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Title: Fort Ross Interpretive Association / Fort Ross Conservancy Newsletter

Author(s): Fort Ross Interpretive Association / Fort Ross Conservancy

Published by: Fort Ross Conservancy Library

URL: www.fortross.org

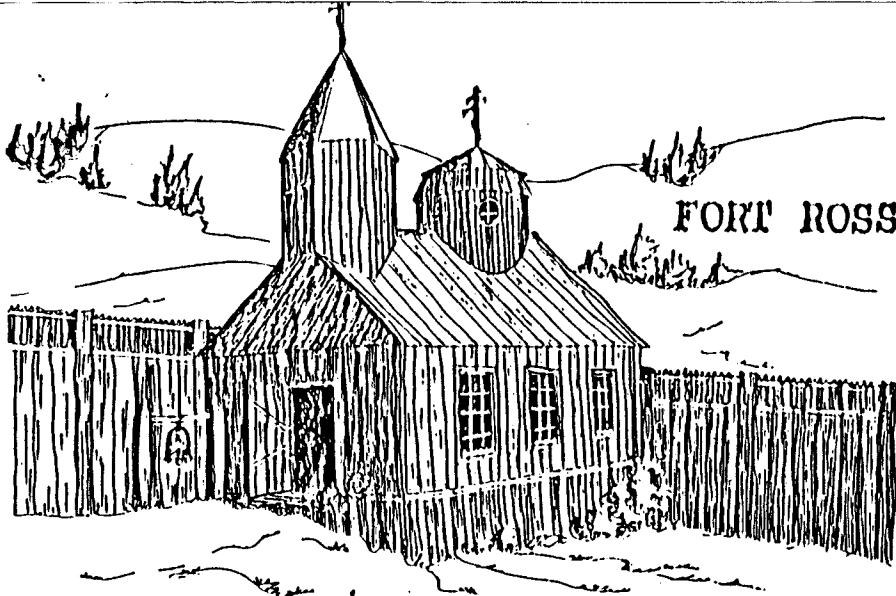
Fort Ross and Salt Point parks have benefited greatly from many dedicated volunteers and staff who have given generously to these parks. Board of directors from FRIA and FRC have fundraised, organized events, overseen volunteers, spearheaded interpretation and restoration projects, and offered substantial support to California State Parks across many decades.

These digitized newsletters capture the activities over the following historic periods:

- Fort Ross Interpretive Association (FRIA): 1976 - 2012
- Fort Ross Conservancy (FRC is the same legal entity as FRIA but the organization changed its name): 2012 - present

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FORT ROSS INTERPRETIVE ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

NOVEMBER, 1987

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM BLACK BART TURN

The summer and fall seasons have given us three productive days at Fort Ross. Living History Day, Indian Day, and Ranch Day were all effective and enjoyed by the public and F.R.I.A. members. Living History depicted the Russian Era and was educational and brought much interest from the public. Indian Day was a complete success with the native dancing, the many displays including flint knapping, and the hands on basket weaving. The vendors had quality merchandise for sale. Robin Dressler and Lynn Silva are to be commended for the time and work they put in to make this day a success. Thank you Robin and Lynn for your work. Ranch Day had its own easy going fun and picnicing. We enjoyed Blue Grass music. Thanks to Bill Walton and Dan Murley we had an old time wood working display with the actual splitting of shakes, logs, and the old drag saws popping away. The people doing the wood work were Leonard Rassmussen and John Browne. While this was going on Lyn Kalani was spinning wool.

For the future we have a committee of John McKenzie, Nick Rokitiansky and Jay Harris exploring the authentic Russian Windmill so that we may start planning on a full size reproduction to be constructed at Fort Ross. Anyone with information on the Russian Windmill and also the Russian Cemetary please let us hear from you so that we may have correct input. It would show some respect to have the cemetary fenced.

The Fort Ross Historic Orchard is growing quite well, but it takes work and time to keep these young trees growing. Thanks to John Smith, the correct managng of this orchard is taking place. The Japanese pear that looks like an apple, the slow cherry, and the olives still produce.

We would welcome any information or anyone wanting to help with any of these projects. Please write to Fort Ross Interpretive Association, Fort Ross State Historic Park, 19005 Coast Highway 1, Jenner, Ca. 95450.

Barbara Black, Chairman



MILITIA NEWS

Since my trip eastward to Harpers Ferry West Virginia for cannon and musket training, I have been busy applying some of the skills and safety techniques that I learned there.

Environmental Living Program groups were among the first to feel the earth shattering shudder and smell the rotten egg aroma of the 12 lb. carronade as it saluted their visit to the Fort. As always, kids asked things like "How far will it shoot?" and "Is it going to be loud?" You can be sure that the firing of cannon and muskets makes an everlasting impression on Park visitors.

Rangers at Fort Ross and Salt Point have received the first half of a black powder/cannon/musket safety training. The training was cut short, however, when rangers were called upon to assist the victim of a heart attack in Fort Ross Cove. The training will resume as soon as the schedule allows.

During the summer local members of the Fort Ross Militia added excitement and realism to Living History Day. The day was alive with the crack of musket and cannon fire, complete with historic misfires.

On August 20th four 5 1/2 inch howitzers were delivered to Fort Ross. They will remain in storage until the field carriages arrive sometime soon. On Sunday, November 15th Don Clendennon (Mr. Chips) will deliver two more finished cannon carriages for the carronades. During The Company's December work day the new carriages will be fitted to their 'piece' and installed in the seven sided blockhouse so that they may be used for interpretive demonstrations. According to research provided by Professor Steve Watrous and John McKenzie, the historic placement, number and caliber of weapons within the walls of the Fort varied. Records indicate that as few as six cannons and as many as 25 cannons were placed within the Fort during the Russian period.

Ranger Bill Walton



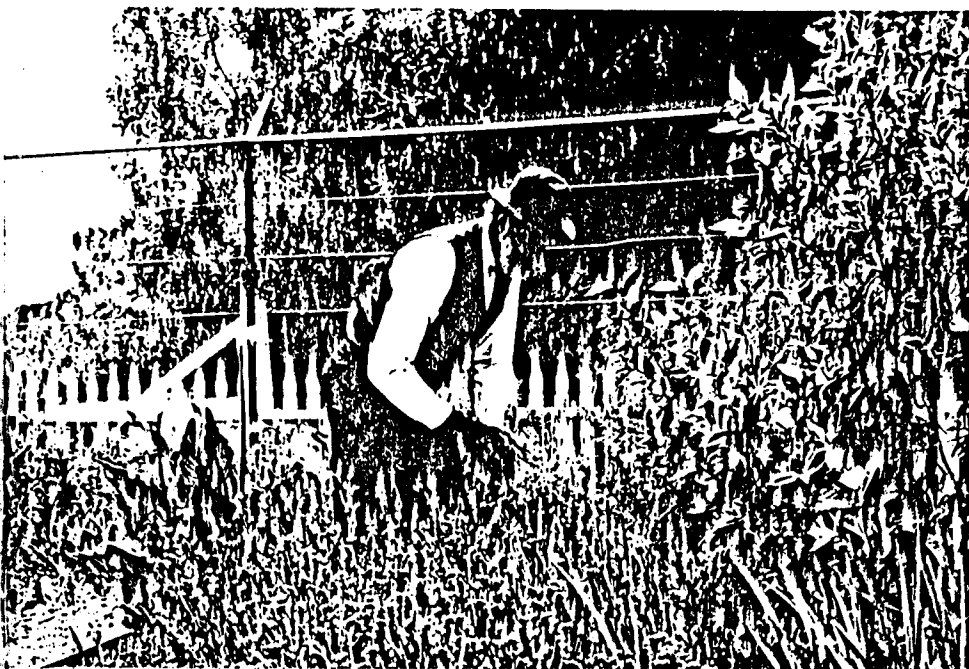
THE CALL GARDEN

I would like to give a special thanks to those who supported, directed and volunteered their physical help in establishing the Historical Call Garden. As a maintenance person here at Fort Ross it is with much pride that I answer what questions I can, and show off to the best of my ability this beautiful garden. It is an asset to the area. Only the brave, however, get to see the garden from the inside. Passing through a gate that reads "Area Closed", they walk the path to take a picture. Most read the faded sign recalling the Call era and the mysterious existing weather station. It is mysterious because it is mentioned, but never seen or pointed out. Ah, the future, so many good things to work for.

