

OUR HOBBY HORSE WAS A STUFFED WILD CAT

The stuffed wild cats stood near a window in the parlor. Tannie had shot them, tanned the skins and stuffed them. I'm sure we were not supposed to ride them as hobby horses, nor were we supposed to wander freely through the parlor; the Little Sitting Room was the place for everyday activities. But to three- and four-year olds those wild cats were irresistible, in a room filled with all kinds of things calculated to tempt small hands. As soon as we were old enough to stand on tiptoe and turn a door handle one of our first adventures when we went to our grandmother's mill was to visit the Parlor. And those fascinating wild cats! We rode them until their knees buckled and had to be stuffed tight with cotton again. We pulled at their button eyes until they came off in our hands.

We were long past the riding stage when Tannie took the frayed, and perhaps moth-eaten, cats to the furnace under the mill and burned them. We were too old to fuss about it but -- what an unhappy ending!

The wild cats in the woods, of course, were very different in our minds from those soft playthings in the parlor. My firsthand acquaintance with the unstuffed ones was limited to a single adventure of which only two scenes remain in my memory. One was of waking at night to find my mother had lighted the kerosene lamp and was dressing hurriedly. She told me the dogs had been hunting and one had come back and barked under Tannie's window. This meant they had some animal up a tree; one had remained to see that it stayed there, the other had come back to alert the house. Mother said she was going with Tannie and I insisted on being dressed and going, too.

End of Scene One.

I remember nothing of the walk up through the woods, though it must have been faster than was quite comfortable for my short legs. It may be I was carried for part of the time. I do not remember whether it was Towser or Dandy who guided us, nothing of Tannie's shooting the wild cat.

But I do remember vividly the terror-stricken walk home. It was a very black night under the trees. Mother went first, carrying the lantern and the front legs of the cat. Tannie came behind, carrying the hind legs and the gun. And I? I stumbled along, terrified by the dark, terrified by the wild cat, terrified by the gun. No beginning of the walk, no end. Just a vivid, emotion-filled picture.

But back to the parlor, with sunlight shining through the lace curtains at the windows. Horsehair-covered furniture in my earliest days, black, slippery, impossible to sit on without squirming -- and when you squirmed you slid off.

Across the room from the lounge stood the piano. This was a beautiful square grand, made by Antisell, inlaid above the keyboard with tortoise shell in an intricate pattern, strung with two wires for each note instead of three as are modern pianos. Grandmother had bought the piano in the early 1880's, for \$350 according to the sale bill which I have. As I grew up I spent many hours practising on it and more hours playing the music stored near by, songs and dances of the '80s and '90s. I dusted it, too, and my fingers can still feel the curves in the legs.

In a corner was the what-not, full of fascinating things, each with its own story. On the top shelf stood a vase full of peacock feathers from the manager's home in Duncan Mills, and a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired china doll head. The latter had been bought in New York in 1884 when the family was on its way home from England and was intended for Lola Keniston, who had been born at the mill. But when they reached home they found that another baby girl had arrived. Two little girls, one doll head. So it came to rest on the what-not.

There were Indian arrow heads on a lower shelf, reminders of the time when Indians camped in our woods. A tiny plaster-of-Paris model of a lion lay on one shelf, to be recalled with surprise half a century later, in front of Thorwaldsen's marble lion asleep in his cave by the Lake of Lucerne. There was a china hen on a nest, not to be touched, except -- some morning

you would be told, "Look under the china hen," and surprise! surprise! here were real little eggs, pullet eggs we learned in later years.

A dozen or so tiny silk flags, American and English, stood in an old majolica vase; (after we were grown a mouse made a colorful nest of these -- in an empty tea kettle). There were sea shells you could hold to your ear and 'hear the sea'.

On the bottom shelf was a stereopticon and a set of cards with pictures on them. I don't remember what the pictures represented, I do remember the thrill of moving the cards back and forth and seeing the picture "come alive" in three dimensions. Three huge pine cones, huge as compared with redwood cones, Uncle James had brought from the Sierra gold mines in the 1860's. In college days I learned that they were monticula cones. And there was my father's school slate -- but I can't take space to name all the fascinating things in that what-not.

Not everything dated from generations past -- a well-worn baby shoe of mine, gilded and stuffed with cotton with top and hole in the toes covered with blue velvet; a pair of soft little shoes belonging to Joy, almost unworn; a more sturdy pair of Burle's; and, from the next generation, one of Bob's.

The small room beyond the parlor was at various times a bedroom, an office and a library -- or, what Tannie called it, a "litterary". There were two walls filled with books. Cousin Alice's first husband had been a Methodist minister and for forgotten reasons many of his books had strayed there. These I rarely dipped into. Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup", however, though not properly classified as theology, together with Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship" did much toward shaping my thinking. "Mrs. Caudles' Curtain Lectures" I remember as monologues by a very unpleasant woman directed at her hen-pecked husband. Old 3rd and 5th Grade Readers (McGuffey?) introduced me to Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" and to "The Tempest" itself but the one-volume Shakespeare had too fine print to make attractive reading. "Zigzag Travels Through

Foreign Lands" I still treasure, and a bound volume of Household Words published by Charles Dickens in 1855. A book about the children in Dickens' stories made me eager to read more about them. I remember "Sir Roger de Coverley" for its pleasant English country setting and for Sir Roger's decision to buy his vicar a barrel of sermons by the very best preachers since these would be better than any the Vicar could, or would have time to, write. "Isaac Walton" I skipped until I was older, then surprisingly found it most delightful. A Family Bible, published in 1808, was of interest chiefly because of the first entry, Seth Joy, born at Leeds, 1808. I often wondered what had happened to Baby Seth. In recent years I have found some of his letters and decided he was not altogether a pleasant character. Uncle Ben's desk sometimes stood in the library, not much used for business but remembered for the fact that there were always hazel nuts to be found in the drawers.

The dining room was long, with a table large enough to accommodate the men who worked at the mill during the summer. In winter the family ate at one end of the table. The room was uncarpeted and a splendid place for play. We learned to skate there, on skates with wooden wheels. Round and round we would go, clinging to the table at first, with the table always within arm's reach in case of emergency. When sufficiently skillful we would skate on the dance floor down at the Picnic Grounds.

At Christmas time the tree, lit with real candles, stood in one corner of the dining room. For the rest of the year the family spent the evenings in the Little Sitting Room but Christmas was an exception. And it was in the Christmas tree corner that I remember the marvelous shadow pictures the adults made on the walls -- and my pitiful attempts to imitate them.

