



Guest House Museum By Dot Johnson

# Voice of the Past

Vol. 9, No. 4

Winter 2009

## \*Aerial Lithograph of Fort Bragg, California, c. 1889

### THE FORT BRAGG—MENDOCINO COAST HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S HEADQUARTERS:

The Guest House Museum  
343 N. Main St. / P.O. Box 71  
Fort Bragg CA 95437  
<www.fortbragghistory.org>

### GUEST HOUSE MUSEUM

#### HOURS VARY SEASONALLY

May-Oct: M-F 11-2; Sat-Sun: 10-4  
Nov-Apr: Th-F 11-2; Sat-Sun: 10-4

#### For information call:

Museum Hours 964-4251  
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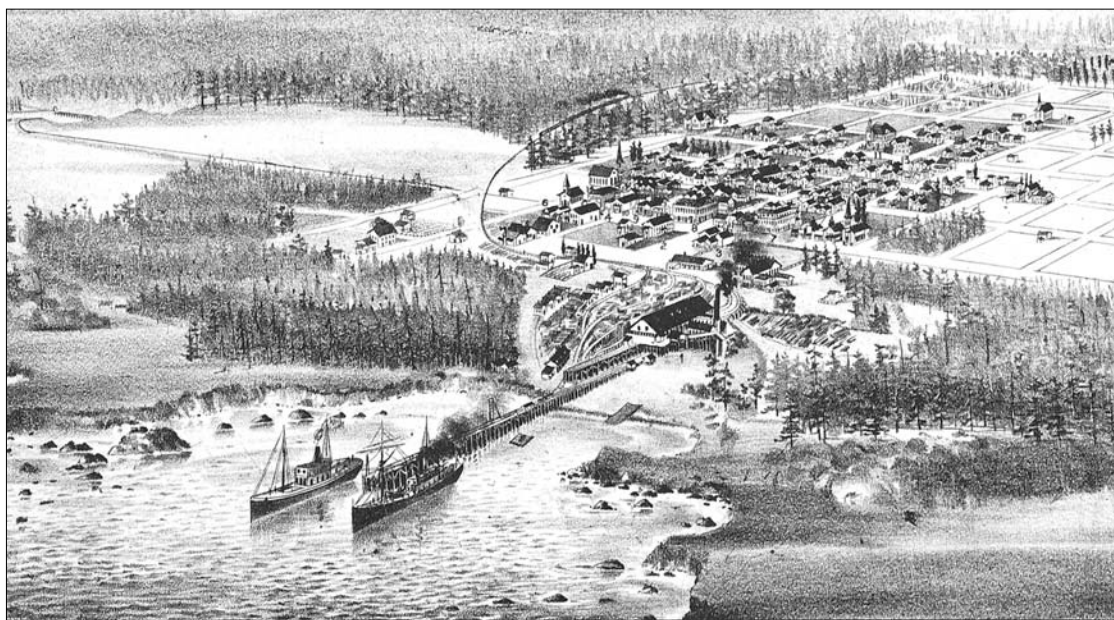
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### Description of Fort Bragg from 1864.

About 1864 the noted photographer A.O. Carpenter visited the Fort Bragg Army Post which was then part of the Mendocino Indian Reservation. The Pomo name for the site was, *Kah-la-de-mun* ("surrounded by trees").

Some forty years later Carpenter again visited the area. The thick forests had been cut down to feed the voracious lumber mill, for firewood and for fuel.

Also see the panorama of the same site on pages 8 and 9. A photograph like this one almost certainly provided the artist with the information he needed to create this drawing.

### Lithograph of Early Fort Bragg Rescued.

Early box cameras were fastened to balloons and kites to make aerial views. Artists drew the images, then lithographs were printed.

This close-up of the main part of the lithograph provides a unique view of the early town of Fort Bragg. It shows the town, the Fort Bragg Redwood Company mill site, two steam schooners at the wharf, and a steam train headed up Pudding Creek toward Glen Blair. And lots of trees! The native pines, not considered good for lumber, were mostly made into firewood and much of it was shipped to San Francisco.

The historical society carefully removed the

fragile original print from a glass-covered frame at City Hall. It was digitized and then reprinted. A new print is in the frame, and displayed at City Hall, while the original is safeguarded in the archives where further deterioration of the image due to light, air pollution and other environmental contaminants can at least be slowed down, if not completely prevented.

FB-MCHS Vice President, David Foucheaux researched the company. Aerial views were first made by the Elliot Company in 1879. Although this print is undated, our best estimate is that the print commemorates the layout of the buildings in existence when the town of Fort Bragg was incorporated in 1889.

It is a stunning view for anyone interested in what our area looked like at that time. ✨

*\*A beautiful copy of this historic print, will be available for purchase at the Guest House Museum. Its lower margin has the identities of more than a dozen buildings with corresponding numbers drawn on the original print. A large print is on display.*

*Local history reproductions and originals are also available. Give your favorite historian a gift s/he will treasure...or treat yourself to a gift that will expand your knowledge pleasurably while benefitting the Guest House Museum. You can help to preserve our local history. What's not to like? ✨*

### Fort Bragg's 1987 Housing Survey Being Updated

On October 10th more than 100 crowded into the Veterans Memorial Building on Laurel Street to hear Marianne Hurley, Field Architectural Historian, discuss Fort Bragg Architecture styles and their historical value. She expressed surprise that only two local properties are currently listed on the National Register of Historical Buildings.

One is the Weller House on Stewart Street, which was built in 1886, enlarged in 1905, and today is a beautifully restored B & B that preserves the water tower with an original ballroom on top. The second is the Olinsky Building—better known today as the Depot Mall. The south half was first the Barnard Stage Lines and Livery Stables that hauled freight and passengers and was constructed conveniently close to the CWR train station. In 1920 Olinsky built a new addition on the north side to house a new post office. The addition used colonial-style columns to match the library, bank and Company store one block south. When the post office moved to Franklin Street in 1925, the Olinsky Building became the Post Office Store and confectionery. The south half of the building changed from warehouse and stables to a series of garages and Ford dealerships as cars replaced horses, wagons and stagecoaches. Today it houses a variety of shops and features two small locomotives and other historical items in its interior space.

Four additional local properties are listed as Points of Historical Interest, a lower designation. They are the Union Lumber Company's Guest House (1892); the public library on Main Street (c.1908) which burned in an arson fire in 1987; the Trinity Lutheran Church, originally built by the Finns as the *Suomalainen Evankelis* [Finnish Evangelical] Lutheran Church (1889); and the footprint of the location of the Fort (1857-1864), Historical Marker #618.

She noted that remaining examples of modest workers' homes are important local history and should also be recognized, not just the grander homes. The original layout of the town included alleys between all the main streets, a design then mostly found in the East, where most of them came from.

She also noted that concerns about historic status complicating an owner's rights to change an historic property are unfounded. Such building code or other restrictions are already in place. If anything, the designation enhances a property's value. The Native Daughters of the Golden West will lead the survey update with assistance from other local groups. ~SEB

Space in this column is 400 words. Mail your history thoughts to:  
 FB-MCHS/ Voice of the Past, President's Forum  
 P. O. Box 71, Fort Bragg, CA 95437 OR email: [nhh@mcn.org](mailto:nhh@mcn.org)

We hear all too often horrifying stories of people who take advantage of others, those who would "stab you in the back" while pretending to be your friend. There are such low-life *no-goodniks* around, but I feel the mainstream media spends far too much time instilling fear and mistrust, and precious little time celebrating and encouraging the basic goodness in people. Since we are fast approaching the Christmas season when lions are reputed to lie down with lambs in peace—I will share with you a tale of the goodness of our own neighbors.

In the Fall issue of the *Voice*, I included a list, of both big and small wishes. The next day, I received a call from Audrey Tyson, saying it was the best issue yet, especially seeing her uncle, Ray Ware, Postmaster when free mail delivery first began in Fort Bragg. The article brought back the happiness of that day! Then she offered to fill in the missing *Breath of Oceans* on our Wish List that she has been saving all these years.

We made a date and Russ gallantly climbed ladders and toted boxes as I chose volumes and made an inventory. The following day, John Skinner called. He brought a load of missing annuals in his truck that afternoon.

Thanks to these new [old] local history sources, you will find a new feature of excerpts from the annuals in the *Voice*. Thanks to just two Good Neighbors we now have twenty-two formerly missing issues available in the FB-MCHS Archives. Gradually more of the missing issues will be filled in, a very important historical resource reference.

Check out the first article from the annuals on p. 4 in this issue. Let me know what you think about the new feature.

FYI: FB-MCHS is always collecting local family information to flesh out our files on buildings, events, etc, and photos.

