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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 Conservancy, a 501(c)(3) and California State Park cooperating association, connects people to the history and beauty of Fort Ross and Salt Point State Parks. © Fort Ross Conservancy, 19005 Coast Highway One, Jenner, CA 95450, [707-847-3437](tel:707-847-3437) www.fortross.org



FORT ROSS INTERPRETIVE ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

JANUARY - FEBRUARY, 1995

ANNOUNCEMENTS!

ELECTION RESULTS

Thank you to all the FRIA members who voted in the December election. You reelected all of the incumbents to serve for another three years as FRIA Directors! The 1995 board members and officers are as follows:

Violet Chappell
Gloria Frost
Laurie Horn
David Kenly * Treasurer
Lenore Kosso
Nicholas Lee * Corresponding Secretary
John Middleton
Jeannette Rosson
Maria Sakovich
John Sperry * Recording Secretary
Frieda Tomlin
Nancy Walton * President
David Willson * Vice President

Thank you to all board members for your continuing contributions to Fort Ross. Thank you also to Doni Tunheim and Vivian Wilder for being willing to work on the board!



BOARD NOTES

by David Kenly, Recording Secretary

The regular meeting of the Board was held on December 10th at the Visitor Center; while the agenda was brief, it included certain standing reports and an appraisal of the past year's activities. Ranger Bill Walton advised all of the upcoming restoration of a portion of the fort wall, noting that donation of unmilled redwood timber would be appreciated. He further noted that since labor is now available for reroofing the Call House, the restoration project may now allow for such; John Sperry, in his capacity as restoration foreman, concurred.

Maria Sakovich and John Middleton gave a report of the Russian Committee's recent meeting, conducted in late November in Sacramento. They presented for Board consideration the idea that FRIA might sponsor a detailed recordation of the Rotchev House by graduate student Richa Wilson; such would be an important legacy in the event of catastrophic damage. Ballots were then counted, and after several brief announcements, the meeting was adjourned for a celebratory feast.

"DEAR MEMBERS OF FRIA"

by John Sperry, Secretary

One of the unique qualities of our organization is its membership! It is wonderfully diverse - in origins, in interests, in vitality. A unique event of the organization is the single meeting each year at which the general membership may vote on candidates for the Board of Directors of FRIA. This year we tried to expand the traditional pre-Christmas vote counting and pot-luck dinner to a more general "You Will Be Heard" forum. Our meeting was Saturday, December 10. Let me just tell you what you missed! (Next year - no reason to miss a bit of it!) First, it's true, some of the meeting dragged on. This is always so where there is diversity. There were strong, easily identifiable trends also; these, I think, you would like to take part in.

There are tons of things to do at Fort Ross! The Environmental Living Program where 4th and 5th grade school children engage in live participation in historic roles at the fort, for example, is a priceless program. Then there are the additional structures that could be built within the stockade - consistent with known history. There was at least one windmill outside the fort during the Russian period; wouldn't that be fun to reconstruct!

Outside the "fort" resided a Native American component, greater in numbers than the Russian contingent, with unique structures. Not least among the outside living people, the Aleut/Koniag hunters - the "baidarists" (kayakers), the original economic base for the Russian presence - lived in their unique structures. Finally, there occurred a post-Russian period of, essentially, ranching. The George Call period, it might be named. There are many projects which need to be worked on in it! Whatever your interests, come join our attempts to address some of these matters!

December 10, though, what you really missed was a fabulous spread of pot-luck foods and friendliness. If food alone didn't completely satisfy, you were then treated to two men equipped with balalaika, guitar, tenor, and basso voices respectively - and wonderful music! If you've never sung the refrain to *Kalinka* in the wondrous setting of Fort Ross, join us! Anytime! Certainly next year!



MORE ANNOUNCEMENTS!

RUSSIAN COMMITTEE NEWS

by John Middleton, Chairman

Committee members met in Sacramento in late November, hosted by Glenn Farris at the State Park's Archeology Lab. Exciting new directions are envisioned for State Parks, and co-operating associations like FRIA will play an increasingly important role.

We discussed the role the newly formed non-profit trusts provide for Park's programs, and how they can continue much of the work the "financially challenged" Parks are unable to address.

Two areas of interest became clearer as directions for the committee's focus. A complete recordation of the Rotchev House, one of four surviving examples in North America of Russian colonial buildings, was one area.

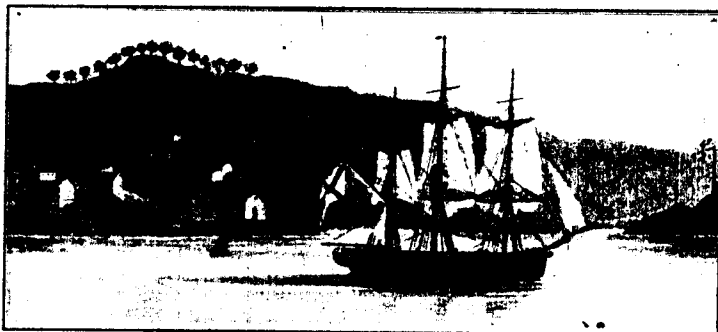
The reconstruction of the windmill at Fort Ross, California's first, was also an area which might realistically be considered at this time. The committee also discussed alternative funding approaches, grants, and various programs which would more closely involve Russian scholar's participation.

Your participation in the Russian Committee's projects is encouraged and needed. The next FRIA Board meeting will focus its discussion on these projects and others, and if your interest is in the Russian period at Fort Ross, come and contribute your thoughts, expertise, and efforts!



RUSSIAN NAVY'S 300TH ANNIVERSARY

An important part of this 300th Anniversary will focus on the Navy's prominent role in the Russian American colonies in Alaska and California. Captain Anatoly Razdolgin is Chairman of the Russian Navy's 300th Anniversary Committee, and he has appointed John Middleton to the committee. Concurrently, Barbara Sweetland Smith, curator of the Anchorage Museum's upcoming 1997 exhibit on the Russian exploration of North America, has asked John to be on the advisory committee for that exhibit. The years 1996, 1997 and 1999, the 200th anniversary of the Russian-American Company, should do much to create interest in California's Russian colony. Newsletter readers will be kept informed on developments in these upcoming events.