The dining room was a utilitarian room with little decoration. A plate rail at one end held blue china plates brought from England. Many of these were broken in the 1906 earthquake. Tannie's organ stood in one corner, a marble-topped sideboard on one wall. The windows looked

directly into a steep hillside largely covered with bracken. A fascinating pass cupboard stood between dining room and kitchen, an object of mystery to the very young. In a little cupboard under the stairs were stored jellies and jams and other goodies.

Beyond the dining room was the kitchen, the busiest room in the house. Here the children had breakfast, and often other meals when the mill was in operation. Frankie Collins presided in the kitchen and the center of things was the big black wood-burning stove. The kitchen was warm and roomy and something was always going on there. It was built into the hillside and with a little assistance from an adult you could climb out of a high window and find yourself on the hill behind the house. Dogs and cats and chickens knew that window and would wait there expectantly for handouts.

The fire was lighted in the stove at some unknown hour in the morning and never completely went out until after supper in the evening, after the bread for next day had been kneaded into loaves and left to rise. All the cooking utensils were of iron, heavy and awkward -- skillets of various sizes, tall pots on legs, pans, tea kettle. On the back of the stove always stood a pot of tea for my grandmother who, we said, "never drank water". The end of the stove contained a "reservoir" of water, an ingenious device we thought for keeping a supply of hot water. Larger amounts, as for washing and bathing, were heated in metal tubs on top of the stove.

The sink in one corner was made of wood, and seemed enormous to childish eyes. Water flowed continuously from a faucet at one end. The water came from a spring up the hill, flowed into the sink, then out along the side of the house to the front garden. Whenever the water stopped running it meant trouble of some sort and an expedition consisting of one adult and any children who were handy was immediately dispatched to do something about it. Perhaps a salamander had crept into the pipe, perhaps one of the cows, which should not have been there, had kicked a segment of

pipe and disconnected it. Problem found! Mission successful!

By modern standards everything in the kitchen was done the hard way -- but some of the results were delicious. Home-made bread, freshly churned butter! Even the yeast in the bread was "home-made". When the yeast supply ran out or went sour it meant a trip to a huge hop vine at the 'top of the hill' to get some leaves for a new "starter".

A big box stood in the shed just outside the kitchen door and someone always seemed to be carrying wood to the stove and a man seemed always at work outside, sawing oak logs into proper lengths and chopping them to a size to fit the stove, splitting pieces of redwood into kindling.

An iron coffee mill hung high on the wall, out of reach except when a kindly grownup held you on his shoulder. Coffee, of course, was bought as beans, roasted in the oven, a delectably odorous business, and freshly ground for each meal.

In the evenings the adults liked a quiet time in the Little Sitting Room but usually the children preferred not being quiet. In winter that meant the kitchen. It was warm and cozy, dimly lit by one lamp, and would have been scary had not Frankie or Tannie been there. It was there we learned "Little Orphan Annie's come to our house to stay, To wash the plates and saucers and put the cups away..." with impressive emphasis on "And the goblins 'll get you if you don't watch out".

The house and mill, with their auxiliary lumber yard, blacksmith shop, sheds, cabins, barns for horses and oxen, chicken yard, gardens, stood in an irregular clearing with redwood trees all about. A creek, crossed by three bridges, wound through the clearing. On summer evenings we played outdoors until bedtime, which seems always to have been eight o'clock. Dark came early between the hills and none of us cared to play "hide and seek" too far in the shadows of the trees and dark buildings. There were owls with frightening voices and in spite of adults' denials there just might be bears. After all there were scratches left by bears on

a tree just a little way up the gulch. And Tannie told of seeing one in a wild blackberry patch when she was a little girl. Tannie was still here; why not the bear?

In the daytime we spent a good deal of time "hanging around". We watched the logs go through the mill, we "tagged along" in the lumber yard. We stood at the side of the blacksmith shop and sometimes were allowed to "pump the bellows". We rode in the "big wagon" when it went up into the woods for another load of logs, we watched the oxen skidding the logs down the hills. We watched the men laboriously cutting through the trunks of the big trees, one man at either end of a long saw, and, from a safe distance and under supervision, we saw the trees topple to the ground. What impressed me more than the noise was the sudden appearance of a patch of blue sky where just before was a tree.

At long intervals when we came down stairs for breakfast we were told that we must not go where the men were working that day, they were going to fell a "bee tree". That meant honey, honey in huge quantities, buckets and tubs full. The best was put into jars, but there were always wash tubs filled with brown honey which was ours for the taking.

The log pond was always tempting. When it was full of logs we were not allowed in or on it but we stood on the bank and admired the skill of the men who jumped from one log to another, balancing precariously. When it was empty or when only a few logs were safely corralled at one end we had the use of two small row boats. Sometimes we just rowed around, avoiding the deep lower end where Tannie swam. Sometimes the boats plied busily between "Hong Kong" and "New York" and various other points located on the shores.

There was a rule that we could "go swimming" only on Sunday, that being a day when adults were free to get us into dry clothing. But -- such an important "bût" -- if we "fell in" on a week day we need not get out immediately. Surely the adults understood the vagueness of that rule!

We rarely took advantage of it but -- another 'but' -- four youngsters standing upright in a small row boat and swaying from side to side in unison inevitably resulted in an overturned boat and four dripping children whose excuse was "fell in when the boat tipped over".

Sometimes we were handed empty lard pails and sent out to pick berries; huckleberries or wild blackberries. Huckleberries are tiny little things but the bushes have no "stickers". Wild blackberries fill a pail more quickly but the scratches stay with you for days. Quarts and quarts and quarts of berries were put up in glass jars every year and stored in the "cellar", a dark cool place dug into the hill, along with jars of apples, peaches, pears, pickles, jams and jellies.

As children we played checkers and chess indoors and later a word game called Logomachy was a favorite with Tannie and the rest of us. Out doors we batted balls around but there was little room or time for organized games when the mill was running. We had a croquet set left over from the eighties and sometimes set it up in the wide roadway between the house and the mill. Later we had a tennis net there. We sometimes shot at tin cans, always under supervision. There were always guns in the house, standing in corners behind doors, some loaded, but guns were serious business, never playthings. One of the few compliments I remember from my brother was, "She shoots pretty well -- for a girl."

We took walks and brought back trilliums and azaleas and wild orchids and rattlesnake grass. We chewed oxalis for its spicy taste and ate wild strawberries. We waded in the creek and caught frogs and salamanders and "skippers". We raided Tannie's garden for all the sweet-smelling things that grew there. We watched birds build nests and we kept a respectful distance from the eagles sometimes kept on the porch.

