for I discovered a good-sized hole in the toe of one, and the heel of the other was so thin that I thought it the best policy to take a stitch in time. But, oh, my! After all my work, I fear it is going to be in vain, for I fear that I shall never be able to wear them again. They hurt my feet abominably, but I must persevere, for it is only by practice that I can hope to become perfect. This evening or tomorrow I expect to go in for a general wash of all my dirty clothes, and will let you know how I get along. I hope to make a better fist at it than I did at the darning trade. Then I have lots of other sewing to do yet, for between shirts and pants I shall have enough to keep me busy from San Callao to San Francisco. I expect by the time that I return, to be so handy that I shall be able to cook and keep house for us both, besides cutting out and mending your frocks and petticoats, etc. Besides attending to my own business concerns--only think of that! "When we get a-going" but not in Ohio, altho' I could be content even there if I had you by my side as it was in the days of yore.

This morning the Andes mountains are in sight, quite plain. They present a very singular appearance, for if we look upon the horizon we can see nothing but clouds; but far above are seen the mountains, which appear at the distance to rest upon the clouds and the ocean, altho' they are back from the coast some 50 miles. The ocean this morning presents quite a different appearance this morning from that of

San Luis Obispo, California 10<sup>th</sup> July 1849  
Lat. North 26.50 Long West 129.00

My Dearest Betty,

We are at present becalmed and not more than about  
700 miles from San Francisco the place where I am to hear from  
you after 6 mos absence in purgatory, yet altho we are all in  
such a hurry yet some fortune will not for some reason or  
other smile upon us in fact all that she appears to have  
done for us is to have find the golden bowl almost within our  
reach shall it, out with a tantalizing grasp saying "but you  
wish you might get it"? No! I will not dispute but proceed  
to give you a description of what I saw in the island. The hills  
of Callao is formed by a long island of black sand which is  
which is no doubt formed by volcanic eruptions. The  
Destitute of vegetation and presents a very barren appearance  
it is the resort of myriads of birds and the air is filled with  
the depth of several feet with guano & when the wind  
blows from that quarter it is some what offensive to the  
satisfactory nerves of the good people of Callao from which it  
is distant about a mile. The present City of Callao is

yesterday, for it was then a very deep blue. But early this morning it was a dark bottle green and now (9 o'clock) it is a light dirty green. We are moving along at a pretty good gait and preparations are going on upon deck to get the cable out. All is excitement. Some have not been in bed at all, others have been up since 4 o'clock, dressed and ready to go on shore. Most have their letters sealed and ready to send off, but I expect to be on shore and send this as soon as any of them. Methinks I hear you say, "As usual, he is waiting for the last boat." But such is not the case. I want to give you a description of things just as they transpire, so if I close this up now, you will not know what news we have in Callao, nor what luck or time we have in getting in.

I have just been on deck, taking a look again at the mountains, and we can see by the naked eye the snow on their tops while we are under a tropical sun parched up with heat. Oh, for some of the snow to make an iced lemonade. It would not be bad now, I tell you!

3 o'clock P.M. The island of San Lorenzo at the mouth of Callao harbor (which signifies shut up) is in full sight but there is greater excitement on deck than ever. A flock of pelicans have lit within gun shot of us and all are busy trying their guns. I believe it is all to no purpose, for the roll of the vessel causes them to miss the mark.

5 o'clock P.M.. We are now not more than about 9 miles from the city and can hear the report of the cannon in the city. This is the great gala day in Peru (the same as the fourth of July). We will have arrived just one day too late. I hope this may not be so at San Francisco.

The shades of evening are fast falling upon us and wrapping the islands and mountains in its sable, but dewy, folds. Our expectations are up to the highest pitch. We have hopes yet of anchoring in the bay this night and tomorrow of knowing our doom.

9 o'clock. We have just rounded the island of San Lorenzo and they say that the lights of the city can be seen. I just now hear the 9 o'clock gun fired from the fort at the entrance of the harbor.