*Harbour of St. Paul in the Island of Cadiak, 1805 detail from a color lithograph based on a drawing by Yuri Lisianskii. The first Russian round-the-world voyage, 1803-1806, was a joint venture of the Russian navy and the Russian-American Company. The navy furnished the personnel and command, and the company provided for ships and supplies. It was commanded by Ivan Fyedorovich Krusenstern, a one of the ships, the *Neva*, was commanded by Yuri Lisianskii.*

RANCH COMMITTEE NEWS

submitted by Doni Tunheim

Save Sunday, April 23, 1995 for *HOME SWEET HOME* homes tour to benefit the Call Ranch House Restoration. Watch for further details in the next newsletter.



1995 LHD FOOD

by Caerleon Safford, Interpretive Specialist

The big change in the LHD kitchen this year is that Robin, having provided years of hard work and wonderful food, has abdicated from her role as kitchen queen, passing the title on to me.

I am daunted by the task, and would like to encourage, nay beg, for help from all of you loyal volunteers out there. I am wide open to any new ideas, suggestions or recipes. I would love to stage a series of meetings and cook-offs to plan the menu and coordinate the kitchen volunteers. I propose a first meeting to be held on Saturday February 18th (I am willing to change the date of the meeting to accommodate as many people as possible). I would like to have these meetings both productive and fun as we all eat and plan together. I would also love to know if there are people out there who would be willing to donate appropriate food or food items for the LHD menu...are there any Russian restaurant owners amongst us?

Those of you who may not be able to make it up to the fort for the meeting, but have energy and ideas can contact me here at Fort Ross at (707) 847-3286. Thanks to all, and please do call!!



OLOMPALI HERITAGE DAY

by Robin Joy, Interpretive Specialist

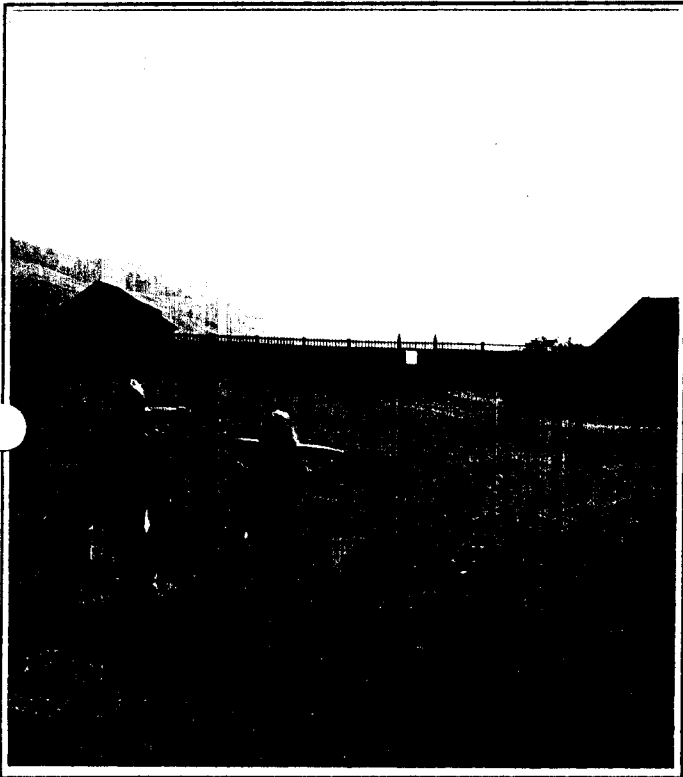
Olompali is celebrating its 10th anniversary with a celebration titled Olompali Heritage Day. They are looking for Fort Ross folks to set up a table promoting parks, LHD, and programs we have. They would love it if someone out there would be willing to come and show hands on activities or any demonstrations of the ranch period. This is a chance for the Call era folks to get involved and promote your activities here at Fort Ross - including your restoration projects.

Thus far the day will include Pomo dancers, buggy rides, flint knapping, native walks, and other related activities. Please contact Fred Lew, Ranger, at Olompali (415) 892-3383. This event is the first Sunday in May, 1995, so you have plenty of time to get your program together!

FORT ROSS ENVIRONMENTAL LIVING PROGRAM

Each Thursday the fort is abuzz with energy and joy as fourth and fifth graders participate in the Environmental Living Program. Costumed kids, responding only to names like Ivan or Natalia, are to be seen everywhere.

Down in the Cove, a group of hunters and fishers scout for sea otter and fish for the evening meal. The gardener group is to be found planting, harvesting and hauling heavy buckets of water to the garden. The militia, who have the dual duties of keeping order in the fort and hauling wood for the kitchen fires, can be seen alternatively burdened with muskets or armloads of wood. The cooks toil over hot smoky fires preparing the whole group's meals. The sounds of concentrated sawing and hammering reverberate as the artisans fashion wooden benches or spoons.



The Environmental Living Program (ELP) is one of the most rewarding and important interpretive programs offered at Settlement Ross. Open to all California fourth and fifth grade classes, the Environmental Living Program is an overnight role playing experience designed to increase students' understanding and appreciation of the history of Fort Ross, the site itself, and kids' relationship to the site and to history. By creating a role and spending a day and night as a person from the past, kids learn that history is a real and tangible thing, that historical figures were more than just words on a page, but people just like them. This personalized understanding enables them to look at history differently and gives them a valuable tool to improve their appreciation of how the past relates to the present and to

n.

Needless to say, a program like the ELP requires extensive preparation on the part of both park staff and the teachers themselves. Fort Ross Interpretive Specialists Robin Joy and Caerleon Safford work extensively with the program, from organizing and facilitating a hands-on preparatory workshop for teachers to working extensively with the classes on their big day at the fort. While the kids are at the fort, Robin or Caerleon are always on hand to offer historical insights as they help the cooks with their borscht, the gardeners with their baskets, or instruct the fishers on the finer points of fish cleaning.