Sometimes we went to Bodega Bay and the ocean. These trips seem in retrospect to have been of two kinds. One was a picnic but also a special kind of fishing trip. It occurred when the surf fish were "running", hundreds, thousands of them in every wave. The men used round nets, about four feet

in diameter as I remember them, though a childish memory can be misleading. A three or four foot handle extended from one side, a short pointed piece of iron from the other. The men would brace the nets in the sand just where a wave would break over them, then run up the beach above the water's edge and dump the fish caught in the nets. The women and children then were supposed to pick up the fish before they slithered back into the ocean. Such agile little creatures they were, so smooth and slippery. I'm afraid I salvaged very few but I worked at it. We had fried surf fish for supper and breakfast, delicious morsels when you have learned how to extract and discard the backbone and ribs. Some of us wished Luther Burbank would devote himself to developing boneless fish instead of wasting time getting the thorns off cactus.

Our other trips had no motivation other than pleasure. We might catch fish but that was purely incidental. Tannie drove us in a "spring wagon", that service vehicle in between a surrey and a big work wagon. In the back was a pot of baked beans and when we asked how long we could stay the answer was, "Until all the beans are gone". We stayed with Captain and Mrs. Hart, in their little house on the landside of what seemed a long long pier. I remember nothing of the inside of the house but outside -- Captain Hart had row boats and, I think, a small motor boat and we explored the Bay. Once I remember getting stuck when the tide was going out and having to wade ignominiously to shore. Back of the house a huge sand hill separated the Bay from the ocean, a sand hill you could plod slowly up, then run down until you fell and rolled over and over, emerging with your clothing full of sand. We waded in the ocean and collected sand dollars and shells and jelly fish and sea weed and scraps of wave-worn wood. Once I remember the whole Bay seemed full of lusciously-blue Portuguese men-of-war (physalia). I put a few in a bottle with some sea water but, alas, the color faded, almost while I looked at it. I don't remember how many days we stayed or whether the consumption of beans had anything to do with it -- I doubt it now -- but finally, sunburned and grimy and tired we and all

our treasurers were loaded into the spring wagon, and Tannie drove us back to the mill.

One of the big, perhaps the biggest, celebration of the year was on the Fourth of July. The weather as I remember it was always perfect. The "picnic ground" just below the lumberyard in a beautiful grove of redwood trees belonged to Mr. Gallagher. The program did not begin until afternoon but the excitement rose to a high pitch when we woke in the morning and stayed until we dropped into bed at night. We may have had a few fire crackers which we set off in the bare roadway but fireworks have no place in a dry forest. We dressed in our best and as soon after mid-day dinner as we could persuade the adults to leave we walked down to the "party". A log across the creek, some six or eight feet above the water, brought us immediately to the center of activity, a big, or what seemed a big, platform decorated today with flags and bunting. Everybody from miles around was there. Some had brought lunches; we always envied them. There were a few booths where you could buy ice cream cones and such goodies. Men looked after their horses and walked about. Women sat on the board seats around the dance floor and talked. Children ran about, played games, chased each other, and dashed for seats when the program began.

The program opened with a sudden silence and a short prayer, and if ever there was a communion of spirit it was there, friends and neighbors gathered together, sunlight filtering through the tall trees, quiet enhanced by a movement of the nearby horses or a bird's call. Perhaps then we all sang the national anthem which was then "America" or perhaps that came at the end, before the benediction. Sometime during the program someone sang "The Star Spangled Banner"; perhaps a quartette sang a number of patriotic songs. There was always a speaker, perhaps from Santa Rosa, perhaps even from San Francisco, who spoke forcefully and elegantly of the United States of America, its promises and our responsibilities. I remember none of the noble sentiments uttered and I do remember getting tired and a little bored but I can still remember the feeling of being lifted above the

petty details of daily life and looking out over a broader, brighter world. Then the benediction, the bustle of clearing away chairs, the fiddlers tuning their instruments, and the dancing; waltzes, two steps, the lancers, perhaps the Virginia reel. Children and adults. On the ground around the platform, games of horseshoes, much wandering about, talking, eating ice cream and candy, and drinking lemonade and root beer.

As little children we stayed as late as possible at the picnic grounds, until most of the people who lived at a distance had gone, then trudged home, tired and excited and uninterested in supper. In our teens we came back earlier so as to get ready for the "Fourth of July Ball". Tannie chaperoned us and Uncle Ben drove us to town in the evening but said he wasn't foolish enough to keep his horses up all night. The ball was held on the second floor of the school house and we danced until sunrise. Then -- it was a long two miles home. The boys gallantly raced ahead and were probably sound asleep when the rest of us arrived.

The mill, the blacksmith shop, the cabins and barns and lumber yard are gone, the house is changed, the mill pond is only a trickle.

Times have changed, we hope for the better. Perhaps it is only my age that makes me think a thousand acres of redwoods make a delightful playground.

II

LAMBS BUT NO RABBITS

Robin introduced the next generation, partly because he was the oldest (by all of four years), partly because he actually lived at the Mill House. The family arrived there from Arbuckle one hot summer day, Daddy driving the car, Mommie, Robin and the cat sound asleep, bees humming madly in their closed hive on the trailer.

It was a quiet place then, only Grandpa Laton there, no one else in the big house, the mill, the cabins. But the creek was as full of beguiling, and elusive, creatures as it was a generation earlier - minnows, skippers, polywogs, salamanders. Robin chased them assiduously, and left on the what-not a pair of sturdy, well-worn shoes - with the toes cut out, ideal equipment for wading.

It was at the Mill House I remember his conversational development. He would talk with you so confidentially, expecting an interested and intelligent response which too often you were unable to give - to your great embarrassment. One day I asked him what happened at Sunday School and was told with all seriousness, "They talked about God and there were lambs but there weren't any rabbits." His mother saved that situation. After Sunday School in Santa Rosa a lady had taken Robin and her daughter out into the country to get a rabbit. On the way they stopped to watch some lambs playing in a field. And when they reached the ranch the farmer had no rabbits.

III

SKUNK LOGS AND ANCIENT EGGS

When we were little Dad sometimes read aloud to us from a "Household Book of Poetry". Always our favorite was "The Wandering Jew". "Five hundred years rolled by and then - - -" And we would chorus "I travelled the self-same road again". But it took less than fifty years for a new young generation to appear - and find a new world in the same old Joy Woods.