11 o'clock. We have just cast anchor in the bay, right in front of the city. I will now conclude until I have been on shore and heard the news from the States and California.

§ § §

May 4. [*actually probably July - Ed.*] Well, I have been on shore and up to the city of Lima and a more retched collection of inhabitants and houses (if they can be called so). They are made of mud and straw (the house, I mean) and if a good shower of rain should fall, the city would melt like snow. I think that they must be far inferior to the houses that the natives of Africa build. The ladies, when they walk in the streets, wear a sort of hood or shawl over their heads and draw it over their faces and the only part left open is just room enough for one eye! Below I have drawn what is considered a good representation of a merchant (Peruvian) and an Indian as they appeared in the streets of Lima, making a bargain I suppose. Below you have a representation of what is supposed to be a cave that Selkirk occupied while he was a resident of that lone isle or rock. I have a pretty good sketch of the island and also enclosed you have a sketch of some of the Rio beauties. One is a negro coffee carrier. The other is a fruit seller, as she appeared going along crying her fruit "Bu-na-na" ("a" has the open sound). The other is a pistolhorn. [*most of the drawings mentioned are missing - Ed.*]

I must now tell you some of the news that we have received in this place. The latest dates from New York give up the inaugural address of the president and formation of his cabinet, etc. We are very disappointed in the men he has chosen. The news of El

Dorado is of the most cheering character. Gold is abundant, provisions plenty, but high. The only thing that is discouraging is that the American line of steamers have been stopped for want of men to sail them. I forgot to tell you that I called upon Mr. Clay, the Minister (American) at Lima and that he informed me that the consul at Callao had suddenly taken with gold fever, which caused him to desert his post and make tracks for the diggings.

§ § §

About Thursday the 7 or Friday. You must not be surprised if you do not hear from us again for some time, for I fear that all communication is cut off from San Francisco. May God protect and be unto you more than a Father and Husband is the constant prayer

of your Loving Husband,  
Rod R. Matheson

§ § §

On Board Ship Pacific 18th July 1849, Lat North 26.30" Long West 129.00"

My dearest Netty,

We are at present becalmed and not more than about 700 miles from San Francisco--that place where I am to hear from you after 6 mos. absence in purgatory. Altho' we are all in such a hurry, yet dame fortune will not for some reason or other smile upon us. In fact all that she appears to have done for us is to have put the golden bowl almost within our reach and holds it out with a tantalizing grasp, saying, "Don't you wish you could get it?" But I will not despond, but proceed to give you a description of What I Saw in Peru.

The harbor of Callao is formed by a long island of black rock called San Lorenzo, which is no doubt formed by volcanic eruption. It is entirely destitute of vegetation and presents a very black appearance. It is the resort of myriads of birds and the island is

covered to the depth of several feet with guano. When the wind blows from that quarter it is somewhat offensive to the olfactory nerves of the good people of Callao, from which it is distant about a mile.

The present City of Callao is one of the most miserable places it has been my good fortune to have seen. It is estimated to contain about 3000 inhabitants--the greater number Indians. The ancient City of Callao was destroyed in 1741 by earthquake; the remains of it are to be seen yet. I paid it a visit and found the remains of an old Spanish fort, regularly paved streets and remains of houses.

I crept through a crevice of a wall and found my way down into a large vault, expecting to have found something that would have paid me for my trouble, but after searching about (in the dark), I concluded that I must have gotten into the culinary department of some old hotel. It appeared to me that the whole floor was strewn with remains of kitchen utensils. I picked up what I supposed to be a part of a wooden bowl or calabash which I intended to carry with me to New York as a relic of Callao. Judge of my surprise to find upon my arrival in daylight that it was a human skull! I was almost tempted to carry it back again and place it where I found it. On making inquiry of some of the residents I found that I had been in the vault of an old cathedral!