That the program is successful in providing an enjoyable and successful historical experience is evident from the rave reviews and broad smiles of the children during their days at the fort, as well as written comments from teachers, parents and students following their visit. Teachers often state that "problem" kids seem to find a focus and gain interest in all of their studies after the ELP. Classes learn to work together cooperatively. Parents who accompany their child's class to Fort Ross always express surprise at both how much work goes into the program, and how much fun they have in the course of the day.

It is not unusual to have now-adult alumni of the Fort Ross ELP seek out the interpreters to tell them how much fun they remember having at the fort and ask to see their year's ELP journal to reread comments they penned as little kids. One pair of proud parents made a special trip to the interpreters' office to tell them that their daughter, who had attended an ELP here, had just graduated from UC Berkeley with a degree in Russian Studies. The parents attributed her interest in things Russian to her fourth grade experience at the fort.

This year, the fort will host forty-nine ELP programs. Those programs will allow a total of approximately 1,500 children to experience living history. Schools are charged a \$10.00 per child fee for the program to offset the costs of staff (Robin and Caerleon are not financially supported by either the State or FRIA) and materials such as basket reeds, leather and candle wax.

We encourage you to come down some Thursday to see the program in action. If you have any questions about the program, call Robin or Caerleon at 847-3286.

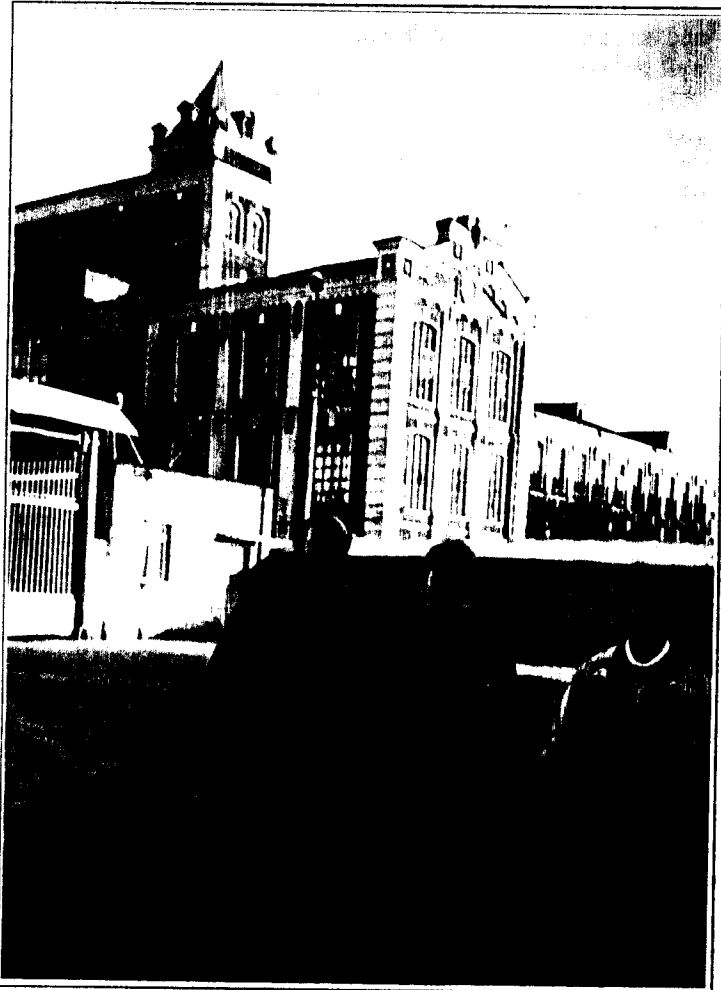
How you can help support the program: Donations can be made to the California State Parks Foundation (care of Fort Ross) to support Interpreters. Donations can be made to FRIA's Interpreter account to support the program in the form of scholarships for kids and classes in financial need. Any and all support would be vastly appreciated.

A VISIT TO PAVLOVSKY POSAD

by John Middleton

Russian shawls are famous the world over for their bright colours and detailed quality of design. An important element of feminine fashion, these articles of dress appear frequently in descriptions of Russian American women's clothing, and are recorded as having been imported to California by the Russian-American Company during the Fort Ross period.

The Pavlovsky Posad Shawl Factory, located in the village of the same name in Moscow province, is the oldest producer of shawls in Russia today. The factory shares an interesting coincidence with Fort Ross: both were founded in the year 1812.



Pavlovsky Posad

With a mission to outfit interpreters of Fort Ross with accurate articles of dress, and make heaps of money for the FRIA bookstore by providing the public with historically correct gifts to take home with their memories of their visit to Fort Ross, FRIA's intrepid travellers - former Director Molly Lee, the author, and the indispensable Yelena Serova, Molly's niece and interpreter extraordinair, venterd forth in true *promyshlennik* fashion, to open new markets in far-away lands.

We met with the president of the company, Mr. Belas, and explained our purpose, to ask his factory to produce a line of

shawls reproducing historic examples from museum collections that could be dated to either the Fort Ross period (1812-1841) or that of Russian America (1799-1867), and even give the shawls the names of Russian-American settlements, *New Archangel, St. Michael's, Colony Ross*, etc.

We were pleasantly surprized by his enthusiastic response. Mr. Belas congratulated us on our noble efforts to preserve Russian history and culture at Fort Ross, and promised us his cooperation. He sent us on a tour of the factory's museum, where we viewed beautiful examples of 19th century shawls and their method of production. We then visited the factory itself, and saw the shawls being made by their printing processes. It occured to me that if they could make these beautiful detailed wool shawls, they might also be able to produce flags. Returning to Mr. Belas' office, I asked if this were a possibility, and was very pleased to learn that not only could they make flags, but they were the sole supplier in Russia of naval flag cloth, and provided the factory with this wool bunting that had previously made the Russian-American flags for FRIA.

Supplied with samples, catalogues, and warm feelings of good will and accomplishment, the modern day *promyshlenniki* returned to Moscow by the evening train. The promise of new products that will benefit the booktores sales, a possible new line of historic shawls and flags, accompanied the sense of pride and purpose that we felt, being connected with an association that is held in such high regard by many Russians, for its "noble work in preserving Russian history and culture in California".



