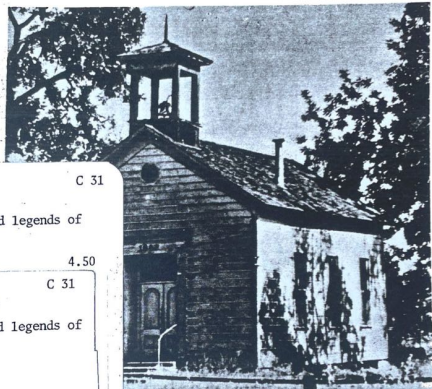


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CLEAR LAKE R. S. Rodman

When the Red Men first here came,
They asked the Spirit for a name;
Came the answer from within,
"Call these waters Kaba-tin—
Where the mountains touch the sky,
Let the name be Konocci,
Where the straits unite the three,
Call that place Ko-no-nay-ee;
Where the nets with fishes swell,
Let that place be called Ka-bell."
But the white men, prone to take,
Called the waters all—Clear Lake;
They should be as they were then,
Now and ever Ka-ba-tin.

GEOGRAPHY OF LAKE COUNTY

Let us take an airplane trip over Lake County, the territory first included in the northern district of California and then as the northern portion of Napa County. We rise swiftly and circle higher until, as we look down, we can see the entire county spread out before us.

This district seems to be made up chiefly of many hills and mountain: with a few valleys lying among them. It has frequently been called the "Walled-In" county because of its surrounding hills. We can even see the silver threads of the creeks that flow through these valleys. From our height the lakes look like sheets of silver.

Almost in the center of the county is the largest of the lakes. It is now twenty-three miles long and from one to eight miles in width. The Indian name for the lake was Hok-has-ha. But the White man called it Clear Lake and you will find that name on your maps. Note also the peculiar shape of the lake. The narrowest part is known as "The Narrows" and from there to Soda Bay is the deepest part of the lake, with a maximum depth of fifty feet. The lake empties into Cache Creek near Lower Lake and there is some very interesting history about that section.

As we look down from our height, Clear Lake looks like a jewel one might hold in his hand, and Blue Lakes farther north resembles part of a string of beads dropped among the hills.

Blue Lakes derive their name from the beautiful blue of their waters, which are so clear and so deep that the color is pure.

There are two of these lakes but the upper one has the two sections thus giving the impression that there were three. The upper one is a mile and a half long and from one-fourth to one-half mile in width. The other is perhaps a half mile long and one-fourth of a mile wide. Below these lies Laurel Dell Lake, which is rather muddy looking. It is the smaller of the Chain, being but a fourth of a mile in length and a little less in width. It is only about twenty-two feet deep. These lakes have their outlet through Scott's Creek and Clear Lake.

There are two other very interesting lakes. They lie quite close to Clear Lake, one on the east side and one on the south. The one on the east side is about a mile and a half long by a half mile in width and is known as Big Borax. The other one on the south lies close to the foot of Mount Konocci and is circular in shape. It is about a fourth of a mile in diameter and is known as Little Borax.

All of these lakes are level with the floor of the valleys, about 1325 feet above sea level. There is a lake that is interesting because it is much higher than this. Boggs Lake lies high on the side of Mount Hannah near Cobb Valley. It is nearly a mile across and pine trees grow to the water's edge. In very cold winters it is frozen over with ice thick enough to skate

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Second Edition
1937
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Ruth Lewis Leta D. Benson
Cora Benson Nathalie Fitzgerald
First and Second Editions printed by
Kelseyville High School
Revised Edition, 1949, Printed by
Press Democrat, Santa Rosa

upon.

In the winter time there was another lake about half way between Blue Lakes and Clear Lake. Scotts Creek overflows its banks and forms a lake about three miles long by three-fourths of a mile wide. It is not deep and used to be covered with a dense growth of tules. Because of this it has always been known as Tule Lake. The Indians are very fond of tule roots and in early days used to camp upon its borders in great numbers during the root-digging season. The soil in the lake is very fertile and since the coming of the white man a different food has been planted there. Each spring great pumps are set to work and when the water is all pumped out beans, beets, and other vegetables are planted. The Indians who live here now are hired to weed these crops and later to harvest them.

The white man drained another small lake between Kelseyville and Lower Lake, but Mother Nature fooled them for the soil of that lake wouldn't raise anything.

Since Lake County is chiefly made up of mountains, let us fly down closer to them and see what they look like. They are all steep and rugged, most of them very rocky. They are covered with a dense growth of trees and underbrush. On the mountain heights and slopes are found yellow fir, red fir, sugar pine, incense cedar, cypress, and California Laurel, and everywhere are manzanita, buckeyes, chemisal, buck-brush, toyon, red bud, scrub oak, and many other trees. In places the growth is so dense one cannot travel through it without first cutting a trail.

Here is a list of the mountains in order of their height:
Snow Mountain 7,800 feet above sea level
Hull Mountain 7,000 " " " "
San Hedron 6,500 " " " "
Cobb 4,550 " " " "
St. Helena 4,400 " " " "
Konocit 4,200 " " " "

Snow Mountain gets its name because of the fact that it is white with snow throughout most of the winter. It is a big mountain and very rough. Hull Mountain, San Hedron, St. Helena and Cobb are equally rough to climb and have many bushes and trees. There is one mountain more interesting than the rest. Artists have painted pictures of it, and one cannot pass through Lake County without seeing it. It rises abruptly 2,800 feet above Clear Lake. Near the top was once a clear space in shape resembling a horse. At a lower point, known as Clark's Peak, the Boy Scouts of Kelseyville have outlined a huge "K." Early settlers called the mountain Uncle Sam. In these years, however, the Indian name of Konocit has been adopted, and there are several Indian legends connected with it.

If we circle over the mountains again and count the valleys carefully we find nine of them over five miles long and fourteen smaller ones. Some

of the smaller ones are not much more than a mile long.

1. Big Valley. The largest of the valleys is Big Valley. The Indian name is Yu-Ka-Koi, which means "a big valley." It lies on the southwest shores of Clear Lake and is nine miles long and from one to seven miles wide. Lakeport is near the northern end of the valley and Kelseyville on the southern end. Adobe, Kelsey, and Christie Creeks carry the surplus water into Clear Lake. The soil is very rich and practically the entire valley is now under cultivation. In the early days people tried raising different crops.

2. Scotts Valley. Scotts Valley lies just across a low divide north of Lakeport. It extends to Blue Lakes and is more than ten miles long and from one-half to three miles in width. It too, is a very fertile valley. Scotts Creek flows through its entire length.

3. Morgan Valley. Another valley that is about the same length but averaging only a mile in width is Morgan Valley. This is about twelve miles southeast of Lower Lake. It is made up of low rolling hills and is better adapted to grazing than to extensive cultivation. Hunting Creek flows through this valley.

4. Loconoma Valley. Loconoma Valley is the name given to that one in which Middletown is located. It is about ten miles from the foot of Mt. St. Helena to the foot of Cobb Mountain. St. Helena Creek flows through this valley and empties into Putah Creek north of Middletown.

5. Upper Lake Valley. Upper Lake Valley lies around the north end of Clear Lake and is about eight miles long and from one to five mile wide. Clover Creek flows through it and empties into Scotts Creek.

6. Coyote Valley. Coyote Valley is a beautiful place about ten mile south of Lower Lake. It lies along the banks of Coyote Creek and is two miles long and from one to six miles in width.

7. Long Valley. Long Valley is perhaps the next in size. It is about nine miles long and from one-half to one mile in width. Do you think the name fits? It lies northeast of Lower Lake and east of East Lake. Long Valley Creek is a branch of Cache Creek.

8. Copey Valley. Copey Valley, like Morgan Valley, is composed of low rolling hills and open country just south of Lower Lake. It is often called Copey Settlement. If you read the stories about Lower Lake you will find the reason for the name.

9. Bachelor Valley. Bachelor Valley lies midway between Upper Lake and Blue Lakes. It is about five miles long and from one to three mile wide. Middle Creek flows through this valley.

10. Lower Lake Valley. Lower Lake Valley is the name given to the country around the town of Lower Lake. It is composed of "made" land on the shores of the lake and Cache Creek. It is small but fertile.

11. Cobb Valley. Cobb Valley is a most interesting little valley. It is only about four miles long and from a half to one mile wide. But it lies high on the north side of Cobb Mountain and has more snow and rain than any of the other valleys unless it be Gravely and those small valleys nearby. Cobb Creek is really the headwaters of Kelsey Creek.

12. Gravely Valley. Gravely Valley is about the same size as Cobb Valley, but is in the very northwest corner of Lake County on the headwaters of the Eel River. Its name describes it very well, for when the winter rains come they leave the entire valley strewn with gravel and debris.

13. Clover Valley. Clover Valley lies east of Upper Lake Valley. We pass into it through a gap where Clover Creek comes through. Clover Creek gives the valley its name. The valley extends to the foot of the mountains on the old road to Bartlett Springs and is three miles long by half a mile wide.

14. Burns Valley. Burns Valley is different in shape from the other valleys. It is circular and is about three miles in diameter. It lies northeast of Lower Lake and comes to the margin of the lake at the Lower Lake landing.

There are two valleys that are usually mentioned together -- Jerusalem and Jericho.

15. Jerusalem Valley. Jerusalem is the larger and lies about fourteen miles south of Lower Lake, just south of Morgan Valley. It is about two miles long and half a mile wide. The creek that flows through it is known as Jerusalem Creek.

16. Jericho Valley. The other Valley, Jericho, is smaller and lies very close to Jerusalem Valley on the west.

There are two other valleys with similar names but they lie some distance apart.

17. High Valley. High Valley lies in the mountains north of East Lake and is about four miles long by a half a mile in width. It is almost parallel with Long Valley and west of it.

18. Little High Valley. Little High Valley ought to be close but it is not. It lies five miles south of Lower Lake and is about one and a half miles long and three-fourths of a mile wide.

19. Donovan Valley. Donovan Valley is about the same size as Little High Valley and lies up in the mountains just west of Big Valley.

20. Paradise Valley. Paradise Valley is even smaller and lies on the east shore of Clear Lake opposite Mt. Konocit.

Near Gravely Valley are four other small valleys:

21. Squaw Valley.

22. Rice Valley.

23 and 24. Twin Valleys.

There are, of course, some interesting history stories connected with every one of these places.

THE FORMATION OF CLEAR LAKE

This story was written for us by a State Mineralogist in his report for 1933 in the "California Journal of Mines and Geology."

Clear Lake is the chief of all landslide lakes in California. Long before there was a lake, a plain about twenty-five miles long from northwest to the south and fifteen miles in greatest width was drained by two overflowing streams, the divide between which may have been low mountain spurs near the lake middle.

One of these streams, Cold Creek, had cut a deep gorge westward, through an enclosing range, to the Russian River, which led to the Pacific Ocean, fifty-five miles north of the Golden Gate. The other, Cache Creek, had cut a longer and deeper gorge eastward through the opposite range which led to the Sacramento and thus to the San Francisco Bay.

After a time the eastern stream was crossed near its gorge entrance by a small lava flow, and its headwaters were diverted to the western stream. At a still later date a landslide, descending only a few centuries ago from the southern side of the western gorge near its middle, filled it up for a mile or more to a higher level than that of the flow of lava near the far end of the plain. The lake, fed by the streams that flowed into the basin, slowly rose higher and higher behind the slide spreading over more of the plain until it flowed across a sag in the lava flow.

The overflowing stream cut a trench (called Redbank Gorge) across the flow and this lowered the lake about sixty feet below its highest level. The water ran through the eastern gorge to Cache Creek.

The lake now stands at an altitude of 1310 feet with a size of about nineteen by eight miles. The narrow eastern arms are separated from the main body at the picturesque Narrows.

Had there been no outlet toward the east, the lake would probably have risen until it overflowed the landslide in the west and would have washed away most of it centuries ago, thus draining away the lake and leaving the plain again. But the landslide was so enormous that its removal by surface rills or leakage of ground water is out of the question.

Since the formation of the lake its slender arm that at first occupied the part of the western gorge back of the landslide has been cut off from the main body of the lake by the broad delta of Middle Creek, which comes from the north; and the arm has been further shortened by the delta

of Scotts Creek which entered it from the south. Its short remainder is now divided by the combined deltas of two wet-weather side streams, thus forming the picturesque Blue Lakes, beautifully enclosed by the steep sides of the gorge. These lakes belong in the class of lakes, the basins of which are barred by deltas.

Clear Lake was modified artificially twenty years ago by the building of a thirty-foot dam at the entrance to the eastern gorge and by the blasting out of a rocky barrier a few feet greater depth near the entrance of the eastern outlet stream into the trench through the lava barrier, with the object of storing greater water volume supplied by the winter rains and withdrawing it to lower than ordinary lake level for irrigation of rice fields in the Yolo basin of the Sacramento Valley in the summer. Because of these changes the lake surface usually stands a few feet below the level of the shore beaches that were formed before the changes were made. The moderate rainfall of the region, twenty-five to thirty inches, does not supply the inflowing streams with much more water than is lost by evaporation. Fifty-three inches in a year, from the lake surface, and therefore the outflow for irrigation is usually small.

CLIMATE

In the winter season the weather in Lake County is sometimes quite cold and snow falls occasionally in the valleys. The lake, which in the summer is very peaceful-looking, is now often stirred by a storm, into a mass of white caps. There is seldom a storm in winter that does not whiten the summit of Cobb Mountain, but it does not remain cold for any length of time and the snow is never heavy enough to harm the sheep or cattle on the ranges.

In the spring of the year the grass begins to change to a carpet of velvety-green and many flowers add color to the picture. The skies seldom have clouds and the sun shines down through a film of mist which makes the scene more beautiful. At noon the mountains have a far-away look and yet they can be seen clearly; the lake is so smooth it seems more like glass than water. But later in the day a breeze springs up from the west and the lake is stirred into ripples. As the last rays of the sun are still resting on the eastern mountains a rose-tinted mist seems to cover them. In the valleys are the shadows of the western mountains.

The air of summer is soft and warm and filled with the perfume of flowers. But there are a few days in the summer when it is too hot to be comfortable.

Heavy winds blow only in the Fall or Spring and there are few foggy days in the year. The rainy season begins in October and lasts until late in May.

MOUNT KONOCIT AND THE LAKE

Mt. Konocit, standing like a sentinel on the shores of Clear Lake, was of great interest to the Indians before any history was written and many of the legends are centered around the grand old mountain. They had many stories of the rocky markings on it.

Some of the tribes regarded the mountain as sacred and only their prophets were allowed to set foot on it. Indians still delight in telling of underground lakes inhabited by evil fish.

The white people have found it no less interesting, and in turn regard it as a mountain of mystery, with its strange gases, wells, where digging tools drop from sight, and other strange happenings. Some of our fishermen declare the evilfish fish are really there.

The mountain was first called Uncle Sam by the soldiers who came to punish the Indians after the killing of the white men, Stone and Kelsey. Later people preferred the old Indian name, Konocit.

The queer thing about this great pile of earth is that no streams flow from it, but it takes up all of the rainfall as if it were a huge sponge. No wells of water can be obtained on its surface, so we are led to believe that there may be a lake under it.

It was once thought to be a volcano, thus we have an explanation for the mysteries so romantically told by the Indians.

THE POMO INDIANS

There were hundreds of Indians in the county when the white men came. Pomo was the big family name for all. Different tribes of this family would put another name with that one to show which tribe was which. Some were Ki Pomo--others Chato Pomo.

They were not tall as few ever measured over five feet and eight inches in height and they were darker than the Indians from farther north, with black, deep-set eyes, heavy eyebrows, large mouths, and fine white teeth. We are told that the Indians used to go out of Lake County on foot straight to the west through Benmore Valley. They walked to the coast and brought back from the shores of the ocean their supplies of salt which they had dug out of the hollows in the rocks where the ocean water had washed up and then dried away leaving good clean salt. They also packed home on their backs as much as a hundred pounds of abalone shells to make into money, also different kinds of sea-weed for food.

These Indians made so many traps over the mountains that they had made a good trail all the way to the ocean. The houses they lived in were made of tules woven together with a hole at the top to let the smoke escape. We are told that they were thatched and well-built. Their doorways were only three feet high so that anyone had to stoop to go through. Perhaps the small doors were easier to cover when bad weather came. They never built beneath trees because they were afraid of falling limbs.

They were good fishermen and hunters and they built houses and boats and manufactured fish-traps and fish baskets. All the baskets, except fish baskets, were made by the women. Accorns were gathered by the women, including the chief's wife, who was not excused from the ordinary work others had to do. They had an interesting way of making bread of pinole, as they called it. First they ground the accorns with stones and soaked them for several days, then they hollowed out a wide place in the sand with little banks on all sides and threw in some water and patted it down. After they had thrown in their accorn paste they left it to dry all day while the water settled out of the sand.

Sometimes they washed their clothes in the lake near and by visited with their friends. No doubt they told each other about the many strange customs of the white people on the outside. When their cakes were dry they washed off the sand. Sometimes they pounded in anise seed for spice and flavoring. You may be sure they

learned to like wheat after the white men began to grow it. Much of their food was eaten uncooked because they had so few cooking dishes. Their knives were sharp-edged stones. Their stoves were heated stones, and baskets were very useful to them.