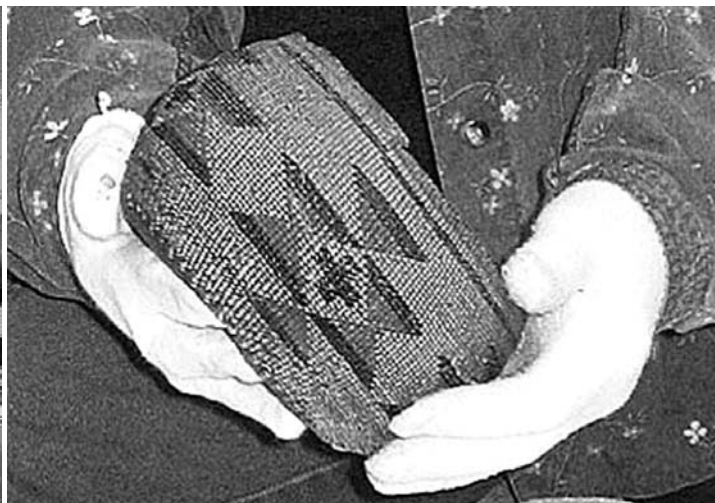
**Thank You for any help in recovering our history!** ✨

#### ★ ORIGINS OF SOME FAMILIAR YULETIDE TRADITIONS: ★

**YULE** was a Winter Solstice festival celebrated by Germanic pre-Christian tribes in northern Europe. Many of the modern rituals associated with Christmas, such as burning a Yule log, eating ham, and hanging boughs of holly, came from Yule.

The American **SANTA CLAUS** comes from a melting pot of mythical folk heroes from around the world. For example: **ODIN**—the one-eyed Scandinavian god leaves candy in exchange for hay for his flying horses; **YULE GOAT**—brings presents on Christmas Eve in northern Europe; **TOMTEN**—Scandinavian elf with red hat and white beard; **PAPA NOEL**—Spanish fellow climbs balconies rather than chimneys; **FATHER FROST**—Ukrainian hero brings gifts with help of Snowflake Girl; Australian **FATHER CHRISTMAS**—uses a sled pulled by kangaroos; **LA BEFANA**—the Italian good witch flies with presents carried on her broomstick. ★ **Happy Holidays!** ★

## Indian Basket Donated To FB-MCHS Partially Identified



*Left—Curators Ben Brown and Pam Service, Clarke Historical Museum, Eureka, discuss the basket we brought trying to identify its origins.*

*Above—Close up of the basket's "Morning Star" design. The "Morning Star" design was used by the Yurok, Hupa and Wiyot who lived in today's southern Humboldt County. Although the Clarke Museum has baskets with the "Morning Star" design, none have a cross, which was one of many possible geometric figures woven and twined into baskets. Each family had preferred designs that they created and used.*

A basket donated by Michelle A. Herrick before she and her husband moved to Arizona, has at last been identified. Michelle wrote that it had belonged to her grandparents, Anton and Amelia Hummel. But she knew nothing else about it. The basket had some kind of matted material in the bottom and had small breaks in one side.

When I brought it to our Native American expert, Cultural Anthropologist Sherrie Smith-Ferri, Director of the Grace Hudson Museum in Ukiah, she said it is definitely not Pomo. She recommended bringing it to Eureka where she thought it would be recognized as belonging to a group from that area. At last we had the opportunity to do just that, and she was right!

The Curators at the Clarke Historical Museum identified the material in the bottom of the basket as acorn meal. Someone had probably used it as an eating bowl.

I asked what materials were used to make the basket. They explained that the basic framework was made from willow roots and hazel sticks. The light tan sides were twined fibers from Bear Grass, *Xerophyllum tenax*. The black material was the Maidenhair Fern, *Adiantum pedatum* or the Woodwardia Fern, also frequently utilized. Yellow dye is obtained from Wolf Moss, Staghorn Lichen; orange-brown dye is from the inner bark of some Alders. Some Pine roots were also used.

Basket weavers still cannot go to a craft store to get their materials. The gathering and preparation can take two years before being ready for weaving. They must be scraped, dried and sorted by sizes. In the wintertime willow roots are collected after the rivers wash out some of the finer roots away from the main tree trunk. The floods of the 1950s and especially 1964 washed so many willow trees away that it is now difficult to find enough good weaving materials. Certain areas were

burned to promote new growth to provide the best basket materials. With improved understanding of forest health, in some areas the U.S. Forest Service is reviving this custom.

Just as bird feathers are favorite ceremonial basket decorations among the Pomo, the Karuk, Yurok and other groups in Humboldt used porcupine quills, which they dyed with yellow dye. Violet Moore commented that she occasionally finds them after "they get run over in the road." She pulls all the quills out and then washes and dries them.

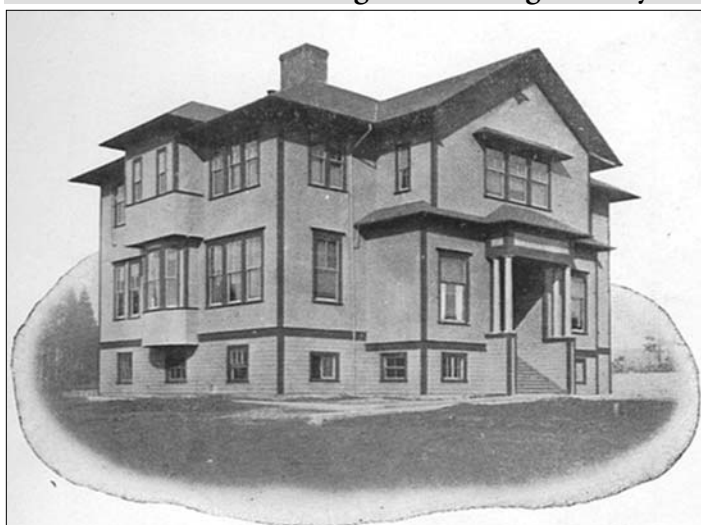
Vera Ryerson described the process: "First I used a pair of pliers, but that doesn't work very good—you damage the quills. So I put on a pair of gloves—that helps. But I found that using the bare hands is the best. I'll take one hand and press the quills down to one side, then pick with the other, then you don't destroy the quills." She also warned about going barefoot while working with quills.

I picked up one of their books on basket weaving, to better understand basket making of Humboldt County weavers. The information above is from the *Basket Weavers*, compiled by Claudia Israel, published by the Clarke Memorial Museum.

Another book produced by the Clarke Historical Museum, is one of the Images of America series of Arcadia Press. It is called *Eureka and Humboldt County California*. Pam Service (pictured above) was the lead writer. It was published in 2001. Primarily a "picture book" like the others in this series, its great virtue is that the images are all from the holdings of the Clarke Historical Museum.

My chief quibble is that none of the photographers who created them are identified, although photographs are the major content of the book. They should at least have acknowledged the known photographers whose work is showcased. ☞

**Did You Know ?? The High School Staged a Noyo River Carnival in 1907?? Started a Mandolin Club in 1909??**



**FORT BRAGG HIGH SCHOOL**

*Original building, completed 1907*



*The Mandolin Club,  
J. S. Cotton in center, FBHS, 1909.*



*Joel S. Cotton,  
Fort Bragg High  
School Teacher  
Science and  
Mathematics  
1910*

***Breath of Ocean, 1910*** [event described was in 1907].

... [W]e began our second year and before long established ourselves as model students. With what joy (?) we opened our Julius Caesars and with what sorrow we (?) laid them away. With nothing to think of except school work, things began to grow tedious and dull but Mr. Cotton, always willing to help matters, saw that what the class needed was class spirit and to arouse this he suggested that we should hold a water carnival on Noyo river. Heartily, yea, eagerly, we entered into the scheme and soon the town was ringing with the news.

This well-remembered carnival was held on the evening of September 10, 1907. The thousands of Japanese lanterns, hung on wires along the shore and in the trees bending over the river, transformed the scene into a city of a thousand wonders. The vast crowd of revellers were carried in gaily-decorated gondolas to the various booths along the river where everything was sold that the reveling soul demanded. Many beautiful floats floated gaily over the water and the melodious boating songs, intermingled with the sweet tones of the mandolins, rendered the occasion as beautiful as is seldom seen or heard of. After the sound of revelry had ceased and we had departed from that scene of gaiety, many looked back at the twinkling candles with tears in their eyes and wished that such times might come again. ...

***Breath of Ocean, 1909.***

In the past year three clubs have been formed by the students of the High school: the Mandolin Club, the Kleosophic Society, and the Bon Temps Club.

The Mandolin Club was organized last fall under the leadership of Mr. Cotton. It has twelve members, eight of whom play mandolins, two guitars, and one the piano. By playing the music of the great composers, the members of the club become acquainted with good music; music that is worth while. And so, besides giving pleasure, the club educates. It is a good thing for the students and we hope to see it grow larger and better each year.