Interior of Pavlovski Posad where shawls are produced using the silk screen process

1905 VISIT TO PLANTATION

EXCERPTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF LUVIA HORRISBERGER



ir 2 weeks trip to "The Plantation", taken by S. Siebe and L. Horrisberger. June 24 - July 8, 1905. It was a rather cloudy morning when our brothers saw us safely aboard the Sausalito Ferry starting on our journey to "The Plantation", a summer resort about 18 miles beyond Cazadero. At about 8:30 we were boarding the North Shore Railroad, and making ourselves "at home" because we had a very long trip before us. . . .

The scenery all the way up, is simply grand. The train passed all the pretty summer resorts, such as Camp Taylor, Camp Meeker, Monte Rio, Camp Vacation, Camp "Pistalisi". . . We went through a few long tunnels, crossed and recrossed the Russian River, skirted Tomales Bay, for about 2 hours, ran through great tall redwood forests, passed quite a number of cozy summer homes and at 1:30 pulled up at the end of the line, Cazadero!, 100 mi. from S.F. The train barely had a chance to stop, before we were off, and Sophie was hunting up the stage driver. We gave him our baggage checks and asked him if the front seat was taken. He said "No", so we climbed up and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The only passenger besides ourselves was a young man in a brand-new blue duster. . . . Before leaving Cazadero, we stopped at a, or rather the, General Mds'e Store, and took on some more mail and freight, then George whipped up his horses and away we flew towards Plantation, 18 miles away.

don't think I can ever forget that ride. Along a lovely mountain road boarded on one side by a bank, overgrown with all kinds of ferns and maiden hair, and on the other by canyons so deep that you could hardly see the bottom. Up hill and down, past the prettiest little creeks and springs, through the redwood forests, where the trees grew so tall you could barely see the tops. Then past a lumber mill or wood choppers cabin. My! how those 4 horses did go. The stage came up to meet our heads several times, but we didn't mind, everything felt good, and we always saw the funny side, even of the bump, especially I, when Sophie would get one, and vis-a-versa. We could hardly keep still, first we'd bounce to one side and admire some maidenhair and then to the other and look down into the canyon, wave at some passing farm wagon, ask the driver innumerable questions, until he got warmed up, became real sociable.

Our first stop was "Sea View", a hotel and Post Office, 8 miles this side of our destination. We had to stop for mail, also to take on the dentist Dr. Stacy, his wife and daughter who were going up to Plantation for a few days. Sophie and I were rather thirsty, so we asked a boy, lounging on the stairs, to get us a drink. He moved in such a hurry that we were afraid the water would evaporate on the way. O, but didn't that taste good. We had changed our horses at Sea View, and our new team was eager to start, so didn't wait for George, but started alone. Then our slow friend, became very much alive, jumped to their heads and ed them up. After loading the Dentist's different instruments on, we started, again not to stop before "The

Plantation". We didn't drive so fast from here on, out of consideration for Mrs. Stacy who is rather delicate.

At 5:30 we pulled up at "Plantation House", and were greeted by Mrs. McKenna. Sophie introduced me to her, and when she heard the name, she looked at me rather closely, and asked me if I was from Alameda, I said "Yes", and then she recognized me, even though I had grown a little in 12 years. After saying "How d-you-do", to Mrs. McK. I turned around, to stand face to face with Les. Rabjohn. To say I was surprised is expressing it mildly. We both said "Well! what are you doing here", at almost the same time. After talking a little while, Mrs. McK. took us over to our room, which was in a cute little white-washed, rose covered cottage, with a nice big shady porch had a lovely big room and it did look so nice and clean to us after our dusty trip. There were two windows one facing out on the porch and the other the McK. cottage. We had a nice big bureau, wash stand, writing "desk", sofa, chair, and most important, a lovely big double bed. The walls were newly papered, in a beautiful, most natural purple rose pattern, there were fresh swiss curtains in the windows, and clean matting on the floor. Our clothes closet consisted of a row of hooks skrewed on a board, nailed up in one corner.

After brushing ourselves up a little, and digging off some of the dirt, we started to unpack, then the supper bell rang, and we went over to the Hotel for supper. Of course we were hungry and everything seemed just to hit the right spot, the cooking was excellent and everything was served just as nice as could be. After supper So. and I sat on the Hotel porch for a while and then Les came along and we started on a walk to the school house. On the way we met Walter McK. and Les introduced us, he didn't remember me anymore. He has grown into a real pleasant, nice looking young man of almost 21. We exchanged a few words with him, and then continued our walk. The school house is about 1 mile down the stage road, and the walk, though dusty, is very pretty. The building is a typical little country school, painted white, with green shutters, and the ever important flag pole, almost as large as the house. At about 8:00 we were back, and found Anna McK. and Miss Luttrell (another boarder) just starting on a walk in the opposite direction, so we went along. Walked up through the cow corral and came down the road. O, I almost forgot, Les took us up to the hall just before our walk, we wanted to investigate. The floor was most "artily" decorated with - I won't say what, so we admired the ceiling. We found the old hand organ broken, so cleared out in a hurry. Soph. and I went to bed rather early, being kind of tired after our long ride.

June 25 - Sunday. Arose about 7 this morning but it was very near 8 before we were on our way to breakfast. Slept like brick, and felt kind of hungry. Miss Luttrell, her niece Anna, Les, Soph. and I, all sit at the same table. They had already finished when we came in, so we had the dining room to ourselves.

Enjoyed our breakfast of mush and cream, ham and coffee, and hot biscuits, immensely. After breakfast, Sophie and I set out on a tramp to the ocean 3 miles distant, attired in our bloomers, short skirts, leggins, skirts waists and big linen alpine hats. Stuck Fred Adir's pedometer down my leggin to see how far we'd walk. Got down to the ocean in about 1 hour. The walk is lovely, right through the woods. You can see the ocean already, at quite a distance, and it looks so lovely and blue, just a regular sapphire. It is quite a climb to get down to the beach, and we had to crawl under a barbed wire fence. But we got there alright. There is loads of drift wood piled up in the little cove, and I immediately banged my shins on some, it is so slippery, you must be careful of falling. I never saw such clean white sand, we found a real nice log to sit on and rested a while.