Nets for fish or for snaring waterfowl were made by one of a few skilled workmen. A net usually was owned by from five to ten men although the village was invited to share in the catch. Every man fished and often songs and charms were used to help the net making. The nets, about one hundred and fifty yards long, were swung between two balsas or boats.

Arrow-making was the special trade of a few men. They knew how to heat the rock then drop water upon it to crack off pieces. Later they learned to chip them with files. This village was in the village near the place where Lucerne stands today. This sold arrows in the Cigam and the name means "Standing Blanket."

The Big Valley and Lower Lake Indians traveled to this village by boat as they were afraid of the bears on land. They brought the arrows for forty clam-shell beads, valued at about twenty-five cents. Usually the buyer took fifty or sixty arrows at once. Bows were not made but were bought from the Lone Valley Patwin Indians who obtained them from the people who lived to the northeast. They cost two hundred clam-shell beads.

Food was not sold but was given away. "Wild stuff" should not be sold according to the rules of the Pomo. Only manufactured articles such as deerskins, rabbit skin blankets, and baskets were sold.

A chieftain was not always chosen to take his father's place. He had to have certain qualities of "goodness of heart," ability to speak well and sometimes they required a man of wealth. One man was not accepted in his father's office because he was quarrelsome and he could not make speeches.

Matos was the name of the Chief of the Kandoir tribe on Buckingham Island. He followed his father as chieftain and held the place of ceremonial fire tender. He was not a war leader as they had other men for that. He said to his people, "work, do not steal, do not fight, do not become angry."

When the white men trained the Indians to be vagabond or cow-boys, they found them strong, active and trustworthily. If the men were fair the Indians were honest and did good work.

The arrows and spears were made of obsidian, a kind of rock that looks like black glass. Great quantities of this is still found near Mt. Konocit. Their mortars and pestles were made of the hardest boulders to be found in the streams. These are still found all over the county. To chip out such brittle rock as obsidian into arrows and spears must have taken much

time and labor. The Indians had plenty of time and they needed the sharp points to which they had to do the work to get them.

After sheep were brought in by the Spanish settlers they were able to get coarse wool which they made into blankets without spinning it or weaving with looms. They twisted the threads with their fingers and stretched the warp on wooden pegs driven into the ground and filled in with threads put in one at a time by hand. These blankets must have given them much comfort in cold weather.

Their only way of crossing the streams was by the use of rafts built of bundles of tules tied together.

Many Indians believed that if they had lived good lives their spirits would travel west, after their death, to a place where the earth and sky meet and each would become a star. If one had been bad he would be changed into a grizzly bear or his spirit would wander about for a very long time. They believed that "the hearts of good chiefs went up to the sky, and were changed into stars to keep watch over their tribes on earth."

Konocti was a holy mountain and no one but a priest of the tribe dared to go up.

They were afraid of the grizzly bear and would not eat its meat.

Four times a year each tribe gathered for great dances that meant something religious to them. If anyone laughed during these dances he must lay down a forfeit near a pole set up in the center.

Their waterproof baskets were often made of wire grass. The men used cone-shaped "piddle" baskets for fishing. These were made with a hole in the top large enough for a man's hand to go through. They were placed here and there in the water and the Indians waded about watching for a fish to begin flapping about under a basket, then they reached through the hole and caught the fish with their hands.

Of all the Indians in North and South America the Pomos of Lake County have always made the best baskets. Indian Lucy, a weaver of baskets, lived near Upper Lake long ago. Her weaving was especially fine. Many people knew of her and her work, some of which took prizes when they were exhibited at the State Fair.

Their spears, they sometimes made of the point of a deer's horn. This was fastened over the end of a pole and a hole was drilled through the side of the tip so that they might fasten it to a buck-skin string which was then tied to the pole. They thrust the spear into the fish and then in slipping out the pole, the string pulled the barb sideways and in this way fastened it into the fish which was now held on the string.

Later the white men used the same idea but made the point of steel. They kept the buckskin string as it seemed to be the best.

They used acorns or buckeye and field corn for powder with tar weed seeds and manzanita apples for spice and flavor.

They have always enjoyed running marathon races. They used to run a twelve or fourteen mile race around Tule Lake. About five years ago a Lake County Indian was entered in the race which was run from San Francisco to Grants Pass, Oregon.

At their dances they would dig a pit six feet across and when it was covered with red coals they would toss them about with their hands, walk on them with bare feet, and carry them in their mouths.

They were a happy people used to going without things and suffering cold and heat. They knew no other life and did not wish a change.

Some of those tribes whose names were used geographically were the Guenoos and Locolomiltas who lived between Clear Lake and Napa in sections now known as Loconomi Valley, Middletown today, Guenoo Rancho and Callayonic Rancho, all land grants from the Spanish. The territory was so remote from points of early discovery and the highway of the Padres that it attracted few of the Spanish settlers.

The Lupulonic Indians lived near the present site of Kelseyville. Napolatin, meaning "many houses," was the name of the "Six Tribes" living at Clear Lake, the principal ones of which were the Hoolanapo living just south of the present site of Lakesport, and the Habenanpo, at the mouth of Kelsey Creek on the north side.

These Pomos were closely related to tribes living along the Russian River and visited frequently with the Sanelis in the location of Hopland today.

The Indians of Long Valley on the east side of Clear Lake and of Cache and Putah Creeks to the south belonged to a northern division different from the Pomos and were related to tribes of Napa Valley.

The chief tribe in Long Valley was known as Loblets or Loldas. Their chief, Clitey, became friendly with the first white settlers.

Agunaine was their chief of the Hoolanapos. He was an intelligent man and known for his truth and honesty. His accounts furnish most of our information of early Indian life.

POMO FOLKWAYS

Edwin M. Loeb—University of California Publication in American Archaeology and Ethnology

From the viewpoint of culture the Pomos might be divided into two areas—the Redwood belt west to the coast, and the Russian River area east to and including Clear Lake inhabitants. The coast area was the

simplest in culture and least touched by historical custom.

CLOTHING AND ORNAMENTS

They made use of the rabbit skin blanket held over one shoulder and fastened down the side, also a cloak of woven feathers of the crane. Shredded tule coats were worn especially by fishermen and considered very warm.

The women of East Pomos wore buckskin skirts. In winter shredded tule or a panther hide was used as an outer garment. Shredded inner bark of the redwood was used on the coat, and willow bark in the Russian River valley. Moccasins were of buckskin wrapped around the feet. A headpiece from the wing feathers of the buzzard or the eagle were worn in times of fighting. Much attention was given to ornaments. A border of flicker or yellow-hammer feathers, beads, and dangling bits of abalone shell were placed along the bottom of the skirt.

Wristlets were worn only by women. They were from one and one-half to two inches wide and entirely of fine wampum beads. Both men and women wore beads around the neck. Sometimes in place of abalone shell woodpecker's scalps were used after they had been dried, tanned, and stuffed with tule fiber. Quail plumes came next with a head to hold the ornament in place. Beaded belts five to eight inches wide and four feet long were given by the bride's family to the bridegroom as a wedding gift.

Feathered belts were worn by wealthy Pomo men and women. These were made from milkweed fiber string, with red and green feathers woven together. The family of the bridegroom gave this variety to the bride's family.

Both men and women allowed their hair to grow, using a comb made from anise root or soaproot fiber. Fancy hairpins were made from the leg-bone of the deer or twelve inches long spliced with silver in the middle. A ring of feathers started at the splicing and ring after ring was added of green, yellow, and blue, always ending with green or red. The yellow came from the oriole, green from the mallard duck.

Men and women painted their faces for dancing, using black, red and white colors. The black paint was made of charcoal mixed with the juice of soaproot, which had been baked in ashes. Red was prepared the same from a rock powder. White paint came from clay.

DWELLINGS

Clear Lake Pomos built a framework of poles bent together at the top and thatched with bundles of tule. The floor was of dirt although tule mats were used. Beds were built of four forked sticks two feet high and cross pieces over which tule mats were piled.

Every village throughout the Pomo region had its underground sweat house for the men. They built it in the spring digging the dirt with sharpened sticks and with their hands, carrying away dirt in baskets. They measured the size by picking out the tallest man and laying him five times on a line on each side of the center pole. The men usually slept there and spent their time there in winter. The living house was for women and children and for cooking and eating.

Pomos held their dances and ceremonies out of doors in the spring time and in summer. These were held in a tule enclosure.

FOODS

Pomos, like other California Indians north of the Colorado River, did not do farming before the coming of the whites, nor did they have domestic animals except and occasional pet as a deer or squirrel. They depended entirely on the use of wild animals and plant foods. Grasshoppers were a great delicacy. A circle of fire was made around a group of grasshoppers and, as the fire advanced, the insects were forced to the center where they were caught and roasted.

Worms were used for fishing and cooked for a cold in the head. They were put into cooking baskets and boiled with hot rocks.

Mudturtles were caught in basket traps at the lake. The turtles were cooked in hot ashes. Frogs were never eaten. Birds' eggs were wrapped in grass and baked in ashes. Quail were trapped in long baskets with funnel-shaped mouths where a little black seed was placed.

Crane were either shot with bow and arrow or snared by a method used by the Pomo in catching the larger birds. A hook, made of the leg-bone of a rabbit, was pointed at either end and notched in the center for a string; small fish, used as bait, were pierced with the hook, then it was attached to the line and laid flat on top of the lake tules, the line concealed. A crane would light on the tules, swallow the fish, and so become hopelessly caught.

Some times crane were caught on dry land. A six-foot line was tied to a frog or salamander with the other end fastened to a stout willow or oak branch stuck deep into the ground. When the crane swallowed the bait, he became snared as the willow would bend but not break. Cranes were roasted for food, the leg bones were made into earrings, the long feathers taken from under the wings made head bands. Neck feathers made blankets. Whistles were formed from the bones and the bill came in handy for shredding tule.

The road-runner was caught in sports by means of a bola, a string with small round stones on either end. The young men ran after the birds and threw the bolas around their legs. The birds were of no use but the

doctors made use of the feathers in preparing medicine.

The humming-bird was never molested. It was thought to be under the protection of the thunder god. The owl was considered a bird of ill omen.

A very important source of food supply was found in the fish of Clear Lake. Fishing lines were made from milkweed fiber and the poles from willows. A small straight bone sharp at both ends was used as a hook baited with a worm. Fish nets were bags about ten feet wide at the mouth and the same in length. The pole to which the net was attached was of pine or fir. The mouth of the milkweed net was held open by two cross-pieces.

The Pomo were not in the habit of hunting bear for meat unless short of food. The hides, however, were much sought after for quivers and robes.

Acorn meal furnished the main article of diet. Fish and deer meat were preserved.

The Pomo made little use of salt. It was eaten with fish and used for preserving.

OCCUPATIONS

Both men and women made carrying baskets. Men did the hunting and fishing, the balsa raft building and house building, and made the fish traps and fish baskets. Men carved the meat, the women cooked it. Both men and women gathered acorns, but the women only gathered the clover, nuts, and seeds for pinole. Men gathered the wood and salt and made the money and all ceremonial costumes.

The Pomo were the principal purveyors of money to central California. The chief supply was from Bodega Bay, where two well-known clam shells were found.

Pomo boats were boat-shaped rafts or balsas made of bundles of tule. They held three or more persons and scarcely lasted for more than a season or two, but were less labor to make than the canoes.

For dishes they used baskets, spoons made of mussel shells, and burned redwood boles as wooden bowls to hold grease.

One type of Pomo pipe was made of ash twelve inches long. Dried wild tobacco was crushed and smoked.

Their principal musical instrument was the drum. With this they used whistles, rattles, flute, and a musical bow. The drum was six feet long, hollowed out of a log and supported by grape vines. One man played this by tramping upon it. Whistles were made of bone. There was only one kind of flute, made from an alder shoot. The musical bow appears to have

been used only by the Lake people. It was from willow with two sinew strings that were stuck with a round stick of ash.

Basketry was the chief expression of art. Beads were extensively employed.

In transportation the Pomo are classified as "human carriers," loads being carried in large conical baskets which hung from the forehead, rarely from the chest. Because of their extensive trading activities, they appear to have been great travelers. Credit was never extended except that the Lake people, who had them plenty, gave feasts. The coast people gave seaweed feasts.

INDIAN NAMES

- Ki-on—head of Lake people.
- Yo-wo-oo—a small hill.
- Napo—village.
- Hwoi-lak—a city of fire.
- Di-no-ha-wah—city built in a cut (cañon) of the mountain.
- She-gum-ba—city built across the lake.
- Boi-la-ya—city built in the west.
- Cum-le-bah—a kind of mineral water.
- Hoo-la-nap-o—a lily village.
- Li-lak-o-lak—a people close by mountain.
- Shoo-oo-no-ma-noon—a neighboring people.
- Cow-goo-mah—Lower end of lake.
- Le-mah-mah—on an island.
- Kai-nap-o—a wood ranch or village of the valley, valley people.
- Now-wa-ke-nah—a city over the hill.
- Koo-noon-la-lak—on a cove.
- Lal-nap-o-cem—goose village.
- Agunaine gave following names of places in Lake County:
- Ka-sai—Clear Lake.
- Sha-hul-ga-nal-da-noo—big mountain, called by many tribes, Konocti.
- Yo-ka-ko—big valley.
- Now-ka-ko—Kelsey Creek, a big dirt or ash heap.
- Pe-mah-bah—over the hill, Scots Valley.
- Now-ga-shoo—separate lake, Tule Lake.
- Kah-nel—small separate lake, Blue Lake.
- Sa-kah-ko—brush land, Upper Lake.

THE SWEAT HOUSE

Before the coming of the white people, the Indians knew little of the treatment of disease. They used a few roots and herbs as remedies for

simple ailments. Any serious illness was thought to be the result of displeasing some powerful mystical being, and it might be relieved only by appeasing the offended spirit with curious incantations and ceremonies. The chief of these was the ceremonial dance in the sweat house, so named by the white men.

The sweat house was found in every rancharia. It was built over a circular excavation shaped like an inverted bowl. The framework was made of strong poles and branches bound together with withes and slastered with mud to prevent the escape of heat. On one side with tunnel-like entrance was an opening large enough for the Indians to creep in one at a time. In the center of the top was another opening which served as a chimney. A fire having been lighted beneath this opening, the sick were placed near it, there to undergo a sweat bath for hours, ending with a lance by a border of squaws and braves. This was followed by a plunge in cold water.

This stinest was their cure-all, and whether it killed or cured the patient, depended on his ailment and on the amount of strength he had. The sweat house was also used as a council chamber and sometimes as a banquet hall. The bodies of the dead were sometimes burned in the sweat house, but usually in the open air.

An excavation once used for a sweat house is still to be seen on the bank of Kelsey Creek near the Quercus Ranch in Big Valley. Another is said to still exist in Long Valley near the channel of Cache Creek. Two were used on the Slocum place north of Kelseyville after the advent of the white people.

THE MISHA DANCE

In the year 1872, the Indians of nearly all Western United States came to believe that the world was coming to an end. This idea gradually reached the Indians of Lake and surrounding counties, and so strong was the belief that all of the Indians for about one hundred miles gathered in a great body on the banks of Kelsey Creek on what is now known as the Quercus Ranch. Here, for many years, the natives maintained the largest sweat house in the country and naturally to this spot they congregated for their last days on earth, as they thought. You must understand that these Indian dances had a religious meaning to them and their dancing was a sort of offering or peacemaker ceremony to the Great Spirit.

It was in August, 1872, that the Indian began to come, by twos and threes, in small groups and in larger groups until there were four hundred or more people gathered on the banks of the creek. They brought their wives, the old, the lame, the blind and the halt, for they all wanted to be together when the great end came—when the Great Spirit called them. They brought all their worldly possessions. They turned their few horses loose for they thought they never would need them again. Then they began

their dances in the sweat house and also out of doors. Many as three hundred were dancing at one time. They kept three bonfires burning all the time and gradually worked themselves to a high pitch of religious excitement.

The white settlers, Hammacks, Crawfords, Reeves, Allens, Gaddys, Rickabaugh, Tryons and others, were very anxious all during this period, for they suspected that this was a gathering to plan an attack on the whites. Accordingly, a number of them left their homes and camped out in the mountains near Seigler Springs, and in the hills near the Bigham ranch. A number of the men among the settlers formed a guard around the Indian encampment to keep them within bounds, fearing that in their excitement and frenzy they would rush out and do harm to settlers. These Indians greatly loved Mrs. Reeves as she had been a good friend to them in times of sickness and never refused them food when they were hungry, so they assured her they were not going to make war and that they would see that no harm came to her family.

For days the dance continued; then, as nothing happened, the lake did not catch fire, the sun rose and set as usual, and their provisions became exhausted, the Indians realized that perhaps they were mistaken about the world's coming to an end and gradually they departed to their own localities and the white settlers returned to their homes.

From fifty to sixty Indians died during this period, some from old age, but more from pneumonia caused by jumping into the cold water of the creek when they ran from the sweat house perspiring and exhausted after dancing for hours.

An early historian of Napa and Lake Counties related that the gathering of the tribes at Clear Lake was brought on by the appearance of the monster devil fish or Griffin in Blue Lakes, an event which took place only once in ten years and portended great calamity to the Indians.

This time they believed the end of the world was at hand.