The Kleosophic Society, although still quite young, having only been started last January, is progressing rapidly. It already has twenty members and will, no doubt, have many more next term. The object of this society is the encouragement of literary study, debating, and kindred topics. Only those students who have obtained a second section standing in three studies are eligible for membership. In this way, better work is encouraged. The Kleosophic Society meets every two weeks. A programme—readings, biographies, debates, etc—is prepared for each meeting by members of the society. ...

The Bon Temps, or Good Time, Club has only lately been organized. Its character can easily be determined from its name. The first affair given by the Bon Temps Club was a reception to the students of the Mendocino High school. It was a great success. The hall and tables were very prettily decorated and the programme was well arranged and well carried out. Everyone enjoyed himself thoroughly and all voted it the best party ever given in the High school. -Olga O'Connor, '11 ❀

Despite notions of how women in the “old days” were “closeted” in their kitchen, nursery or church, some women worked in jobs offering few comforts. A contemporary of Anna M. Reed, of *Northern Crown* fame, reporter Ninetta Eames traveled by train and stagecoach. Magazine articles like this one offered a window into a world most of the citizenry could not see for themselves. She provides us with a window into the past, a first-hand account also showcasing her cultural sensibilities and biases. The world she describes has differences from how we see it now. How will history see us?

Most of the 1892 illustrations were photographs by A.O. Carpenter and drawings by his daughter, Grace Hudson. Carpenter’s photographs and Hudson’s artwork as well as their history are housed at the Grace Hudson Museum and Sun House in Ukiah. ❧



Of all the stage routes open to the traveler in California, probably none offer such wild diversity of the picturesque as the various lines intersecting Mendocino. These have their focal point at Ukiah, which is a beautiful wooded town situated on the Russian River at the terminus of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad.

Before noon on week days one sees from the windows of the hotel some half dozen cumbrous, weather-stained coaches, all entering the main thoroughfare from various side streets, and not one more than a few minutes behind the rest. With a fine dash and clatter, and important cracks of the whip, each driver pulls up his steaming four-in-hand before the express and post offices opposite, hands out the regulation iron box and leather mail bags, amid a score of hearty questions and answers, and then, with a word to the champing leaders, the short turn to the hotel is faultlessly executed, and the cramped passengers eagerly alight for dinner.

No other personage in a mountain town has the prestige of the stage driver. Every one greets him with liking and respect, and his trifling foibles are passed over with admirable indulgence. If he takes a glass to much when off duty, or spins a yarn to the utmost limit of credibility, by tacit consent the matter is not emphasized by his patrons. In most instances, they have known him since their childhood, when imagination made a hero of the stalwart, free-hearted young man who handled broncos as if they were rabbits, and who never failed to give a “lift” to dusty little legs measuring the long lane to the country school.

In fact, one cannot journey far with the professional driver, before becoming convinced that he merits all the grateful recognition so unostentatiously bestowed upon him. For years he has been equal to a phone between the remote settlements on his line. To him is due the latest news from the logging camps in the redwoods, and the particulars of the last accident at the mill, all told with graphic homeliness of phrase. From the same source the masters learn how sheep shearing progresses on the high, breezy slopes, the day their fattest beeves may be expected at market, and how the droves of sharp-snouted hogs thrive on the acorn crop. To others interested he imparts the condition



Two Stagecoaches on “Corduoy Road” west of Willits. (c.1905) W. T. Fitch

of the young fruit trees at Prairie Camp, the number of ties split in a day by the new crew, how the tan-bark hunters are back for the summer, and the exact symptoms of “Mis’ Hodges’ bilious spell” at Comptche.

Indeed, the memory of the Stage driver has infinite capacity. Seldom a station, camp, or shanty, but has its daily message or package for him to deliver to some one on the route. These commissions are rarely forgotten, though meanwhile the most exacting passenger is not conscious of the least neglect of his personal comfort or entertainment.

To ordinary thinking the word “comfort” is hardly to be used in connection with stage riding, even on a picked road. Nevertheless, this is scarcely a fair conclusion. The popular conception of this unfashionable mode of travel includes the dismembering, muscle-wrenching vehicle of primitive periods; whereas, the stage of today is quite another affair,—yielding of spring, delightfully rocking in motion, capacious, cushioned and curtained in a style wholly luxurious by comparison. Then, if the right time of the year be selected for north country riding, one is totally free from that most serious drawback to California travel, the dust. By the middle of May, there is springtime riot on the mountains, the wood-embossed valleys were never so tenderly gay and green, and the frequent streams are like running quicksilver.

Without a day’s delay, I spoke for a through seat to the coast beside Jack Crow, the driver, and the same afternoon we made start for the redwoods. My first sense was of disappointment that neither route took in that daintiest of mountain mirrors, Leonard Lake. However, there was little room for regret of any sort, for all the valley lay warm and lovable under the far upreaching of mountains snow-silvered on the outer rim of a cloud-buffed horizon.

Under this inimitable reflex of sun and shadow we careered up the broad lanes, past poppy-hedged wheat fields, and wide bottom levels of shooting hop vines. There were plodding Indians at work, training the tendrils up the leafless poles.

“Those poles must be all o’ ten feet high,” the driver remarked, pointing toward them with his (Continued on p. 6)





*Shepherd's Cabin Made of Piled Short Oak Logs by A.O. Carpenter*

whip. "You'd hardly believe it, but a young smarty from the State University came here a year or two ago an' bought up a lot of old telegraph poles to start his hop patch. He said science taught him that the higher you made the vines climb, the better would be the crop. I hain't heard of his getting anyone fool enough to plant his poles for him yet, an' guess likely he's cut his wisdom teeth since an' give up the notion.

The hop plantations along Russian River are the most romantically situated of any in the State. Everywhere, the white oaks stand singly or in groups about the fields, or spread protecting arms over the home eaves of the farmer. In the orchards, clusters of baby fruit were already visible, sheltered by new leaves, so flushed they were all but flowers.

Crossing the river on the long bridge several miles out from Ukiah, we turned hillward up a charming pass, through thickets of blossom of a lively shade of crimson.

Aside from its undisputed right of beauty, the madroño has a commercial value hardly estimated by even its most ardent admirers. The wood is of exquisite color, grain, and hardness, and susceptible of a beautiful polish eminently desirable for indoor ornamentation. The Indians hereabout are not ignorant of its virtues. One of their number, who ha become shrewd from years of association with the whites, is now bringing to a marvelous finish some hundreds of madroño canes, which he declares he will exhibit in person at the World's Fair.

The fences on the pretty farms along Robinson Creek are of rails about which an old superstition is still extant. Jack Crow obligingly explained it,—

"Why, you see, folks will insist that if them rails was set in the dark o' the moon, they would jest naturally bury themselves in the ground, so you may depend on it they don't run no risk, but jest carefully pick the time for fence building."

We climbed to cool uplands where sheep love to pasture, far above the farms and cattle ranges. Between the stationed trees the grass grew woolly soft like moss, with ruddy plats of blooming clover. Here the ewes and young lambs nibbled, pausing anon to gaze at us in mild wonder. These innocent outlaws are the true pathmakers of solitary mountain wilds. Their narrow, beaten trails are sure to lead the thirsty wanderer to copious, hidden springs.

Ten years ago there were many thousands of sheep in the Mendocino ranges, but now the number is greatly reduced. Before the general survey of the country, sheep men had their choice of government lands for pasture, and their wool brought them forty cents a pound. They had no taxes to pay and no improvements to make. Now there is more or less fencing required in order to control a range, and the price of wool has gone down to half its former figure, owing to the immense importation from other countries. Add to these disadvantages the appropriation of the best lands by settlers, and it is easy to see the general interests of the country have advanced at the expense of the sheep owners. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the wool produced in Humboldt and Mendocino has the reputation of being the finest in the State.

There is something indescribably harmonious in all pioneer life, with its obedience to rude necessity and its primitive makeshifts. The means employed are always so aptly fitted to the end, and savor so directly of human needs and affections. A shepherd's cabin on a wind-swept height gave us a bit of artistic effect. This building was made of short sections of unbarked logs piled up like cordwood, a rough stone chimney in the rear, and the knotty boughs of a handsome oak thrown carelessly across the unpainted roof. There was nothing short of art in the unpremeditated picturesqueness of this simple dwelling.

On reaching the summit we gave a farewell glance at the glorious chain of peaks separating Ukiah Valley from Clear Lake, with old Sanhedrin rearing a frosty line above the others. Below us, on either hand, we saw through a sudden mist of rain the great, green bowls of the valleys. A moment, and the sun broke out afresh, dashing a torrent of gold across the dripping wildwood. The air steamed up in fragrance,—a delicious mingling of flower-breaths with the balsam of rosin bud and leaf, and the faint smell of rankly growing ferns.

Under the fluttering groves of oak and maple saplings, the thimbleberries clambered riotously, their snowy, silk-like flowers resting flat on the soft, serrated leaves. The buckeyes thrust up their curving plumes beside straight young firs, looking blither than their wont in a fresh drapery of pea green needles.