The road from Callao to Lima is 7 miles long and is one of the most interesting walks or rides that I have taken. The road is about three hundred feet wide, bordered by a wall about 4 feet high, built of unburnt brick, which separates the pedestrian from the orange groves, the green fields of corn, or pasture. This is the greatest thoroughfare in Peru. You are continually met either by a Capt. of the army, mounted on horseback, followed by a body guard of Indians; or a muleteer driving from 20 to a hundred donkeys or mules with their burdens

slung across their backs. There are no wheeled vehicles in Peru of any consequence and everything is carried in this way. Even milk is slung in churns across the donkey's back (not to make butter) and carried to the customers' houses. Look at the sketch No. 9 and you will see a panedeso (or baker) going round serving his bread which none but the wealthy can afford. Flour is imported in sacks of 300 lbs. from Chile. The value of the sack is \$20 plus \$20 duty, bringing it up to \$40 per two hundredweight. This is pretty dear bread, but everything else is very cheap.

Halfway between Callao and Lima is a church, a tavern, and a large cross, all of which are



Lady of Lima

built of reeds and mud. If they should have one old fashioned shower of rain the buildings both public and private would melt away as fast as ice in an oven, but as it never rains they answer better than brick or stone for they are in dread of earthquakes, and for that reason never build higher than one or two stories high.

From this part of the road can be seen Lima and in the background, the Andes mountains raise their frosty heads, frowning, seeming to say, "So far shalt thou come and no further." We made an examination of the cross which stood upon a square pedestal

about 20 ft. high, very gaudily painted with Catholic emblems, such as Jesus' head upon a piece of cloth, nailed to the wall; the Virgin's heart pierced by a sword, Jacob's ladder, pinches, hails, etc. It appears that this cross was erected to show the spot where the waters came up to at the time the earthquake destroyed Callao.

Passing the church we entered the tavern for the purpose of getting some refreshment. I spied an old man with an old black cowl, torn in a number of places. He had not shaved for a week at least and it would have been difficult to have told what color his beard was, for it appeared to be a mixture of white and black. The thin cadaverous visage shining through made one of the most disgusting objects that the eye could well light on. Notwithstanding all that, I addressed him in--what shall I say, it was not Spanish, French, or English--but something between the three, and at last succeeded by hollering at the top of my lungs (for he was deaf) to make him understand that I wanted to see the Church. He said that he was the priest and if I would give something to the Holy Virgin he would open it. As it was against my principles to do so, I presented him with some cigars, which was an open sesame to his heart as well as the Church, which was not worth the trouble to examine. The only thing worthy of note was the filthy condition in which it was kept. But we thanked the Padre, and having bid him good day, departed for Lima thinking that he would not be troubled with many ladies coming to confession. If they made him hear, they must make themselves heard by the whole neighborhood.