THE WINTER FOOD SUPPLY FOR THE INDIANS

Before historic times the Indians in the Clear Lake valleys had to rely for food on the natural resources of the country about. In the forests were deer, elk, bear and game-birds, and the streams and lakes abounded in fish and water fowl. For vegetable food they could find acorns, wild nuts, berries, and the juicy roots of plants such as tule potatoes.

For the most part, they were a happy-go-lucky set, living, as we say, hand to mouth. They were easily content with enough food for each day as it came. This was usually either a feast or a famine with them. You will remember, however, that there were many more Indians

then than now. At the coming of the white men they found here nearly as many Indians as there are now white people.

It is easy to see that even in those times there was not always plenty for them all. Some seasons there was too little rainfall to produce berries, nuts, and acorns in abundance. Sometimes they found game and fish not so plentiful as usual. Because they sometimes found themselves and the young children hungry when the cold, rainy water came they learned, like the squirrels and woodpeckers, to store away acorns and nuts and to dry fish and venison in the sun and over their camp fires.

One kind of fish which the Indians relied on for their winter food was the hutch, which were thick then as now, in the water of Kesley Creek at spawning time in the spring of the year. Sometimes the creek looked more like a river of fish than water. These were times of great rejoicing among them for in a few days time they could dry plenty to last through the following winter.

After the white men came, the Indians found it much harder to live, for the newcomers took possession of the land and they were driven from their old hunting grounds and could hunt only as they were allowed by the white people or by going into the mountains. As time went on they depended more and more on fish, and even down to our day it is a happy time for them when the hutch go up the streams by thousands.

In the catching and drying of hutch they seem to have worked out a very good plan. When there is a really large run of the fish the Indian families come and pitch their camps beside the stream. Here they seem, for the time, to have everything in common. Some who cannot spare time for the fishing give what they can to the food supply of the camp and later receive their share of the dried fish.

In our day, since the Indian men work in the fields and orchards for the whites, most of the fishing is done at night. Camp fires are lighted, the whites, most of the gravely banks to provide light. One man is here and there, along the gravely banks to provide light. One man is here and there, along the gravely banks to provide light. One man is here and there, along the gravely banks to provide light.

For drying, the fish are spread out on a gravel bed where the sunshine will be very hot, and are allowed to stay until the outside has become somewhat dry. Then they are taken up, cleaned and again spread so the inside meat will dry. They explain that by this method of drying it is much easier to keep fish than they are dry. The cured meat is now divided among the families, packed in sacks and hung in the cabins until

they are needed.

THE SPANISH IN LAKE COUNTY

Before the coming of the white men there were no houses or towns, as we now have, but only here and there, on the lake shore or beside a stream, the tule-covered wigwams of the Indians.

There were no fences, no fields of grain or corn, no rows of orchard trees, but just the grass-covered hills with their oaks, manzanitas, and many bushes, the mountains covered with pines and firs and the valleys thick with groves of great oak trees.

There were no roads with signs telling the traveler which way to go, and no bridges across the creeks, only paths worn by the feet of the Indians and wild animals.

There were no barns nor barnyards with their cows, horses, chickens and turkeys, but many wild animals such as deer, grizzly bears, wolves and foxes roaming among the bushes and trees where our homes and school houses now stand. On the lakes the ducks, geese and mudhens swam, but the only boats were the tule canoes of the Indians.

Then, about a hundred years ago, the white men, who had made their homes in other valleys of California began coming over the mountain into this county, and soon many changes came.

The first men were fishers or hunters like the party of Russians who spent a winter here collecting furs or pelts to be sent later across the ocean to the people of other countries. These men, when they returned to their homes, told such wonderful stories of the beautiful lake and the grass-covered valleys that soon other men came to see what was here.

In Sonoma County lived a man named General Vallejo, who had done many brave things and had fought many battles for the Spanish King, who had sent him to this part of California. He brought soldiers with him, took possession of the land and made the Indians work.

When General Vallejo heard about the wonderful lake which the Indians had named Lupi Yomi, for a daughter of one of the early chiefs, he sent his brother, Salvador Vallejo, and Ramon Carrillo to take the country and conquer the Indians. They did so well that General Vallejo told them they could have the valleys around the lake for their own.

Soon, with a party of cowboys or vaqueros, they returned bringing with them a large herd of cattle. They drove the cattle in through the canyons over the mountains near Middletown, for as you will remember there were no roads then.

When they came into Big Valley, they decided to make their home at a place near the bank of Kesley Creek, later owned by Press and Set

Rickabaugh.

At first they had to watch their cattle day and night to keep them from wandering away. Soon the ringing of the axes of the cowboys could be heard in the forest, for they were cutting down small saplings with which to make fences. They trimmed the limbs from them and sharpened one end. When great piles of them were ready they drove them into the ground very close together around a place they had marked out, and soon they had a large corral to keep their cattle in at night. This was Lake County's first fence.

Next they cut down larger trees and built a log house for themselves. It was the first real home of white people in Lake County.

It had only the ground for a floor, and the cracks between the logs were filled with adobe to keep out the wind. They went up on the mountains and cut pine trees to make shakes for the roof.

They had to build their own tables and beds and stools and chairs.

They had plenty to eat for there were fish in the lake and wild game, and along the shore were ducks and geese. They had brought seeds with them and soon had gardens.

This home of the Spaniards lasted about ten years, though the fence of the corral was there for many more.

Salvador Vallejo stayed only a short time in Lake County and then left the cowboys or vaqueros to care for the cattle. The leader of them was called a major domo.

They made friends with the Indians, who helped them with all they did. In a few years the valleys we now know as Big Valley, Scotts Valley and Bachelor Valley, and the nearby hills were filled with herds of cattle. There were so many of them that they rounded them up only once or twice a year. They became almost as wild as the deer that ate grass side by side with them. At times Salvador Vallejo drove out great herds to Sonoma County, but in 1847 he sold his land and about eight hundred cattle to men named Stone and Kesley.

THE WHITE MEN AND THE INDIANS

After the Spaniards were gone, Stone and Kesley built their home on what we now know as Pine Hill just west of Kesleyville.

There men were very cruel to the Indians, seeming not to look on them as men like themselves but merely as slaves to serve them. They made them work hard taking care of the cattle and doing the work of the ranch. Whenever the Indians displeased them or dared to hunt on the ranch they were lashed with rawhide whips or with tough withes which were gathered

on the mountains for that purpose.

The Indians built the white men's house, which was forty feet long and fifteen feet wide and was made of adobe mud. Chief Augustine of the Hoolanapoos tribe, who was one of them, said five hundred Indian men and women worked on the house, carrying in their grass baskets the water with which the adobe was mixed, for a distance of about five hundred yards. It took two months to build the house.

With all that number to feed, they killed one beef each day and they had no bread or anything else to eat except the meat. Their only pay was a few bundans handkerchiefs. If they complained they were whipped. This made them very angry and they thought of the days before the white man came. Then the land belonged to them; they did not have to work and they could hunt for fish whenever they liked. So they began to take what they wanted. They even killed a few of the cattle.

The two white men were alone and were afraid of many Indians, so once while the red men were in a friendly mood, they were smart enough to get them to store all of their bows, arrows and spears in the loft of the house. Then the Indians could not fight or hunt until they could make new weapons, and that would take a long time.

The white men grew more and more cruel, so the spring of 1848 the Indians became so angry because their weapons were all in the house that they surrounded it one night and kept the men prisoners.

There was one friendly Indian who felt sorry for Stone and Kesley. He slipped away in the night and made his way to the Settlements in Sonoma County and told the people to come and help them. There lived Andy Kesley's brother, Ben. He got a small party of men together and they came to save the men in the adobe house.

When they arrived in the night they saw a blood-curdling sight. The house was barricaded like a fort and all around it dancing and yelling was a host of naked Indians, while by the camp fires the squaws were adding to the horrible noise with their diurnal wailing.

What could seven or eight men do? They made a bold plan. They made a bold plan. They made a bold plan. They made a bold plan. They made a bold plan.

The Indians fled in all directions and covered in fear at their retreat until the newcomers sought them out the next day to tell them that the white men's warriors were coming with their "boom-boom" and might be there any minute.

THE BURNING OF THE RANCHERIA IN SCOTTS VALLEY

You may be sure that Stone and Kesley were overjoyed to see their friends who had saved them from the angry Indians.

We would suppose that, after seeing how easily the Indians might overpower them, they would have treated them better, but the white men were determined to conquer the red men and use them for slaves.

Stone and Kesley believed that a small tribe of Indians, living in what we now call Scotts Valley, was the one guilty of stealing and killing cattle. Therefore, the morning after the other white men came, they called all of the Indians of Big Valley together and selected one hundred and fifty-four of the young warriors to go with them to Scotts Valley to punish the other tribe. These were given bows and arrows and other weapons.

This party went over the hills where Lakeport is now, and then on to the south end of Scotts Valley. Down the valley they went looking on all sides for the offending tribe, but the Indians had been warned and had gone into the mountains to hide.

The second morning they captured one Indian of the tribe near Blue Lakes. When asked where the others were he pointed up a canyon, but after riding several miles, they knew he had deceived them. Ben Kesley tied the captive to a limb of a tree. He made each of the one hundred and fifty-four Indians cut a switch. Then they all marched by the poor fellow and gave him a stroke on his bare back. Some of the Indians hit very lightly but many blows were given in a heartless and cruel manner and soon his back was bruised and bleeding. Many of the Indians never forgave Kesley for his cruelty to this captive.

The poor fellow now gave up and led them to the place where his tribesmen were hidden in the brush at the far west end of the lakes. They were taken captive and the next day marched to the ranch near Kesleyville to be slaves for the white men. That they might never go back to their homes in Scotts Valley, several of the white men burned their tule brush houses and destroyed the rancheria. How sad it was for the Indians to know that their village was burned and that they had no homes.

THE INDIANS HUNT FOR GOLD

After the burning of the Scotts Valley rancheria, the Indians were treated more and more like slaves by the two white men.

One summer, it is said that one hundred and seventy-two Indians were taken to Sonoma to build adobe houses. They became very homesick, Augustine, chief of the Hoolanapoos, ran away and came home. In punishment he was tied up and made to stand on his feet in a sweat

house for a whole week and had nothing to eat except bread and water. Six others were punished the same way.

About this time, in the spring of 1848, gold was discovered in much of the creek beds in the mountains of California. Everyone was so excited. Men left their farms, storekeepers locked their stores. Others quit work of all kinds. Everywhere they went up and down the creeks and rivers washing the gravel and looking for nuggets of gold. Some of these men became very rich.

The news came to Stone and Kesley and they, too, were anxious to share in the hunt for treasures. They, with several of their friends in the Sacramento river, where they thought they would find plenty of gold.

Ben Kesley came to the ranch in Lake County and picked out fifty of the strong young Indians who were to go, promising them a share of the gold, and took them to Sonoma to join the party there. They all set out in gold, and took them to Sonoma to join the party there. They all set out in gold, and took them to Sonoma to join the party there.

Ben Kesley had to be taken home on a bed. The poor Indians were left up. Ben Kesley had to be taken home on a bed. The poor Indians were left up. Ben Kesley had to be taken home on a bed.

Their families at home looked day after day to see them coming back. Over and over they asked the white men who had come home where they were and when they would come back. Always they were told that they would come soon.

The days of the summer passed and none came. Then, one by one, the fall days came and went until at last as winter was setting in, two or three footless Indians came back.

They told of the cruelty of the white men, of the sickness of which so many had died, and of their fights with enemy Indians and of starving in the mountains. But saddest of their stories was the one that none of the strong young men would ever come home again.

THE MASSACRE OF STONE AND KELSEY

When at last the Indians who lived around the lake gave up hope and knew that their young men who had gone to hunt for gold for the white men were dead, they grew very bitter and hated Stone and Kesley who made them work so hard. They became so bad tempered that the

white men were afraid to go among them very much, but still they kept up their cruelty. Perhaps they thought that was the only way to manage the Indians.

With the help of gold, as large as a man's arm, which the Indians had found for them, they bought many cattle in Sonoma County. The Indians made six trips to drive them back to Clear Lake.

Augustine, chief of the Hoolanapoos and a vaquero for the Kesleys, said the Indians were often whipped for the amusement of visitors to the ranch. Also they were whipped if they were found hunting on the ranch, and worse yet, some of the young Indians were taken to other places and sold just as though they were cattle.

At last the white men planned to rid themselves of the old Indians by driving them out of the county and down to Sutters Fort at Sacramento, where they intended to make a big rancheria. The Indians worked for two weeks making ropes to bind the ones who refused to go. They all were very angry about having to go away. Also, the white men had taken Augustine's wife and made her live at the adobe house and work for them.

At last the Indians could stand it no longer. They planned to kill the white men. One day they stole their guns while the men were away from the house and hid them. Early the next morning they made the attack.

Kesley was hit in the back with an arrow which was shot at him through a window. Stone escaped upstairs, and when the Indians rushed after him, he jumped out an upper window, ran down to the creek and hid in the willows.

The Indians searched for him and finally an old Indian found him and struck him on the head with a rock, killing him.

The two men were buried in the sand on the creek bank in the fall of 1849.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE INDIANS

The Clear Lake Indians were foolish enough to think that because they had killed Stone and Kesley, they would be free from trouble and all would be as it was before the white men came. Indeed, it seemed for a while that the other white people would do nothing to avenge the death of their friends. But the next spring they found they were wrong and that the happy old days were gone forever.

A company of soldiers under command of Lieutenant Lyons was sent from Benicia to punish them. When they arrived at the lower end of the lake, they found that the Indians had been warned of their coming and had hurried to an island where they could not get at them. They sent back to San Francisco and got two whale boats and two small cannon. These were brought up on wagons, the first that were ever seen in Lake County.

What a trip it must have been over the mountains where there were no roads!

The island on which the Indians were gathered was near the present town of Upper Lake. It was surrounded by deep water in the winter but it became very shallow in the summer. The boats had been brought to a place near where Clear Lake Highlands now is located.

Part of the soldiers with the cannon went to the island with the boats, but the main body of soldiers and several settlers went by horseback around the lake on the west side. The two parties met on the shore near the island.

The next morning a few shots were fired from the range so the Indians only laughed and jeered at them and all gathered on that side of the island to watch them and see what they would do.

In the meantime, the soldiers in the boats slipped around to the other side of the island. At a signal they turned the cannon on the Indians and the deadly shots went plopping through the group, leaving the ground covered with the dead and wounded. A panic seized those that were left and they fled in all directions only to be met by soldiers who had hidden in the tule. Many Indians were killed, but some escaped by plunging into the water or hiding in the brush or tule. It is said that the soldiers killed women and children also. Since that time the place has been called "Bloody Island" in memory of the event. It is not an island today as the lake bottom around it has been drained and is now being farmed.

Having finished with the Indians on the island, the soldiers went on to find other tribes around Potter and Ukiah Valleys. They found none in the Potter Valley rancheria so those had been warned and were in hiding. About one hundred of the Ukiah tribe were killed.

A few months later a party of white men came and made a feast inviting the Indians to it. A treaty was made with them and there has been little trouble between the two parties since that time.

The wagons and boats were left at the lake and parts of them were found years afterward by white people who came to make their homes here. They were very useful to these people. One of the cannon were found near the foot of Mt. Konocti by a party of hunters. As it was the Fourth of July, they decided to use it to celebrate the day. Unfortunately, they hit too much powder in the charge and blew it to pieces.

The other cannon is supposed to be lying somewhere at the bottom of the lake. The Indian version of these stories and that of the white settlers differ somewhat but are alike in the main points.

UPPER LAKE

The first settlement at what is now Upper Lake was made by Benjamin Dewell and his wife. They were the first of the white people to really make homes here.

Mrs. Celia Elliott Dewell and Mrs. Frances Hudson came to California in the same party when they were little girls. The traveling party was on its way to Oregon but before they came to the Sierra Mountains an old man of the mountains told them that California was a better place and that they should go there.

Some of the company did as he told them while some went on to the north.

At first Mrs. Dewell lived with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bell Elliott, in Callistoga. There were Mexican war troubles at that time but she traveled very slowly and the first that these people learned of it was in a letter, which came telling them that the Mexican government had given orders to kill all Americans. The men soon prepared to fight. About thirty of them rode down on horseback and took the old mission fort at Sonoma without firing a shot. The families then moved to the fort so that they might be safe.

When they settled in the fort they took down the Mexican flag but they didn't know what to put up in its place so they decided to make one and call it the Bear Flag. Mrs. Elliott, the little girl's mother, gave enough of flannel for the flag and an old wagon sheet was used for the white. Benjamin Dewell, then a young man in the party, was a saddler, so he helped to sew the pieces together.

The Bear Flag was raised and these people held the fort until the American soldiers came and they could run up the Stars and Stripes in 1845.

Several years later when the little girl had grown up, she married Benjamin Dewell and they were the first white family to settle in Upper Lake. Their first neighbor was Lance Musick, who moved in the next month and later in the year Mrs. Musick and built a millrace so that he could use the waters of Clover Creek to turn the water wheel, but today he only things left from the mill are the stone buhrs. His grandson, Will C. Dodge, lives today in the old home and the family uses the old channel or a garden. The house, built in 1855, was the first frame house in the county.

In the fall of 1844, the Elliott party came to Upper Lake. They settled in the banks of Clover Creek about one-fourth of a mile above the location of the town today. They also brought stock.