Then explored a great big cave in the cliffs, the waves had worn, took some snap-shots, and at almost 10:45 left for home, just arriving in time for lunch. We ran over to the little wash-house and cleaned up a bit before going in to dinner. Had fine chicken dinner, the whole bunch of us ate together, so we had a real jolly meal. Quite a few neighboring farmers were there also. Having come up to have their teeth fixed and you should have seen Sophie "make eyes". After lunch we packed up our writing materials and a box of chocolate creams and went down the Casey Road toward Italian Gulch, accompanied by Rover, found a nice shady spot, near a little spring, just full of woodwardias. Stayed about 2 hrs. and then struck out for home. As we neared the hotel we heard someone playing on a harmonica, and found quite a few young farmers standing around the bar, one playing quite nicely on the harmonica. We thought it would be fun to go up to the Hall and have a dance. Les said he'd go and ask the boys to come up. They said they'd come with pleasure, after supper, so they left early. At supper Mrs. McK. told us we'd better postpone our "ball", as some of the boys had taken too much "Nerve Tonic". So we did, and took a walk down "Cupid's Lane" instead. We invited Les, but he thought it too dangerous, after sundown, alone with us two girls. So we went alone. It was a beautiful evening, and the glorious sunset inspired us, for we began to recite poetry and sing love sonnets. On our return the three of us, Les, Soph. and I, went into the parlor for a while with Dr. and Mrs. Stacy, Mrs. McK and Mrs. Stapley. They wanted me to play, but I didn't feel equal to it after our inspiration. Retired, about nine-thirty.

June 26 - Monday. A glorious morning! Those baby swallows above our window do voice an unearthly racket. Arose about 7:30, dressed in a hurry, because we had planned to go to the river, 4 miles distant, before lunch. Ate our breakfast in a hurry and left about 8:30. The walk to the river is grand. Mostly all shady, as the road winds right through the woods. And the view - well, all we could say was, "Oh! isn't it grand!!" You'd look away cross the hay fields and see the mountains, with a kind of blue haze hanging over them, from the heat and way in the distance you could bearly see the peak of Mt. St. Helena, towering above the rest. Just about a mile from the river is the prettiest little watering trough made from an old hollowed out moss covered log. We took drink here and rested a bit. It was about 10:00 when we reached the end of our journey. How

pretty that river did look, its water so clear you could see every pebble on the bottom. And azaleas, growing on the banks, reminded me of St. Helena. We picked a spray and stuck them in our hats, then slid off our shoes, stocking and skirts, and went wading. Water felt rather cool at first, but we soon got used to it. Sophie snapped me and I, her in the river - we looked real "cute". But I'll have to get even with her some day, because she snapped me wading clear out to my hips after a bunch of five fingers on the opposite shore. We stayed about 1 hr. and then started home. Walked pretty lively and got back just in time for lunch. The only persons we met, were a lady and little boy going to Dr. Stacy. The folk thought we made the trip very quickly. We found Les exactly the same place and position we had left him. Had dinner, and then went rowing on the lake and sewed on Gratie's collar. It's a wonder I finished it, because Les was forever rocking the boat and the first thing I knew my work was placidly reposing face downward in the mucky water at the bottom of the boat. No sooner was it rescued than it blew overboard. Luckily it landed on the island so no damage was done. When we went to our rooms, we found things in a pretty mess. The boys had "called" during our absence and left their cards in the shape of a heavy piece of twine, uniting all of our dresses. Sophie's shoe, after a lengthy search, was found among our H'd'k'fs and lace collars. My shoes were draped most artistically over the bed post, and in fact everything was fixed fine. It took a little while to straighten things out. But never mind, "revenge is sweet". Wrote letters and then dressed for supper. Really dressed!! Sophie wore her blue polka dot, and I my new pink dress. Made "Handsome Charley", the stage driver's acquaintance this eve, and told him to save the front seat for us a week from Saturday. He said he would so all hands are satisfied. He is a real sociable sort of a young man, I should judge in the beginning of 30 yr. Sophie and I took a walk and then the whole bunch of us, Dr. & Mrs. Stacey, Mrs. McK., Mrs. Stapley, Miss Luttrell, Annie McK., Jim McK., Les, Charley Baxman, Sophie and I went up to the Hall this eve, and had a minstrel show, also gave Les a dancing lesson. The orchestra consisted of me on comb. It was very effective and moving, because Dr. and Mrs. S., Mrs. Stapely, Mrs. McK and Jim, Miss Luttrell also left very early. The rest of us stayed and had a lancers. Went home about 10:00, sang all the way, I guess we woke everyone up. Jim is going to take us to Fort Ross, an old Russian Fort, built in 1812 tomorrow. A ride of 8 or 9 miles so we'll have to get up early. Walter left for Gualala today to stay a while.

June 27 - Tuesday. Got up a little earlier today as Jim says we are to leave about 5:30 which means 8:30 or more likely 9:00 as he has to wait for the stage. Enjoyed drive immensely, the road though rather rocky is very pretty. We had a fine view of the ocean nearly all the way down. Jim stopped at the "major's" house (Mr. McCall) just before entering the town and got the key for the old church. It's a very odd old build, Jim took us clear to the top of the tower and Sophie took a snap of the town (two houses and three stables) from the window. Jim said we should look around town while he went to load on the freight. So we locked the church and went to inspect the old tumbledown Fort. Of course I wanted to get inside, so climbed two

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fences and then climbed clear to the top of the ruin. The old worm eaten logs crumble away at my step and its a wonder I didn't break my neck. Sophie took a snap of the Fort with me going on top. Walked around a little and then Jim came along and we set out for home. Stopped at Timber Cove and bought some cookies at the General M'ds'e Store. The wagon was loaded down a little heavier going home so it didn't bounce near as much. Arrived home at nearly 2:00 rather late for dinner so So. & I went round to the kitchen to see if we couldn't get a bit. Grandma Luttringer was there and served us up a real nice little lunch. We ate in the kitchen while the boys unloaded the freight.