First of all, there had come a need for place names. "The Mill House" was a 'natural'. There the mill, barns and a cabin or two recalled the past but electricity, and plumbing, and the blacksmith shop turned into a garage, placed it all firmly in the 20th century. "The School House", deserted for many years, had become a dwelling, its one room divided into kitchen, living room, dining room, plus bedrooms above; big enough for the family of twelve who occupied it briefly. "The Gate House" at the gate on the county road, an old house that finally succumbed to age and disappeared. "The Calf Barn" on top of the hill succeeded the Mill House as the family center. This was a cottage that was old at the turn of the century, had been used to house the calves for a dairy, and now embarked on a new life with cement blocks under it, a sheathing of wood around it, a new roof, partitions removed, porches, windows and glass doors added, plus a bathroom. "The Goat Shed" was just that, a shed where Uncle Ben had housed goats in bad weather, but it gave shelter to the young Latons on trips to the Woods for several years. Then a new house for them, down where the "old house" and mill had stood near Thurston Creek. What to call it? "Dog House" was proposed matching Calf Barn and Goat Shed but rejected as beneath its dignity. "Canine Castle" it became. Salamander Creek flowed past the Canine Castle.

The trip from Berkeley to the Calf Barn, sixty miles or so, could be tedious (even more so from Sacramento or Fresno). City streets - Richmond bridge - highway - finally good country roads. Martie's proclamation,

"Bodega coming up in a rowboat" at the top of a hill was most welcome. Bodega from a distance is rather a story book town -- big white church and school house overshadowing a cluster of little houses. Then a turn off on Joy Road and "A" and "T" bridges to be noted -- a mystery to adults but clear as crystal to the young. Up on a hillside "Anitale's hole", peopled by dwarves and elves, filled with little tables and cupboards, center for all kinds of other-worldly doings. Until one day Anitalee herself climbed the hill -- to find it was just a hole in the ground, probably left by an old slide. Ralph, recovering from an appendectomy so left in the car while she climbed, looked a little glum at the news. Then Salamander Creek near the Canine Castle, and finally into the woods. Up the hill, then left through a gate not far from the School House. If you came through Occidental you came up the hill in the opposite direction, past the telephone poles that amused "Pampla" Miller. Young redwood trees they were, most of their branches lopped off but with enterprising young shoots growing bravely all up and down the trunks.

The Gate House had stood at the battered gate leading off Joy Road and there were still old apple trees courageously bearing fruit round about. In the summer we picked apples, Grandmums insisting that the fallen ones, pecked by birds, perhaps carrying ants and bees, would be the sweetest and juiciest.

The osprey's nest was high in an old dead tree half way in from the gate to the Calfbarn. In the spring you could see the parent birds bringing fish to the young; with binoculars you could see the fuzzy heads over the sides of the nest. And down at the Bay you could see adult ospreys, surely our birds, catching fish for "our" young birds.

Not far from the osprey's nest was an Indian kitchen midden. The Indians enjoyed our woods, too, and brought shell fish from the ocean to eat under the trees, away from the wind. Bob I think had some of the shells in his "museum". The place was easily identified by the multitude of shell fragments but alas! the roads are so changed now that I couldn't find it for the most recent generation of adventurers.

Another gate near the Goat Shed, and you are almost there. A 'redwood ring' stands to one side of the gate, the original parent completely gone, the children and grandchildren now great trees in their own right. Here someone had partially buried a cluster of small wooden stakes, testing wood preservatives of various kinds.

Through a field, past the windmill, under a great oak tree, then a towering isolated redwood tree, and in its shadow the Calfbarn. Paths led from the parking place to the front porch and to the back door but somehow you always went in the back door. Straight into the kitchen.

The kitchen was a compromise between the old and the new. The big wood stove served, as all old wood stoves did, as a cooking center and a heating center. But the hot water tank was modern. Burle had filled the fire box so full of water pipes we sometimes thought there was too little space for wood. But what a joy that big tank of hot water was! Then for quick cooking there was a gas stove, supplied from containers of gas outdoors. And, still more modern, a refrigerator also fed by gas. A sink with running hot and cold water. Dish cupboards, tables, shelves, a boat model in a glassed-in case. And, coeval with the refrigerator, a telephone.

Out of the kitchen the bedroom, and attached to the bedroom that modern marvel, a bathroom. My grandmother's wardrobe stood against one wall of the bedroom. And there was an old hand-made wash-hand stand, a bureau, and on the wall a framed motto "Leaves Have Their Time to Fall" from Uncle Ben's bedroom at the Mill House.

Over the wardrobe an opening led to the attic. I do not remember when Martin and Ralph first explored the attic. But Melissa's first, and last, adventure there was the occasion for one of the world's great statements on the human condition. She had clambered up, pushed and pulled by her two brothers. But coming down was another matter. She sat beside the opening crying bitter tears of terror and frustration. "I wanted to come up here, and I came up here, and now I'm afraid to come down". Could Aristotle or Socrates have phrased it better?

Then her father arrived and rescued her.

The living room led, also, from the kitchen. It looked very little like anything in the earlier incarnation of the Calf Barn, with new windows and glass doors, a fireplace in one corner, a couple of beds that did duty as lounges, Uncle Ben's desk, books, pictures from the Mill House, the marble-topped sideboard. And the what-not, as fascinating as ever. The bricks in front of the fireplace were old ones from the fireplace at the first mill house, down on Thurston (Salamander) Creek where Burle built the Canine Castle

The front porch looked over an open field, rolling hills, clusters of redwood trees, and, three or four miles away, the Pacific Ocean. Always if you stopped to listen you could hear the murmur of the waves. On clear days you could see Mount Tamalpais, Point Reyes, and Mount Diablo, both of the latter geographical points of reference. When the nights were warm enough the porch would accommodate two or three cots and the sleeping was marvellous. Opening off the porch was the store room, filled with junk or treasures, according to your interest of the moment. In the yard two or three logs from the will served as seats or tables as needed. Mid-day meals were usually eaten on the porch.

Birds found the porch a quiet sheltered spot for building nests and we managed when we were there not to disturb them to the point of deserting eggs or young. One year a mother bird even sat nervously through our quietly singing "Happy Birthday" to Burle on the 17th of June.

The ocean and the Bay were as enjoyable as they had been "when we were young". I remember Bob walking straight out into the water and only turning back at the last minute before I rushed out, shoes and all, to grab him back. And there was a picnic with Martin and Steven when the wind blew sand into everything and even a bonfire did not keep us warm. But the boys marched round and round the fire, stirring up as much sand as did the wind, dropping their sandwiches and eating them sand and all. (The two adults in the party saved their picnic lunch to eat later in front of the fire-

place at the Calfbarn.) And at the Bay there was that fascinating woman, Mrs. Gaffney, with her fabulous collection of Indian artifacts.