The next spring Lansing T. Musick and Joseph W. Dred came to live, one on each side of Clover Creek. Mr. Musick worked at farming, hunting and trapping. At this time there were many wild hogs in the raais and the bears did not seem to bother them at all.

Mr. Dewell brought in the first tame hogs and the bears did not bother them until about a year later, when they got the taste of the meat, then all the hogs disappeared very suddenly.

The Dewells and Elliotts were careful and busy, and did their part to make the new country into good farms and homes.

The town really started when a man named Bukofsky opened the first store in 1866, and Casper Swickert began a blacksmith shop. Henry Taylor started the first hotel.

Stock raising and alfalfa growing for seed were the principal occupations. Now there are orchards, walnut groves, canneries and dairies to help make good business.

GOING TO THE STORE AND POST-OFFICE

Many years ago when only a few white people lived in Lake County, it was not easy for them to get the things they needed for food and clothing. To be sure, they had brought some things with them, but it is easy to understand that they could bring only the things they needed most, for the first to come found no roads and had to bring all of their goods on pack horses and mules. For the building of their homes they brought axes, hammers, saws and few other tools. For the cooking there were frying pans, iron kettles, some pans and a few dishes, many of them tin. These, with a few clothes and the blankets and quilts for their beds, were all that most of them had.

At first they must cook over a camp fire, gather grasses for their beds, and make the furniture they needed with their own hands. One woman, who lived in Big Valley in those early days, swept the dirt floor of her log house for many months with the wing of a wild goose. Soon the clothing and other things began to wear out and they must have more so a long trip had to be made to the towns of Sonoma and Napa Counties.

Sometimes they brought in a few things with pack horses, but after a while some of the men found a different way. They got together a company of Indians and made the long journey through the mountains south of Kelseyville to the town of Sonoma, fifty miles distant.

There they bought cloth for new dresses and shirts, shoes, hats and overalls, sugar, coffee and tea, and the other things they needed so badly. These they made into packs and placed on the backs of the Indians. Then they began the trip home back over the mountain trail in a long line, one behind the other, "single file, Indian style."

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THE ROCK MILL

These mills ground flour and meal for Lake County people and some of them kept on until grain raising was no longer the main farm industry and until flour could be brought into the county cheaper by automobile trucks.

In 1872 two brothers, Middleton and Eikanah Akers, built a mill at the mouth of Cold Creek Canyon. The purpose of this mill was to saw out rocks for building fireplaces and milk houses. The location was ideal for this purpose as both sides of the canyon were covered with masses of rocks formed from solidified volcanic ash. Through the canyon Cold Creek flowed the year around, furnishing water to turn a large wheel which operated the saws of soft band iron.

The large rocks were hauled to the mill and placed in position. The sawyer then decided how the rock could be cut to the best advantage in much the same way that one does when working on a log in a lumber mill. It required five stones for a fireplace, two jacks, one arch, and two backpieces. People came from all parts of the county to buy these stones when they built their houses.

Eikanah Akers went to Oregon soon after the mill was built and William Akers, a nephew, became one of the owners. This old rock mill was a source of great interest to everyone in the community and was a landmark for many years until it burned.

LAKEPORT

This is the principal town in the Big Valley Township and the seat of government for the county. It is located on the western shore of Clear Lake, upon terraced hills all overlooking the lake. Oak trees are scattered about giving shade and beauty to the town. From a boat on the water one can see roofs of houses among the trees.

The first store in Lakeport was built in 1856 by Dr. E. D. Boynton, through a man named Johnson sold goods there in 1855. This store stood south of the present town and was called Tucker's store. Aaron Levy later became one of the owners and had a new store on a knoll, part of which was dug out of the hillsides.

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In 1859 William Forbes owned 160 acres where Lakeport stands today. He had a small wooden building south of First street and west of Forbes'. When the county was first made and the officers were looking for the best place for its capital, Mr. Forbes offered them forty acres if they would use it for the county seat. They accepted his offer.

James Parrish started the first blacksmith's shop where the Orpheum Theater is today (east of Main Street and south of First Street).

The Clear Lake Journal was started in September, 1865, but it did not continue long. In October, 1866, M. J. H. Farley began the Clear Lake Courier. Advertisements in this paper show J. S. Downs, a doctor; S. K. Welch and Woods Crawford, lawyers; S. Chapman, shoemaker; J. R. Miller, dentist; J. Southard, barber; H. Charnak, A. Levy and H. Cohen, general merchants; J. T. Mathes, saloon keeper; and Col. Lansing T. Musick, hotel proprietor. About nine business houses, the courthouse where it is today, and a few homes made all there was of the village of 1866. It had four hundred people in 1870.

The Lake County Bee was printed on March 8th, 1873, by J. B. Baccus.

The Lake Democrat was started June 15th, 1875, by A. A. R. Utting, who sold it to John R. Cook in April, 1879. On September 11th, 1880, the Bee and the Democrat were brought together as one paper, which was named the Bee-Democrat until 1893.

The Clear Lake Press was moved from Lower Lake to Lakeport in 1891 and was published by John L. Allison. In 1893, David F. McIntire and Mrs. Marcia Mayfield took it over. Mr. P. H. Millberry leased Mrs. Mayfield's share, then later Mr. McIntire's, and put in the first standard linotype machine in the county.

In 1936, the Lake County Bee was owned and published by Mr. Wm. J. Boice. Today the Bee and Press are published weekly by Mr. E. J. Moore.

In 1876, the Farmers' Savings Bank building was erected, a structure planned and built by R. Kennedy of Lakeport, according to the Descriptive Pamphlet published in 1885. It tells us that "the front was supported by massive and elegant iron pillars, capable of supporting a story building. It was built at the cost of \$18,000. Half of the lower story was occupied by the bank and the remainder by the drug store of C. E. Phelan and Kead & McCraney's Jewelry store. In the second story were the offices of the justice of peace, J. J. Bruton, Attorney E. W. Brit, Attorney H. E. Noel, and J. M. Hutchinson, dentist. Rooms in the rear of the bank were occupied by the county treasurer, David Williams, who also used the substantial vaults for safe keeping of the county funds.

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BEGINNING THE KESEYVILLE COMMUNITY

In the years just following the Stone and Kelsey massacre a few white people began to drift into the country about Clear Lake and settled in favorable places. First of all came single men, prospectors and adventurers.

Then in 1854 several families came and from that time on the valley began gradually to fill with homes, the land was surveyed and the settler obtained titles to their property.

The first families of Big Valley were the Hammacks, Crawford and Reeves.

The Hammacks and Crawford settled near the center of the valley while the Reeves' home was on the east side about two miles north of Kelseyville, the town to be.

Others among the early settlers whose names are still familiar, were Robert Gaddy, Jonas Ingram, Pres and Seth Rickabaugh, Asa Slocum Addison and Anderson Benson, Stephen Tucker, Nat and Bert Kelsey, S. B. Nobles, C. A. Piner, the Garnds and others.

The first houses were built of logs or framed with poles and sided with boards split by hand.

The old adobe house of Stone and Kelsey was torn down and used by several for chimneys. The C. A. Piner home, which stood for many years was built of adobe bricks from the old house.

As the farms increased other industries came to meet the needs of the farmers. The first wheat and corn were ground into meal and flour with little hand mills or carried to Upper Lake or to Napa. In 1858, Thomas Allison built a grist mill on the banks of Kelsey Creek where the water could be used to turn the mill wheels.

Horses and oxen must be shod, so Bob Benham, who was skillful at that work, built a little log shop on the bank of the creek where Kelseyville now is and began shoeing horses for his neighbors. Bill Graves became his partner and repaired and made wagons.

Joe Germain, a carpenter, built his home nearby and a town was started.

The next year, 1859, S. B. Nobles came from Lower Lake, put up building, and started a blacksmith shop.

Soon a store was opened by Lou Carmack and Fred Willowby, and lived by Bert Kelsey.

Frank Smith's grocery store of the present time, 1935, was put up by a saloon by Lou Kramer. These main business places, with a few residences, made up the town, at first called Uncle Sam.

The old Bary residence was built in 1866 and the brick hotel and church in 1872. Before Kelseyville was fully established as a town there was a post-office near the site of the Lake County Fruit Exchange.

The mail was carried into the county by horseback through Pope Valley, by Howell Mountain, from Sacramento.

There were schools for a short time at various places in the valley, the first in the town being at the site of the former Bert Young place. Both school district and post-office were first named Uncle Sam.

Kelseyville's first newspaper, the New Era, was published by Otha L. Stanley in 1890. The Kelseyville Sun was started in 1901 by McEwen and McEwen, and was published by them until 1912, when it was purchased by E. E. Bryant.

An interesting incident connected with the Uncle Sam post-office is as follows:

A nephew of J. A. Gunn (father of James A. Gunn) wrote him a letter from England, addressing the envelope:

Uncle Sam,
Uncle Sam,
U. S. A.

Strangely enough, the letter came to our Uncle Sam's post-office and the postmaster was able to figure who Uncle James was.

Mr. Gunn added to the business of the new town by starting an organ factory. Some of these organs may still be found in Kelseyville homes.

LOWER LAKE

Beginning at the southwest corner of this township, we find ourselves on the summit of Mt. St. Helena, whose highest peak rises to 4600 feet. From this peak a fine view spreads out before us. We see the whole township as it is in a picture. To the north and northwest we find the bald head of Cobb Mountain in the sunshine. Lying between the two is beautiful and fertile Loconoma Valley extending really from base to base. To the east of this valley and over the divide of low hills lies the township of Coyote Valley running for several miles along the banks of Putah Creek. Further east is Morgan Valley, and to the north Lower Lake Valley.

Between all these valleys there are ranges of Mountains, and in all of these mountains there are many little valleys that are like oases in a desert. These are lovely places for people to live.

Much time could be spent studying this section. How did so much water happen to come to these waters? Who can explain the upheavals of old that caused the rocks of Sulphur Banks to be in such confusion? One, which should be lying in layers, seem to be upturned by high beds

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The bank was organized December 14th, 1874. The first Board of Directors listed the names of R. S. Johnson, W. J. Biggestaff, J. H. Renfro, D. V. Thompson, Lindsey Carson, and D. T. Taylor. R. S. Johnson was the first president, J. W. Mackall the first cashier and manager. Mr. Johnson was succeeded by Mr. Carson, brother of the famous Kit Carson, the following March. He held office for four years and was succeeded by H. C. Boggs in March, 1878. Mr. Boggs was the first principal stockholder. The bank was a successful organization in 1885, having a surplus of \$20,000.

Mr. Mackall had entered into the drug business in 1870, but sold to C. E. Phelan in 1877, as his duties as cashier of the bank and as a Notary Public and general fire insurance agent, required his whole attention.

Jonah Jackson Bruton was one of the much loved early men of Lakeport. His friends called him Judge Bruton. He led a busy and interesting life in Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruton and one child traveled across the plains with an ox-team, leaving their home in Missouri because they knew there was to be a war over slavery.

They arrived in Lake County in 1864 and lived for seventeen years just two miles south of Lakeport, where they bought one hundred and sixty acres of land. Later Mr. Bruton moved his family into the town and began to preach as minister in the Christian Church. Many remember him as a leader of song in that day when there was no musical instrument to accompany the singing.

Often he was song leader, Bible Class teacher and preacher. What wonder, then, will mind that overburdened, that he was very much preoccupied.

The following story is told by one who holds Mr. Bruton as a part of the cherished memories of childhood. In these early times it was the custom of the church in which he preached, to immerse candidates for baptism in the waters of the lake. Following morning service, the congregation would wind its way to the shore to witness this ceremony.

One Sunday morning when Mr. Bruton was to perform this ceremony, he hurried home to change his clothes before going to the lake. His wife waited in the living room while he retired to the bedroom for the change. After waiting quite a time she became anxious to know why he took so long. On entering the bedroom, she discovered that on disrobing, he had absent-mindedly gone to bed.

After giving up his duties in the church he became a lawyer and justice of the peace. He was always interested in this county and helped in any way he could to build it.

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Mrs. Emma Kouns had a teacher's certificate by the time she had reached the age of fifteen years and one month, but was not allowed to teach until sixteen. Her first school was about as far across the county as the could go, as it was located near the Blue Lakes in what was known then as Liberty District. Nora Graham, who became the wife of Col. Crawford, was one of her pupils.

She had an account of an interesting tour one night make of the valleys near Lower Lake. From Jerusalem Valley it crossed Hell's Half Acre and entered the Garden of Eden, where it followed the route of Putah Creek to stand on Devil's head after a short climb. If one chose to climb higher one could look down into Mysterious Valley and on into Pope Valley.

Turning down the Putah, the way led through Dead Mans Flat, where one could look over into the lava beds. On the way north it came to Purgatory, arriving at Jerico after passing Paradise Valley. Climbing out, the tour led on to Horse Pasture and turned into Hole-in-the-Ground to pass around Tiff Bank, to go to the upper end of Jerusalem Valley, where you turn to say goodbye to the Holy Lands.

The first blacksmith shop in Lower Lake was set up by L. B. Thompson.

Dr. Wilson had a permanent blacksmith shop for years and did all the work for farmers for miles around.

Lower Lake enjoyed an unusual thing in a business way as a young lady, Miss Della Walls, conducted a business as druggist, one of the very few lady druggists on the Pacific Coast. She began her work at the age of fourteen and in two years took full charge of the business and ran it very satisfactorily.

A. M. Atkins, who came in as a boy and did teaming for the Getz firm, became one of the leading merchants just through planning and hard work. When he passed away in 1932, Lower Lake lost a man who had been known there for many years.

Lower Lake has had many high hopes and disappointments. First, about 1867, the Clear Lake Water Company began. They dreamed of a large factory which would make cloth of all the Lake County wool. There was to have been an enormous mill where all the grains should be made into flour and meal, and there was to be a saw and planing mill, where all the timber from the mountains was to be made into lumber for the Lake County people. How grand all this seemed! But the farmers of the County did not need so much of these things and the rest would need to be hauled many miles by team. So it would not pay.

About this time, too, the county seat was moved away to Lakeport. But the people continued to build up their town into a pleasant and happy place.

EASTLAKE

East Lake was once a mining village at Sulphur Banks. It lay near that part of the lake which goes east just below the narrows.

MIDDLETOWN

Almost all traces of a little town by the name of Gurnoc in Coyote Valley are gone now. When Middletown began to grow the whole village of Gurnoc moved over there. Perhaps the new place was a better location because it was at the junction of two main state roads and nearer the mines. Today Middletown stands in its oasis in the middle of Loconoma Valley surrounded by rich farm lands which support the town in place of the old mines which are now closed.

The first house was built here in the fall of 1870 by J. H. Berry, who used the place for a hotel. O. Armstrong started a saloon the same year. D. Lobree started the first store in 1872 and a brewery was begun in 1875 by Muntz and Scott.

A newspaper, the Middletown Independent, was printed in 1866, by P. B. Graham and J. L. Read.

Charles March Young lived on a farm in Illinois when he was a boy and learned to plow when he was only eight years old. When he was twenty-two he set out for California, coming across the plains with teams. He arrived in Coyote Valley in 1867 and was allowed to take up as much land as he could fence in a given time. He settled about six miles south of what is now Middletown. At one time he hauled four thousand pounds of potatoes to Sonoma to sell but didn't make enough to pay for the trip.

At that time much teaming was done hauling sulphur and borax, and stages ran between Lower Lake and Calistoga. Since this farm region was just between the two places the town that grew up there quite naturally took the name of Middletown.

Mr. Young bought land and sold it to the town people. He built the first hotel in the town in 1875, and because he used to use bricks, he started the first brickyard. He also owned a general store for a few years. When this burned down he went back to his farm in 1885.

The people of the county knew him well as a builder and respected him and his family.

Mr. Thomas Parker made his way to California by what was known as the Nicaragua Route, crossing the Isthmus and came to the Langtry place in Lake County in 1870. Mrs. Parker crossed the plains for the West in 1854. They knew many Indians here in their early days. Mr. Parker hauled tons of wheat to the McKinley grist mill.

At one time he held the position of trustee for the Coyote school, where there were so many unruly older boys that the teachers constantly gave up the work and left. One day a young man on a mule rode out to see Mr. Parker about a position as teacher. They stood in a grain field discussing the school and Mr. Parker asked the young man if he thought he could manage the boys, pointing to two of them running a hank near by. The teacher replied that he thought he could and then walked over to speak to the boys, explaining that he intended to take over the school, and if there was to be any trouble he would like to have it at once and be done with it. One of the boys came down from the header to show the young man who was the master, but he received such a whipping that the second one never did leave the machine. History does not tell us the name of the teacher, but it does state that he was successful in his work.

GROWTH OF THE COUNTY

THE BEGINNING OF LAKE COUNTY

You will remember that gold was discovered in California in 1849 and the "gold rush" was in 1849. By 1850 there were so many people in California that it was necessary to divide the state into counties. The part that is now Lake County was then a part of Napa County. It was not until 1861 that Lake County was formed.

According to a descriptive pamphlet published in 1888, the population of the county, at the time it was organized in 1861, was given as about one thousand. The whole taxable property, both real and personal, on the first assessment roll was less than \$100,000. By 1869 the population had increased to 2,355 and the taxable property to \$175,143.