Packed up our books and writing materials this aft. and walked a little ways down the stage road, followed a little trail that branched off, to try and find a shady place to read and write. Ran across old Jerry's skeleton. After almost getting stuck in a little swamp we found a good place. Les came along and joined us about 1 hr. later. He fed us wild berries and we him chocolate creams. He had his cornet along so played to us for a while. Went home about 4:00 and gave Les a dancing lesson. First we made him wax the floor. Of course the candle he used happened to be rather sticky and our hob nails didn't glide very well. It didn't matter, though. Dressed for supper at 5:30. Watched the stage come in. No mail!

Went rowing on the lake after supper with So. and Anna McK., Jim and Les wanted to join us, but we didn't want them. So they bombarded the lake with sticks and lumps of dirt and wouldn't give us land! Tried to do it on the sly, but Jim spied us and forced Annie back and he and Les climbed in. My such a time! They captured the paddles and wouldn't land us, until we got possession of Jim's "Texas", that fell overboard while he and Les were looking for the "Dipper". We threatened to sink the "sky piece", if they did not land us immediately, which they did. Dr. Stacey had been standing on the bank laughing at us all the while and wouldn't come to our assistance. It was 10:00 before we were safely landed. Retired. . . .

July 4. Tuesday. We told Les to call us early this morning, as we had promised to go and meet Hand. Char. [Handsome Charley]. So instead of calling us, he bombarded our room with canyon fire crackers and blew a bugle call to which we answered with the "Star Spangled Banner". We had forgotten about the 4th so didn't know what broke loose; until we were fully awake and realized that the Ball was to be tonight. . . . At 5:30 eight of us piled into the spring wagon and started out for Stewarts Point. Mrs. McK., Mrs. Stapley and Miss Luttrell seeing us off and calling "Have a good time!" after us. Miss A., Anna, Alice and Charlie B. occupied the front seat and Jim, Les, Soph, and I the back. Jim would start in to punch at Miss A's back and once the wagon gave a lurch and he came within a hairsbreadth of hitting her. We sang all the way up, at every ranch we'd cheer and all the farmers would come running out to see what was up. By the time we arrived at Stewarts' Pt. we were all hoarse. Got there at about 8:00 and immediately went up to our room to dress. Anna had sent word to save us a room so it made it real

nice. We dressed in no time, the only accident was that Soph lost her pearl pin which was found later by Miss A. When we got downstairs we found the boys all ready and waiting. Walter and Fred Eckert were there also, having come direct from Point Arena. They all looked so nice in their black suits and stiff white shirts. Quite a difference to overalls. Less was Sophie's escort, Fred Eckert, Anna's and Jim, mine, so that left Walter with Miss A. He refused to take her, at first, but when we all set out for the hall, he had to follow with her. But he would not dance the Grand March with her, so they both sat "side by each", Walter looking anything but happy. Jim and I couldn't help smiling everytime we passed them, and I guess Walter felt like shaking us for we'd always say "O aren't the decorations grand!" to hide our smile.

So. and I were quite popular, being city girls, there was only about one other city girl there, besides us. The Quadrille was the leading dance and even though we didn't know how to dance it, we soon caught on, because the floor manager would call out all the different figures. "Alaman Left" became quite a bye word "after the Ball". I've been to a good many dances but have never enjoyed one as I did this! We only sat about 2 dances the whole night. It was fun to watch Charlie Bax. dance, he dances with his whole body, you'd think he'd get awfully tired, but he enjoys it with his whole heart and soul. At 12:00 we all filed down to a hot chicken dinner served at Richardson's Hotel. Talk about a spread, - we had chicken, mashed potatoes, fancy salads, home made bread, ham, pickles, mince pie, charlotte russe cake, "strawberry-rasberry short cake" hot coffee, and I don't know what else. Poor Walter missed eating with us because, sooner than escort Miss A. to supper, he said he'd wait and get his later. We had a jolly time at supper; all of us sat at the same table and everything tasted fine. Sophie called Jim and me, Grandpa and Grandma, because we sat at the head of the table and both of us wore glasses. We (Jim and I) finished first, so thought we'd take a walk "around the block" while waiting for the others. We went down to the Lumber Chute and listened to the "Sad Sea Waves"! The same thought struck Les and Soph. but instead of getting to the "Chute", got tangled up among some redwoods and brush. When we got back to the hall we found the "orchestra" (violin and guitar) at supper and a boy was playing harmonica for the dancing. He only knew about one piece so one of the ladies played on the organ. That was fine. Then someone brought a gramophone and by that time the musicians were through eating, so the dance went on. Sophie introduced the dancers and the committee thanked her. Miss A. didn't seem to like that, and said she called the figures all wrong. We danced until daylight and at 6:00 the Ball broke up. So. and I didn't stop to change our dresses, but just slipped our skirts over our dresses and put everything else in our suitcase, or rather Miss Lutt.'s case. We were ready before the boys so Les, So. and I took a walk around "town". The boys had put a couple of oranges in their pockets at supper and before starting we had oranges all around, also oranges all over. Walter and Fred Eck. had an extra seat in their rig, so as our buggy was rather crowded, Soph and Les went home with them. But poor "Auntie" got dreadfully sick from her orange on the way home and by the time she was really there, was only fit for bed. We

had quite a little fun on the way home. Gave Miss A. a fill about the others walking home and she believed it. Poor Jim had been up two nights, all night, and on the way home he simply couldn't keep his eyes open. So slid down in the bottom of the wagon and slept all the way home, the worst bumps didn't even waken him. Miss A. was so nice to him, smoothed his forehead and chased the flies away, until I told her to be "careless" and not waken him. She has christened us the "Stuck-up City girls", of course we care a whole lot. I kind of think "The Belle" spoiled Walter's evening for him. He only got the leavings from supper. But what made us laugh was when Miss A. said the reason she didn't go to supper when we did was because there were 5 or 6 young men actually quarreling over who should take her, and it looked quite serious. And here Emil Von Ax had just told me that he had taken her down and was very sorry he had, so we knew how popular she was. We told her she had better go today as she was all dressed and ready, so she took our advice and went, Thank Goodness! If she had of stayed much longer, I'm afraid she would have landed in the lake.