These Coast Range oaks present a fantastic venerableness, with their Alpine beards of grizzly moss trailing a yard or more from underneath their huge gnarly limbs. Many of them carry more moss than leaves, all the branches being thickly wrapped in the coarse gray fiber. An entire landscape of these veiled oaks is a weird picture, especially when beheld through the muffling fog so common to this region. When winds are up, the gray, weblike tresses are loosened and fall to the ground, much to the delectation of sheep and deer, which munch them greedily.

Descending the grade, we passed piles of tan-bark newly peeled from the trunks of numberless chestnut oaks. A week or two later when the roads have dried, this bark is teamed to Cloverdale or Greenwood for shipment.

The tracks of the tan-bark hunter can be traced through all these Mendocino forests, by the reckless felling of the choicest trees which are afterwards left as useless waste. This variety of the oak makes excellent fuel, if worked up *(Continued on p. 7)*

before the fiber becomes spongy. The bark is stripped during the three months of summer when it is easily separated from the body of the tree. Fortunately it is a rapid grower or with the present unrestricted destruction the species would soon become extinct.

Our first night out was spent in Anderson Valley, a narrow strip following the Navarro River seventeen miles on its seaward way. On the north and south are unbroken ranges of high mountains. The cradled valley between has many opulent orchards and fields. Now and again one sees through luxuriant foliage the funnel-shaped top of a hop kiln, or the similar roof of a fruit-evaporator. Several of the hop plantations are skirted by redwoods, and these groves make ideal camps for the pickers gathered here in the fall. When the day's work is done, it is said, the young folks dance in some stately sylvan hall, while close at hand, in one of Nature's grandest cathedrals, their elders hold prayer and praise meetings.

The seclusion enjoyed by these Anderson farmers has its disadvantages. They must haul their produce thirty miles, over rough mountain roads, to reach the nearest market. The majority of them have lived here for years, patiently awaiting the day when the ax shall sound in their magnificent forest, and the smoke of mills ascend from the streams. The most feasible outlet for the valley is through the redwood wilderness on the Navarro. In fact, the logging railway from the mouth of this river is steadily heading that way. Twenty or thirty miles more of track, and the road will be open to navigable waters.

The oldest settlers of Anderson Valley are the owners of large bands of sheep. Owing to the nearness of the mountains, their ranges extend almost to the doors of their houses. These sheep masters have adopted certain peculiar methods in the care of their flocks which afford them a deal of recreation. Like other keepers of sheep in the mountains, they have to contend with the serious depredations of wild cats, lions, coyotes, and even grizzlies. Instead of following the usual custom of hiring shepherds, they have trained horses and hounds, and frequently go a hunting in fine style, killing off the enemy with skilled certainty, and leaving their gentle charges wholly unguarded by day and night.

Of course, this practice incurs considerable expense, probably fully as much as, or more than to hire regular herders, but then, as one of the hunters dryly observed,—

“Think of the fun of it!”

Before sunrise we were again under way, striking straight for the barricade of western summits climbed by rank on rank of redwoods. These early rides in a spring dawn have a charm all their own. The world is at its best and freshest, and nothing could be more exquisite than the soft outpouring of cool, scented air. Then the loveliest colors ever granted to human eyes are those of morning clouds after rain! The light showers of the night had passed, and the crests of the peaks wore the glory of the risen sun.

We crossed a mountain stream called Indian Creek, where there were cosy nests of homes with luxuriant gardens and orchards. Along its flashing current our road made a



James Rice Homestead (c. 1870)

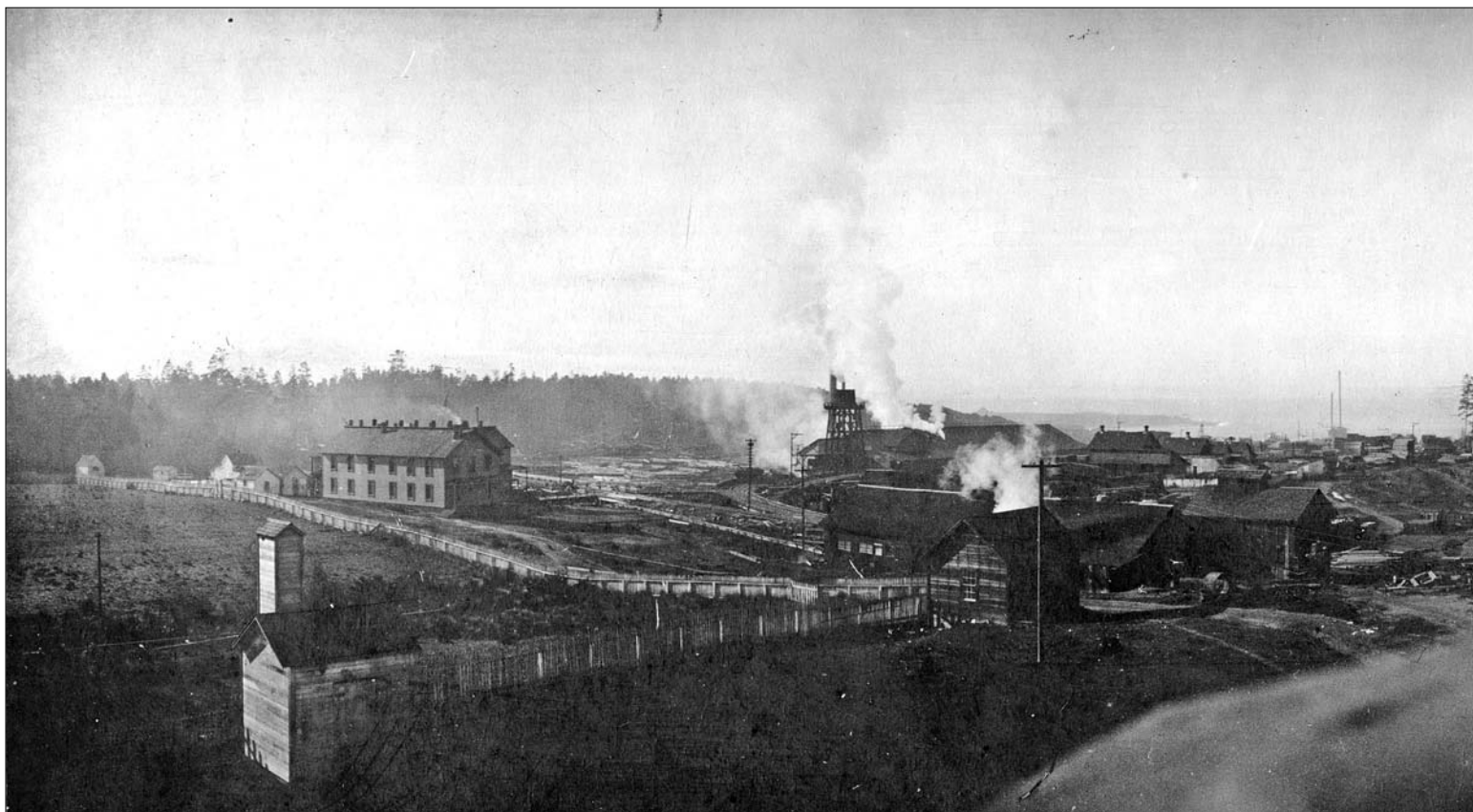
winding passage through the rich brown of tree trunks and outcropping rocks mottled with moss, with borders of white trilliums, ferns, and lily flags. The gray squirrel flashed electrically from limb to limb, prospecting for future forage; a bevy of quail made delightful noises in the underbrush; and blue jays darted and scolded in and out the redwoods which towered in unscathed majesty back of a roadside church.

Never do I behold these matchless trees without an instinctive outstretching of my arms in greeting! We had now entered their peculiar domain, for the redwood is exclusive, always keeping near the sea, and not being found outside the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevadas. A mountain covered with these kingly trees is inconceivably sublime; and no words can depict the solemn impressiveness of a deep gorge filled with the gigantic upright shafts. There is something, too, almost supernatural in their profound silence. Birds and all manner of small furry creatures shun the perpetual twilight found here. Only monster slugs make viscous trails over the mottled leaf needles underfoot in the vast soundless aisles.

These Coast Range redwoods, *Sequoia sempervirens*, are only second in size to their renowned brothers of the Sierra. The finest specimens are in Mendocino and Humboldt, and are all the way from ten to twenty-four feet in diameter, with clean, columnar trunks running up to a height of three hundred and even four hundred feet.

Of all the trees in the rich forests of California, not one has the industrial value of her coast redwood. Its popularity is steadily on the increase, in spite of the expense and the ingenious means required to render it marketable. There are today all of 900,000 acres of redwoods still in Mendocino, though the timber next the ocean is cut off to the average depth of eight miles.