Think of any room at the Calfbarn and pictures come to mind. "Curtsey to the Queen!" Ralph and Melissa both little tykes so this must have been an early visit. It is evening, the youngsters are tucked away in cots. There is a cozy fire in the fireplace, either their grandmother or Dia is reading aloud by the light of a kerosene lamp. The book "The Two Little Princesses" or some such title. Sleep not far off. Until -- one youngster suggests they practice curtseying. Which they do, their shadows dancing with them around the walls.

Again the living room. A "village" spread out on the floor. Started with a tin Log Cabin syrup can, composed mostly of milk cartons cut and decorated to make houses. Anitalee and Ralph absorbed. Then Anitalee's mother arrives to take Anitalee home to Fresno. Protests close to tears at leaving the "village". "No! Can't make one at home". So -- all the cartons available packed into the car for the poor child whose family buys their milk in bottles.

Memory keeps no calendar. Don't ask whether Martie climbed the redwood tree before or after he sat on a nail. But there he was at the top of the tall tree by the Calfbarn, cheerily calling for Grandmums and Dia, much amused at their efforts to find him, around corners, under the porch, behind the wood shed. We couldn't climb that tree and had no thought that he could; the trunk was bare of branches too far above our heads. The little "monkey" had caught the tip of a downward sweeping branch, clambered along it to the trunk, then climbed stairstep fashion to the top. We breathed more easily when he stood on solid ground again. Perhaps he did, too; I don't remember his attempting the climb a second time.

The nail episode occurred when a new roof was being put on the Calfbarn and the old shingles, complete with nails, lay in heaps on the ground, "out of bounds" we thought for the small boy. But he came in to announce,

"I sat on a nail. I don't think it went all the way through". It hadn't. And we gave silent thanks for tetanus immunization.

The "skunk log", an old rotten log, lay beside the path between Goat Shed and Calf Barn. How the tale arose that it housed skunks we adults never knew. The true believer, however, held his nose and ran past the spot, with repeated admonitions to his companions that it would be well if they did likewise. Twenty years later AnitaLee, an ardent believer, reported that the log was still there. I didn't ask about the skunks.

"Ancient eggs?" Found by Martin and Ralph in a crock in an old chicken house. "Put down" in "water glass" probably, by some forgotten (and forgetful) housewife. An adult finding such a treasure would have quickly dug a hole at a distance from the Calfbarn, gingerly deposited crock and eggs, and covered them over carefully with dirt and rocks. The young have better ideas. How much more entertaining to shy them, one by one at a post! And after they were gone, and only then, to report the find.

We shared the Calfbarn and its environs with a variety of living things. Blue birds on the telephone wires, swallows on the porch, gophers who would poke their heads out of the ground and devour crumbs, blue jays and woodpeckers who through the walnut season dropped nuts noisily on the roof, lizards, squirrels, a skunk or two, deer, mice. Mice call to mind the red, white, blue, and yellow nest made of bits of silk flags from the what-not, plus paper napkins. Where? In the tea kettle! The nest was quite untouched. Did Mother Mouse grow too large to go down the tea kettle spout? And trade rats! Noisy little beasts who rolled walnuts around in the attic at night. They build elaborate nests -- of twigs, post cards, paper, eggs -- one might almost say "Name it! They had it!" One night when Burle was staying with us one especially noisy little rat seemed to be tearing the kitchen apart. We hid our ears under the pillows. Till Burle who was sleeping in the living room valiantly threw off his bed covers with a sleepy "Might as well be now" and moved into combat. Whether the rat perished in the fray or escaped to the great outdoors I do not know, but the rest of the night was peaceful.

Then there was Melissa's Japanese lantern. Highly inflammable, only to have a lighted candle in it when she and it were under close supervision. But one day her parents arrived unexpectedly and she ran out through the dry grass waving the lantern wildly, Dia in hot, and successful, pursuit.

And the scenario Martie wrote, directed, and acted in. Was it a cornet he had? Some kind of horn he blew loudly outdoors. And Melissa indignantly ran out to show him the glass the sound was supposed to have shattered.

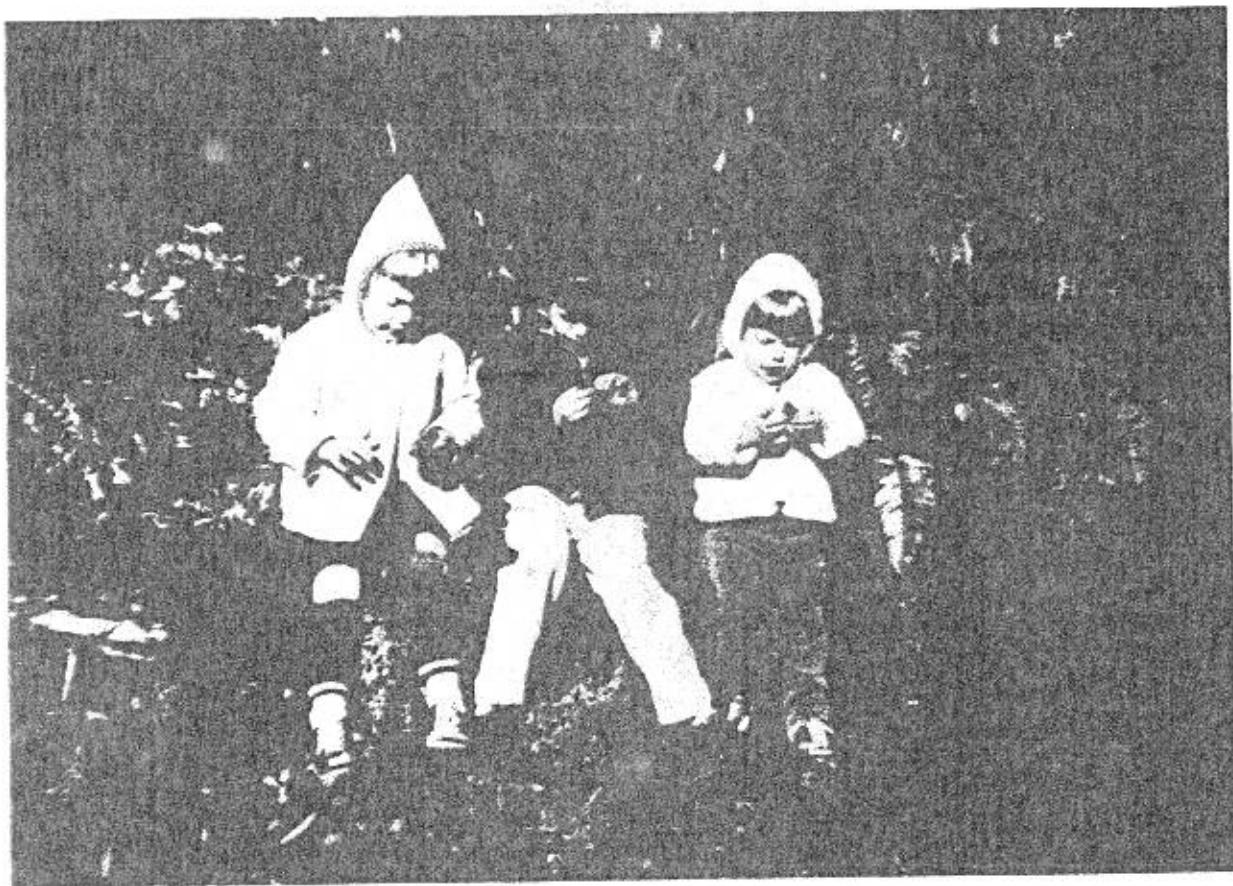
No account of the Calfbarn would be complete without a mention, probably a chapter, on Forts. These were mostly a closed book to adults but very real to the young. Martin and Melissa once built one (or more?) in a plantation of Douglas firs that Stewart had started down the hill. They told such glowing tales of the fort that when Anitalee and Ralph came they were bitterly disappointed not to be able to find it. Finally they made one of their own, the most marvellous, magnificent fort that had ever been.