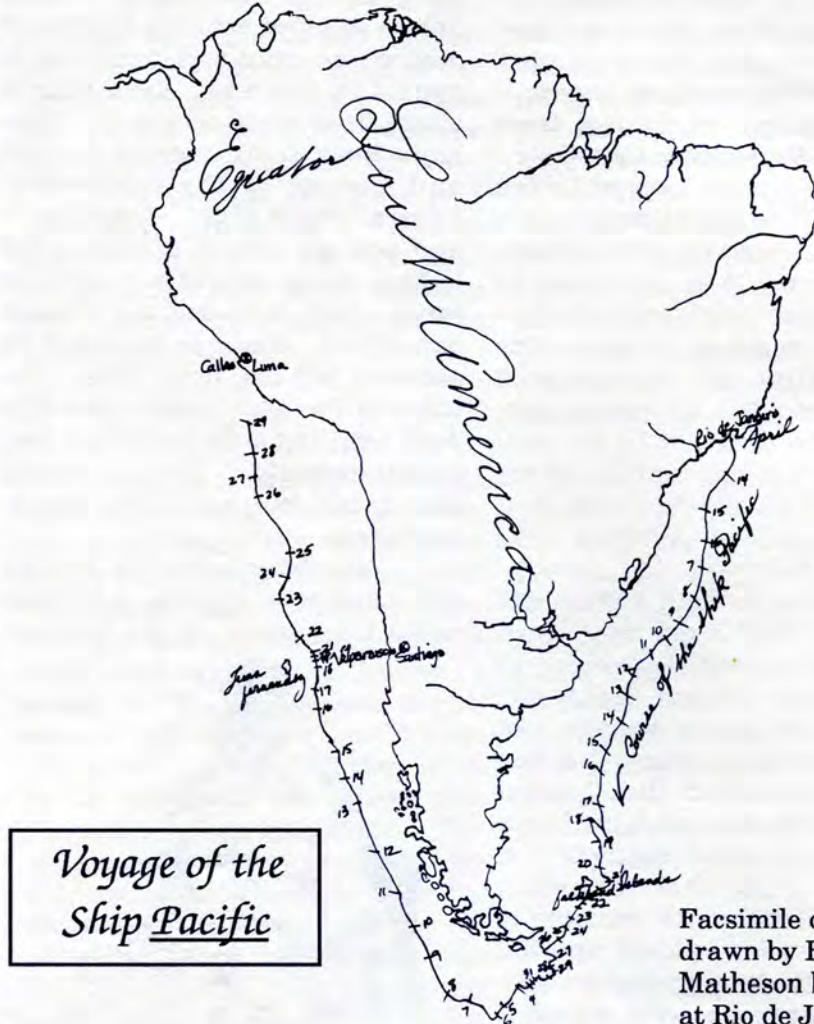
This road is said to be very dangerous, bandits infesting the whole country. Not thinking of anything of the kind, we were somewhat unprepared to have made much resistance, had we been attacked. We could, on examination, only muster 3 revolvers and 4 Bowie knives

among 9 of us, but this did not deter us from enjoying ourselves. About 3 miles from Lima, the road is beautifully laid out with trees in double rows on both sides of the road, forming a most delightful promenade. The inhabitants are hindered from enjoying it, as they are afraid of the robbers. No one travels the road after dark and when persons travel in daytime they go in squads all armed and mounted.

Lima is situated on the Rimac River in the midst of a fertile valley, and all walled in. As this was the first and only walled city that I ever saw, I of course took a great deal more notice of its suburbs than I might have done otherwise. O! Dear! how disappointed I was--the far-famed City of Pezzarro is walled with mud! It is here that it is wide enough for a horse & cart to drive round upon and in its day must have been a good protection against the poor naked savages. The gate is of wood--very massive and out of all proportion to the wall; this is called Callao Gate. The entrance to the City is very shabby and mean and you fancy that you have not yet entered the City.

You look in vain for houses, for the method of building is so different from what we are in the habit of seeing. They are built something like the French houses in Bleeker Street so that you only see a door and perhaps a window in the second story.

But what struck me most was the method the ladies had of showing themselves in the street. By referring to sketch No. 6 you will have a front view of the saya y manta. No. 7 will give you a back view and by reference to No. 5 you will see that this is 2 pieces--one is a skirt called the saya, which fits so snug that it must impede their progress in walking; the other is called the manta. This comes up from the back of the waist over the head with which they cover up the whole of the face, only leaving room enough for one eye to look out, altho' they can see out of the other, for the stuff is



Voyage of the  
Ship Pacific

Facsimile of map drawn by Roderick Matheson beginning at Rio de Janeiro in April and ending at Callao in June 1849.

very thin (a kind of crepe) that they can see out of but you cannot discern their features. They say the reason of their wearing it is that the men are so jealous of them (and heaven knows they ought to be) that they have adopted this method that the men cannot know them even if met in the street by their own wives. Another reason they give is that if they go out in company and a person is there, or comes in, that they do not like, they just draw the manta over their faces and look at them with one eye.