Let us come back to the now. Gloria Frost has been the backbone of maintenance for this garden. We need to establish a yearly maintenance plan. We need to weed, replant, rearrange, debug and demildew. We need to help Gloria. We need someone to spend one day a week weeding, monitoring and watering. We need the knowledge of a master mind to come up with a maintenance schedule for the many plants. We need to push forward so that we can open the area for the public to walk and enjoy. I know that someone knows someone, who knows someone that will help. It is just a matter of finding that someone.

Come and look at the garden. Even overgrown and weedy and buggy it is a lovely picture.

Nettie Apland



HISTORICAL NOTES

INDIAN TRAILS

My father's family was the Charles family. George H. and Elizabeth Charles crossed the plains in 1863-64 and arrived here about 1865. They lived on the creek that is known as north east branch of the south fork of the Gualala River. We knew the spot as "the old house". This is where my father lived as a child.

He used to tell us about the Indians from the inland area going to the coast. He said that in the summer for a couple of weeks lines of Indians went down the trail on the north side of the creek. After staying at the ocean for a month or so they started their journey back inland carrying their packs of dried food. They naturally camped along the creek when night overtook them. The women carried the babies on their backs. They had many baskets. Some they would leave along the way, and among these were some very large ones. My Dad said that he and his brother used to put them in the creek and float around in them. There were arrowheads and postles to be found, and also the grinding bowls.

When my Dad grew up old enough to join the shearing crew, which I suspect was about seventeen years of age, he worked on the Charlie Haupt Ranch. This is the man that married an Indian lady and then welcomed the Indians to live on his ranch. The shearing crew ate at the house and these people were all neighbors.

My husband's family lived in Dry Creek Valley, Healdsburg. They arrived in 1856 and they also saw the Indian groups going to the coast. These Indians came out of Lake County and followed what the family called the Fort Ross Trail. The old atlas has Healdsburg Trail; so there were two main trails coming out of Healdsburg. One came out Pena Creek and I would suspect that the one coming out of Mill Creek then coming west came into what is now King Ridge Road between Cazadero and the Brown Ranch. The other came from Healdsburg out Skeggs Spring way to the old Seawell Ranch up the hill to Nat Irwin Ranch, this being on what is now King Ridge Road. This one and also the first one would go down McKenzie Creek and thus follow the Gualala River, logically going up near Hauser Bridge Road to Plantation and then on to Salt Point, Stump Beach and Stewarts Point.

I have followed these trails out to show the ways from Lake County to our part of the coast.

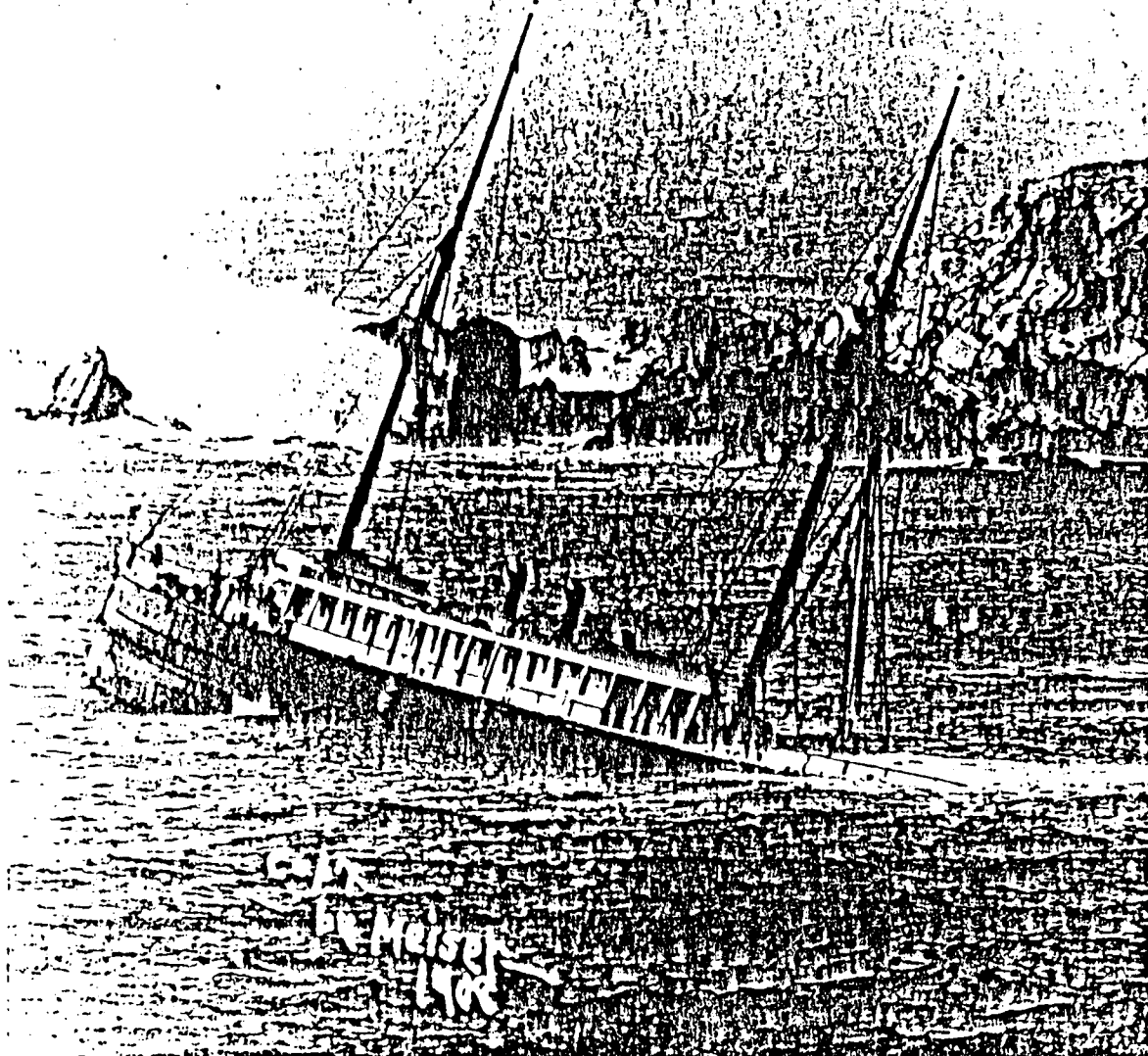
Barbara Black

THE "POMONA"

With names like Hunter and Fisher, one might guess that these men were truly archaeologists. I even had the strange notion that they might have had a comrade named, appropriately, "Gatherer". But, in fact, these two fellows are professional underwater archaeologists. Jack Hunter and Franklin Fisher have been commissioned by the State of California to survey and map the wreck of the steamship "Pomona" in Fort Ross Cove. Their work will result in a map of the remains of the ship which sank in the cove on March 17, 1908.

Although vandals and curiosity seekers have removed some of the more interesting pieces of wreckage, the remaining hulk of an iron ship is a sight to behold. Bill Walton and I have assisted the submarine archaeologists in locating and videotaping the Pomona. We hope to put together a short, yet informative, video of the ship as she was. Stay tuned, the Interpretive Association will play an important role in bringing this unique information to the public.

Ranger Dan Murley





FROM THE BOOK & GIFT SHOP

For reasons that are probably economic, more and more people are taking the time to visit Fort Ross State Historic Park as they travel up and down California State Highway #1. In turn, those additional visitors seem to be rediscovering old questions to pose to the Park Aides and our volunteers at the Book & Gift Shop as well as coming up with some brand-new ones which require extra effort to keep a straight face.

Surprising to me is the large number of adults as well as youngsters who have never before encountered beeswax and wonder how the bees manage to make those flat sheets which we roll into candles. Equally astonishing to me are the people who ask if our Five Kopek replica is an authentic Russian coin - the temptation to ask if he or she can read is great - are startled when we tell them an original would cost about \$400, think we should have written our replica-indicating "Fort Ross" in Cyrillic characters, and then decide our price is too high. We even get asked - rather frequently, as a matter of fact - if the "fur" on the Dakin seals and otters is genuine. I'm still not used to the complete disbelief which appears on faces when we tell them we do not carry camera film and do not sell food. And then there are the people who cannot or will not consult a map, ask a question, listen to directions with half an ear, and then go ask the same question of someone standing nearby - the idea that Fort Bragg is over 70 miles from Fort Ross and will take at least several hours to drive there seems to disconcert a great many people. All that is compensated for by the individual who is genuinely interested in history, geography, and/or botany and by the visitors from overseas to whom English is not easy and who try so hard to understand what is being said and whose thanks are so heartfelt. It does make working at the counter great fun.