Here and there we passed the camps where Portuguese or Russian Finns were at work splitting the beaded boles. The mountains resounded with the echoing blows of their axes. The hands of these burly woodsmen were mahogany stained from the juices of the wood. A man gets twelve to (Continued on p. 10)



*Above: Fort Bragg Redwood Company Mill Site Panorama (late 1880s) [©FB-MCHS 2006-01-07]*

We have this view from the opposite direction of the same area as the Aerial Lithograph on page one, *thanks* to Ben Booth, who has long been interested in the early history of the Fort Bragg Army Post. As part of his donation of historical materials, we received this early view of the Fort Bragg Redwood Company's mill site showing a number of items of interest.

The print was quite damaged and the silver has darkened from oxidation of the silver, but with some cleaning, and some work with Adobe's Photoshop, I think we have a very interesting view that I, at least, had not seen before. One of the most striking features is the forest that surrounded the mill site almost to the ocean shore, like at Russian Gulch.

The Boarding House for the plant's workers is in the near left with the sawmill to the right. A white picket fence lined the dirt road leading into the mill site and the boarding house area. It would have been approximately opposite Oak, Alder or Redwood at Main, depending on the actual angle of view in this print. Can any of our readers verify the location? Or the date?

In the distance, scanning to the right, two masts of a sailing ship mark the location of the wharf. To the south of the mill and Fort Bragg Harbor (also called Fort Bragg Landing) we can see a dense forest completely covering what is today a bare headland with only isolated native pines near fence lines.

Moving right, small sheds and buildings line the area where one of the log ponds was located, where the incoming trainloads of logs from the woods were off-loaded. The large building is probably the Company's horse barn. Two horses and wagons can be seen in front.

In back on the site huge stacks of railroad ties for the extension of the railroad into the Pudding Creek watershed and Glen Blair. Following the completion of California Western's first tunnel in 1892, the railroad then pushed east into the Noyo River watershed's untouched redwood and fir forest.

**The following article from the *Pacific Wood & Iron* magazine, June 1895, was sent by Kevin Bunker for the *Voice*:**

*From this same time period, an article from the Redwood Manufacturer's magazine demonstrates the cooperation and lack of competition among the redwood manufacturers of the time. The economic depression of the 1890s also goes unmentioned.*

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

"Messrs. Geo. D. Gray and W.A. Mitchell have formed a copartnership, under the firm name of Gray & Mitchell, for the purpose of dealing in lumber. Mr. Gray has been for years identified with the redwood interests of the Coast. For a long time he was associated with Dolbeer & Carson, and as the managing owner of the Milford Land & Lumber Company he is well known. He was honored last year by being elected President of the Redwood Manufacturers' Association, a position he filled to the satisfaction of all connected with it. ...

Mr. Mitchell has been connected with the lumber trade for the past ten or twelve years. He was at first with the Mendocino Lumber Company, afterwards with C.L. Dingley & Co. For the past year he has been in business for himself, and has secured the [sales] agency of the Pudding Creek Lumber Company, whose mill is situated at Fort Bragg [*sic*], Mendocino





*Below: Enlarged Barn Area*

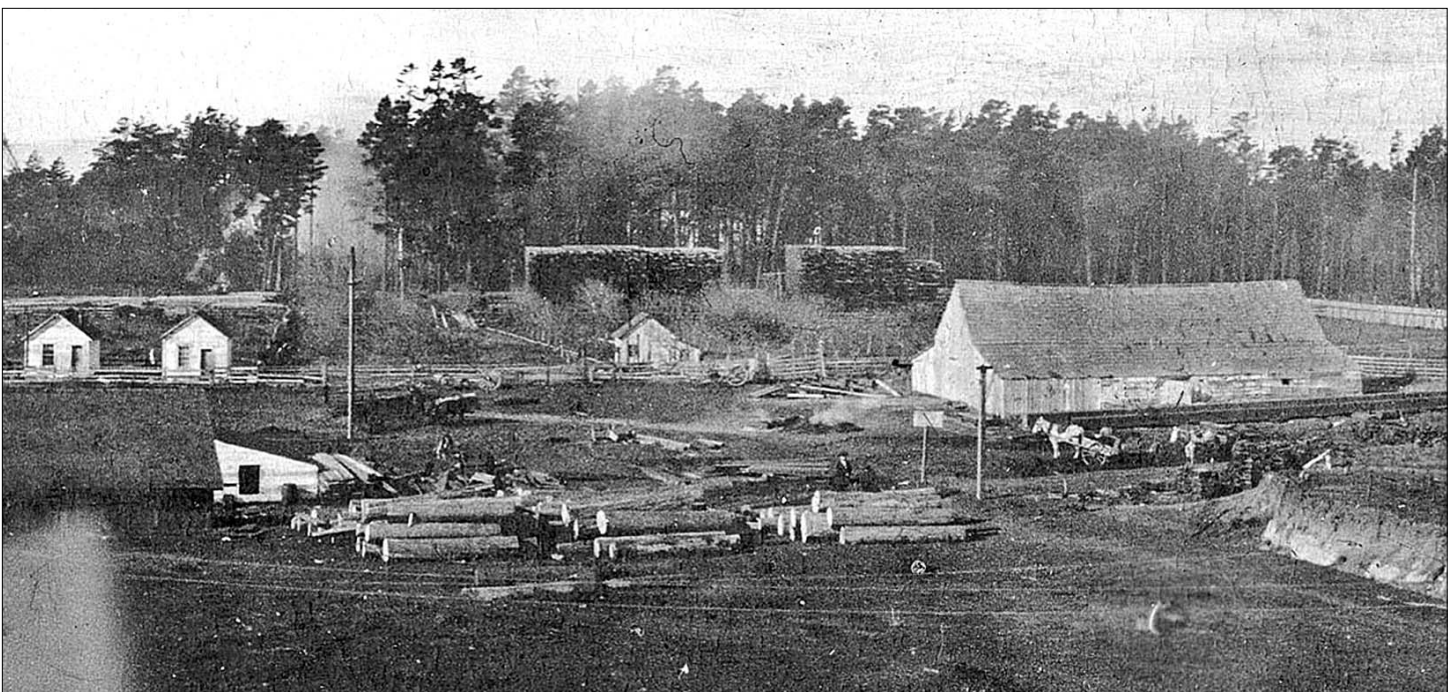
[©FB-MCHS 2006-01-07c]

county. He is a man of family, and like his worthy partner is a Hoo-Hoo† and proud of the distinction.

The new firm will act as agents for the Milford Land & Lumber Company...the Pudding Creek Lumber Company...also for the Fortuna Manufacturing Company, Fortuna, Cal, and Olney C. Hanson of Eureka, manufacturers of shingles and shakes, besides which they will do a general shipping and commission business. They have secured an elegant suite of

[*San Francisco*] offices at No. 3 California street, in the Luning Building."

† The International House of Hoo-Hoo is a longtime lumber makers' and sellers' fraternity devoted to professional fellowship centered on cooperation and trade boosterism, and somehow, even with the nationwide downturn in domestic logging and lumbering, the organization continues to exist. It even has a website!





*Mill & Town of Greenwood (1890s)*

fifteen cents for making a tie, according to its size, and boards himself. The ties are hauled to Greenwood, six or eight horses being used for a load, which usually consists of two wagons coupled together, each piled with seventy-five or a hundred of these split timbers.

Before the redwoods crowded us there were dashes of color everywhere—the scarlet of columbine and larkspur, the pale indigo of lilacs and hardy iris, roses innumerable, and the hair-fringed bells of lemon-hued calochortus. The eye reveled in the unspeakable beauty of this flowering wildness. Now the gloomy underworld of the sequoias showed no brighter shades than the faded pink of oxalis, and the green and purple foliage of endless huckleberry bushes.

“Here’s my regular passenger!” and the driver slowed down his mud-spattered horses. For the moment we did not see the drift of his remark. Then two tiny figures took shape in the shadows, standing motionless beside a hydra-headed stump. The girl wore a prim hat and carried a tin pail and a book. Though it was barely seven o’clock, she was evidently on her way to school. She and the boy looked ghostly in the obscure light, and neither smiled nor responded to the driver’s kindly salutation.

When we stopped, the sister spoke a few words in Russian to the bareheaded boy, and then hastily climbed into the vacant back seat. There was something so unchildlike in her pinched, solemn little visage, that one could not help fancying that the burden of the dumb, sunless forest oppressed her young life. Indeed, the chill of the place was so invincible that the cheer of an occasional patch of sunlight can hardly be imagined.

An hour or so later we came to a diminutive school-house where the “regular passenger” got down, and soberly joined a half dozen other children,—the total number of her schoolmates. Close by was a low-roofed, untidy building, where we stopped ten minutes to change horses. The long morning’s ride had so sharpened my appetite that I begged a morsel of food of the pretty schoolma’am who boarded here. She led me back to the fire in a rude kitchen, and hospitably served bread, butter, and dried peaches, on my lap. Nothing ever tasted so good. When the familiar “all aboard” brought me hurriedly to the

front steps, it was with the last thick slice in my hand.