I wonder, could they find those forts now? Are the trade rats perhaps living in them?

IV

AND NOW --- THE NEXT GENERATION!

Keith, Karen and Cheryl



HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF JOY WOODS

In tracing the ownership of this property now known as Joy Woods and in order to give a proper background to the story it is necessary to go back to the time when it was first claimed by the white man 409 years ago. It forms an interesting tale and could easily be developed into a volume, but I will only give you the highlights.

Juan Francisco Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator in the employ of the king of Spain, touched upper California shores in the year 1542. He named Cape Mendocino in honor of Signior Antonio de Mendoza, who, as Viceroy of the Spanish province of Mexico, sponsored the expedition. He turned south for the winter and spent it on the Island of San Miguel off the southern coast of California and, while exploring it, suffered a broken arm which eventually caused his death.

Before that occurred he instructed his second in command, Lieutenant Ferrellio, to carry on the exploration as far north as possible, and the latter reached a point on the Oregon coast that is now marked by a monument which was erected a few years ago. On this expedition Spain based her claim to this territory, Joy Woods included.

Thirty six years passed before the next act in the California drama came on stage. Before that, rumors had reached Europe that there was something cooking in the Pacific. England had begun to flex her muscles as a maritime nation and her ambitious young queen, Elizabeth, was anxious to get a slice of the cake that was being cut up so rapidly by the Spanish monarch who, at that period already governed the richest and most powerful nation in the world.

As a result, an English expedition was fitted out and dispatched, under the command of Admiral Francis Drake, to add some of this new world to the crown of England. Up to the time that Drake passed through the Straits of Magellan and entered the Western Pacific, Spain, had been in undisputed possession of all the land touched by its waters. At every point he contacted he found a "no vacancy" sign posted. But he also found no locks on the doors nor any adequate guards over the property.

* Determined not to return home empty-handed and in spite of the fact that the two countries were nominally at peace, he changed his role of friendly explorer into that of a benign pirate. True, he did not kill anyone in his new character. He did not have to. Resistance would have been useless against his overpowering force. So he proceeded merrily on his way, sacking defenseless towns on the coast of Chili and Peru, stripping and sinking unarmed ships, after sending their crews ashore, and carefully stowing away their valuables.

Of course he knew that when this became known to the central Spanish authorities there would be trouble and if he returned on the course he was following they would be in wait for him; so he decided to return to England by a different route. Meanwhile, his starting fleet of 5 vessels had, for one cause or another, been reduced to a single ship and, in order to refit and replenish it, he landed at what is now called Drake's Bay on the Marin coast. There he tarried for some six weeks while the work was being done, but in the meantime

he was not idle. He made friends with the Indian natives who marvelled in awe at the white men who carried thunder and lightning in their hands, and at their great ships. At last he found a goodly land with no Spaniards around; so he seized the opportunity, while the Indian owners were still in a daze, to put over the slickest real estate deal in history. With a few trinkets added he induced the simple creatures to acknowledge the sovereignty of Queen Bess and claimed their land for England, including Joy Woods.

To confirm the sale he had a record made on a brass plate and fastened it to a post. We can be sure that this part of the story was true, as the plate was found a few years ago and is I understand, at the University of California in Berkeley now.

Evidently Drake did not know or did not care about the previous claims of the Spanish. In any case, he left it to his government to argue the case if it ever came to trial. Then, refitted and refreshed, he reloaded his loot and stores and, without mishap, returned to England by the Cape of Good Hope. Thus his was the first English vessel to circumnavigate the earth. There was great rejoicing in London when he unloaded his \$2,000,000 cargo and presented it to his Queen.

Strangely enough, in spite of all this, no real controversy ever arose over Spain's claim to California, though for the next 200 years she made no attempt to colonize it. In the meantime, the other ambitious nations, and England also, had taken other new lands from their native owners elsewhere on the globe and were very busy consolidating their gains. For a long time there was respect for each others' discoveries. You might call it a sort of "honor among thieves" attitude. But along about 1770 some of them again went on the prowl and California was tempting meat. Warnings of impending trouble caused Spain to turn her attentions northward. She too had been busy with her southern colonies and had injected her brand of civilization into various vital parts of South and Central America and especially Mexico.

Finally, in 1768, a mixed expedition of soldiers, civilians and missionaries started north from Lower California and established the first settlement and mission/San Diego. Others followed until, in the next 44 years, there was a chain of each reaching north along the coast as far as Sonoma.

During this process Spain had lost by revolts all her American and Mexican territory. This involved California, and a Mexican governor took over the head of government here. Joy Woods again changed masters.

But while the Spanish were still in possession, there was one nation that did not respect her claim on California. In view of world affairs thday you can easily guess which one--Russia.