As will be apparent, I've given up hope that someone will respond to my requests of two newsletters back and I will make no more promises. See you at the Book & Gift Shop.

Made Hallett

Thank you, thank you Moses and Jaci Hallett, Betty MacKenzie, Pat McAdam, Kay Tomlin, and Elizabeth Sidorov for volunteering in the Book and Gift Shop in September and October.

The Book Shop is now open five days a week, staffed either by volunteers or by myself when there is no volunteer. We still need more volunteers to keep the shop open seven days a week. At present it is closed on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Please give me a call at 847-3437 if you can volunteer some time any day of the week.

Lyn Kalani

TRAVEL

"JOHNNY APPLESEEDING" FORT ROSS ALL ACROSS SIBERIA -- OCTOBER, 1986

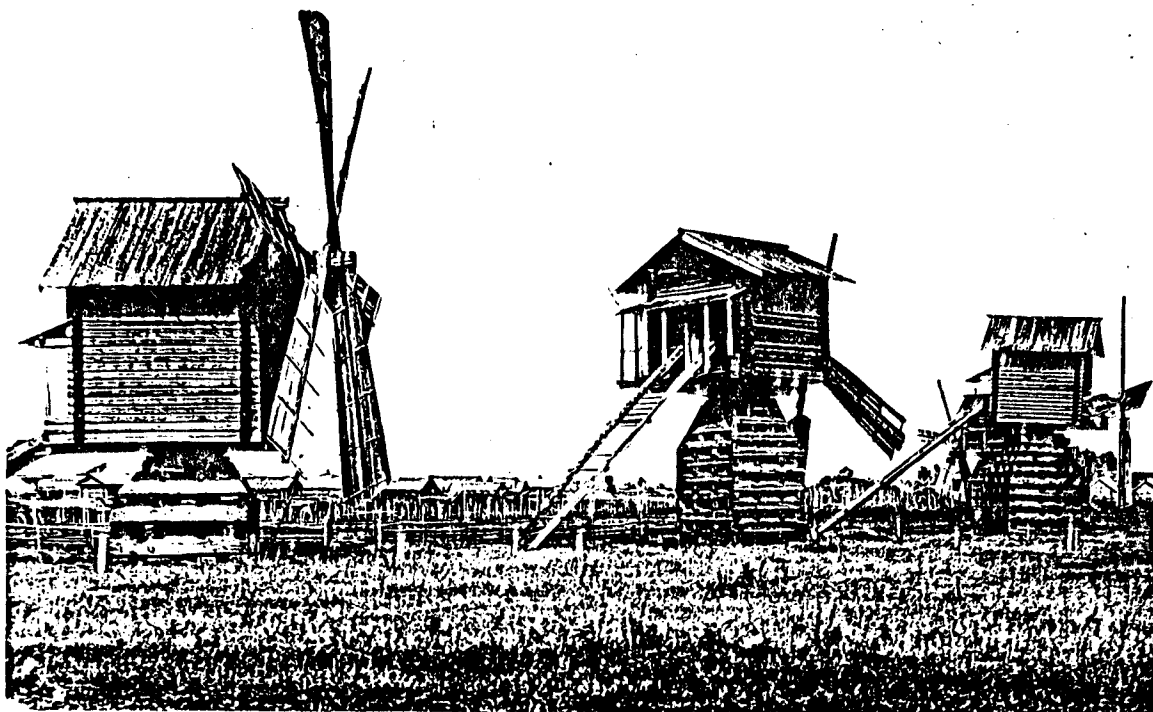
"No, I have no 'ruchki'" I replied to the little boy in Russian, "but I brought you this from California." His face quickly showed disappointment, then curiosity, as I handed to him the brochure of Fort Ross State Historical Park. "Please take this to school and show it to your teacher. She will explain how Siberians once lived in California." So to this lively kid of six or seven along a street of Irkutsk (whose face turned happy again) I presented another in a long trail of tokens from Fort Ross to Siberians young and old. In all, I distributed a chain of 40 brochures, plus medallions, and postcards with the Fort Ross story, from Tyumen, on the west end of Soviet Asia near the Ural Mountains, to Khabarovsk, less than 200 miles from the Pacific.

Among the adult recipients, especially, these Fort Ross tokens made an instant hit, as they realized my own appreciation for the historic links between us. The 300 year old city of Irkutsk, of course, stands at the very heart of that history, and many Irkutians seem aware of it. In a meeting with several writers there, I unfolded one of the Fort Ross brochures (which I had drafted in toto a few years ago as a volunteer project) and as they saw the drawings, the historical table, and the detail in writing they asked spiritedly whether I would autograph their copies! After the meeting, two of them walked with me a short distance through town to point out the building which once housed the Eastern (i.e. Siberian) office of the Russian-American Company, at one time the owners of the Fort Ross enterprise.

In that meeting of writers in Irkutsk, there also was a painter, Vitali Sergeevich Rogal, People's Artist of the R.S.F.S.R. This man, 71 and very hearty, looked carefully at my illustrations in the brochure. When he saw my sketch detail about corner joints in the Fort Ross buildings of squared logs, Rogal grinned appreciatively and exclaimed to me, "We still make them that way in the Siberian countryside." And indeed I noticed that Irkutsk, today a pleasant city of 500,000, a light rail system, and department stores, still preserves many residences of this log construction within the city itself.

The librarian at the University of Irkutsk, having learned of my interest in the Russian-American Company, added a further detail from local history. The library itself pre-dates the university by more than a century. One of the Decembrists, those celebrated early rebels against the Czar, ca. 1925, who also was a prominent member of the Russian-American Company, was sent into exile at Irkutsk. An educated man and known as among the intelligentsia, he brought his books with him and evidently collected more while in exile. He eventually donated his private collection to the community library which now forms part of the university's holdings. Before leaving, I found a copy of my Fort Ross brochure for the librarian who, of course, stated that she would add it to the library of the University of Irkutsk!

Dale M. Heckman (August, 1987)



Windmills in the Yalutorovsk (Yalutorovsk is in West Siberia near Tyumen, East of the Ural Mountains.)

A RECENT JOURNEY TO RUSSIA

On September 12, 1987, I traveled to the Soviet Union with an American computer group. Since this was my third trip to the Soviet Union I felt a lot of familiarity as we traveled, especially when we arrived in Novosibirsk, U.S.S.R., where we were met by members of Sputnik and the Soviet teens and adults who had traveled to the U.S.A. in November of 1986. They greeted us with flowers, warm hugs and smiles. It was here that the magic began, when we met our Soviet friends for the second time, only now in their country. They treated us with incredible warmth and hospitality, as all Soviets do, I have learned. We were welcomed into their homes and, as we later discovered, their hearts.

We stayed in a hotel in Akodemgorodok, where our Soviet friends lived, and where the countryside is most beautiful. We were escorted on many tours through the city and were shown many wonderful things such as the Cop Sea where we had a picnic on an enchanting island. We also visited the city of Novosibirsk where we saw computer, athletic, and acting clubs and, of course, schools. One of the outings which I will remember most is when we planted a peace garden together in Akodemgorodok. There we were greeted by a young children's choir and a Russian folk dance group. They taught us their dances and songs and we spent the afternoon dancing and singing together. It touched me greatly to see the young Soviet and American people talking and laughing together like old friends. We found many ways to work around the obvious language barrier. Sometimes conversation would take place half in English and half in Russian. Usually, the Soviets being able to speak at least one other language, we were able to use a language such as French or German. When all worldly communications were impossible we still found yet another common language like dancing, smiling or laughing and so friends were still made. When you watch two people using whatever means they can to communicate, you know that peace and understanding is possible, and most of all you know that there are people who are willing to try and tomorrow there will be four and then six. Something is happening--something special!