For my part, I think every one of them that we saw ought to be shut up in a prison and made to look through a key hole for life. They are the greatest flirts and cокets [sic] in the world. It is nothing for them to beacon a good looking fellow to come in to their

houses and treat them to wine and play on the guitar and sing for them. They are also very fond of jewelry and ornaments.

By going to Mass one morning, I found a great many ladies with their hair shaded with gold, pearls, and even diamonds. Seven of the head dresses were estimated to be worth from one to ten thousand dollars. By referring to sketch No. 8 you will have one of them at mass, kneeling down upon the mat which has been brought by her servant, who walks behind her, dressed in livery.

The first house I stumbled into was the American minister's house and was surprised to find such a contrast with the outside appearance. I found that it was not only handsomely, but elegantly, finished and furnished throughout. He received us in a

very easy and gentlemanly manner. I first introduced myself, then the rest of the company. After chatting with him and getting all the information that we could, we bade him good day and went to explore the rest of Lima.

At last we came to the center, which is a large square. One side is formed by the palace (of Pezzarro) another is taken up by the cathedral, and the other two are taken up by dwelling houses and stores. The latter are very handsome and there is nothing but what may be found in the stores of Lima. There is a bridge over the Rimac River built of stone. This is the bridge where it is said Rolow was made prisoner and it goes by the name of Rolow's bridge. By the way, there is a gate leading out to it by the name of San Michael's.

The names of the streets struck me as being not only out of all taste, but blasphemous. For instance Calle de Jesus de Nazariano (the street of Jesus of Nazareth), Holy Ghost Street, etc.

I paid a visit to the market and of all the disgusting sights, that goes ahead. I there saw exhibited dogs for sale, draped as butcher's meat and chickens, cut in 1/4 so that they could buy as much or little as they please. The market is held under a row of sheds built of reeds and the only ones that had anything for sale were either Indians or negroes.

Opposite to the market is a large heavy building with a sentinel at the door. The fact of its being built of stone was sufficient to excite my curiosity. I entered, but upon examination, could see nothing worthy of note more than its being a barracks for soldiers. I was coming away wondering what it could have been in its day, when I was met by some of my fellow passengers, who informed me that it is the place where the inquisition was held. We all went in then for a closer inspection, and by paying a soldier a real (equal to a shilling) we got him to show us the examination room. Here are kept all the instruments of torture used

by those more than fiends in human shape. Some were hanging up against the wall, and many were thrown in a corner. There still stood a rack which has stretched many a person out until he has confessed crimes that he had no knowledge of more than myself. Here also was a boot made of iron which the victims had to put on, and wedges were driven in until the leg would burst.

I was not sorry to leave this horrible place for my imagination became so sensitive that I could almost hear the groans and shrieks of the poor victims of their infernal malice.

From thence we paid a visit to the monastery and Church of St. John of God. This Church, in the days of its pristine glory, was the most splendid in the New World. Its high altar was covered over with gold and silver and studded over with precious stones. Its five hundred candlesticks (from 3 to 10 ft. high) are of pure gold and silver; its wall and smaller altars are adorned with the finest paintings in the world.

One of these is a representation of Hell: a poor fellow is represented as being upon a bed of spikes; one of the lesser imps of Hell had a pair of red hot pinchers, taking a piece of his flesh off. Another had a large spike, hammering it into his skull, etc. If I had been permitted to have given it a name, I would have said it was a good representation of the tortures made use of by the inquisitors. (In fact, the painter must have had his eye that way when at work.) Ichobod is written in such flaming characters upon all parts of the building wherever the eye may chance to rest.

Its glory has departed. At the time of the earthquake which destroyed Callao, one of its towers (of reed and mud about 200 ft. high) was thrown down. The different revolutions which have convulsed the country from its separation from old Spain has stripped it of its patrimony. Its altars of gold and silver and precious stones and the finest of its paint-

ings are going to decay for want of proper care. I could have purchased a fine picture (the head of St. Ambrose) the size of Donald for 75 cents that in its day must have cost hundreds of dollars. But I had no way of carrying it, so I left it until I go back there again! Which I hope will not be in this lifetime.