At Soda Creek we paused for a drink of the cold, effervescent water. A young girl came running out of a modest dwelling, and asked the driver to take a bonnet she had just trimmed to a lady in Greenwood. After much good-natured raillery, she pinned the paper parcel on his back to insure it from getting jammed, and the amiable fellow carried it thus to the end of the journey.

As we approached Greenwood the grandeur of the forest disappeared, for we had reached the “chopped out” district. The presence of innumerable blackened stumps, and the tall, charred spires of pines and the Douglas spruce, contrasted vividly with the fresh green of new growths clustering about the parent roots. In some localities once covered with redwoods the ceanothus, locally termed the “blue blossom,” has literally possessed the soil. The canyons nearest the coast are curtained from crown to base with a wonderful profusion of wild berry vines. These western slopes furnish the most prodigal berry patches in the world. In June and July many families from the interior cross the redwoods to camp and pick blackberries and raspberries. They bring with them wagon loads of coal oil cans, in which to pack the fruit after they have preserved it on the grounds.

A gap in the hills revealed the blue plain of the ocean, not a white-cap in sight, and scarcely a wrinkle on its burnished surface. Farther still a dim sail was discernible, and just off a rocky point a vessel in the cove was taking on lumber. In the bottom of a willow-trimmed gorge, Greenwood Creek poured its crystal fountains. Just before it reaches the sea its waters are confined by a dam, in which was an enormous jam of logs. Before the rains the river-beds far up their source are rolled full of logs, to be brought down to the mill in high water. In this manner all these coast streams are made of incalculable service to the lumberman. When the river supply is disposed of, steam is called into requisition, and the logging train is now an indispensable adjunct of California lumbering. The Greenwood railway extends six miles back to the timber, a branch line crossing Elk Creek on a splendid iron truss bridge.

The mill at Greenwood is a new plant, and shows an immense expenditure of capital. It is equipped with the latest improvements in machinery, and when both sides are in operation turns out daily ninety-thousand feet of lumber.

Below in the boom a man was leaping from log to log, steering three or four at a time on to the carriage, which is drawn up the logway to the platform by wire cables run by steam power. A donkey engine was hard at work lifting the “sinkers.” These heavy butts of redwood can only be kept to the surface by making them secure to lighter logs. The most valuable lumber in redwood comes from the “sinkers,” as the grain is finer and harder next the roots of the tree, and takes a smoother finish.

A village is sure to grow up around a large mill, with the saloons usually outnumbering the dwelling houses. The array of empty bottles stacked alongside a Greenwood street is appallingly suggestive. The company’s store is a comprehensive affair, including all manner of necessities (continued on p. 11)

which are purchased by the employees. By this means a fair percentage of the wages paid out finds its way back to the original pocket. This is not at all a bad arrangement, but when the same source provides the whisky and beer, the contemplative mind is troubled with doubts.

The coast shore of Mendocino is extremely rugged, the sandstone cliffs having an elevation of one hundred to five hundred feet, with jagged caverns, arches, and detached rocks burrowed out by the waves. For a hundred miles the road is along this sea-wall, and here one experiences the very poetry of staging. No heat or dust even in summer,—only a great salt freshness blowing in from the shining highway of the ships; and on the other hand, the eternal mountains. We counted two steamers and four schooners in sight, besides the spreading canvas of a vessel far away to the north.

Shortly after noon we made an abrupt curve round the Greenwood bluffs above pale green floating beds of kelp. The dense forests traversed in the morning were visible only between wide openings in round, grassy foothills. We saw a puffing engine dragging a long train of loaded flat cars around the poppy-tipped cliffs. A few days before twenty of these cars, piled with the logs, went over the embankment into the surf.

Following us south were fields with grazing cattle, and emerald stretches of uncut hay. The larger portion of this Point Arena country is given up to dairying, and delicious and wholesome is the butter made from these blossoming pastures. All the downs and meadows are sown to flowers. There were acres of purple violets, asters of blue and gold, daisies, cream cups, nemophilæ, pale-edged poppies, clover-blooms and dandelions, all heading so evenly they made a smooth mosaic of incomparable hue and pattern.

Then there were knolls and sweeping hollows, where one sees the effectiveness of grass, pure and simple. And such grass as it is, sweet and juicy, and full of the virtues of dairy products! It is delightful to watch the Jerseys eat it. They wrap their tongues about the succulent bunches with a sound that is truly appetizing.

This feed is kept green three fourths of the year by constant cool winds and fogs; afterwards, corn fodder is fed to the cows, and great mangel-wurzel beets and Belgian carrots, pulled from the plowed fields next the comfortable homes.

The butter from this section finds its principal market in San Francisco, through hundreds of pounds are also disposed of at the lumber settlements. The business is mainly in the hands of Americans, the most of the dairies being owned by old residents who came here in the fifties. [1850s] Many of them make use of all the new appliances of machinery for separating the cream and working the butter, and the utmost care is taken as to cleanliness and the proper packing of the rolls.

There are thousands of acres of available agricultural and pasture lands around Point Arena, though much of this is still unoccupied, unless one excepts the desultory sojourning of half a hundred Diggers.<sup>1</sup> The lumber interests of the place



*Pomo Women With Burden Baskets (c. 1890)*

are now confined to the making and shipping of posts, staves, shakes, and railroad ties, which are brought down a seven-mile flume, and loaded on vessels by means of wire cables. As many as thirty-five hundred ties are thus transferred in a single day. The same ingenious method is employed in the shipment of cordwood, hides, tan-bark, and potatoes, the other leading products of the country.

One comes upon the town quite unexpectedly. A turn in the road, and you are bowling down the incline of the main street, the pleasant dwellings tilted back against windy hills putting up their shoulders to the sea.

The drives hereabout are delightful, that to the light-house being usually the first proposed to visitors. This handsome building stands on the northwest extremity of a flower-enamelled promontory jutting three miles beyond the mainland. From the dizzy tower one has a memorable view of the ocean, with its curving margin of white, broken cliffs, the numerous islets off shore, and fronting this fair sea picture the green dairy farms rolling back to a dark ridge of mountains.

Some of the nearest rocks are clambered over by writhing sea-lions. These animals are semi-annually killed off for their oil, and are a profitable investment to the man that owns the rocks.

The road to the Indian rancheria is a particularly romantic one, and a more picturesque site for a primitive village could not have been chosen. On a grassy swell just out from the woods hiding the beautiful Garcia River are built the rude huts of the natives, with their circular sweat house in the midst. A few squatty figures were packing homeward heavy burdens in baskets strapped to their backs.

This remnant of a decaying tribe lives by hunting and fishing, and doing odd jobs about the farms and dairies. In the fall of each year they join the hop pickers on the Russian River, and are considered better hands than either the whites or the Chinese. In spite of poverty and excess of vermin and filth, these Diggers are as care-free and happy as children.

Through this fine landscape the Garcia makes a joyous descent to the ocean, its translucent current bearing many a lusty trout and salmon. While going through the redwoods these western streams take on a solemn chant, in keeping with the reverent forest. But as soon as they emerge into oak and laurel

<sup>1</sup> The native people were called "Diggers," in reference to digging sticks they used to collect edible roots.



*Navarro Mill Crew in Front of Company's Store (1880s)*

openings, or when cascading past the curving summits of berry hills, their glad exuberance knows no bounds. It is only when they broaden to meet the sea that the shouting, swirling waters drop into a measured flow, and advance with serene majesty.

Fording the Garcia, our north-bound stage was driven up the gravelly lanes at a rollicking pace, sometimes plunging down grades quite frightful to contemplate. Of these the Mal Paso is the largest and steepest, and its legendary history the most exciting. The pioneer settlers came into the country through this almost impassable gulch.

"It was off that spit," said the driver, "that my grandmother lost her life. She was overturned, an' her neck broken. The rest of the wagons was took to pieces an' let down by ropes. My folks was the first to begin stock raising here. That was before they commenced taking out lumber. The Morse family came in by sea on a chartered schooner. They landed in the sand at Fish Rock, an' Gran'ma Morse an' the three children had to foot it ten miles across a rough country before they reached camp. The old lady is still living at Point Arena, an' is hale an' hearty.

For some distance on ahead a white church showed starkly on the treeless brink of the high gray cliffs. On coming nearer we found it was not so isolated as it had first appeared. There were, in fact, several dozen dilapidated, tenantless buildings scattered over the same bench, their windows broken and roofs fallen in. Stacked about were rotting shakes and ties, and the remains of chutes and tramways, with all the other belongings of a once flourishing lumber port.