I think that we learned a lot about each other in those five short days together. Peace, of course, was found to be a mutual goal and as we shared our thoughts, hopes, fears, and information about our two countries in hopes to understand each other better, we found that our desire for world peace and especially for peace between our two countries was strong and together very, very powerful. I think that a lot of hope was generated by this visit. It was obvious that friendship and bonding was being strengthened and that a certain gap was being bridged with the help of citizen diplomacy. I think that our connection was special and so it will continue to grow as we write to each other. The Soviets showed me that there are really no limits to our friendship and even though it is hard at times we need to reach out our hands and our hearts to someone and bring them into a circle until the whole world is one.

So many similarities were shown to me on this trip that I thought that it was not possible for there to be many more, but on the last day when we were all at the airport saying good-bye, I knew then how similar we really were. It is hard to say good-bye to someone that you love when you know that it will be a very long time until you will see them again. Tears fell brought by the sadness in our hearts. I think that we really knew, then, how much we meant to each other and how afraid we were of war tearing us apart, and that we would never see each other again.

It was on the airplane afterwards that I wrote this poem for the Soviet and American people in hopes that our governments can someday find a common place as we did.

We said good-bye
but not forever
tears from happiness
gone to sorrow
fall from the eyes of Soviet and Americans
(and I thought Soviets never cried)
here another similarity is shown to us
with no doubt
we know that they are just like us
we understood each other
in those tears
we know
now
no limits to our friendship

Our shadows walked together in the night
hands touched
we danced
each step becoming more and more familiar
each step closer to peace
each step freer
our hearts growing
opening to let someone in

I saw two that I will never forget
a little girl and a young woman
they clung to each other
holding hands
each knowing something so simple
so...
beautiful
as they said good-bye

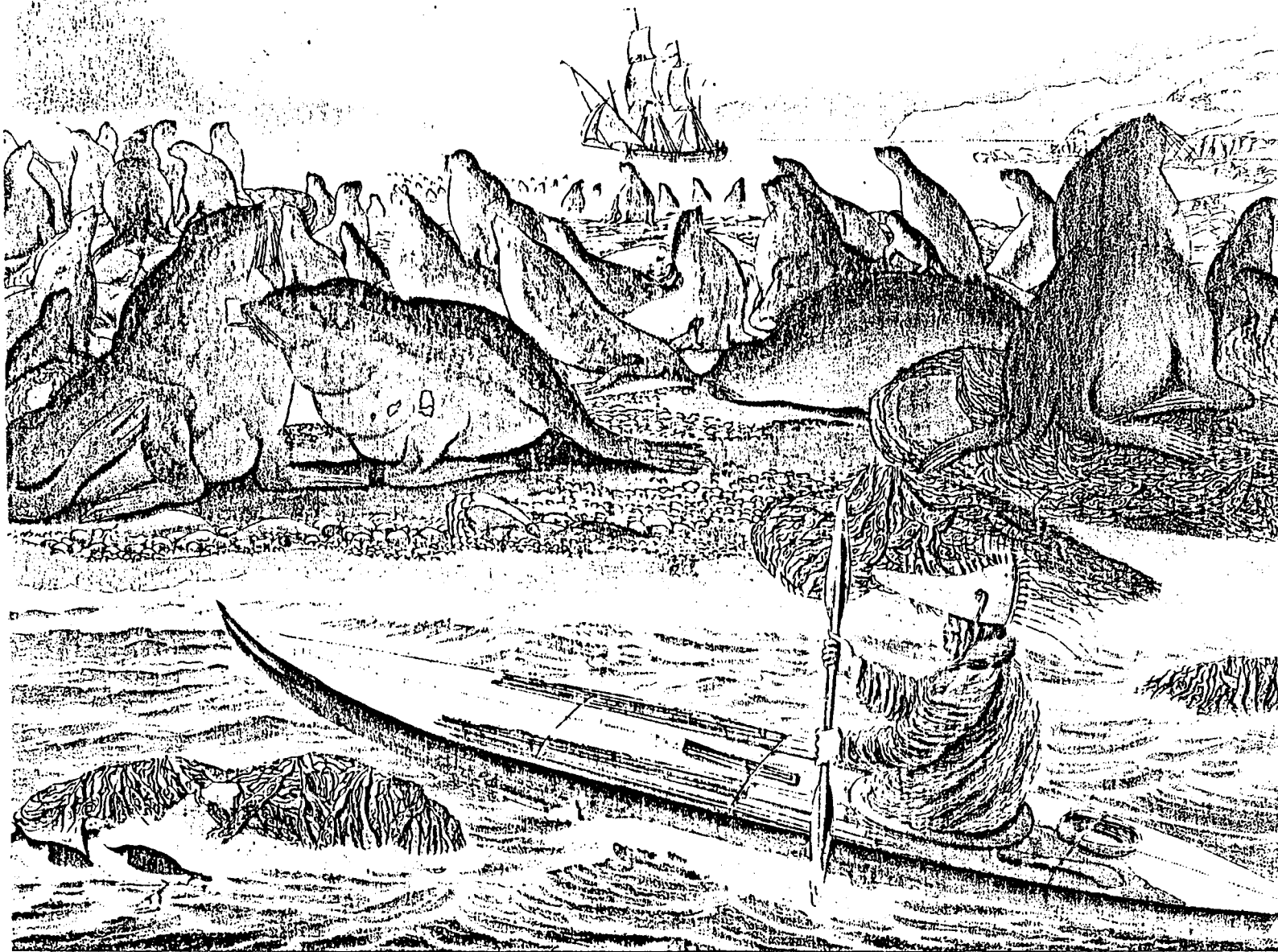
And as I threw the flowers in the air and watched them fall
I knew that I was leaving a part of me behind in the flowers
and in the hearts of the Soviet People

I saw the flowers from the window of the airplane rolling free in the wind!

Now when I see the Soviets smile, in my memories, and I think of their tears, I know that the world must be full of wonderful people and people worthy of love. So why should there be war?

Morgen Miller, age 17, has lived her whole life in the hills inland from Fort Ross. She is a graduate of the Fort Ross School, and is now a junior at the Cazadero Academy High School.

RELIVING HISTORY



PADDLING TO THE PAST

"An ancient Aleut sea kayak helps re-create history on the California coast. I am riding a time machine. Undulations of dark green roll under us as my companions and I shoot into the past. The machine is powered by six human arms, rhythmically stroking with paddles. Our craft is a baidarka, a Russian word for an Aleutian Indian sea kayak, a swift and agile skin boat of ancient origin."

"In a sense, we have two destinations. One is to make it from Fort Ross--the historic Russian stockade on the Sonoma County coast--to San Francisco Bay, a voyage over some 85 miles of open sea.

"This route was taken by Aleut hunters under command of their Russian overlords in the 19th century, when they sneaked in under the noses of Spanish to raid the bay for the valuable pelts of resident sea otters."

"Sunrise at Fort Ross on the first day had filled the sky with reds and blues that suggested the colors of the Russian American Company flag. Bearing the czar's imperial eagle to his empire's furthest frontier, this flag had first flown over the redwood stockade in 1812, four years after Capt. Ivan Kuskov's initial raid on the California coast.

"The night before members of our modern expedition had camped within the Fort Ross walls. A bonfire dinner of borscht and stroganoff was enlivened by two state historians in period costumes, recounting tales of the promyshlenniki (Russian buccaneers) and the Aleuts.

LAUNCHING AT FT. ROSS

"That morning, suitably primed for the adventure, some of our dozen expeditioners shouldered a modern replica of the baidarka and carried it down to the cove.

"They were followed by Noyes in his wheelchair. For Noyes, a paraplegic, the voyage offered a chance to thoroughly test his limits. He said he was fascinated by two bits of recent discovery. Apparently, Captain Kuskov had a wooden leg, and he enjoyed traveling with the Aleuts in their baidarkas."

"With Noyes paddling in the bow, the three-hole baidarka was launched onto a gentle sea. It was shortly joined by modern double and single sea kayaks. Six boats had assembled for the expedition in all.

"A cannon at the Fort boomed in salute, sending out a puff of blue. But then the fort and the concept of imperial power suddenly seemed to shrink to an absurd size as the cannon smoke tore and faded over the vast sea. We later agreed that the Aleuts must have felt relieved as they left the confines of the Fort and headed out into the vastness they knew so well."

Quoted from an article in the
San Francisco Chronicle
October 19, 1987

PONDERING ON DANCE AND DANCING

Translations from one language to another are difficult and complex, because they not only involve words, but more importantly they involve concepts.