The Muscovites had founded a colony in Alaska and it was not doing so well. A steady diet of fish and seal meat was not to their liking and there was great difficulty and expense attached to getting shipments from home, which at times caused great hardships. They were primarily in the fur-hunting business and when their expeditions for sea otter, beaver and seals along these coasts disclosed the fact that here lay rich farming lands practically unguarded, a careful investigation was made, with the result that in 1811 a strong force of Russian mechanics and Aleutian hunters, under the command of Alexander

Kuskoff, was landed at Bodega Bay fully equipped to found and maintain a colony. Once more Joy Woods had a new claimant.

and
They established a depot at Bodega Bay/a settlement and farm inland called Kuskoff near the present site of Bodega. They also farmed around Bodega Bay, and their hunters stripped the streams and coast of furbearing animals. The following year they founded what is now known as Fort Ross, and it became their principal settlement. Everything that they gathered above their needs from soil or sea was shipped to Alaska, and no threat or order from either the Spanish or Mexican governors sufficed to make them leave.

Under the latter, however, the pressure on the Russians increased. In 1835 the office of Cammandante of the Northern Frontier was created and General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo placed in charge. He was young, ambitious and resourceful and immediately went to work. The town of Sonoma was laid out, a presidio built and a small body of troops assembled. As he did not have sufficient force to attack the Russians, to whom he was now a near neighbor, he again warned them to vacate. They did not move but continued their favorite sport of negotiating. So Vallejo tried another plan.

Some 5 years before, a Yankee Captain, John P. Cooper, had arrived in California on a trading venture. He became enamoured with the country and also with a black-eyed senorita who was a sister-in-law of General Vallejo and a member of the Carrillo family. He forsook the sea, took out Mexican citizenship papers, obtained the El Molina land grant of 17,892.42 acres and married the gal. He soon became a trusted friend of Vallejo, and the young general often turned to him for advice.

So, when the latter determined to try his new plan, he enlisted Cooper's counsel. This plan was the erection of a miniature iron curtain across the edge of the territory occupied by the Russians to prevent their futher expansion to the south. To carry it out successfully he needed men of more combative dispositions than that shown by the native Californians, and, on Cooper's recommendation, he selected three of the members of Cooper's former ship's crew. They were James Black, James Dawson and Donald Manuel McIntosh. Shortly thereafter McIntosh was granted 8,849.13 acres of land whose western boundry ran within a gun shot of the Russian settlement at Bodega. This was called The Rancho Estero Americano, and in the northwestern corner of it lies this timber land that is now known as Joy Woods, which now, for the first time, passed into private hands. The other two men also received grants later but, for the time being, they worked together in whipsawing lumber and in erecting buildings near the present town of Freestone as a base of operation. They were the first Caucasians to settle in Sonoma County.

The expected friction with the Russians did develop. Although no actual fighting occurred, Vallejo's men never failed to call the Russian bluffs, and eventually made things so unpleasant for the Muscovites that they abandoned their squatter holdings at Kuskoff and withdrew to Ross. Here is an incident that some of our present day statesmen would do well to bear in mind.

McIntosh operated his rancho for about 5 years. He then decided to sell his holdings and join his old shipmate, Black, who

had acquired the Nicasio Rancho in the meantime. He made a deal with Jasper O'Farrell for the property. O'Farrell was a young Irish engineer who had been engaged in surveying land for the Mexican Government and private parties in California. He it was who conceived and carried out, against the stiff opposition of the property owners, the demarcation of Market Street in San Francisco. O'Farrell St. was named after him.

According to the terms of the sale, McIntosh was to receive \$800 a year for life for the property. Disagreement arose about this deal and the case was taken to court. A final settlement was made on a cash basis and O'Farrell paid him \$5,000 for the Rancho, including some 1500 head of cattle and 150 head of horses that he had accumulated while operating it. This amounted to about 60 cents per acre, and included Joy Woods. O'Farrell had taken a lot of his surveying fees in land and, due to the influx of immigrants, it had begun to increase in value. He concluded to sell some of his holdings for cash. He disposed of some of the rancho to individual settlers, but the bulk of it was bought by a San Francisco banker, Benjamin Belloc, for speculative purposes.

Belloc, the next owner of Joy Woods, had the timber land plotted into 51 tracts, each of which contained approximately 20 acres. Several of these were sold to ranchers who needed wood and fencing material to enclose the land they had bought, which, until then, had been open range. They bought lumber for their buildings from a mill that been erected on the property in 1855 by three Thurston brothers, who, under an agreement with O'Farrell, operated on a stumpage basis. The transfer to Belloc was effected in 1864.

Shortly before this transfer a young Englishman who, with his wife, had settled at Bodega Bay in the early 50's, bought the Thurston mill and took over its operation. On May 2, 1865 he bought the 4 tracts of land that surrounded the mill, a matter of 89.25 acres. His name was Benjamin Joy and his wife's was Elizabeth. On October 11, 1871 he purchased an additional 37 tracts containing 740 acres, all of these tracts being obtained from Belloc at a cost of \$5,340.25.

Thereafter, as opportunity offered, Joy re-purchased two tracts that had been sold by Belloc; #37 from John McCrea in 1868 and #39 from James W. Watson in 1871 at a cost of \$600 and \$1000 respectively. Seven others of the Belloc tracts were in other hands when Joy was called to England on business matters in 1876. He became ill there and died shortly afterwards.

Those 7 tracts were owned as follows: #1, #2 and #3 by R. W. Acker, #43 and #44 by Jas W. Clark, #12 by James Waddell and #36 by Patrick Quinlan. In 1877 Waddell sold tract #12 to Samuel McCready. At McCready's death his son Thomas came into possession and later sold this tract together with 137 acres of adjoining brush and pasture land to the Joy family. In 1875 R. W. Acker sold his three lots to E. H. Cheney who, in 1880, sold them to James Billett and the Billett heirs sold them to the present owner Angelo Pozzi. Tracts 43 and 44 were bought by Patrick Carroll from the Clark heirs in 1904. On Carroll's death in 1919 the property passed to his children and in 1923 they sold it to Frank Silva, the present owner. The ownership of #36 still remains in the Quinlan family. The Joy heirs continued milling operations on the original site until the late 1880's. During this period much of the timber on the eastern edge of the property was cut and some of land was disposed of. In 1884 Chas. Collins bought tracts 47, 49, 50 and 51 and portions of 45 and 46. After

Gollin's death his widow sold this acreage in 1936 to Frank Silva to whom the Joys had in 1922 already sold portions of lots 45 and 46. In 1903 Rudolph Feige purchased lots 41 and 42 and this property is now owned by his daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Bert Elliot. The only other sale was made to William Kingwell. It was tract #22 and lies on the northern edge next to the Pozzi property. Kingwell sold to the present owner John Gonnella.