The church, standing with its back to the sea, was the only modern feature of the place, unless one excepts a neatly fenced graveyard alongside, with its freshly painted crosses and headboards. Nothing more forlorn and desolate than this deserted village can be pictured. The driver volunteered the following scraps of its history,—

"Th's is Cuffey's Cove. There was once millions of feet of lumber shipped from off them rocks, an' such loads of potatoes! You must have heard of the Cuffey Cove potatoes, for in them days they had a big name all over the State. The first man that come here was Nigger Nat,<sup>1</sup> an' after that the men called the

place 'Cuffey' as a sort of a joke.<sup>2</sup> That was nigh on to forty years ago. Oh, yes, Nat's living still, an' pretty near as young as ever! Likely 'nough you'll run across him fishing up on Big River. He's mostly there this time o' year."

Ten miles beyond Cuffey's Cove, and Navarro is reached. At the mouth of the river two vessels were being loaded with lumber directly from the wharf. This is done by means of two chutes, each sixty feet long and on opposite sides of the wharf, so both vessels can take on loads at the same time. [...]

The main town of Navarro is huddled on a sand flat which is nearly on a level with the tide. After some days of country fare our accommodations at the superintendent's home seemed the acme of luxury. Indeed, it was an occasion

when one is tempted to believe that soft living has its spiritual advantage, so inexpressibly restful was the Sabbath spent here.

All the previous night it rained; not in persuasive showers, but a sheeted downpour that set the river to boiling, and sent all hands up stream at sunrise. Such a heavy freshet so late in the season had not been known in twenty-five years.

And how the logs came tumbling and crunching down the turbid flood, here and there thrusting up a defiant butt with the water streaming off like a mane! The men worked like beavers, some in boats, others along shore, and those more venturesome on the heaving logs. With their long pike poles they steered the renegade logs into course, and broke up jams in the sharp bends of the stream. It was desperate work at times, with a spice of real danger, but withat wildly exhilarating.

After nightfall the men straggled to camp, exhausted, wet to their waists, but exultant; they had brought down to the boom more than four thousand logs.

There are from seventy to a hundred families at Navarro, including those on the "Navarro Ridge." For the most part their houses are small box-shaped buildings, with streets between scarcely wider than footpaths. In the diminutive square stand the church and a new hall. The expense of keeping up the former is defrayed in part by the company, and the remainder is subscribed by the men. The services are well attended, not a few of the congregation walking two and even four miles from the wood camps.

The public hall at Navarro is the latest pride of the neighborhood. It was built for the purpose of encouraging more innocent amusements among them than gambling and drinking. The drapery of the stage represents a faded view of Naples, and struck me as oddly familiar. It was in fact a portion of the drop curtain of the old California theater in San Francisco.

Navarro is one of the most active lumber districts on the Coast. When its great sawmill is in full blast, the pay roll of the company numbers eight hundred men. The majority of these are Russians, Finns, Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians,

<sup>1</sup> *ager from the East Coast. He later sailed west.*

<sup>2</sup> *Australian sailors called blacks "cuffeys," a derogatory term.*

<sup>1</sup> *Nat's name was Nathaniel Smith. He had shipped out as a black teen-*

their overseers being Americans. These foreigners have a monopoly of the lumber business in California, and as a class are steady workers. They are robust, powerfully muscled fellows, who stand a tremendous amount of hardship and bad whisky. There is but little variety in their life, their hours being long and the work largely of the treadmill sort.

Common hands in the mills and logging camps are paid thirty dollars a month, the married men, who board with their families, receiving the additional sum of ten dollars. The company has a flourishing store and eating-houses, which the employees are expected to patronize. The cooks are usually Chinamen, who also fill the places of water carriers. They have not the physical strength to make good wood hands, nor the mechanical skill to serve in the mills.

Unlike the generality of lumber towns, Navarro refuses to sell intoxicating liquor to the men. They get it in some way, of course, but necessarily in limited quantities. On a first occasion of drunkenness, a man is reprimanded by the superintendent. On a repetition of the offense the delinquent gets a peremptory discharge. This strict discipline is not without a salutary effect. Navarro can boast of a better class of inhabitants than is customarily found in a lumber settlement.

Altogether, there are more than a thousand laborers in and around Navarro, who get their livelihood out of the various branches of the lumber trade. From two hundred to three hundred of these are engaged in taking out split timber, the bulk of which consists of railroad ties. The rest of these men come under the head of mill hands, wood hands, and railroad hands.

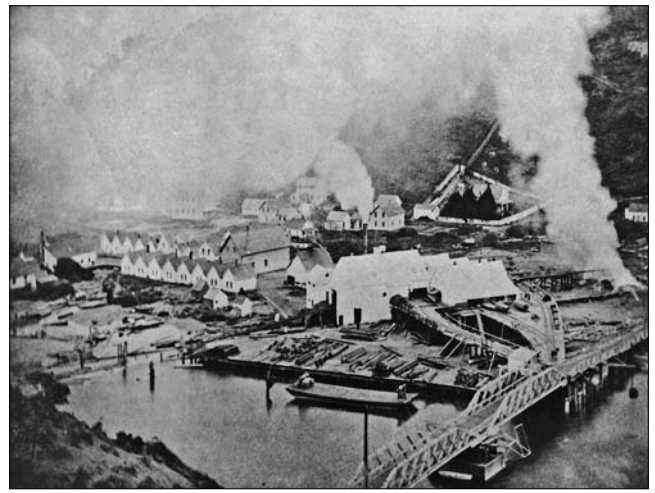
There are thirty-five miles of unbroken wilderness running back from the Navarro landing, with an average width of two to fifteen miles. This noble forest is already penetrated by twelve miles of railroad built by the company.

"We shall be in time to get the noon train," the superintendent hurriedly remarked, with a glance at his watch.

As we hastened across the street we heard the spiteful shriek of a locomotive, and caught a glimpse of a long tail of empty flat-cars whisking around an angle of the glen.

The superintendent was not without resources. "Jim," he shouted, "take us aboard your engine, and chase the logging train!" A moment more, and we were perched on a queer little dummy which included boiler, tender, and a seat for passengers, all on four wheels. With an avenging whistle we darted forward, past the smoking mill and wide boom choked with logs; on, where the narrow track glinted like a silver-edged ribbon in the wet grass, and the laurels clasped boughs overhead.

Through a whirlwind of cinders there were fleeting visions of gaping woodsmen, girls in red calicoes, and a bewildering chaos of mountains, rivers, and trees. Every second we quickened speed till the landscape rushed by in dizzy circles, and the wind tore at our breath and clothes. It was magnificent riding! On we flew, over bridges, rocking, bumping, and zigzagging around curves and chasms, all the while keeping our seat with difficulty. A minute later we sighted the rear car of the logging train, and the black plume of smoke from the engine. Our lo-



*Navarro Mill, Workers' Housing and Bridge (c. 1885)*

comotive sent up deafening whistles, while the superintendent frantically waved his handkerchief, and I took a firmer hold of the iron railing.

After what seemed like a hopeless amount of signaling, we saw the train slow down; at last we had been seen or heard. "What time did we make?" we asked when breathlessly alighting. The engineer gave a satisfied grin,—

"All of forty miles an hour."

Boarding the train we proceeded more leisurely up the canyon, the entire way being full of interest. A deserted logging camp on our left made a melancholy picture. The shanties and ox stalls were empty, and the skid roads and landings almost obliterated by vegetation. Sections of old chutes clung dejectedly to the mountain side, and the whole place was eloquent of disuse and decay. We were now in the midst of a worked-out tract, the face of the country appearing as though a hurricane had passed over it. The mountains scorched by fire, retained but a thinned-out array of spindling pines, their ragged branches blown stiffly one way. Everywhere in the heaped-up debris of bark and branch were the black, massive stumps of redwoods. Some of these giants had vainly perished, for their prostrate columns were split the full length in falling.

Later in the day while walking up the new track, we came to one of these splintered trunks. "There's four thousand feet o' lumber gone to waste,"—and the rheumatic old time-keeper at my side gazed at it gloomily.

"There ain't no 'scuse for it neither, but 'nfernal ca'lessness," he went on emphatically. "It's jes' this way. A chopper ought 'er know where a tree's to fall, and make a lay out. It don't take half an eye to see that it 'ud smash if that holler wa'n't filled in with brush an' stumps. A redwood is diff'rent from most other trees; it carries its bigness good. A tree like that 'ud turn out nine or ten sixteen-foot logs. How old be they? Well, Noah's flood was little less 'n six thousands years ago, an' it's the sup'sition them redwoods hez ben growin' ever since. 'Cordin' to that, it'll take the same time for the likes o' this to be stan'in here again."

The logic of the old foreman was unanswerable, and we gravely returned his salute as he hobbled off to inspect the gang at work in a side canyon.

~Ninetta Eames. ❧



One of the important ongoing areas of information the historical society is collecting is local families, their stories and photos. In early November **Brenda Jourdain** shared some history about her grandmother, **Florence Irene Mann Madison Baker**. The Mann house still stands at 437 South Harold Street and has been in the family for over one hundred years.