Language is one aspect of culture, and the primary language used here today is English. However, the understanding of an English word -- the intent of the user of what is in the mind of the user -- can vary when used by speakers of differing languages, peoples of differing cultures. Recognizing this is to recognize a major pitfall for cultural interpretation.

In its broadest sense "dance" means, or refers to, moving the body in rhythm. Yet for the native people of this area "dance" is a religious ceremony, a form of prayer. Perhaps it is most important to keep in mind that there are "rules" -- strict "rules" -- for everything. The "rules" are guides for the people to follow, provide security for individual and community, and cannot be broken with impunity.

Dances and songs are given by "Spirit" to a leader who is responsible for the well-being of the people. They are neither "made up" nor given to dancers and singers themselves. This is why one people do not use another's songs and dances, but only what is given in this way directly to each leader. There are similarities, i.e., songs may sound alike, movements may look alike, but those who know their culture (including their language) are aware when a person or group is using that which does not belong to them.

The above, necessarily brief, statement does not do justice to the complexity of the culture of these people.

Louise Revol
Consultant in Human Ecology and Museology

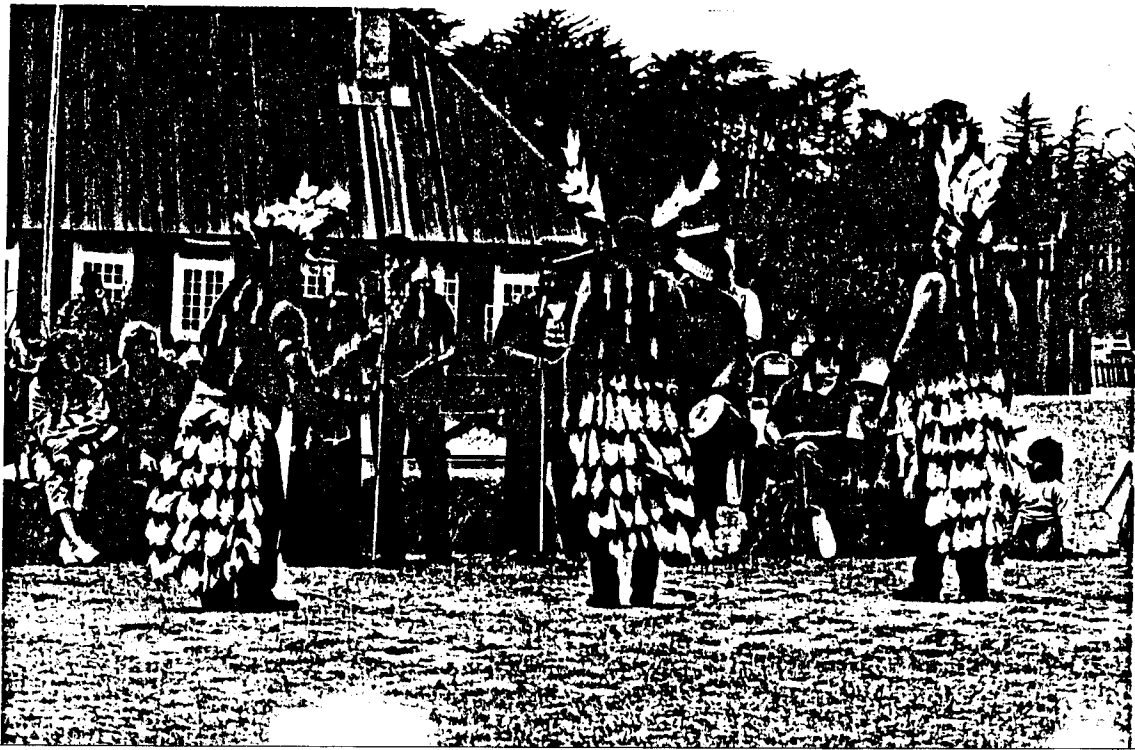
RANGER ROBIN REPORTS

We had many special events at Fort Ross this year, all of which were very successful. Even though Indian Day brought Lynn Silva and I a lot of grief at times, it also was very rewarding. What made it all worthwhile were the smiles on the visitors' faces and their positive feedback.

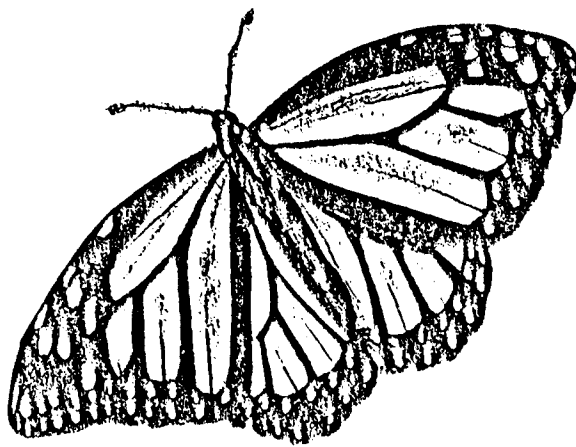
Our biggest controversy was having Native American dancing at the event. Many of us can not understand why such a beautiful activity would cause such a stir of emotions (anger, confusion, communication problems, etc.). We are still trying to sort it all out to this day.

The article by Louise Revol enlightened me and I am hoping that it will bring the readers and those involved in the planning of Indian Day a sense of understanding. With her words, maybe the door will be open into the spiritual souls of the Kashaya Pomo people who we all so desperately would like to be kindred to.

Ranger Robin Dressler



MOTHER NATURE



THE MONARCH BUTTERFLY (*Danaus plexippus*)

Butterflies are animals with velvet wings. The beautiful orange-and-black Monarch butterflies are of special interest to those who live on or visit the coast of California. The patterns of the wings are created by a mosaic of powder-covered scales, layered like shingles, each carrying the color for its special place. These scales give the scientific name to the order *Lepidoptera* (*Lepido*=scale, *ptera*=wing) to which butterflies and moths both belong.

Monarch butterflies begin to appear along the California coast early in October, when the first chill of fall and a decline in nectar signal the need to migrate to the south to escape the killing cold of northern winters. The butterflies may travel over the Rockies and the Sierras from as far away as Canada to seek protection here in groves of Monterey pine and eucalyptus that offer shelter from the wind and a foliage that the butterflies can clasp with their sharp tarsal claws.

The butterflies will form dense clusters on the trees, each animal hanging with its wings down over the one below it to form a shingle effect that gives some shelter from the rain and warmth for the group. The weight of the cluster helps keep it from whipping in the wind and dislodging the butterflies. If a butterfly is dislodged it may fall victim to insects or field mice, since it cannot fly at temperatures much lower than 55 degrees and at temperatures lower than 40 degrees is unable to move at all.

On warm, calm winter days the Monarchs leave their clusters to search for food of about 90% water

and 10% nectar, which is supplied by the eucalyptus during its blooming period of October through November. When the day cools the butterflies again cluster, but not necessarily in the same groupings.

The Monarchs remain in the more protected areas along California's coast into March, when the warmer days of spring herald the northeasterly migration. The flight south is leisurely, but the return journey is swift; the Monarchs' wings, beating rapidly through a 120-degree arc, propel them at speeds up to 30 miles per hour.

The male Monarch initiates mating, which takes place before and during the migration. Pursuing the female in an ascending spiral, he apparently attracts her with a scent which is thought to stimulate her to feed. If he is successful, she will follow him to a nearby resting place where he will strut before her, gently opening and closing his wings in a bid for her attention and acceptance.

After mating, the females seek out the milkweed plant. This plant plays a crucial role in the life cycle of the Monarch, for it is only upon the milkweed that the female will deposit her eggs, multifaceted creamy yellow spheres the size of the head of a pin that have been described as "priceless gems cut by a master craftsman". Within three or four days, depending on the temperature, the eggs turn a dark gray and very hungry larvae eat their way out of the casings.

Each larva, or caterpillar, eats milkweed non-stop for the next fifteen days, and its weight increases 2,700 times. By the fifth day of its life, the caterpillar

has outgrown his skin and must shed it, or moult, in order to grow. The animal has to go through this process three more times before it reaches maturity.