There are 3 aisles. The center one (or nave) is taken up by the high altar and choir. The side ones and wings are occupied by the lesser altars and confessional boxes. By referring to sketch No. 11 you have a view of one of these boxes in use. The monastery is not worth describing here--you may read a description of it in my journal when I return.

There is a very interesting custom in Lima. When the first chime of the vespers bell peals upon the evening breeze, all stop and cross themselves, the men, at the same time, taking off their hats.

I must close my remarks for this night by taking myself to my hammock. I have been obliged to evacuate my berth for the rats have politely requested me to give it up for the benefit of one of their company who has got the asthma so bad that they feared it might disturb my rest. I tried to sleep with him one night, but his breathing was so loud that I could not sleep and his expectorations so frequent that it made it somewhat disagreeable, especially when he would draw his tail across my face in endeavoring to wipe his mouth with it. So I have given way and he now has full possession. Last night they held a political meeting which ended in a row, and kept us all from sleep. All this we could get along with if they did not bury their dead in our water casks. We have been obliged to drink the essence of rat (which, I assure you, is not very pleasant) for the last three days, but thank fortune, we have no more of the same sort left. Really, my dear Netty, I must go, so Good Night.

*(to be continued)*

## Job Opportunity

Position available: Editor of a local historical society quarterly. The Russian River Recorder is a high quality historical quarterly that has recently been published rather irregularly. The current editor can no longer meet production deadlines and desperately seeks replacement. Hours are moderate, work is hard (but interesting!), and compensation is nil. Many intangible benefits: thrill of writing, facilitating, and publishing original historical research; furthering the cause of the preservation of northeastern Sonoma County history; pleasure of working with charming 13-member board; unlimited access to Healdsburg Museum's Historic Research Library and Archives. All interested persons should apply to:

Phillip Smith, President HHS  
P.O. Box 952  
Healdsburg, CA 95448

## In Memory

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

Waldo Iverson  
Alta Arata  
Julius Nervo  
Florence O'Brien  
Constance Cook Wisecarver  
Inez Scalione

## Memorial Donations

Memorial donations have been received from the following:

Eunice and Horace Edrington for John Goularte  
Billie Raust for William and Violet Robertson  
Jim and Meredith Dreisback for Adele Palmieri

## ANNUAL SOCIETY MEETING

The Historical Society will once again be holding its annual potluck dinner and meeting.

This year the dinner will be on :

Wednesday, January 24, 1990  
6:00 p.m.

Healdsburg Senior Citizen's Center  
133 Matheson Street

We will have an enjoyable program including a tour of the new Museum facility. Please bring your own table service, and one hot dish, salad, or dessert. If you have questions call June Jones at 433-1920. This is a great opportunity for us all to meet, so please plan to attend!

## Spring Dinner at Madrona Manor

Suggestions are solicited for the theme of the dinner (black tie optional) at Madrona Manor, a benefit for the Society, on March 7, 1990. This will be an elegant affair with champagne served with appetizers, followed by five or six courses (small portions). Of course, appropriate wines will be served with each course. Guests will be limited to 80. The champagne reception will begin at 7:30 with table service starting at 8:00 p.m.

Watch for a flyer on this event that will be mailed in January. For more information, or to suggest a theme for the dinner phone 431-3325.

## MUSEUM NEWS

The Museum collections were moved to the newly-restored Carnegie building at 221 Matheson Street last July. At present we are occupying only the lower floor, waiting for the construction of display platforms and cases to be completed on the upper floor. The business office, historic research library, and archives are operative and have been open to the public by appointment since late July.