Mount St. Helena and the adjoining mountains were a natural boundary for Napa County on the north. So when the new county was formed, these mountains were used as its southern boundary. With the Bear Mountains on the east, the Mayacamas on the west, Hull's Mountain, San Hedron and adjoining ridges on the north and St. Helena on the south, the new county was, and still is, a "walled-in" county.

With so many lakes within its boundaries, it was not hard to select a name. It was quite natural that the new county should be called Lake County. It is a small one, being only about one hundred miles long by about fifty miles wide.

The boundaries were slightly changed several times, until March 8th, 1872, by an Act of the Legislature the division line between Lake and Napa was definitely settled.

Each county, when it is organized, must have what is known as a county seat—that is, a town or city where the court house is situated and the business of the county conducted. Often there is rivalry over which town shall have the honor. But seldom is there such a lengthy struggle as was had in Lake County.

Lakeport, Kelseyville and Lower Lake, then known as Grantville, each wanted the honor of being county seat and the struggle lasted for nine years. The location was decided by a vote and Lakeport won the first and second votes in 1861 and 1864. So from 1861 until 1867 the county offices were located at Lakeport.

But the people of Lower Lake never ceased wanting the county seat, so when the county court house in Lakeport was destroyed by fire on February 15th, 1867, they began working harder than ever to persuade people to vote for Lower Lake as the county seat. Kelseyville, then known

as Kelsey Creek had ceased to try for the honor, so their vote was very important and whichever town they voted for would win. When the election was held, in 1867, so many of them voted for Lower Lake that that town won by just seven votes. So in November the board of supervisors ordered the county offices removed to Lower Lake.

Lakeport, however, was not satisfied and three years later, in 1870, a fourth and final election was held. This time Lakeport again won. The people of Kelseyville and vicinity discovered that the eighteen mile trip to Lakeport, when the county records and offices were once more moved to Lakeport, a great celebration was held and 75 guns were fired, one in honor of each majority vote.

THE "LOST" MONEY

There are interesting stories connected with the early history of Lake County. One of them describes some of the troubles of the county treasurer.

Today, the money is kept in the bank and in a safe in his office. In early days there were no banks and the supervisors felt that they couldn't afford a safe. So the treasurer, Mr. Cook, kept the money in an iron chest in Mr. Levy's store. The store was only a small wooden building, however, and easy for thieves to enter.

On the night of October 24th, 1864, some thieves broke into the store, carried the iron chest to a field south of town and broke into it and stole \$1,836 of the county's money.

After the robbery Mr. Cook kept the money in an old shot bag and carried it home with him. He lived in a small rudely finished house a short distance south of Lakeport, and when he got home he would hide it over the door, on a rafter, in some crack, or even bury it. He had so many hiding places that it was sometimes difficult for him to remember where he had hidden it.

One afternoon he rushed into Mr. Crawford's office nervous and excited. "They have stolen the money again," he said. "Do you know where you put it last night?" asked Mr. Crawford. "No, but I have searched everywhere," answered Mr. Cook. Then the two men went to hunt again for the missing money. After much searching it was finally found in a little rough-shaped place over the door under rubbish that Mr. Cook had piled on in his search earlier in the day.

CHAPMAN'S FIASCO

There is an interesting incident known as Chapman's Fiasco. "Fiasco" means "a plan that failed." Mr. I. N. Chapman was the man whose plan failed. It was a named Judge A. P. McCarty who caused the plan to fail.

Before we start the story, let us remember that the white people were coming into Lake County and settling it. Each man wanted a piece of land for his own and did not want others to claim it. So maps were made of the land around the lake and the man's name put on the spot he wanted. These maps were called plats and each man had to file his papers and have his name entered as soon as he was sure of his location. This was called "making entry."

Now, in 1868, a great part of the land around the lake had not been surveyed. The Lup-ymoi Grant had just been declared government land and a man by the name of I. N. Chapman had been sent to survey it. He did his work very carefully and spent some time doing it, but did not encourage the settlers to make their entries. The people liked him and when he ran for the office of county surveyor that fall, he was elected.

Shortly after his election, Mr. Chapman took all his books and went to San Francisco to make new plats, he said. It was then that Judge McCarty began to be suspicious, so he had himself appointed deputy surveyor. When Chapman wrote him not to make any entries until he heard from him again he felt certain that some crooked work was going on. Judge McCarty, therefore, urged everyone to file on his land at once. He was kept busy day and night for several days and when he finished he sent the papers to the State Land Office at Sacramento by special delivery.

A day or so later, a San Francisco group filed on the same land, but the people who had filed first had the land. Chapman and his friends had figured a way to get rich quickly by cheating the real settlers of their good land and he was furious when he discovered that Judge McCarty had been too smart for him.

The judge told him never to show his face in Lake County again, and he never did.

THE DAM IN CACHE CREEK

Have you ever heard an "Old Timer" of Lake County tell exciting stories about the dam built in Cache Creek by several men who called themselves the "Clear Lake Water Company"?

They came into the county in 1865 and bought a little grist mill that a man named Fowler had been running. When the Clear Lake Water Company owned the mill they wanted more water, for they planned to

build a larger grist mill and a saw mill, and thought they might even have a woolen mill where they would weave blankets and cloth for clothing for all of the people in the county.

These men went to Sacramento and got a permit, good for thirty years, to place a big dam in the creek and have all the rights to all the water that came down from Clear Lake, except what the people who lived along the creek might need in their food, or for their horses, cows, and other animals.

The lawmakers forbade them to ever lower the water of the lake more than one foot lower than it usually was in the months of July and August. Neither must they, by means of the dam, ever raise the water higher than it would naturally stand.

At first all went well and the people were proud of the mills they were building and of the better town it was making at Lower Lake, then the county seat.

A grist mill was built and then the saw mill, and then plans were being made to sell the waters to farmers much farther down the stream to water their thirsty fields. They even thought they might carry water down in flumes to San Francisco for the use of people in their homes. In order to have plenty of water, the company built a strong, high dam with flood gates so they were able to raise water thirteen feet above the highest water mark.

The winter following the building of the dam was a very rainy one. All of the creeks flowing down from the mountains into the lake were full from bank to bank many times and the water kept rising higher and higher in the lake until no white man had ever seen it so high. Even the Indians said it had never come up so high.

The farmers who had built their homes on the lake shore found their houses and barns flooded and they had to leave them. The water came up over Main Street in Lakeport.

The people thought that when spring came the water would go down and they could then go back to their homes and farm the land again, but the strong dam in Cache Creek was holding it, and it lowered only two feet during that whole summer.

The next winter it was just as rainy as before so by that time the farm homes about the shore were destroyed.

During the second spring and summer there seemed to be an alarming amount of sickness among the people. There was a great deal of diphtheria. Many children were sick. Sometimes all of the children in a family died. The people were very excited and angry because they believed that the high stagnant water caused their sickness.

The company was entreated to open the gates of the dam and let the water flow away but they refused and paid no attention to the damage they were doing.

The owners of the flooded land banded together and had a trial in the court, in Modoc County. The people won but the company took the case to the state court to be decided. Three times the county grand jury declared the dam a public nuisance, and tried to have a trial in the Lake County court, but each time it failed because the company proved that some one of the grand jury was an owner on the lakeshore or interested in some way. The third time this happened on November 11th, 1866, Judge J. B. Southard said in the court at Lower Lake that he could see no way for the people to get their rights through the law but that there was a higher law.

The people knew what he meant. They knew that they must, themselves, do whatever they could to make the company keep their promise not to raise the water.

TEARING OUT THE DAM

When Judge Southard told the people that the law could not help them, they quickly decided that they must get rid of the dam.

Some of the leaders got together and sent messengers riding from house to house all over the upper end of the county to tell everyone that a move would be made on the dam next Saturday, November 14th. All was excitement in the houses as the men made ready to go.

On Saturday morning the men began to gather in Lakeport. By noon about two hundred and fifty were there. They came with their guns and blankets, and with food to last a week.

These men went on to the appointed meeting place, the Lost Spring Ranch, about three miles west of Lower Lake, where other men came until at last there were about three hundred and twenty-five in the crowd.

Guards were kept out all the time to see that no one went to Lower Lake to give the alarm.

That night they elected leaders to take charge of the expedition. Jacob Bowers and J. R. Robinson were elected to take charge of removing the dam and J. W. Mackall of Lakeport was chosen military commander. They planned to do everything in perfect order.

On Sunday morning Mr. Mackall and ten men started very early for Lower Lake, arriving there exactly 8 o'clock. They took charge of the county officers as they felt sure they would feel in their duty to resist. They were: W. H. Manlove, sheriff; F. Herrenden, deputy sheriff; J. B.

Holloway, county judge, and Sarchel Bynum, county clerk. They also took possession of the superintendent of the water company.

Soon the rest of the men arrived and at 8:30 o'clock they started on the dam. Mr. Mackall and the ten men went ahead as before.

When they arrived at the mill they took charge of the four men they found there.

As soon as the main body of men came, forty of them were placed on guard in every direction around the mill so that no one from outside should disturb them. These guards were relieved by others every two hours.

When all of these plans were completed, the real work began. A Baptist minister was there and when all was ready to begin, he came to the front and offered prayer, asking a blessing upon the work they had come to do. He then took off his coat and fell to work with the rest.

First of all they removed everything from the mill, even the machinery. When they had finished, it was the hour for supper. When the men were eating, someone noticed fire in the mill and none of their efforts kept it from burning to the ground. The bridge and a nearby building were saved.

On Monday morning the stones of the dam were taken away with a block and tackle. Then the sill was taken out.

When the dam was out the water rushed with such force that it turned logs end over end and the creek below was filled full of water for miles. As soon as the work was over the men returned to their homes to tell the story to the women and children and to watch the water of the lake go down off the farms.

STORIES OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE DAM

Some amusing stories are told of things which took place while men of Lake County were moving against the dam in Cache Creek.

One tells what happened in Lower Lake while men were on their way to the mill.

The people were taken by surprise and everyone came out to see what was going on. The county officers were angry at being held by the crowd. The sheriff wished to talk to them. He stood upon the seat of a wagon and as he said "read the Riot Act to them." They listened quietly but when he had finished he was told to sit down on the seat and stay there. He did so. The judge was restless but saw he could do nothing.

Most amusing of all was Sarchel Bynum, county clerk. He was very nervous and declared he would not stand it. He had been injured in the charge of an old hunter, Jacob Wely of Scotts Valley. Mr. Wely was over

eighty years old, a very small man, and had a very long old-fashioned gun. When Mr. Bynum said he would not stand it and would go away, the old mountaineer backed off until he could level the long-barreled gun at him and shouted, "Stand, Sarchel, I say stand." And Sarchel stood.

Mr. Bynum never liked to hear the story, but it became a favorite one on all occasions and he was forced to hear it many times in later years.

A story is told of a man known as Uncle George Tucker, who was sent to Guenoce to intercept any messages the mill owners might be sending out for help. Uncle George worked out a spy plan to find out what messengers were being sent.

He knew that Mr. Getz, the merchant of Guenoce, would like to help the farmers, so he planned with him to trick any messenger who came along. Uncle George hid under the counter in the store. When a man came riding up, Mr. Getz would rush out and ask the news. The man would tell him a very exciting story. Mr. Getz would then ask him if he had a message and also ask to see it. He would then read it very slowly as if he could hardly make it out, while Uncle George would be writing it down word for word. In a very short time the message would be in the hands of Mr. Mackall at Lower Lake.

Another story is told of a party of men who were returning from the dam by boat. Among them was a man who was known to have a good deal of money. As there were no banks, any ready money was buried or hidden for safe keeping.

While the men were on their way across the lake a storm came up and the water became so rough that they were much alarmed and thought they might be drowned. The wealthy man, thinking he would not reach his home, confided to the others where his money was hidden. The storm soon died down and they reached shore in safety. Much to the amusement of his companions, the man hastily jumped ashore ahead of them and rushed home to change the hiding place of his money.

STORIES ABOUT EARLY ROADS

They tell us that the first product hauled out of this county was cheese, and very good cheese it was, too, as it had the name of being the best in the state. Within four or five years at least seven cheese factories had been set up.

Wherever you went out to market with your products, they always brought back supplies they needed in the homes and on the ranches. Sometimes they drove hogs all the way to the mines in the Sierra Mountains, going only a few miles each day and allowing them to feed

upon acorns, they were making the trip in the fall.

At that time the road wasn't a very good one. It was really more like a trail. After they had gone all the way to Nagas for several years to do their marketing, a new road was built over the summit of the mountains to the west. It was called the "Old Cloverdale Road" and "Hard Scramble." Later a longer one was built by Squaw Creek. It had a better grade.

The Dodson road was built in 1865, and the Matt Lea toll road was made in 1877.

At first all these were toll roads. They were owned by different people who charged anyone who traveled that way. Sometimes people on horseback or in wagons paid at a gate at one end of the road and were given tickets to carry with them so they might pass through the gate at the other end.

Later some roads were paid for by the county and some were allowed to go free. The Blue Lakes toll road, which ran from Upper Lake to Ukiah, was made free in 1896.

The Highlands Springs and Squaw Rock toll road was built in 1891 through the rocks of the mountain. As one rock looked like a woman, it was called Squaw Rock and so that road was named Squaw Creek and Squaw Rock.

Before this time, in 1888, a family with several young girls came over that road. An uncle of the girls met the family in Cloverdale.

It was a long, hard trip for the girls had to ride up on the top of things on the wagon and every time the wheels went down into a deep rut, of course the wagon tipped and acted as if it might roll down the hill. Finally the girls begged to be allowed to walk for a while. This took so much time that the uncle frightened them back to the wagon by telling them stories of wild animals that might appear suddenly and catch them. That night they camped at the Tyler Road House, called Tyler's Station.

Years later one of these girls married a man who did freight hauling and often told of the hardships they suffered. She said that she made the trip with her husband from Lakeport to Hopland so that she could drive the horses while the man walked and lifted the wheels out of the deep mud every little while. He had, also, to set the brakes when the horses rested because she couldn't handle the reins of four horses and the brake at the same time.

The legs of the horses often sank out of sight in the mud. They would pull a little way, then rest. Often the snow would make such balls on the horses' feet that they could hardly walk. Sometimes it was necessary to unload part of the goods and return to get it later. They used four or six

horses on such trips and it took all day and a night to reach Ukiah when the roads were bad. There were often bells on the horses to warn others that they were coming.

There were great loads of grapes, wheat, or barley, sometimes quicksilver in iron bottles from Sulphur Banks, or bales of hops to be hauled out of Lake County, and the roads were much steeper than they are now. Lumber and other supplies were brought back over the mountains.

People traveling in stages came to Bartlett Springs to drink the mineral water for their health. They usually brought their things in large heavy trunks. These had to be loaded on to boats, carried across the lake, then lifted again onto the stages.

Only strangers were afraid to ride over the roads. There were few robberies because the travelers had little to steal.

Mr. Benton L. Thomas, called "Benty" even by the Indians, had lived in the county ever since he was a small boy and for many years drove over the mountains with freight. One day he came upon a hold-up after he had passed the rocks and before he had come to the toll gate. The robbers took a few dollars and a watch, then jumped and ran down under the rocks.

The constable went after them but was killed by the robbers.

On the Pieta road robbers took the treasure box from the stage but some hunters who lived nearby tracked them to a cabin on the mountain, captured them, and saved the box.

Out of Middletown there was a place on the road where the stage passed carrying money for the miners who worked in the Great Western Mine. Several times one man held up the stage and took the money. It was not until a long time afterwards that it was discovered that the robber was a one of the good workers in the mine. No one had thought of him, but when he became ill and frightened he told about it himself.

Mr. Thomas said they usually drove hogs when they took them to market. One day when he was helping to drive over three hundred hogs along the mountain road, they suddenly became frightened and were lost as they scattered among the rocks and down into the creek. The men found that there was a bear in the road ahead but it made no difference to the hogs as he was a tame, trick bear being led along the way by an Italian, his owner.

It took the men three days to get up the hogs again.

Auto stages did not take the place of those drawn by horses until 1907.

BOATS

Probably the first boats on Clear Lake were those made of tule by the Indians. These canoes were not dry inside because they sank a little into the water but kept afloat.

As the years went by better boats were made, and even sailing craft were used. The first sailboat was the sixteen-foot "Plunger" owned by J. Broome Smith. It was said to have been the fastest sailing boat.

It was in 1849 that the first boat used by the white men were seen in the county, when the soldiers surrounded the Indians at Bloody Island. The soldiers transported two whale boats from Benicia on wagons. These were the first boats and the first wagons.

Capt. R. S. Floyd owned the first steamer, "Halle," which was piloted by J. K. Fraser in 1873. When this boat was brought over Mt. St. Helena, the wagon, attempting a short corner on the grade, turned over just on the north side of the ridge of the summit and the steamer lay blocking the public road for twenty-six hours or more. Here was the queer sight of a steamer lying upon the ground, keel up, some three thousand feet above sea level. It had no serious injuries and, later, crossed the waters of the lake as if nothing had happened. The "Halle" was a little steam yacht.

The Emma Garrett was the next steamer and built in Lakeport, 75 feet long and 14 feet wide, with a stern paddle wheel.

In 1875, Capt. Floyd brought in a small ocean steamer, seventy-eight feet in length, with a beam of nine feet three inches, and a six foot depth of hold. This boat was known as the "City of Lakeport." It contained two engines capable of making eighteen miles per hour.