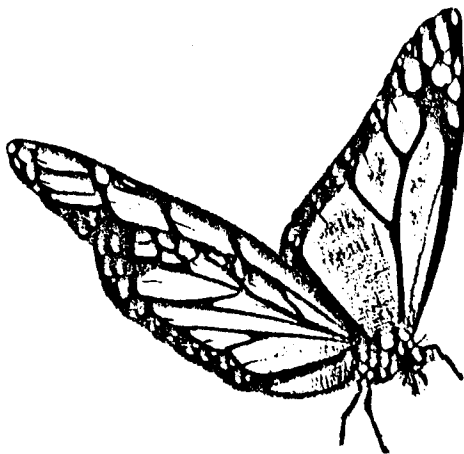
Around the fifteenth day, the caterpillar feels a sense of urgency. Its skin is beginning to harden and internal changes are taking place; the miracle of metamorphosis is about to begin, and it is on a tight timetable. It must find a suitably protected place above the ground before its hardening skin makes movement impossible.

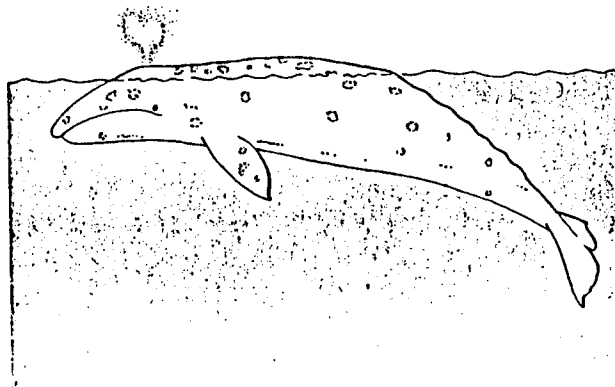
Having found such a spot, the caterpillar lays down a mat of silk fibers, attaches itself upside down to the mat, curls its body into the shape of the letter "J", and sheds its skin one last time to replace it with a shell-like covering. During the next nine to fifteen days extraordinary changes take place within this chrysalis; the leaf-chewing caterpillar that disappeared into it emerges as a radiant, nectar-sipping butterfly.

Clinging to the chrysalis, the animal pumps body fluid into its limp and useless wings, expanding them 60 times in size. The new, adult Monarch must spend several hours basking in the sun, hardening its wings and getting its body functioning, before it is ready to fly away.

Several generations of Monarchs will be born during migration, but those that leave in December will never return. They live out their lives of nine short months somewhere along the path to the north.

So the cycle continues, north to south and back again, from egg to caterpillar to butterfly, the elegant animals with the velvet wings going about the urgent business of living.





Mark Your Calendars!

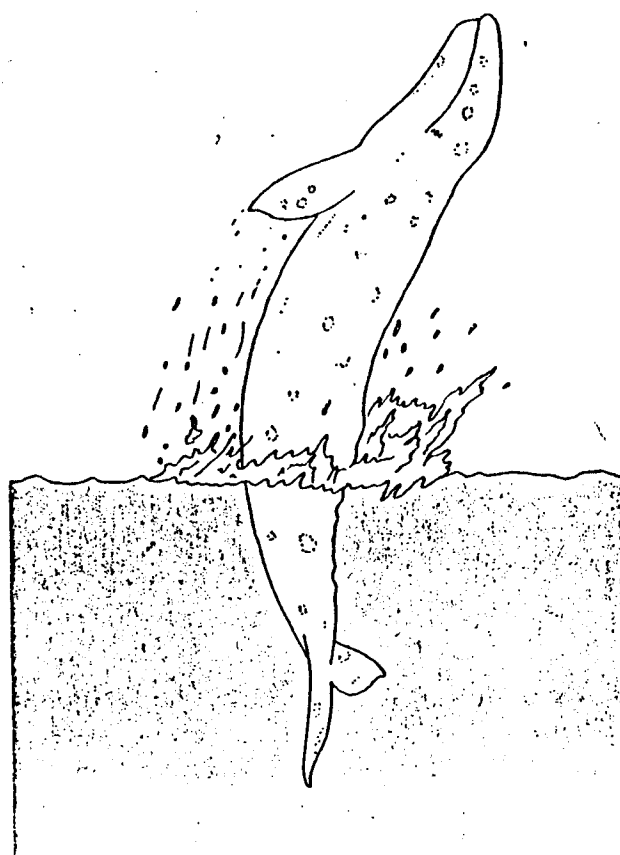
Each year about 17,000 gray whales migrate along the California coast en route from summer feeding grounds in Arctic waters to winter calving lagoons in Baja California. Of the six species of great whales that frequent our coast, gray whales are the most coastal, routinely traveling within 10 miles of shore.

Pregnant females begin their long journey south in late fall, entering California waters around November. Traveling at three to four knots, they cover about 80 miles per day. Following them are other females, males and immature grays, extending the southward migration into February.

In the spring, newly pregnant females, males and immatures head north again, followed in mid-April by cow/calf pairs, which travel more slowly than the others. Cow/calf pairs often pass very close to land, following the contours of the coast. They can even be found among nearshore kelp beds, which may help them avoid detection by orcas and sharks. These pairs may not reach Arctic waters until June or July.

Making a Comeback

Hunted to near extinction by the whaling industry in the late nineteenth century and until as recently as the 1920's, the Pacific gray whale population, with international protection, has made a startling comeback. From a "commercially extinct" species of barely 2,000, it has increased to a current population of about 17,000.



Some Behaviors to Look For

BLOW: Normal, surface exhalation of atomized water and air through the blowhole at the top of the head. In a gray whale, this cloud of droplets has a characteristic heart-shape when seen from the rear. Sometimes a whale will exhale below the surface, without the watery plume.

BREATHING PATTERNS: Whales must come to the surface to breathe. Normally, gray whale adults take three to five breaths at intervals of fifteen to thirty seconds, then dive for three to five minutes. An extended dive may last ten minutes or more. Grays under stress will blow at irregular intervals.

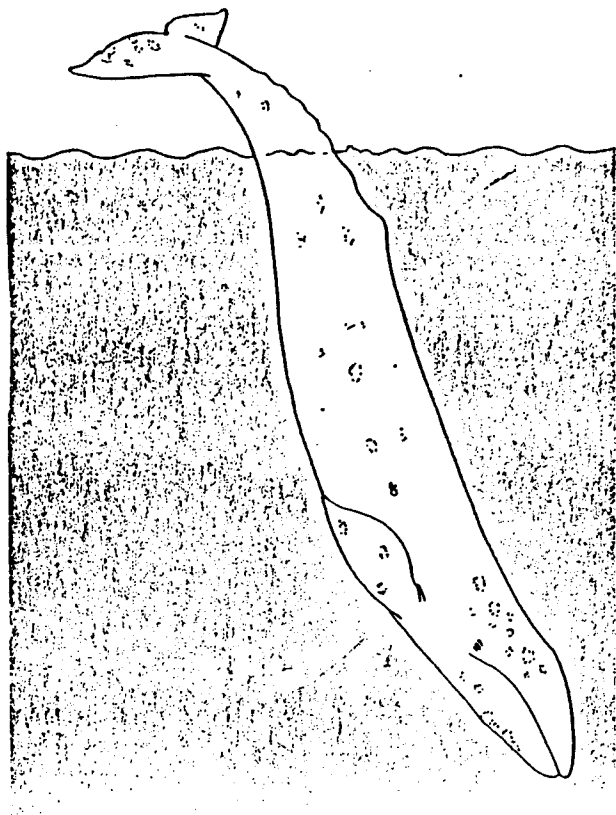
SWIMMING: Grays swim primarily by moving their flukes (tail) up and down, steering with their pectoral (side) fins, and by bending their bodies. Grays can reach speeds of up to ten m.p.h., but average two to four m.p.h. during migration.

FOOTPRINTS: Circular slick spots on the water, made by a whale swimming just below the surface.

RESTING: Whales, especially mothers and calves, may remain quietly in the same location, at or just below the surface.

BREACH: A leap in which three-quarters of the whale's body clears the water, twisting as it leaps.

SOUNDING: A steep angled dive in which the flukes are often thrust clear out of the water as the whale's body plunges into a deep dive. The dorsal ridge will be easily visible just prior to a sounding. Watch for individual patterns on the flukes, caused by scars and barnacles.



Two possible gray whales were sighted by Bill Walton on Tuesday, November 10, 1987.