The completion of the design of the exhibit platforms, cases, and other furniture was delayed until June of this year, and the summer was spent advertising for construction bids. In August the City of Healdsburg awarded the construction contract to the low bidder, Neves and Associates Construction at \$72,247. This work will include all display platforms, partitions, and cases, the remodeling of existing 1911 built-in bookcases, some gift shop furniture, the construction of a work station in the downstairs research library, and a set of drawers for clothing in the downstairs storage area. It does not include metal shelving and a map case for the research library and storage

area which was purchased separately for about \$5,300.

Phase 1 of the project, the restoration and remodeling of the building itself is now complete. If all proceeds as planned, the final construction phase should be completed by the New Year. That is when we can begin to mount the permanent and rotating exhibits. Our grand opening is now tentatively planned for March, 1990. It has been a long, and seemingly very slow, process. But the end is now in sight. Stay tuned for the grand opening of the New Healdsburg Museum, Edwin Langhart founder, in spring of 1990!

Meanwhile, as we wait for construction to be completed, we are busy organizing all of our research materials to fit it the new space, setting up the research library and storage areas, catching up on two years of back cataloging (deferred during the fundraising), and planning the new exhibits. If you wish to conduct business or do research at the Museum in the next two months please come to the lower level Fitch Street entrance, or call for an appointment. It is a good idea to check conditions at the Museum in advance, as we are moving boxed items around the building - one step ahead of the contractor!

Healdsburg Museum  
221 Matheson St  
Healdsburg, CA 95448  
(707) 431-3325  
Hannah M. Clayborn, Director

## Plans for the "Vintners Table" 1990

One of the most innovative of the events spawned by the recent Museum fundraising drive was the "Vintners Table", a spectacularly elegant progressive dinner held in 1988. Museum board member Karylyn von Moren Grist and five local wineries organized such a successful evening that we have been deluged with requests to do a repeat performance. Therefore due to popular demand, organizers are proceeding with plans for the "Vintners Table" in the summer of 1990.

Belvedere Winery, one of the original founding wineries, will serve as organizer/host of this year's event along with four other new participating wineries. Each winery will serve

one sumptuous gourmet course along with their own vintage wines to 100 people. Fabulous settings will combine with excellent company to make another memorable evening. Watch for more publicity on the event when the details are finalized. If you would like to be put on the list to reserve tickets (a list that fills up fast!) contact: Karylyn von Moren Grist at 433-8128.

## Artifact Donations

Since our last publication the following people have donated artifacts to the museum collection:

|                     |                 |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| Mrs. Frank Balbi    | Lawrence Biagi  |
| Lynn Brookins       | Eugenia Dressel |
| Mary Graham         | George Greeott  |
| Gertrude Hendricks  | I.O.O.F.        |
| Bob & June Jones    | Verna Lafon     |
| David Opperman, Sr. | Walter Snider   |
| May Whitton         | Nina Zanzi      |

## VOLUNTEER TRAINING SESSIONS

Our first orientation meeting for new (and veteran) volunteers was held on October 18th. A good crowd of about 25 turned out to discover what is involved in becoming a docent at the new Museum facility, which we hope will open in March, 1990. The actual volunteer training sessions will begin in January, 1990, and will be divided into three sections: the history of northern Sonoma County, learning about the new Museum facility, and techniques for dealing with the public and Museum security. The first section is scheduled for:

Wednesday, January 17, 1990  
2:00 p.m.  
Senior Citizen's Center  
133 Matheson St.

The first session, a general history talk and slide show by the Museum curator, is open to the general public. So, if you would like to become a museum volunteer, or if you would just like to learn something about the history of your community, please attend - and bring a friend!