It was about 8:30 when we pulled up at the house and we were just in time for breakfast. There were quite a few other guests in to breakfast, from the Ball. After eating I went over to the cottage and thought I'd take a nap, so slid on my wrapper and was just dozing off when in bounces So. I was kind of cranky, at first, because she had woke me. But when I saw how she looked I knew something was wrong and then she told me how sick she had been. I made her go to bed and Les brought her some brandy and by about 3:00 she was ok again. After So. went to bed Miss Lut., Jim and I drifted around the lake and took things easy. Life was too short to go to bed. In the afternoon So. joined us and "De Bunch" sat on our little porch and read and fooled, mostly fooled. Walter strung up the hammock and took a "snooze". He looked so comfortable that I couldn't resist the temptation to go over and give him a little shower bath. He begged for mercy so hard that I only sprinkled a little water on his face. He swore vengeance. When he fell asleep Les took his shoes and tied them away up in the tree and when he awoke he accused So. and me with the deed. My pink dress got rather soiled in the boat this morning, so I put on my white one, it was white long. O yes!! *Ober Mit*, Les came along while I was in the hammock and swung me so hard I nearly rolled in the lake and the result was a nice dirty daub on my skirt.

Miss Lut., So. and I took a stroll down the Lane as usual. Less was too tired. Didn't stay very long; after, "De Bunch", Les, So., Miss Lut., Jim and I sat on the porch until bed time. We were kind of tired. The boys had slept a little during the day. Les and Charlie had gone to bed up at the Hall, but Charlie kicked Les out and took all the covers so Les came out and finished his nap in the reclining chair. Went to bed early.

July 7 - Friday. Our last day! O me O my, and we are certainly not homesick. Les is no better today so Soph. stayed home and nursed him while Jim, Little Anna, Miss Lut. and I went ferning, down to Italian Gulch. My but it is a scorcher: 112 degrees in the shade. Jim took along a couple of pails to get berries in. Got about all the ferns and berries we could carry.

Little Anna got awfully tired but we enjoyed the walk. Soph. was still nursing Les when we went back to lunch. Jim offered to drive Miss Lut. and me down to the river. When we got there we found Bert., Wal., and Charlie all in swimming and they immediately yelled for us to come in. As luck would have it we didn't have our suits, so I offered to drive back after them. Felt real brave when I started off alone, but old Nettie evidently knew I wasn't an old hand at driving and insisted on taking a rest every five minutes. When we got to the stage road she started to "go it", and I could hardly hold her in. Got kind of scared, but managed to pull her up and found out one of the traces were loose. Fixed it and started on a grand run for home pulling up with a grand sweep to find my only audience was "Carlo and Bruno". Got "Nurse" to come back with me and thought the boys could bring one of us home in the team. Old Net. got balky again and it was nearly 3:00 when we finally reached the river. The boys had already started for home but Jim was still in. We told him to wait for us and in a short time the four of us were in having a great time. Spouting electric fountains and acting like 2 yr. olds. Soph. does look so "stout" (?) in her bathing suit. Stayed in for about 3/4 hr. and then raced dressing. Jim had quite an adventure, some people seemed to insist on passing right through his natural dressing room and he yelled himself almost hoarse to keep them out. Miss L. and So. drive home while Jim and I walked, there being not enough room for us in the one-seated buggy. And anyway, I wanted to get some ferns. Got home at about 7:00 and wanted to eat in the kitchen, but Mrs. McK would not let me, so I ate alone in state in the diningroom, So. being finished. After supper Miss Lut., So. and I went down Cupid's Lane after woodwardias, got one.

Went rowing on the lake with Walter, after, and tipped Sophie the wink to go and fix his room. Miss Lut. came along and joined us later, and then the three of us went to the ocean. Invited Jim to come along but he said his heart pained him. Thought he was joking, as he had just come from our cottage. Got back at about 10:30 and found Soph. reading and looking rather blue. Her grip was all packed and it looked decidedly like going home. she told me that I was a fine one to go sporting with Walter while Jim had a heart spell and she had to nurse him. Was very sorry, but he was alright in a little while and went to bed early. I didn't know who was the "dumpiest", when we had to pack up. We did feel bad. I know that is no way to feel when one is going home, but we had such a good time and every one seemed sorry we were going and told us about all the good times they had planned for next week; said they'd go to "Sea View" and phone, etc. But it was no use, we simply had to. It was after 1:00 by the time we were in bed and then we talked a while. Told Wal. to call us early. Forgot to say how lovely it was down at the ocean. We sat on the bank and enjoyed the moonlight and didn't feel a bit like going home. But my wasn't it hot!! We had had a terrible water fight before we started and were rather damp, but by the time we came home, were all dried out. Wal. doesn't believe we are really going tomorrow. Says we should stay at least another week and have a few hay rides. Wish we could. Soph. landed a whole can of water at Wal. and he gave it back "mit" interest. They nearly drowned me!

NEW BOOKS IN THE BOOKSTORE

‘LIFE ON THE EDGE - A GUIDE TO CALIFORNIA'S ENDANGERED NATURAL RESOURCES: WILDLIFE, 550 pp. \$43.00pb. Published by Biosystems Books collaboration with Heyday Books and Cronan Design. Though daunting in sheer volume, the photographs and histories of our well and lesser known endangered species give this book the status of a classic. Meant to be an educational tool, this is bound to elicit a needed growth spurt in impassioned environmentalists and conservationists. Overkill, careless and aggressive logging, and massively intrusive water management to develop areas for human use are just a few of the reasons which cause an average of 200 species to vanish from Earth *per day*. "In the past 40 years, human beings have wasted over a fifth of the Earth's topsoil, destroyed more than half of its forests, polluted most fresh and onshore marine waters, and profoundly changed the characteristics of the atmosphere." (From the foreword, worth the price of admission.) In reply to these and many more horrific facts are the stories of earlier and present challengers to such abuse: each species is described in terms of Biology, Range and Distribution, Conservation and Recovery, and References. Interwoven are Native American mythologies in which many of these Endangered Ones are central characters, and enlightening histories of "development" which have created a world we take for granted as the "high quality of American life". The whole, with a variety of maps and photographs, speaks persuasively to the opposite: that without the biodiversity of species from which we grew, and the *just distribution* of resources sustainably managed for human use, the Earth and its humans will not survive. "All nations must be given the opportunity to explore multiple paths, consistent with their own social values, for making biodiversity an indispensable ingredient of socioeconomic, cultural, and scientific development."