Many other boats were in active service carrying passengers and freight. Other steamers were built here to be used for pleasure and freighting. On moonlight nights when the weather was favorable happy voices in singing and laughing were heard upon the waters.

Another boat of the early times was the "East Lake," owned by Morrison Brothers, who lived at the present site of Lucerne.

People who then lived on the shores of the lake found their easiest means of visiting the county seat was by boat and many of them owned their own steam boats.

Later gasoline motors made it easy to go about the lake in small craft, which was quite a popular way to travel until the coming of the automobile and improved roads, which superseded their use to a large extent.

Gay crowds of picnickers often chartered the East Lake or the City of

Lakeport and spent a happy day touring around the shores of the lake visiting various points of interest.

If the crowds were large, a scow, ordinarily used to haul loads of wood or other freight, would be towed behind the steamer to accommodate the extra people.

Another recreation of that day was sailing, and several sail boats could often be seen on the lake.

Captain Artherton, an old sea captain, conducted a boating business for nearly a score of years. He had a yacht, the "Petrel," which often carried a jolly crowd on short excursions.

A little later, C. F. May built the Pochontas and used it for an excursion boat for several years.

SCHOOLS

The first real school in Big Valley was located about 150 yards southwest of the present Lyon Fraser home near the grade, turned over just on the north side of the ridge of the summit and the steamer lay blocking the public road for twenty-six hours or more. Here was the queer sight of a steamer lying upon the ground, keel up, some three thousand feet above sea level. It had no serious injuries and, later, crossed the waters of the lake as if nothing had happened. The "Halle" was a little steam yacht.

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owned by Beck. A building was provided for a church and school house, and land given by Dan Giles, the original owner and a cheesemaker.

In about 1867 the first school was built in Keeseville at the late Bert Young residence, torn down in 1947. The earliest teachers were W. D. Morton, R. D. Merritt, Miss Behn, J. H. Renfro and S. T. Depewier.

As early as 1857, before Lake County was organized, a school, known as Pepperwood, was located on Clover Creek a little north of Upper Lake.

The largest school in early Lake County was the Pleasant Grove School on the road between Lakeport and Upper Lake. Many adults attended this school.

One of the most interesting school histories we have was left by the Big Valley Mission School established by a German order of St. Boniface friars of San Francisco. For years it was the only school in the county for Indians. Some white boys attended for religious instruction. The brothers might often be seen in their robes harvesting in the fields. That district on the way to Lakeside Park was known for years as the Mission Ranch.

THE MOUNTAIN INSTITUTE

One of the early schools in Lower Lake, the Mountain Institute, was established probably in the 70's, with Mrs. A. Lowe as principal. It has been described as having "the comforts of a simple country home with the advantages of a refined and practical education." Boarders were taken from the age of four years. Terms for board and tuition were \$20.00 per month with \$6.00 extra for instruction in music and piano and organ. The school building is the present Catholic Church.

Another private school of those early days was the Delmont School started by Miss Sophie Shaffer, who later became Mrs. Delmont. There are many in the county who attended this school for a time, but usually they remember better "the old brick school on the hill."

An early account of the establishment of Clear Lake College, in Lakeport, in 1876, by John A. Kelly, a graduate of John Hopkins, states that the mission was "the restoration of early culture and literature and deductive thought." It met with hostility and opposition, we are told, and it was necessary to establish public confidence and create appreciation before it could enjoy support. Gradually it won its way to public favor.

The first year fifty-four students entered. The year was divided into three terms. Its work continued through the fifth year, until one student had learned the entire classical course and had become a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

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The first commencement was held June 9th, 1881, and Wm. J. McWhinney received the B. A. Degree, James L. Wood received the M. A. Degree, with S. K. Welch and S. C. Hastings receiving the LL.D.

It became necessary to complete its organization by the incorporation of the Clear Lake Collegiate Association in that year.

In 1884 Professor John Overholser became the founder of the Lakeport Academy. He opened the school with just four pupils, "one for each corner of the room". During the first year the enrollment reached sixteen. This academy carried on splendid work under that wise and well-loved professor until the Lakeport Union High School district was formed in 1901.

Professor John Overholser was for so many years associated with the cause of higher education in the county that the history of one was practically the record of the other. Four weeks after his arrival in Lakeport his work in education began, and the academy was started in the old public school building on the corner of Third and Forbes Streets. In 1890 a permanent structure was erected. To the academy belonged the honor of being the first establishment in the county with the exception of the Clear Lake College, now defunct.

Of Pennsylvania Dutch Parentage, and native of New York County, Pennsylvania, the professor was born in 1851. His own self-support and force of will enabled him to graduate from High School and to pursue the scientific and classical courses in Adrian (Michigan) College, from which he was graduated with honors in 1880.

Teaching was his life's work. Through his interest in the establishment of a library in Lakeport he became a leader in literary circles. While he took a warm interest in public affairs, and kept in touch with national issues, he never sought office or cared for political prestige, his tastes leading him to scholarly pursuits. He spent much time on the lake in his small boat, putting in to shore wherever he happened to be, because he was told that the Blue Lakes were bottomless, he sounded them himself. To him the credit is due for the geological discovery that a landslide had cut off the outflow of a stream running through what is now Blue Lakes to join the Russian River, thus forming the lakes. He reported his findings to the University of California, and men were sent up by the scientists to study it for themselves. They verified the professor's suppositions and have since brought them out as proven facts in state publications.

Many prominent and successful people were graduated from the academy and students came from Mendocino and Colusa counties to enjoy the advantages of this school.

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Among the records of the early days, the office of County Superintendent of Schools has the minutes of a Teacher's Institute held in the court room in Lakeport in 1875. There were seventeen teachers present. Discussion in session brought out interesting points such as, too little attention was given to music; physiology should begin with the bones, they being the foundation; philosophy could be introduced into every recitation, if there were time; teachers should know more than is given in text books.

After all had risen "arm exercises," discussions were resumed and it was resolved that the Institute has "concluded" largely to both pleasure and profit. A Mr. Hughes was appointed to arrange with the captain of the steamboat for an excursion on Clear Lake.

At an Institute held in 1876 it is reported that Miss Mattie C. Black gave a reading of length which was listened to with close attention. The piece was entitled "The High Tides" or "The Birds of Enderby," by Jean Ingelow. Mr. W. H. Brown read an essay on the subject, "Practical Education, Not General Culture is the Province of Our Public Schools." Rules and definitions were denounced as the "blight of our schools."

In the last meeting recorded, October 6th, 1882, there is presented a pleasing vision of the future of Lake County "when the shores would be thickly dotted with palatial residences and the hillsides crowned with vineyards."

In all ages, scholarly men have amused their more practical fellows by letting their minds wander far afield from the mere routine of life. In this respect Lake County's pioneer superintendent of schools, Mack Mathews, qualified well as the absentminded professor.

This habit led him into many amusing predicaments, recounted with much pleasure by his associates.

Mack was a farmer and stock man in addition to being an educator. It is told that on one occasion he wished to take his farm wagon from one field to another. There being no gate, he was obliged to take down the fence. This he did, all the while having his mind busy with a very different problem. Much to his chagrin, when he came back to consciousness of the immediate scene, he found he had rebuilt the fence without driving through.

Another time, so goes the story, he drove out into his pasture with a load of lumber to build a sheep pen. After working hard for several hours the enclosure was completed, but—there was his wagon inside the pen and a lot of tearing down must be done to get it out.

Perhaps the most amusing of these tales which we are told, is about

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the time he forgot his name.

A new postmaster had just taken office. Mr. Matthews walked up to the window and asked for his mail. Not knowing him, the postmaster said, "What's the name, please?"

A look of consternation spread over Mack's face, then changed to one of thoughtfulness. Saying "I'll be back" he hastily gained the sidewalk and went down the street peering anxiously into the faces of those he met.

At last he met a friend who called out, "Hello, Mack." Mack stopped short, saying exultantly "That's it."

Not waiting to greet his friend, he abruptly faced about, went back to the postoffice and asked for his mail, receiving it without delay.

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SOURCES AND INDUSTRIES

CHAIR MAKING

One of the early industries of Lake County that was intimately associated with every household, was that of chair-making. In the year 1867 Austin Akers, with his son William, began the manufacturing of chairs as that was an article of furniture greatly needed by the increasing number of families, not only in Lake County, but also in neighboring counties.

The materials used for these chairs were maple and ash wood, and rawhide. The maple was obtained from Cobb Mountain, and the ash from Scott's Valley. At that time Scott's Valley was densely wooded and the ash trees were easily procured. With a small lathe operated by horse-power at first and later by water power, the rounds and posts were turned. The posts were made of green wood and then by steaming them were bent into proper shape after the chair frame was assembled the seat was woven with strips of rawhide. The rawhide was made from beef hides bought from the neighboring farmers. These hides were soaked in a solution of water and ashes which removed all the hair. Then the hide was stretched and, when dry, was cut round and round into strips about one-half inch wide. After moistening these strips, the seat of the chair was woven to the frame. As the rawhide dried it tightened, making the seat taut, and strengthened the frame.

These chairs were placed in stores all over the county and met with a ready sale, not only because there were few other chairs to be had, but because they were so well built and so comfortable to use.

As settlers were rapidly coming into the Sacramento Valley, Mr. Akers often took a load of a hundred or more of his chairs there and readily disposed of them. This industry extended from 1867-75.

MINES AND MINING

Sulphur Banks forms a long low ridge which skirts the south shore of the extreme eastern end of Clear Lake.

Rock composing the main body of this ridge is of volcanic origin, chiefly basaltic lava.

An historian of 1873 says the banks covered an area of nearly 40,000 square yards and it seemed to be permeated with hot borate springs.

One of these springs near the lake was estimated by Dr. J. A. Veatch to yield 300 gallons per minute.

State geologist, J. D. Whitney, made an analysis of the water and

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found that when crystallized there were 195.33 grains of borax to the gallon. Large amounts of ammoniacal salts were also present.

At a distance the banks appeared to be composed of pure sulphur, and the material, on being refined, yielded 80 per cent of that material.

For a time the banks were mined only for sulphur. Then it was discovered that the ore was cinabar, a combination of sulphur and mercury (quicksilver).

At least two stories are told about how the ore was recognized as cinabar. Some old settlers say that a teacher who had lived near the New Almaden mine visited the furnaces where sulphur was being obtained and on looking at the ore told the superintendent that they were throwing away mercury, a much more valuable mineral than sulphur.

Another story is that when heating the ore to extract the sulphur the miners noticed the globules of quicksilver released by the heat.

The California Borax Company, operating just over the hills at Borax Lake, became interested and organized the Sulphur Banks Quicksilver Mining Company in 1875. They installed the best available mining equipment and there following many years of productive output, Quicksilver to the value of \$600,000 was produced during the first two years and the average monthly production, at the time, was \$40,000. Harry Lightner was the first superintendent.

The company made over 800 flasks of quicksilver in a few months. The flask was an old Spanish measure used all over the world. It was made of iron as that was the best material to hold the mercury. It weighed about 90 pounds.

For a time 1000 people lived at the mine, 600 of them Chinamen who worked in the furnaces and retorts.

The ridge was so full of hot springs that work could not be done down very far below the ground surface.

Production grew gradually less and operations fell off from year to year.

In 1901, R. A. Boggess promoted a new company for Sulphur Banks, the Abbott Mines and the Central and Empire mines in Colusa County, to be financed by sale of stocks in the East, but the mines opened only 90 pounds.

When World War I came on, Sulphur Banks mine was opened, the old dumps worked over the new shafts opened and large amounts of quicksilver produced for war use.

Afterward the mine was closed down, but at the advent of World War II operations started again. Later methods of mining by use of power

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shovels were used by which vast amounts of materials were removed, thus creating enormous pits. In this way rich deposits were uncovered which had been missed by the old tunnel methods.

The demand fell at the close of the war and at this date (1948) the mine is closed again.

GREAT WESTERN MINE

The Great Western Mine to the south and west of Middletown was discovered about the same time as Sulphur Banks.

This mine was operated extensively from 1876 until the end of the century, with Andrew Rocca as superintendent. Over \$3,000,000 worth of cinabar was taken out during that period. The mine was by then quite thoroughly exhausted and Mr. Rocca moved on to the Helen Mine in Napa County.

Other quicksilver mines near Middletown were the Mirabel and the Out Hill, the latter party in Lake and party in Napa County.

LUMBERING

When the first settlers came to our county, they hewed out the timbers for their homes by hand, but as more people came, small mills were built in several of the timbered sections.

A very early mill was in the Long Valley country, but one of the first was built by Thomas Boyd near the west slope of Mt. Hannah in 1858. It was a saw and grist mill combined, although there was no bell for flour at first.

This mill burned in 1860 but was rebuilt on the road between Keeseville and Cobb Valley. It had a capacity of 10,000 feet daily.

It passed through several hands coming into possession of H. C. Boggs in 1866. Later on it was moved to the vicinity of Harbin Springs. Numerous other mills have operated in that section of the county, but space will not permit giving their history.

In the northern end of the county were also several sawmills. The first was Pine Mountain Mill, built in 1865.

A well-known mill of the 1880's was the Lee Young Mill on Elk Mountain. Another was Dennison Mill on Little Horse Mountain.

Lumbering was never a main industry in Lake County but always there have been some mills here.

At present, 1947, the Prather Company operates a mill on Elk Mountain.

There is also the Whitley Mill just south of Mt. Hannah.

MINERAL SPRINGS AND SUMMER RESORTS

Lake County, very early in its history, became a resort country. Mineral springs abound in all sections of the county. Located within a few feet of each other are often seven or eight different mineral waters. Many of these have become noted for their medicinal properties.

About these springs there sprang up hotels and cottages and soon there were a dozen or more resorts scattered about the county.

Others were soon built on the shores of Clear Lake and the Blue Lakes until Lake County became a summer playground and health resort for the people of California cities.

The guests at these places usually came on the stages which met them at the nearest railroad station. They spent their vacation of from one to three weeks at the springs, so that for about two months each summer the country thronged with tourists.

Four or six horse stage coaches were a common sight dashing about the country with gay crowds visiting the different resorts.

A great change came with the automobile and improved roads. The auto camp has thrived at the expense of the hotels, many of which have closed their doors or kept on in a small way only.

Notable exceptions in our county are Hoberg's Resort and Adams Springs.

Hoberg's—A Pioneer Story from "The Grizzly Bear"—1946.

On Thanksgiving Day in 1855, Gustav Hoberg came to Lake County with his wife and five children. They settled in the mountains in the very middle of a pine forest wilderness. An uncle, George Krammerer, owned the land, one hundred and sixty acres. The tiny cabin was too small for the family, they owned no livestock or farming equipment, the wagon rats turned into a mire of mud, and that first winter extra severe, but Gustav went a good provider.

Many stories are told of those early years. Once a terrific storm sent a gigantic pine crashing directly beside the little cabin, but no one was hurt.

Lake County was even then famous for its fruit. The Hobergs planted as their neighbors did and the supply soon exceeded the demand. At that time vacation with the Hobergs, who proved to be good hosts. Mrs. Hoberg's meals were the best and there was plenty of scenery. People were visiting the mineral springs then, too.

The oldest son, Max, was growing to be a help to his father, but in 1895 Gustav Hoberg died. The next seven years were hard. Guests still came over

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the rough road in summer but now there was competition with other new resorts.

The years have brought many changes. New cottages nestle among the pines, a big hotel was built, a swimming pool and dance pavilion were added. The first tennis court in Lake County was laid out. The dining room was enlarged and the acres grew to half a thousand. Hoberg's today is a small sized city.

It took three generations to build the place and the brothers still have additional plans in mind.

BORAX LAKE

Borax Lake, a short distance northwest of Lower Lake, was discovered in the early 1850's by Dr. J. A. Veach.

It is told that in the dry season when the water was very low a crust of borax crystals extended nearly across the lake and at first quantities of it was taken off by the use of flatboats which were loaded with scoop shovels.

Soon the California Borax Company was organized and operated until 1869, hauling the mineral to the Bay area. The station about half way on the route used for hauling out the borax (and later, quicksilver) was called Middletown.

On the bottom of Borax Lake was a jelly like bed of black mud containing large quantities of borax crystals and below this a deep layer of blue clay. This strata as far down as tested (some sixty feet) was highly charged with this material.

The industry at Borax Lake flourished for several years, and it is said that an English company, which then controlled the borax output of the world, offered \$1,500,000 for that and other holdings at Little Borax Lake at the foot of Mt. Konocti on the north. The offer was not accepted.

Some early settlers believed that the mining for borax was ruined by a poor method of obtaining the mineral.

One superintendent bored many holes down through the blue clay, hoping thus to be able to lift out huge sections of the mineral bearing strata. However, these borings struck fresh water underneath which filled the lake so that the crystals on the surface were permanently destroyed.

However, some eight or nine years ago, telephone linemen in process of setting poles found large deposits of crystals in the soil near the lake shore.

The discovery of large quantities of easily obtainable borax in Death Valley was probably a contributing cause of the abandonment of borax mining in Lake County.

PIONEER CROPS

The most important crops in early Lake County were various grains and hay. As fast as the valley lands were cleared of brush and oaks, fields of wheat, oats, barley and corn were planted and were almost the only crops for many years.