RELIVING THE PAST

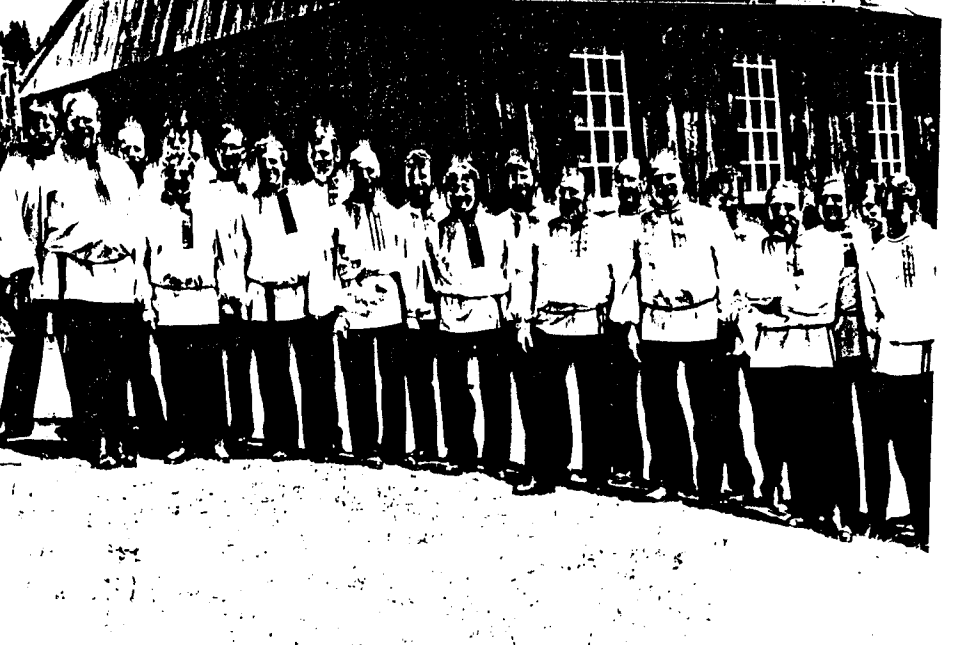
LIVING
HISTORY
DAY

JULY
1987



TOP PICTURE:
RE-ENACTMENT
OF SPANISH OFFICIALS
DELIVERING DOCUMENTS
TO COMMANDANT
ROTCHER, WHILE
MILITIA STAND GUARD

OTHERS PICTURED:
(LEFT TO RIGHT)
SPANISH OFFICIALS;
RUSSIAN AMERICAN
CO. TRADER (RANGER
DAN MURLEY), FUR
TRAPPER/TRADER AND
HIS YOUNG DAUGHTER;
RUSSIAN CHILDREN
HELPING THEIR MOTHER
CHURN BUTTER;
SLAVYANKA CHOIR
IN FRONT OF CHAPEL



→ INDIAN DAY - AUGUST 1987

ACTIVITIES PICTURED: (LEFT TO RIGHT)
FACE PAINTING; STORY TELLING FOR CHILDREN;
BASKETWEAVING AND INDIAN CRAFTS FOR SELL;
COASTAL POMO DANCERS; HISTORICAL ARTIFACTS
DEMONSTRATED (SHELL BEAD MAKING) BY VOLUNTEERS



RECOMMENDED READING

News from Native California--Glenn Ferris brought us a copy of this great new publication. He suggested that it would be a good one for F.R.I.A. to subscribe to (\$15.00 for a one-year subscription, six issues). There is a copy in the F.R.I.A. newsletter box, so everyone interested can take a look at it.

The Great Alone by Janet Daily--This is enjoyable fiction about the Russian Alaskan adventure.

Men to Match My Mountains by Irving Stone-- Thank you Marjorie D. Martin for recommending this book. "If you have not read Stone's book, it is about the early California history starting before the Gold Rush. Fort Ross only occupies a few pages in Stone's book, but those pages give a rich and full insight into the lives of bright and interesting people."

Fort Ross Historic Orchard Brochure--The Rangers have put together a new tour of the orchard. Stop in at the Visitor Center to pick up a brochure and then go up and visit the orchard.

1001 Questions Answered About the Seashore by N.J. Berrill and Jacquelyn Berrill

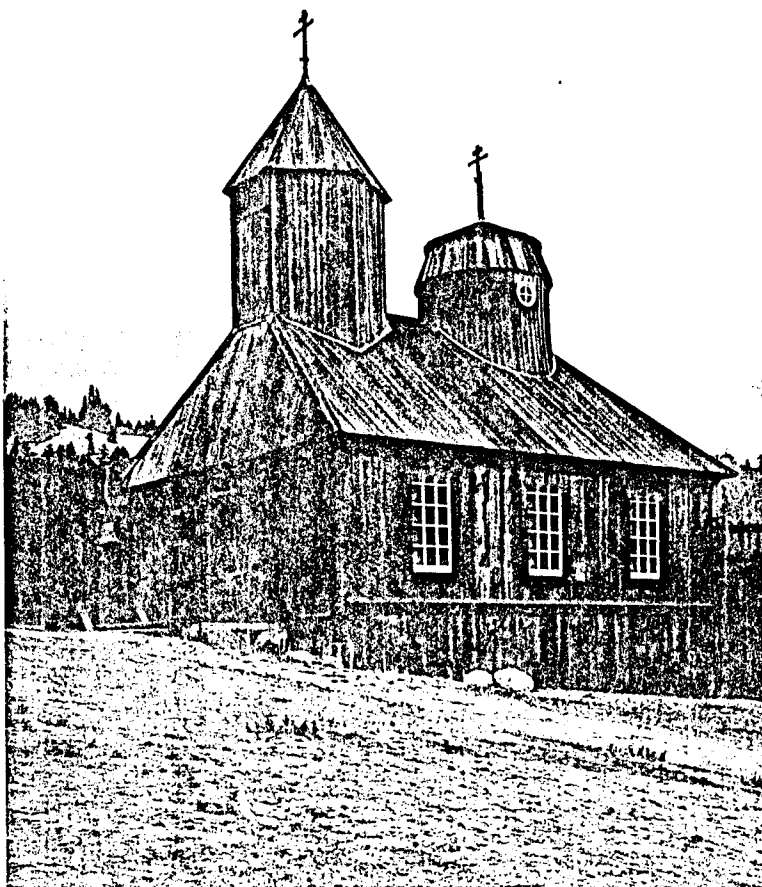
The Wild Flowers of California by Mary Elizabeth Parsons

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

F.R.I.A. Meeting--December 12, 1987

Next Newsletter--Mid January--Remember, F.R.I.A. members, this is your newsletter.

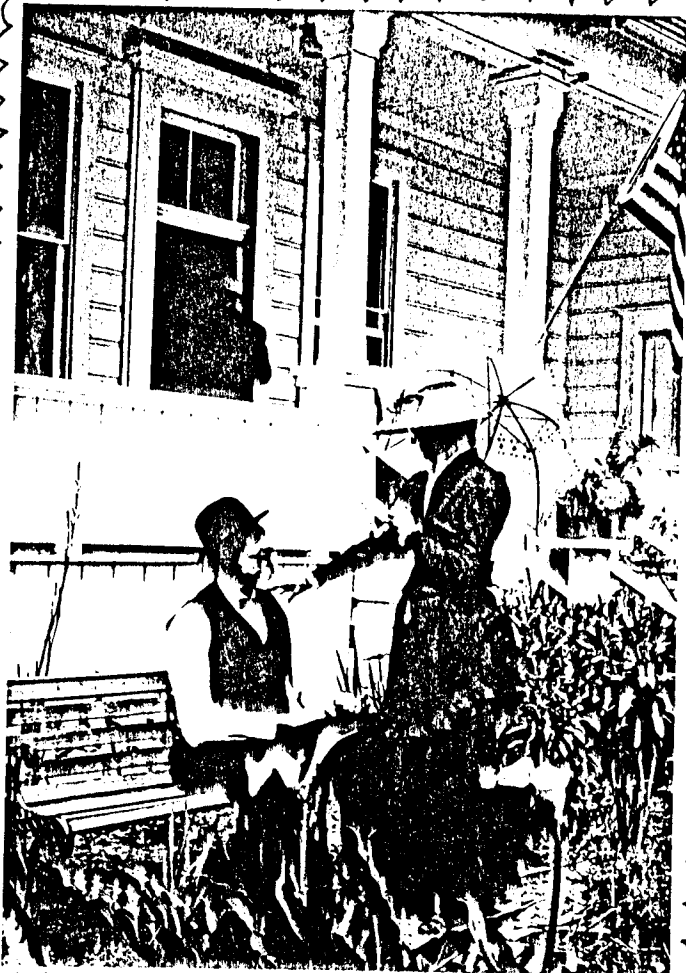
Please submit articles and comments by January 8, 1988, to Lyn Kalani, Fort Ross Interpretive Association, 19005 Coast Highway 1, Jenner, Ca. 95450. (707 847-3437)