Florence's father, **John Mann**, was born August 23, 1864 and died of a heart attack in 1933. Her mother, **Louisa Bjourman Mann**, was born December 6, 1861 and died November 20, 1935 from a stroke. Both of them were born in Finland. They lived on the Finland-Sweden border where they married spouses who died. John and his wife Mary Mann had a son, Arthur A. Mann. Mary died in 1898.

Louisa and her first husband had two daughters, Edith and Embie. They settled in San Francisco when they came to the New World. There she met John Mann. They married and had two daughters, Emily and Florence Irene.

When John Mann moved to Fort Bragg he became a businessman and speculator. He owned a bar and wholesale liquor store, both were on Redwood Avenue. He was co-owner of the Whitehouse Hotel. Embie **Borneman**, his stepdaughter, was the hotel's manager.

#### John Mann information from my Local History Reference.

The earliest reference I found to John Mann was for John Mann's Hotel, located in the 300 block of Franklin Street. The hotel was constructed in 1893, next door to Shafsky's. [No source was given for this information.]

In mid-December 1904 the *Fort Bragg Advocate* noted the stockholders of the Standard Bottling Company had held their annual meeting and elected their directors: **John Mann**, John Abramson, C.E. Wright, Dr. Lendrum, and F. C. Jackson. C. B. Plummer was elected manager. The company was doing



*The John Mann family standing in front of their house at 437 S. Harold St.  
L-R: John Mann, Louisa Mann, Embie Mann, Edith Mann, Florence Mann*

well. Although its organization dated back only a little over a year, a dividend of one dollar per share to its stockholders had been declared. **John Mann** was President, John Abramson, vice president, F. C. Jackson, secretary and C. E. Wright, treasurer.

In late January 1905 the *Advocate* reported that John Mann was president of the Fort Bragg Cigar and Tobacco Company. Berger Colberg was vice president, F. C. Jackson, secretary, A. West, treasurer, and S. Silen manager.

In the 2 February 1898 *Advocate* there was a cryptic advertisement: "For a good 5 cent glass of lager beer, go to Isaac Kemppe's." Soon Isaac Kemppe and John Mann became partners in the Tip Top Bar, which was built as a wholesale liquor outlet, perhaps providing liquor to the 15 bars in town.

On April 18, 1906, the worst local earthquake of our time struck Fort Bragg. **The White House Hotel**, owned by Frank Sandelin, and one of the oldest landmarks in town, went up in



*Burned area of Fort Bragg, view NW from top of 4-story Fort Bragg Hotel., Harrison & Redwood*

smoke, as did the small cottage behind it, and the small store of Isaac Kospie. [Kemppe?] The tailor shop of Itanen and Jyleya, the shoe store of Mr. Berkovits, the saloon and wholesale liquor house of **Kemppe & Mann** and a small building occupied by the family of John Abramson were also burned to the ground. Ward's Undertaking parlors were demolished when the Odd Fellows brick building went down, inflicting a heavy loss on him. The Red Men's building was badly shaken up and the Pacific Drug Store underneath was wrecked. Dr. Sanborn, who has offices in the building, also suffered damages to the extent of several hundred dollars. ... *Does anyone know more about the John Mann family?* ❧

## History Mystery #6 Answers ~ ~ ~ For Our Local History Buffs



**6a) What is happening in this photo?**

*Boys in uniform prepare a performance, perhaps practicing an athletic routine.*

**6b) When was it taken?** *1920s probably for performances benefitting building and maintaining the Community Club.*

**6c) Can you name any of these boys?**

*Several look like they are related to one another... No names offered so far...*

**6d) Where are they?** *Behind (north of) the first high school on N. Harrison at Bush.*

This photograph was recently donated to FB-MCHS from the Barry & Christiansen families. We know very little about these families or what this image represents. The album belonged to the donor's grandmother. He knows none of the people in it.

Can any of our readers add information about this photograph? We will share any information we learn in our next issue of *Voice of the Past*.

Please send any information for History Mystery #6 to:

Sylvia E. Bartley  
28951 Hwy 20  
Fort Bragg, CA 95437

by email: [nhh@mcn.org](mailto:nhh@mcn.org)

or call: 964-6485 or -3777

Please include the History Mystery #, your name and contact information so I can talk to you and give you credit.

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE!**

**WE NEED YOUR HELP WITH THIS IMAGE!**

**WE THANK YOU FOR ANY HELP!**



(Clip or copy)

### Join the Fort Bragg–Mendocino Coast Historical Society. Help Make a Difference!

**MEMBERSHIP DUES (Jan.-Dec.):**

Per Person / Couple

Individual \$20 Couple \$30

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Patron \$100 \$150

Life \$400 \$600

Commercial Membership \$200

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- ☐ Please renew my membership.
- ☐ This membership is a Gift in Memory of \_\_\_\_\_
- ☐ This donation is for the Panorama Restoration Project.
- ☐ This donation is for the FB-MCHS Building Fund.
- ☐ This donation is for \_\_\_\_\_

Fill out and **bring to the Guest House Museum**

343 N. Main St., Fort Bragg,  
or mail with your check to:

**FB-MCHS**  
P. O. Box 71  
Fort Bragg, CA 95437

**Thank You!**



Guest House Museum . . . Dot Johnson

*The Fort Bragg–Mendocino Coast Historical Society is a membership organization whose mission is to preserve and interpret our past for the present and the future.*

#### FB-MCHS Board Members & Officers

President . . . . . Mark Ruedrich  
 Past President . . . . . John Skinner  
 Vice President . . . . David Foucheaux  
 Secretary . . . . . Betty Carr  
 Treasurer . . . . . Denise Stenberg  
 Archivists . . . Russell & Sylvia Bartley  
 Newsletter Editor . . . Sylvia E. Bartley  
 Assistant Editor . . . . Bill Mulvihill  
 Museum Director . . . Denise Stenberg

#### Current Board Members

Derek Hoyle  
 Wilbur Lawson  
 Bill Scott  
 Mike Stenberg  
 Diana Stuart

## Advantages to FB-MCHS Membership

You are invited to become an active member involved in the work of historical education and preservation. There are many ways you can become part of the local history team. Here are some of the important ways you can help:

- ✓ Become a Docent at the Guest House Museum
- ✓ Research local history questions
- ✓ Assist researchers and students
- ✓ Create new historical displays
- ✓ Collect donated historical materials
- ✓ Learn how to safely handle historical materials
- ✓ Research and write local history for the press
- ✓ Research and write local history for the newsletter
- ✓ Publish local history in pamphlets and books
- ✓ Attend FB-MCHS-sponsored historical programs
- ✓ Tell your friends about FB-MCHS
- ✓ Bring your guests to visit the Museum
- ✓ Give a membership as a great gift!

**Love History? Docents are Always Needed at the Guest House Museum.**  
*(Training is provided.)*

★ **2010: MEET AT THE GUEST HOUSE MUSEUM, 343 N. Main Street, Fort Bragg, CA** ★

⇒ FB-MCHS Board meetings in 2010 are the second Tuesday at 7 p.m. ⇐  
 ⇒ January, March, May, July, September, and November, at 7 p.m. ⇒ *Please join us!* ⇐

## ★ 2009 is FB-MCHS's 10th Anniversary ★

#### EVENTS AT THE GUEST HOUSE, 343 N. Main:

⇒ Ray Raphael, noted local author, discussed two new books on 19 October 2009, 7 pm at the Sequoia Room.  
 ⇒ Santa and Mrs. Claus will visited with children at the Guest House Museum, 5 December 5 pm; followed by the Holiday Lights Celebration and Parade, 7 pm, Guest House Museum. *[A power outage interfered with some activities.]*  
 ⇒ Denise Stenberg's book, *Glen Blair, End of the Line* is now available! A great gift for local history buffs! Book signing Saturday afternoon, Dec. 12<sup>th</sup> at the Guest House Museum. For more information, check the FB-MCHS website: [www.fortbragghistory.org](http://www.fortbragghistory.org); or call Denise, 964-2404. ☎

#### FB-MCHS *BIG* WISH LIST:

⇒ *STORAGE* and *WORK SPACE* we don't have to rent.  
 ⇒ *ANGELS* to help fund the Wonacott Panorama Restoration Project. *[Four more are currently being restored...]*

#### FB-MCHS *SMALLER* WISH LIST:

⇒ ANY LOCAL HISTORY PHOTOGRAPHS that FB-MCHS doesn't have, to include in our publications and displays, we could make a copy, collect any information you have about the image(s), and return your original(s). You would receive credit as the source of the image(s).  
 ⇒ HISTORICAL INFORMATION about your family, house, etc, to add to FB-MCHS history files. *Include your past in our future!*

Reminder: JANUARY 1st BEGINS THE NEW MEMBERSHIP YEAR. PLEASE RENEW NOW... THANK YOU!!!

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED  
 Fort Bragg, California, 95437  
 343 N. Main Street / P.O. Box 71  
 Fort Bragg–Mendocino Coast Historical Society