For more information call our docent (volunteer) co-coordinators:

|               |          |
|---------------|----------|
| Alice Grove   | 433-4352 |
| Shirley Davis | 431-8220 |





The Healdsburg Museum and Historical Society thank all of the following who made the Third Annual Zinfandel Hop such a successful affair:

Bonnie's Ice Cream & Sandwich Shoppe  
 Costeaux French Bakery  
 Downtown Bakery & Creamery  
 Dry Creek General Store  
 Dry Creek Liquors Deli  
 Healdsburg Charcuterie & Delicatessen  
 Madrona Manor  
 Mesa Beverage Company  
 Molsberry's Family Super

Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company  
 Raley's  
 Safeway Deli  
 Salami Tree Deli  
 Subway  
 Tip Top Liquor Warehouse  
 Vadrnaise Deluxe Foods  
 Wharf Fresh Seafood  
 Warm Springs Station & Deli

**donors of food and beverages,**

A Small Farm  
 Air Flambouyant  
 Richard Andolsen, M.D.  
 Judy & Norbert Babin  
 Bank of America  
 Brite Cleaners  
 Raymond Blatt  
 C.C.A. Silband Sports  
 (Tayman Golf Course)  
 California Weekend "T's"  
 Coast to Coast  
 Cook & Sons Union Oil  
 Crenshaw's, Glenna Boutique

Lytton Springs Inn  
 Robert Marmor, Esq.  
 Modern Moods  
 Molsberry's  
 Muir, Babin, Smith, Ltd., Chefs  
 Noble Design  
 Northbay Savings  
 Off the Plaza  
 Papitre  
 Plasberg Spirits  
 Peter N. Rugh, Esq.  
 Safeway  
 Salami Tree

Cubbyhouse  
 Dilworth Stage Lines  
 Downtown Creamery & Bakery  
 El Farolito  
 Evans Ceramics Gallery  
 Far Horizons Travel  
 Frampton House  
 Garrett Hardware  
 Bill Harris, D.D.S.  
 Healdsburg Clothing Establishment  
 Healdsburg Coffee House  
 Healdsburg Paint Center  
 Healdsburg Travel  
 R.S. Leach, D.D.S.

Sanderson Ford  
 Shoffeitt's  
 Single Tree Inn  
 The Side Door  
 Touch of Rose  
 Toyon Books  
 W.C. "Bob" Trowbridge  
 Vadrnaise Deluxe Foods  
 Video Store  
 Vineyard Electronics-Radio Shack  
 Wells Fargo Bank  
 Western Boot Steak House  
 Wild Rose

**donors to the raffle and/or auction, and**

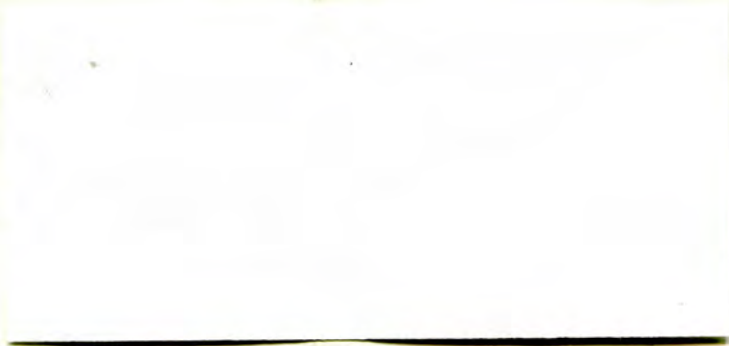
Hop Kiln Winery & Mendocino Brewing Company, co-sponsors; Friends of the Historical Society for anonymous gifts; Bruce Campbell; Chamber of Commerce; Lorriann Tornay; Healdsburg Area Bed & Breakfast Inns; Hannah Clayborn, Museum Curator; "Hi Jinks"; Mark Decker; Maureen Miller; Healdsburg Museum Board; John & Carol Muir; City Hall staff; Doc Ritz; Healdsburg Tribune Enterprise & Scimitar; Maureen Hyde; 1989 Zinfandel Hop Committee; and most importantly, all the folks who attended and those members and friends that purchased raffle tickets.

**See you on September 23, 1990,  
 at the Hop Kiln Winery  
 for the Fourth Annual -  
 mark your calendars!**

Return to:  
**Healdsburg Historical Society**  
 P.O. Box 952  
 Healdsburg, CA 95448

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