Congratulations to Rangers Robin Charleston and Brian Dressler on their marriage
October 3, 1987, on the Chapel steps at Fort Ross State Historic Park

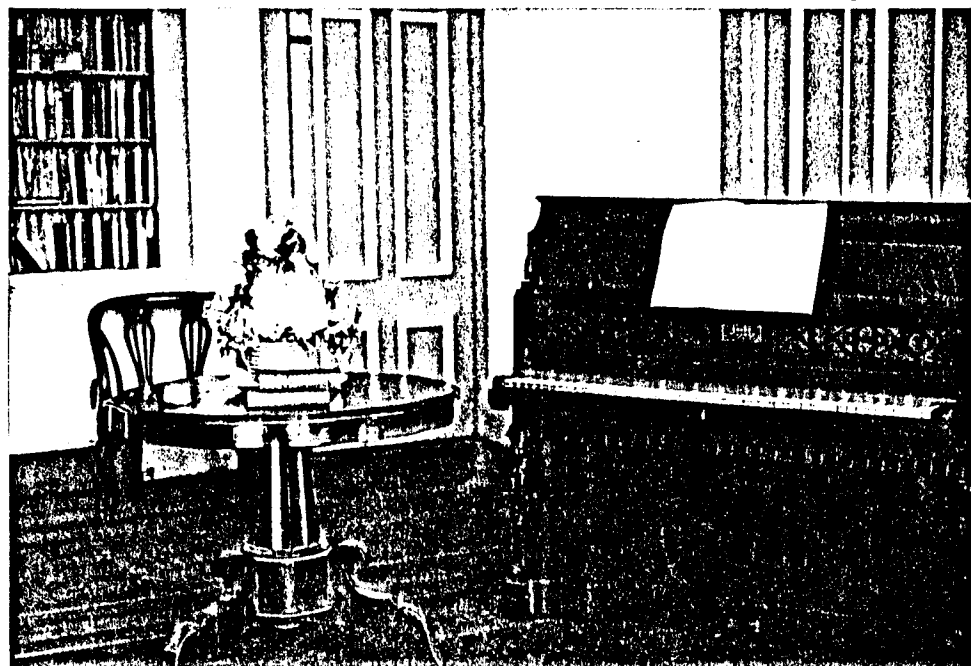


PICTURE 1:
 (LEFT TO RIGHT)
 KAYE TOMLIN, ALICE
 MCKENZIE, LUCINDA
 WINKLER, ROBIN
 CHARLESTON, LAURA
 PARENT, FRIEDA
 TOMLIN

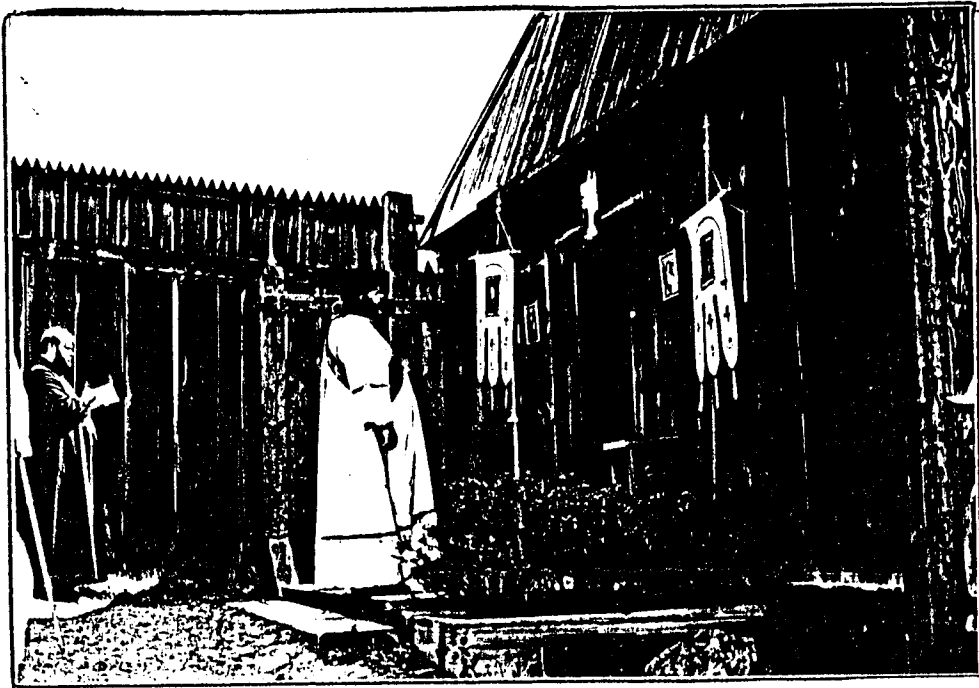


PICTURE 2:
 KAYE & FRIEDA TOMLIN

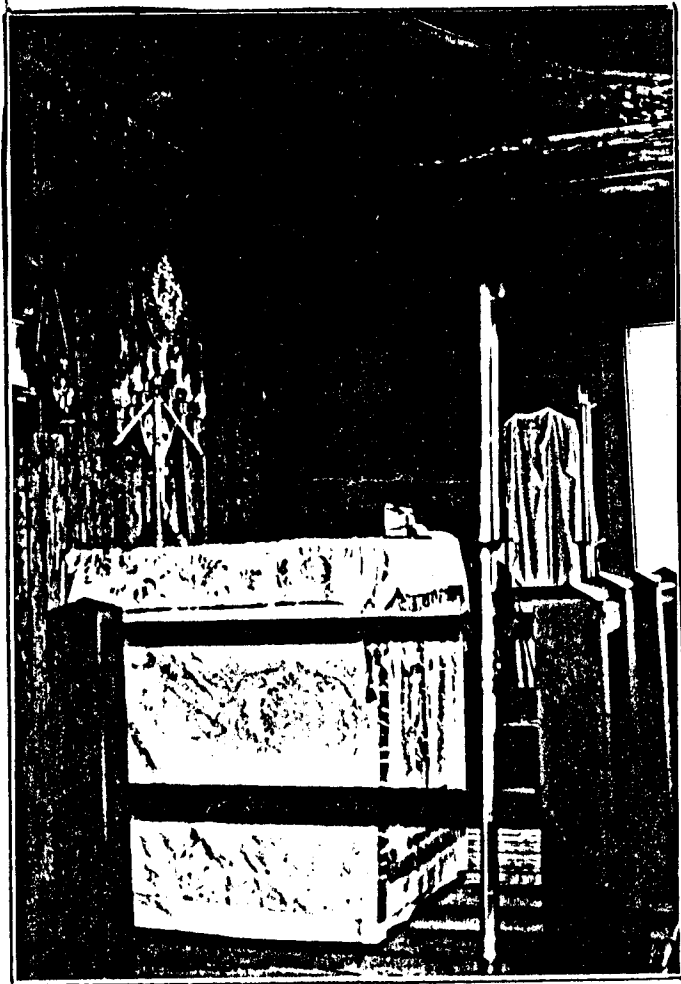
PICTURE 3:
 CALL HOUSE LIVING
 ROOM



CALL
 GARDEN
 TEA
 MAY
 1987



PICTURE 1:
RUSSIAN-ORTHODOX
PRIEST WAITING
FOR QUE TO ENTER
CHAPEL



PICTURE 2:
INSIDE CHAPEL

PICTURE 3:
RUSSIAN-ORTHODOX
PARISHIONERS ARE
LED BY THEIR PRIESTS
TO THE RUSSIAN
CEMETERY FOR PRAYER

RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CEREMONIES

JULY
&
MAY
1987