At first they yielded abundantly on the new land, but the introduction of fruit growing came just in time to solve the problem of soil exhaustion because of being planted too long to the same crops.

Alfalfa crops also grew in favor and are helping to return fertility to the soil.

A STORY ABOUT STRING BEANS

History tells us that in 1899, Mr. Henry Wambold started farming a small piece of land near Blue Lakes, where he owned a resort known as Laurel Dell. He thought that the new rich soil there and later has been growing must be good for other things. He planted beans there and tried cleared more land and even rented other acres.

Our story really begins with Mrs. Wambold, who had such good crease-back string beans on hand one time, that she thought she would try to can some just to save them. She cooked them as she usually did for the table, then put them in some jars and closed the tops with sealing wax. These kept so well and other people enjoyed them so much that the plan for clearing tile land for beans began to grow and the canning business started a little later.

Mr. W. B. Mandy, in Bachelor Valley, had a small cannery for fruit. He helped Mr. Wambold at first until he built his own bean cannery at Laurel Dell.

Later Mr. C. L. Tyndall tried to raise beans in Big Valley and to start another cannery in Lakeport but it failed after a few seasons.

Mr. A. Mendenhall set up a cannery near Upper Lake in 1897, and it has run successfully every season since then. Sometimes it has given work to 400 people in a season.

The work of canning was very different in the beginning from the method used today. At first they used big tanks of hot water for cooking the beans, which were placed in cans and then in crates and loaded into the water. The cans were soldered by hand.

They used to keep their formula for cooking the beans a secret.

Mr. R. H. Sneed, who was in charge of part of the work, tells us that at one time they tried to fill gallon cans but found that they always collapsed or bent in at the end and sides. He made many different experiments for several seasons before he studied a way to can the gallon size so they would be

perfect.

Today the Upper Lake Co. cans beans, carrots, and other vegetables besides beans. They use crimping machinery to close the cans and large steam reetors for cooking the vegetables.

They used to put on the labels by hand, rolling each can on a pile of labels having the ends wet with paste. Today this also is done by machinery.

It was while living near that first cannery that Mrs. Wambold used to watch the Indians as they passed on their way to Ukiah. They carried on their back large cone-shaped baskets piled high with dried fish which they would trade for other supplies. Sometimes they went along the way singing chants that sounded queer to the white settlers.

They usually stopped at the lower end of Blue Lakes for their noon meal. Some would go into the water and gather clams, others would hunt for wild angelica and tule roots which they peeled.

Mrs. Wambold called these their celery and their asparagus. The group would build a good hot fire where they could bake their clams.

It was here, too, that Mr. Wambold caught in a trap a lone beaver. The little animal kept filling up the outlet for water which Mr. Wambold wished to keep clear. Finally he was killed by the trap but Mr. Wambold was sorry afterwards that he had caught him. No one knew where he came from.

EARLY ORCHARDS

Nearly all pioneers of Lake County planted fruit trees of various kinds for family use, but the largest plantings of orchards and vineyards were made in the Lower Lake section.

Stories written in 1885 tell of the operations there of the California Agricultural Association, a corporation owning 3800 acres of land, a large part of which had been cleared and planted.

There were 160 acres of two-year-old vines and 150 acres just planted, 2000 acres of Hungarian prunes and large amounts of other fruits.

In addition, about ten acres were used for vegetables and garden fruits, most of which were sold to the miners at Sulphur Banks and in the Middletown area.

Mr. R. K. Nichols, superintendent of the farm, constructed three large vaults for wine storage in the solid rock at the end of a tunnel 100 feet long. These vaults had a capacity of 500,000 gallons.

Other extensive orchards and vineyards were planted soon after 1875 on the Buckingham Park property by Thomas Buckingham, of San Francisco. Table and wine grapes and choice fruits of all kinds made up his ninety acre orchard.

Lake County fruits won special attention at the World's Fair at New Orleans in 1885, where an exhibit was collected and arranged by California by W. H. Jessup. One apple weighed over two pounds and several Bartlett pears over one pound each.

A quotation from San Francisco Chronicle of December 16th, 1885 says:

"Without doubt the finest as well as the largest exhibit of fresh fruit in the display is that made by Lake County."

WALNUTS IN LAKE COUNTY

The first walnut orchard in our county was planted about 1880 by A. Wheeler, on the shores of Clear Lake below Konocti Bay, on the property now owned by Joseph M. McDonough.

This orchard was planted with seedling trees, those produced by planting the nuts. There were several varieties. Many of them were of poor varieties but a few of the trees produced such high quality nuts that other people in the neighborhood became interested.

One of these, Walter Reicher, some years later planted a large orchard a few miles away and it is now very productive.

The first commercial planting was made by George B. Wilds a little farther south in the Mountain District about twenty-five years ago. The trees are Franquettes.

Soon after that more orchards were planted on the slopes of Mt. Konocti. Among these were the Howe and Taylor orchards and also that of Evelle Howard on the tract known as "The Horse." The Taylor orchard now owned by Herndon brothers at one time belonged to J. B. Laughlin.

Mr. Laughlin was so proud of his fine walnuts that he, in 1922, sent a few of them to Luther Burbank. In return he received a letter from him in which he said they were as fine nuts as he had ever seen and that he believed that no finer could be grown anywhere in the world.

Mr. Burbank's opinion caused much interest in walnut culture in Lake County and soon there were more young orchards on the favorable slopes of the mountain and a few in the valleys about it and on the hills about Lakeport.

Owners of fine old black walnut shade trees planted by the early settlers began top grafting them over to the improved French varieties. When these grafted trees began to produce large quantities of fine nuts more and more young trees were planted.

Lake County walnuts have won blue ribbons year after year at the State Fair at Sacramento.

The large crop of walnuts produced in Lake County was four hundred eighty-one tons in 1935, but the growing orchards assure much greater tonnage in a few years.

One variety of walnut, known as "The Poe," which has won high rating in the markets originated in Lake County. The first Poe trees belonged to George H. Force of Lakeport and grows in the yard of his old home on Armstrong Street.

Mr. Fore, in 1885, selected from the catalogue of Felix Gillett, owner of the Baren Hill Nursery at Nevada City, four preparatory walnut trees, then planted them in his yard for shade trees. Three trees grew true to type, but the fourth was of a different variety. It had been planted in a favorable spot and as it received plenty of water, it grew to be about sixty feet in height with a spread of sixty feet. The tree is probably a seedling of either preparatory or Mayette type.

Mr. Oscar Poe, for whom the Poe walnut is named, and who made walnut grafting and budding a business, became interested in this wonderful tree and its great production of high grade nuts.

He top grafted some large old black walnut shade trees in Scotts Valley with scions from it. They bore so well that the Poe nut became more and more popular. Now there are many trees of this variety in the northern end of the county.

Other varieties grown extensively here are Franquettes, Mayettes, and Planes. It is interesting to know how these nuts received their names.

The first development of the walnut from the black types occurred in Persia. They were improved by the English and then by the French.

Mr. Felix Gillett, owner of the Baren Hill Nursery, was our California pioneer in importing walnut trees from France. He brought in the first trees in 1879.

The Mayette was originated in France by a man named Mayet about 1768. Likewise the Franquette was originated about the same time by a man named Franquet.

We have some new varieties in California, among them the Eureka.

Note—1947
There has been great development in the last decade in the Lake County walnut industry as many groves have come into bearing and many more have been planted.

Ten years ago there were about 2500 acres of trees, 1500 of which were black walnuts ready for grafting. In 1947, 8000 acres were in bearing and produced about 1200 tons.

In 1946, a better year for walnuts, the tonnage was about 1,400 tons, and brought the highest price in history.

From the fall of 1946 to spring 1948, 1000 acres of land had been cleared for walnuts and 500 of them planted. There is still much activity in developing walnut lands.

LAKE COUNTY PEARS

Many pioneer settlers in Lake County planted large home orchards containing apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, grapes and other fruits.

Some of these early plantings of apple and pear trees still survive and produce abundantly but many apple trees have been taken out because they are carriers of pear blight and the pear has more commercial value to our country than the apple.

When preparations were being made by California for an exhibit of products at the World's Fair at New Orleans in 1885, a committee from that state came into Lake County and collected apples and pears to be shown there.

The Bartlett pears attracted much attention from the exhibition committee and one of them remarked that if he were a young man he would buy land in Lake County and plant Bartlett Pears.

This remark set some of the orchardists thinking and that same year, 1885, Thomas Porteus planted the first commercial orchard, four acres, out the present Nat Hurbutt or Blower place in Big Valley.

In 1889, L. P. Clendinin of Scotts Valley planted three acres of the Bartlett and two of Winter Nellis. Plantings in 1890 were by J. B. Laughlin, who planted nine acres, and George Akers, six acres, both in Kelseyville; and five acres by J. W. Annette at Finley.

In 1891, Lewis Henderson planted twenty acres near Kelseyville and kept adding to this until he had one hundred and twenty acres in his orchards.

As these trees came into bearing the marketing of the fruit began to be a problem on account of the distance to a railway, combined with the slow facilities of mountain transportation of those days.

Experiments were made with drying and it was discovered that the Bartlett Pear makes a most attractive dried fruit. "Slabs of amber" is a name often applied to them.

A large fruit dryer or evaporator was established near Kelseyville in 1887 by J. B. Laughlin and E. P. Clendinin. Apples and pears were dried at this plant.

High prices received for the dried pears caused much more planting and produced about 1200 tons.

as the need of drying sheds were established in several places in Big Valley, Scotts Valley and at Upper Lake.

At the best grades of the fruit were dried, Lake County dried pears became known as the finest in the world.

The California Packing Company became interested and established a plant, enlarging it as the crops increased until the largest dry yard for pears in the world was at Kelseyville. The dried pear output in 1922 was a thousand tons.

Up to 1923 practically all of the fruit was dried, though a few tons were sent to canners and a few more sold fresh in California markets. In 1923 the tonnage became so great that the orchardists looked for a new outlet. That summer most of the fresh fruit packers of central California built packing houses in Lake County and 1284 carloads of pears were shipped that year to Eastern markets.

Soon the California canners became interested and since that time the crop is handled by drying, by the canneries, by eastern shipping and a few tons are sold in the California fresh fruit markets.

A peak crop of 20,000 tons of pears was produced in 1928 but was slightly exceeded in 1935 when the tonnage reached 20,844.

Note: The Bartlett pear was first raised in this country in New York State and the first tree is still living and still producing well although it is many years old.

Probably the first pear tree to be planted in Lake County was by Benjamin Dewell at his home near Upper Lake. The tree still stands, the old home now being owned by his daughter, Mrs. Lottie Jones.

Note: Lake County once boasted the largest dry yard for pears in the world but many changes have taken place in the industry since the beginning of World War II.

The drying program has declined until it has little importance due:

First: to the use of new spray materials, one of which makes it easy to eradicate worms from the fruit, while the application of another prevents the large drop usually in past years, thus reducing the tonnage used for drying.

Second: the scarcity and high cost of labor both in the orchards and in the dry yards has made it unprofitable to use the fruit that drops.

A third and most important reason is that much of the fruit formerly used for drying is now canned as dried fruit or as baby food and brings a better price than dried pears.

In addition to the large tonnage now canned, many carloads are shipped to eastern markets or exported.

Also the California fresh fruit market, especially in the Los Angeles area, and at San Francisco Bay have risen in importance and as a large part of the output.

In 1946, Lake County marketed 26,965 tons at a price of \$2,347,472.00. The 1947 crop amounted to 31,592 tons and brought a return of \$2,503,946.00.

PRUNES AND OTHER FRUITS

Prunes have been one of our important crops.

Pioneers in their planting were W. S. Mills, W. G. Young, David Helgebeck, D. W. Cook of the Quercus Ranch, F. W. Gibson and others of the Kelseyville and Lakeport sections.

Most fruits not mentioned have been grown only in small quantities on account of marketing difficulties.

INDIAN LEGENDS

THE WOMAN WHO TURNED TO STONE

Long ago an Indian brave lived near the shores of Clear Lake with his wife. Their wigwam was large and comfortable. There was much game and fish, wild berries and pine nuts were plentiful, and the winters for many seasons had been mild and pleasant.

After a while this Indian became dissatisfied and began to find fault with his wife. She tried to please him in every way. She cooked the fish he liked best, took care to make the pinole sweet and pleasing to his taste. She hunted for tule roots and dug them when they were the best, but that did not help her. He grew so irritable that one day when he forgot to keep the fire burning, he flew into a rage and told her to leave his wigwam forever. She begged him to have patience and forgive her, but he was really a very sick man and would not listen.

His anger became so great that she rushed from the wigwam and fled for her life. She hurried toward the hills lying south of Big Valley hoping to meet some friends.

Night came as she tried to go over the hills. She was tired and sank to the ground. Her sorrow was so great that she had no more desire to live and there on the hillside with the young moon shining down on her, she asked the Great Spirit to take her from this life. Her prayer was answered for, as she stood on the hillside, she was gradually changed into a large rock. You can still see the rock to this day.

Note: This story was told to the writer by Francisco John.

THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

Long ago when the Indians of Clear Lake Valleys gathered round their camp fires at night and the children pressed close begging for a story, their fathers told them many a tale that they themselves had heard from their own fathers.

There were stories of the sun, the moon, and the stars; stories of the creation of the world and of the beginning of the lake and mountains, rocks and trees.

The stories we now call legends were the bedtime stories of the little Indian boys and girls.

Sometimes, after looking across the waters of the lake at the red

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stained ridges of Bartlett Mountain an Indian boy might ask, "Father, why are there red streaks on the mountain side?"

Then he will hear this story:

"Many, many summers ago, two giants lived beside the lake. One Kah-Bel made his home on Bartlett Mountain; the other Koncochi, lived where now stands the great mountain bearing his name.

At first the two were friendly, but when Kah-Bel grew to love Lupiyona, the daughter of Koncochi, and sat before her wigwam asking for her hand in marriage her father was very angry. He hid the girl away and now full of wrath and shouted angrily at Koncochi. They argued long and loudly and soon were hurling great boulders at each other across the water. It was a furious battle and they fought on and on.

At last Koncochi found a huge rock with a sharp edge. He hurled it with terrific force. It hit Kah-Bel and he fell dying to the earth. His blood ran down the ridges of the mountain and the stains are said to remain to this day.

Desperately wounded, Koncochi also soon died and his body sinking down became part of the mountain.

On the shore of the lake east of Soda Bay there may be seen many boulders which fell short of their mark, and in the waters of the bay, bubbling continuously from its depths, may be seen the tears of the maiden who, in despair, at the death of her lover and father, threw herself into the water and was drowned. These tears were called Omarcharhe (Soda Springs).

Before making her desperate leap, Lupiyona shed many tears which gathered into the bowl like depression now called Little Borax Lake. The bitterness of her tears made the waters brackish.

Once during the battle, Koncochi poised to throw a huge stone. His foot slipped and pushed a great mass of earth from the mountain side out into the lake. It formed what we know as Buckingham Point between the Great ragged cliffs in the mountain side above Little Borax Lake still bears witness to the foundation of this story.

HOW THE ROCKS CAME TO BE ALL OVER THE WORLD

In the far away times in the beginning of the world a mighty rock stood long by the blue water of Ka-ha-tin. He was not friendly and crushed many with his great strength.

Once during the battle, Koncochi poised to throw a huge stone. His foot slipped and pushed a great mass of earth from the mountain side out into the lake. It formed what we know as Buckingham Point between the Great ragged cliffs in the mountain side above Little Borax Lake still bears witness to the foundation of this story.

Great jagged cliffs in the mountain side above Little Borax Lake still bears witness to the foundation of this story.

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Great Rock welcomed the Little Squirrel but held evil thoughts in his heart. They each tested the other's bow for strength. Squirrel's bow was very strong and did not break and when he took up the bow of Great Rock the mighty one laughed to himself. But when he saw that his bow snapped like a dry twig, he was very angry and his words were like thunder.

"Before the sun rises above the mountain you shall die!" he shouted at Little Squirrel.

Swiftly the little one ran and climbed many trees but Great Rock crushed them as he followed. Four days they raced onward to the home of the Squirrel and at last the little one hid himself in a large tree at his father's doorway. Four times the rock buried himself at the tree but he could not harm it and finally he grew tired and fell asleep. Very carefully the Little Squirrel called to his father, who asked "Who speaks?" "What is wrong?"

"Much is wrong," replied Little Squirrel, "Great Rock waits to kill me."

Then the father brought a bow stronger than the other, and showed Little Squirrel where the heart of the Great Rock was. The bow string sang and straight flew the arrow into the heart of the Rock.

The pieces were scattered over the whole earth and still today they speak these things to all people who have the listening ear and the understanding heart.

THE LEGEND OF THE GRIFFIN

This Indian legend was written by Miss Lily Martin of Lakeport, who said that the heard Chief Augustine tell it, not once, but many times.

Many hundred years before white men came to Lake County, there was a powerful tribe of Indians living near what is now known as Blue Lake. The chief had a beautiful daughter whom all the young braves wished to win. One day a white man came and was taken in and cared for. The Indians had never seen anyone so fair before. The chief's daughter loved him and the chief wished them to marry, but suddenly the white man disappeared. The princess grieved herself to death and was changed to a white doe.