WILD CALIFORNIA: VANISHING LANDS, VANISHING WILDLIFE by A. Starker Leopold, photographs by Tupper Ansel Blake, University of California Press, with the Nature Conservancy, 144pp. \$25.00pb. Overtly, a typical "coffee table" production of fine art photographs of landscapes and wild creatures, this large format (11x14") glossy collection nourishes more than the visual senses. Though not unscholarly, this is not an academician's text, but one whose message might covertly draw the interest of the hardy materialist to learn more about fragile ecosystems and threatened species. Contents include The Legacy, The Deserts, The Great Basin, The Sierra Nevada, The Central Valley, Spanish California, The North Woods, and California Farewell. These are punctuated by selected writings of A. Starker Leopold, a "leading figure in the study of the land and wildlife...author of more than one hundred publications." In the chapter "Spanish California", we find this: "One animal that was to have a major influence on California settlement was the sea otter, an animal which at that time abounded along the entire California coast. These little otters had unusually dense, red fur, which in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries sold for very high prices, particularly in China. The movement of the Spanish into California was undoubtedly expedited by the

prospect that the Russians might take over a good share of the state in their pursuit of the sea otter trade. The Spanish in turn set up their own sea otter trade, shipping the skins to Canton by galleon...after 1795 the Spanish were out of the otter business and the Russians definitely in it...[They] established their bases at Sitka in 1894 and at Fort Ross...They brought their own hunters, Aleuts with their skin boats. Really these Aleuts were forced into something akin to slavery, but they were marvelous otter hunters and far more efficient than the Spanish and the local Indians had been. The Russians exploited the sea otters until they became pretty hard to get. Meanwhile, the Mexicans tried to make it more difficult to hunt them, requiring complicated permits. In 1841 the Russians sold Fort Ross to John Sutter and left California. During the latter part of the Russian era, ships from New England and other nations joined in the trade. In 1810 one ship alone, the *O'Kane* took out 5,456 otter skins. In 1811 several ships took out over 10,600 skins. By the time Richard Henry Dana came to San Francisco in 1835, the sea otter business was virtually finished, although Dana was intrigued by other wildlife such as the herds of tule elk that he watched from his ship off the Marin coast." Thus is the narrative not glossy in its coverage of state history.



Family Cantharellaceae
found in the vicinity of Ross

ALL THAT THE RAIN PROMISES AND MORE...A HIP POCKET GUIDE TO WESTERN MUSHROOMS by David Arora, 260 pp. \$15.95pb. Snappy, good photos of the fungi and their human lovers, this guide gives various uses other than edibility. There are some outrageous commentaries and outsized mushrooms! Well done, dependable, fun for a change (even goofy!). Still, a serious reference and sized for packing into the loamy wet. Arora's **MUSHROOMS DEMYSTIFIED, A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO THE FLESHY FUNGI**, 959 pp, \$29.95pb, is also in the Fort Ross Bookstore. The author gives this dedication: "With love to my mother and father, whose admonitions to me as a teenager to stay away from mushrooms inspired me to get closer". This one is more scholarly, less colorful, covers many more varieties, and weighs enough to necessitate a backpack when foraging. **FAMILIAR MUSHROOMS - NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY POCKET GUIDE**, 191 pp. \$9.00pb. In the usual format of the pocket guide, these photographs are clear, as is the designation "poisonous", when applicable. The information is as concise as possible for accurate identification. I felt it should include pointers on respecting mushroom environments: those who live near sources of the fungi can attest to the need for more careful foragers. See also: **NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY FIELD GUIDE TO NORTH AMERICAN MUSHROOMS** by Gary H. Lincoff, 500 pp. \$19.00 pb., **MUSHROOMS OF WESTERN NORTH AMERICA** by Robert and Dorothy Orr, 293 pp. \$11.00 pb.

Reviews by Lake Perry

Membership Application

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

_____ \$5.00 senior/student _____ \$7.50 regular _____ \$10.00 family _____ \$25.00 Organization _____ donation

I/we would like to volunteer at Fort Ross _____ In what capacity? _____

Calendar of Events

January

14 (Saturday) *FRLA Special Board Meeting* 10:30 a.m.
Fort Ross Visitor Center

February

11 (Saturday) *FRLA Board Meeting* 10:30 a.m.
18 (Saturday) *LHD Food Preparation Meeting*, contact
Caerleon at 847-3286



Fort Ross Interpretive Association

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Mission of the Fort Ross Interpretive Association

The mission of the Fort Ross Interpretive Association, Inc. is to promote for the benefit of the public the interpretive and educational activities of the California Park Service and Fort Ross State Historic Park.

- ◆ To enhance and conserve the interpretive and educational resources of Fort Ross State Historic park, as well as those of the State Park Service.
- ◆ To sponsor, publish, distribute, and sell appropriate items which increase visitor understanding and appreciation of Fort Ross State Historic Park.
- ◆ To acquire materials and equipment for the use in the educational and interpretive programs of Fort Ross State Historic Park.
- ◆ To develop and maintain a library.
- ◆ To preserve historical material associated with Fort Ross State Historic Park, and to provide and maintain adequate and secure storage facilities in an archivally sound environment.
- ◆ To sponsor, support, and assist scientific research and investigations relating to Fort Ross and presentation of these studies to the public. To promote interpretation that reflects current research..
- ◆ To plan, organize, and implement fund raising programs to support the interpretive and educational activities of Fort Ross State Historic Park and of the State Park Service.

Fort Ross Interpretive Association

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Please check your newsletter label to determine membership expiration!