One day the wolf dogs chased the doe into the lakes, about where the narrows are, between the middle lake and the western one. The doe drowned and the Great Spirit, in pity, changed her to an immense fish. This fish was at least one hundred feet long.

Now, the Indians believed this middle lake to be bottomless and the three lakes to be connected with Clear Lake under the earth. This fish was seldom seen and never came to the surface of the water except to warn

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them of disaster of some sort, and when it appeared the old men turned over in their graves.

This tribe of Indians left the Blue Lake country for Big Valley, and when they wished to pass over to Ukiah Valley, used a trail over Cow Mountain. As the years went by a very wise Chieflain, Koncochi, was at the head of the Indian tribes. Often when food was scarce in the Blue Lakes the big fish came to Clear Lake in search of something to eat. But one bad year there was little food and the Indians were depending upon a fish called hich for their winter supply. The "monster" came from Blue Lake into Clear Lake and was eating all the hich, so the Indians begged their chief to save them.

Koncochi's wigwam was built where the mountain of that name now stands. He raised his hand to heaven and commanded the wigwam to rise. It rose three times as high as the mountain is now, and as it was hollow, he hid the hich in the shallow waters inside. The opening of the tent was toward the west, and Chief Koncochi put an animal somewhat like a dog, but as large as a horse, to guard this opening. This creature, or griffin, was sightless, but its hearing was wonderfully acute. The monster fish swam around the lake and at last smelled the hich and tried to get at them. Then the griffin and the monster fought. They fought so fiercely that the mountains trembled and at last fell taking the outline you now see.

The monster returned to Blue Lakes and has never left since. Enough of the hich were left to put back into Clear Lake.

Note: At this date, 1948, the hich have practically disappeared from the lake, probably a victim of predatory fish.

LEGEND OF THE WHITE FAWN

There is a queer old Indian legend connected with the two upper lakes of Blue Lake but which does not concern the lower one.

Long ago, a beautiful white fawn lived in the mountains near these lakes. The Indians worshipped her as the goddess of purity and innocence. She made her home near these lakes so that she could come each day to drink of the crystal pure water.

The evil spirit saw the beautiful fawn and wanted her to come and live with him. But the white fawn knew that she could never be happy in the lodge of the evil one and would not go with him. This angered the evil spirit and he planned revenge.

He watched and saw that she drank daily of the waters of the lake. So he changed himself into a huge sea serpent and hid himself in the depths. When the white fawn went down to drink as usual she was startled to see the great sea monster coiling and writhing in the clear water. She stood still

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one moment to take a look at the hideous sight before she fled to her mountain home. But that moment was fatal. The serpent lashed his tail out of the water and struck her a deadly blow. Other blows followed in quick succession until the beautiful fawn lay dead.

From that day to this no Indian has ever camped upon the banks of the lake nor fished in its waters.

The Indians tell another legend written by Douglas Evey and published in the National Motorist.

One day three braves were standing on the side of the mountain when one cried out. The others looked where he pointed and saw a huge serpent gliding through the lake. As the monster neared the shore, a white fawn sprang from the timber and plunged into the water to be swallowed by the monster.

The Indians were afraid to go near the Blue Lakes. When white men came to Lake County, they heard the story and laughed. But two early settlers were later that they saw the monster.

When I first heard the legend, I chuckled. But, I, too, have seen the serpent! It was very much alive and terrifying. Only occasionally does it look up. For two years, I drove a delivery wagon around these lakes once a week and I have seen it several times. If you ever pass the lakes on a cloudy winter day, look closely; you may see the serpent too.

Do you know there is a fish called the black fish in the lakes? These fish weigh two or three pounds and they are well named, for their backs are black as midnight. They swim around in schools with their backs out of the water. If the school rides in an elongated formation, it looks like a giant serpent sweeping the lake.

So watch out, the next time you ride along Blue Lakes. If the clouds are hanging low and the air is chill, you may see the serpent. I'll be the first to congratulate you!

THE LEGEND OF THE HORSE

When white men came to the valleys about Clear Lake, the country was inhabited by several tribes of Pomo Indians. These tribes were friendly with each other in many ways but differences often arose over hunting or fishing grounds.

Big Valley on the southwest of Clear Lake had two or three tribes which mingled freely with each other and also with those of the Scotts Valley, Upper Lake and Ukiah sections.

To the south and east of Mt. Koncochi lived Indians who were not Pomo. They were more war like and were not very friendly with the Big Valley Indians. These tribes we now know as Sulphur Bank Indians.

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Occasionally they came in contact with each other in marriage between the tribes was much opposed by both. In spite of this the young braves and maidens were sometimes attracted to each other and wounded hearts resulted. The story of one of these romances became a legend among the Hoolanapos, explaining to them the reason for a large treeless place on the slope of Mt. Koncochi.

The heroine of the story was the very beautiful daughter of one of their chiefs. This maiden often rode her pony through the tangles of the forest or lingered along the shallows of the lake paddling her canoe.

On such a trip one spring morning she encountered a young man of the unfriendly tribe fishing among the rocks. The two were at once attracted to each other and talked long together. Before parting they agreed to meet again and as the days passed, they were spending many hours together. For a time these meetings passed unnoticed but before long, friends of the girl learned how she spent her hours on the lake and carried the news to her father.

The chief was very angry. He upbraided his daughter and forbade her to go alone on the lake in the future.

The young brave waited in vain for her day after day. At length he learned the truth from some of the Hoolanapos. Determined not to lose the girl, he went, as was the custom of the Indians, and sat before the wigwam of her father, thus proclaiming himself as a suitor for her hand. The chief was enraged, made him begone and ordered him to return no more to the land of the Hoolanapos.

The young man pleaded long and earnestly but to no avail. Then in despair he sought out a friend among the Hoolanapo boys and sent a message to the maiden proclaiming his undying love and begging her to meet him at an appointed place. Several times they met in this way. Then they planned to elude her father.

One night when the Indians were making merry in the village the young brave came with two ponies. Awaiting her chance when the gaitery was at its height, the girl slipped away into the shadows and hurried to her waiting lover. Mounting the horses they rode swiftly and noiselessly away.

All might have been well had they not met a Hoolanapo huntsman returning from a day in the mountains, who tried to stop them. Failing, he went quickly among his tribesmen giving the alarm.

Soon a dozen horsemen were in pursuit and the lovers rode hard, urging their ponies to their utmost speed. Cut off from the easier routes around the mountain, they slipped its steep slope with the pursuers close behind.

As they approached the glades near the summit, the maiden's horse began to lag. She urged him on but just as they were about to pass over the ridge and start downward a huntsman of the pursuing Indians let fly an

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arrow. The maiden's pony was hit and the brave animal reared to fall in a death plunge.

Quickly the lover lifted the girl to his own horse. On they fled and at last left the others far behind. Tradition has it that they lived happily ever after.

In falling, the stricken pony stretched its length head downward on the mountain side. The Indians say that on that spot trees and shrubs never grew again.

Even today we may see the open glade on the mountain side, shaped like a horse lying with its head downward.

The horse, so called, has now been planted to walnut trees but even these fail to obscure the outline.

THE TURNING OF KELSEY CREEK

Residents of Big Valley will be interested to know a story told about the Indians who many years ago lived where we now see orchards, grain fields, and the home of neighbors and friends.

The Indians did not write their legends but the fathers and mothers told them to the boys and girls who later told them to their children and grandchildren.

In Big Valley there were several tribes but the main ones were the Hoolanapos, who lived in the western part of the valley, and the Habenapos, who claimed the eastern part. Kelsey Creek, called by them Hitch Be dome, made the dividing line between the tribes.

Hoolanapo means "the Billy village" and it is thought that these Indians were so named because their villagers were on the lake shore where the water lilies grew. Habenapo means "a city of rocks" and the Indians of that name made their homes among the rocks of Mt. Koncochi.

As you have read, the Indians did not raise their food in the fields but lived by hunting and fishing, gathering wild berries and fruits and on the roots of some of the wild plants.

In the spring of the year, then as now, there were many fish in the creeks and at spawning time Kelsey Creek was often black with hich for two or three miles, but they were thickest nearer its mouth. That part was, of course, the best fishing ground.

At these times there was much strife among the Indians of the two tribes and often they fought each other with spears or shot their arrows from farther away. Many arrow heads may still be found along the course of the creek to show where their battles were fought.

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All this went on for many years and each tribe tried every way to get the best of the other.

At that time the Indians say that the creek flowed into the lake at a point far west of where its mouth now is and indeed there are underground lines of gravel through the land which make us think that the story could be true.

A bright young man of the Habenapos, who lived on the east side of the creek, you remember, thought of a daring plan. He called some of the others together and told them of it.

This young brave had been watching the creek and had seen that when there were heavy rains in the mountains and the water came roaring down and overflowed, that many times the stream would change its course a little and wash out great holes in its banks. He thought that if he could a low point near the place now owned by Walter E. Brown where it seemed that if the water could break through the banks it would find a channel to the east.

This was in the early winter. They began to make their plans. They sharpened poles of tough wood so they would be ready. At last there came a big storm. Rain fell for many days and the creek began to overflow its banks.

Out into the storm went the braves of the Habenapos with their sharpened poles, and while the Hoolanapos sat by fires in their wigwams or laid in their beds, they worked with all their might and soon to their joy the water came running over the edge.

The current was so strong that soon it tore great holes through the bank and when the storm was over the main body of water was flowing in the new channel where it flows today.

You may be sure the Hoolanapos were very angry when they found how they had been tricked and there were many fierce fights between the two tribes but the Habenapos were victorious and they always had plenty of fish thereafter.

INDIAN GOLD

The Pomo Indians, like ourselves, used more than one material for money. Ordinary money was made of sea shells but a more valuable material was used for their best grade wampum.

-81-

Modern Indians call it their gold. The material is a rare white rock which is somewhat soft. Some of it was found in the mountains between Lake County and Redge Bay, but one ledge they found in the Lower Lake region.

The process of fashioning wampum from this material was made a ceremonial. It was first placed in the fire until it yellowed a little and during this time the tribe fasted.

When the desired color was obtained, the rock was broken into long pieces if possible. When cool these were ground against harder rocks, then turned until they were cylindrical in shape, and half an inch or less in diameter and very smooth and polished. Then sections varying in size according to the value desired were cut off.

A hole was pierced through the center of each piece with a crude drill which worked the way a Burton may be made to whirl on a double string. The drill after the coming of the white man, was a sharply pointed file, but we have not learned how this work was done in earlier days. The object of the hole in the coils was to provide an easy way of carrying them on a string of buckskin.

Many Indians of the present day have great strings of this money.

As the Indians of early times always buried valuable possessions with those who died, the old burial grounds have been rich with strings of "Indian gold" but most of these have been carried away by curio collectors.

INDIAN LUCY

In June of the year 1933, this writer visited Indian Lucy in her home in Scotts Valley. As the car came to a stop outside her fence she stood in the doorway of her little cabin peering through her glasses to see who the visitors might be.

She was short and rather heavy. She wore a clean, pink gingham dress nicely starched and ironed and an apron over that. She looked wrinkled and very dark brown. Her hair, which hung straight to her shoulder, was only partly grey although she was quite old. No one knew her age.

When she saw that the callers were friends she shouted in a high voice, "Oh, hello! I been for long walk. I just come. I go to see muds hen but grass very high and she no come." She led the way into the cabin with friendly politeness, the visitors following her after first stepping through a gate that was really a hole in the fence and walking up a path lined with tall and lovely lilies.

When the ladies asked for a drink of the fine, cold water from her well, she offered them a clean, green pottery pitcher advising them to rinse it out. "Might be dusty."

As we sat visiting in her little room, we told her that we would like to hear some stories of the early times. She put her small, brown hand to her head and replied, "Many stories, many things happened but too hard for me to tell in English."

When asked if her folks belonged to the Pomo tribe, she seemed puzzled and finally answered, "I don't know. Always call us Ye-mah because we live in Scotts Valley." Chief Augustine gave Ye-mah as the name for Scotts Valley. It means, "over the hill."

She spoke of the time the soldiers came into the county to punish the Indians for the massacre at the "war" and told us that her mother and her baby sister were killed then. She shook her head and said, "I no like to hear bad things. Makes me cry."

Just then two half-grown chicks wandered into the room through the open doorway and for some reason decided to fight. As they hopped about pecking each other, Old Lucy laughed and said, pointing to them, "I talk war and now chickens fight."

She was very happy to show us her baskets that were not yet finished and at least a dozen fine patchwork quilts in different patterns. Two of these she had finished for "Enoch's baby day." Enoch is her husband and she meant his birthday. While she brought out her treasures, walking very slowly with her cane, she explained that she was not like some of her "Folks" who say, "No, no," when visitors want to see their baskets.

As we started away she stood near the fence leaning upon her cane with both hands and calling after us, "I never forget that you come to see me."

We said that we were sure that Indian Lucy would be a kind and friendly neighbor and sure anyone would be happier after a visit with her.

NOTE: Within a year Old Lucy had been called away to the Indian Happy Hunting Ground.

THE SPRING CEREMONIAL OF THE SULPHUR BANK INDIANS THE TONGUE STOCK

Annually at some time during the month of May, the Indians gathered near the shores of Clear Lake at what is known as Sulphur Bank for the great ceremonial of the year. The date is set when the first wild tobacco plant of the season is found. (Tongca is the Indian name for wild tobacco.)

This ceremonial is of deep religious significance and is conducted by the chief men of the tribe, usually about three. These men keep their leadership until they grow quite old, when these wise men appoint their successors and teach them their duties. Naturally the men chosen are those who are outstanding characters in the tribe.

After the first tobacco plant has been found, the day for the ceremonial is set. The chief calls together the tribesmen who are most skilled in hunting and fishing to procure all kinds of game—deer, rabbit, squirrels, mudhens, etc., and fish. These provisions are heaped together in the center of the meeting place, which is out-of-doors where they can see that furnished light and warmth; the water from which they catch fish and fowl; the forests where they shoot and trap the deer and rabbits; the valleys where the clover and other plant foods grow. A great bonfire is built and kept burning by the older boys.

At the appointed time the people gather, and there is a hush and solemnity as they silently seat themselves in a great circle around the heaped up pile of food. At a signal the sweat house door is opened and the chief men come out dressed in their ceremonial robes. (The men have been confined in the sweat house for a long period of time for fasting, meditation and prayer to prepare for the ceremonies.)

The chief men in turn address their people, calling their attention to everything in the great out-of-doors—the sun, the sky, the water, the trees, the plants and to the food—everything provided for them by the Great Spirit for their use and enjoyment. They exhort them to be thankful and grateful for all their blessings and to pray to the Great Father to make them wise, just and good. They address themselves particularly to the young men advising them to acquire such knowledge that will make them skillful, brave, wise and good. They dwell especially on being good that they may be pleasing to the Great Father. In the meantime the old men who were formerly the chiefs, are seated at one side watching the new leaders and helping them if necessary.

It requires two or three hours for all the prayers and exhortations, the advice, and the counsel. At the close the chief man rubs the wild tobacco between his palms and then fills the peace pipe. This pipe is fashioned from a stick of the ash tree or of wild mahogany. He lifts his voice in prayer, lights the pipe, takes a puff, and then passes it to one of the tribesmen. He in turn does likewise and passes the pipe to the one sitting next to him. If a relative cannot be present, a tribesman puffs the pipe and offers a prayer for him. If the circle is large, two pipes are used, being passed in opposite directions. This ends the ceremonies and young captains are appointed to distribute the food that has been collected. Some of the people now return to their own homes, but many stay to cook the meat at the bonfire which has by this time burned down to a big heap of red coals.

red coals.

It was a hard and fast rule in this tribe that for three months previous to this ceremonial, no person was allowed to destroy anything. No tree was cut down, only the broken branches were used for fuel; no deer or rabbit or mudhen was killed; no fish were caught from the lake or streams; no flower was picked or herbs gathered. This was a period of conservation, acknowledgement to the Great Father for his goodness, and a practical demonstration that they would take care of what He gave them.

This story was told by Harry Holmes, a chief of the Sulphur Bank tribes.

AGRICULTURAL FACTS

Agriculture census of 1945 included more than 76 per cent of privately owned land in the county in the 991 farms listed. This represents a gain of 115 per cent in number of farms and about 69,000 in total acreage in farms since the 1940 census, reflecting mostly the high wartime demand for agricultural products.

A marked increase is shown in production reflected in values for 1939, \$1,416,587.00, while in 1944 cash from income totaled over \$2,809,193.00 for the 30,607 tons sold. Dairy products rank second to fruit crops in income, and a total of 1,040,716 gallons of milk were sold in 1944.

Livestock products, especially sheep and wool, chickens, turkeys and eggs rank high in the county's agricultural production, and in 1944, 143 tons of alfalfa hay, 68,065 bushels of barley, 21,496 bushels of wheat, and lesser amounts of vegetables, nuts and fruits were produced.

MINING

Mineral production was valued at \$468,389.00 in 1944, with quicksilver accounting for \$430,000.00 of the total. Lake County ranks second in the state's production of quicksilver with about 25 per cent of the state's total production. In 1940, 6,053 flasks of this metal were produced, having a total value of \$1,045,726.00.

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Acknowledgment of assistance is due:

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|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| B. J. Pardee | Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Akers |
| H. M. Jones | Mrs. F. L. Allison |
| Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Nobles | Col. C. M. Crawford |
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