So having followed the shifting titles of this noted acreage in and out of the Joy ownership throughout the past century it now appears that its present status is fixed for the foreseeable future. Its certification as a tree farm by the Lumbermen's Redwood Association begins a new era in its ancient and honorable existence. By this act generations yet unborn may be assured that they too will be privileged to come here and marvel at its beauty, enjoy its inspiration and, out of its perpetual store, continue to receive the practical assistance which enabled our forbears to convert a wilderness into productive, civilized communities.

* * * * *

Now a few lines about the Joy family and their descendants:

As Benjamin Joy had left America before I was born, I have no personal knowledge of him. However, the evidence shows that he must have been an excellent businessman. He and his wife, Elizabeth, whose maiden name was Machell, were born in England, he in Leeds on Jan. 4, 1821 and she in Brentford, May 28, 1824. They arrived in America about 1845 and lived for a short time in Wisconsin, but not long thereafter they became infected with the California fever that was sweeping the country, sold their holdings in Wisconsin and came to this state in the early 50's.

Their first home here was at Bodega Bay, which was at that time a lively shipping point. The record shows that in 1857 Joy bought a house and lot there from Donald McDonald, and it was there that the son, Thomas Benjamin was born in 1856, and the elder daughter, Ann Maria, in 1860.

In 1864 he bought the Thurston Bros. mill and moved to the redwood tract on which it was located. This mill operated an "up and down" saw and had a capacity of 3000 ft. per day. The following year he bought the 4 tracts of land adjacent to it and thus began to accumulate the timbered property that now is known as Joy Woods. It was here that his third and last child, Minerva, was born, in 1864.

For the next 12 years Joy operated the Thurston mill, until in 1876 he went on the journey to England that ended in his death. At that time young Thomas Benjamin was 18, Annie 16 and Minnie 12 years of age, and on the widowed mother now devolved the management of the property in addition to the care and training of her young and growing family.

She, in true pioneer fashion, rose to meet the crisis in their affairs. Fortunately she was a woman of sound judgment and possessed of executive ability, and both responsibilities were discharged with marked success.

In order to increase the mill's output she acted on the advice of her brother-in-law, James Swan, and sent to England for a circular saw which was installed under his direction. Mr. Swan, grandfather of Mrs. William Kingwell of Sebastopol, was a steam engineer who came to this country from England in 1855. By this move the mill's capacity was increased to 12,000 ft.

After the most accessible timber on the eastern side of the property had been cut, the family decided to move to a new location, but before this was done the mother and her two daughters made a trip to England, where they visited with relatives and friends for several months. The son, Benjamin, now a vigorous young man of 26, remained at home in charge of the property.

After the family returned, a new site was selected on the western edge of the tract on Tannery Creek, where the contour of the land made easier logging operations possible, and in 1885 a new home, mill building, cabins for the help, barn, shop, and other buildings were erected, roads built, new machinery installed and milling operations started the following year with a capacity of 20,000 ft. per day. Long before this young Ben had become a competent woodsman and mill operator, and for the next 40 years, through good times and bad, successfully conducted the business. In this he was ably assisted by the rest of the family under the watchful eyes of the mother until her death in 1912 at the age of 88.

From that time on, Ben, Annie and their uncle, James Swan, who came to live with them after the death of his wife, formed a sort of triumvirate in the operation of the business, and a very successful one it was.

In the meantime, the younger sister, Minnie, had fitted herself for the teaching profession, obtained a certificate and found employment in various schools in the country. I had the honor and privilege of being one of her pupils. In 1893 she married Alfred Laton and changed her vocation. He was a member of a pioneer family and for most of his active life was engaged in the lumber business in various capacities, much of that time being spent in the employ of the Joy family. He learned it in many of its phases, as a faller, a woods boss, a mill operator and a lumber dealer.

He was in the employ of the Duncan Land and Lumber Co. when their first child was born, hence her name, Anita Duncan Laton.

Later he conducted a lumber yard in Sebastopol and for some time he served as mayor of the city. It was there that their two sons were born, Joy who is now a mill operator himself at Cazadero, and Burle, who has been an engineer in the employ of the Central Valley Project for several years. Burle has a son and daughter and they represent the fourth generation.

Annie Joy never married, nor did her brother Ben. All their active lives they worked together, and until death they were practically inseparable. A remarkable thing about this family is that each of the three children lived to the age of 80. Thus ^{they} passed out of this life in the same order in which they entered it. To ^{my} mind they were all exceptional people. From the mother's teaching and example they acquired the virtues of morality, industry, and sterling integrity, and the results were reflected in their own lives.

Today the management of this property is once more in the hands of a woman, one whose success in the teaching profession I have followed for many years with deep interest. Now that the mantle of responsibility for the administration of it, once worn by her forbearers, has fallen on her shoulders, let us hope that she may wear it as long and successfully as did her pioneer grand parent.

Howard C. McCaughey

Sept. 1951

(Given at the dedication of Joy Woods as
a Tree Farm.)

1965

My grandmother, at seventy,
 Sat, straight-backed, in her chair,
 Kindly,
 Remote,
 As if she breathed
 An 'other-worldly' air.
 Our lives scarce over-lapped, I was so young
 And she so old,
 And seventy was far away,
 Unreal a thousand fold.

My mother I'd known half her life
 When she reached three-score ten,
 And all of mine;
 The age still seemed
 Beyond all human ken,
 Far-off,
 Alone,
 A misty landmark in a land unknown.

Mother and grandmother are gone,
 And now for me
 That fabled year rolls by - -

I wonder -
 Could it be that they
 Were just as young as I?

Born in the Last Century

Not long ago a young thing surprisingly and irrelevantly
 burst forth with, "Why, you must have been born in the last
 century!" And set me wondering - -

Does it mean anything special to be a member of two
 centuries? Are we a little better acquainted with time and the
 universe than those whose lives are pigeon-holed within, for
 example, the nineteen hundreds?

The young thing who started my query will probably see the
 21st century dawn, still young enough to thrill at dropping the
 "1" that has for so long been the corner stone of our dates
 and starting a millennium beginning with a "2". How will she use
 it first? Will she write a check? make a note in a diary?
 write a letter?

For many years my aunt wrote the first letter of the
 new year to me, usually just after midnight. But not the letter
 beginning Jan. 1, 1900 (I wonder who received that) for I
 was not quite five on that New Year. And sound asleep upstairs
 while the adults in the family celebrated the end of one century,
 the beginning of another, wishfully to be a hundred times
 happier, better, more exciting, more humane than any other year.
 For this was to be the 20th century! No year like it for a thousand
 years past, a thousand years to come.

I do not know how the family celebrated that night but knowing them as well as I have, I can picture what it was like with truth even when my facts may be in error.

There were six gathered in the Little Sitting Room at what we now call the Mill House, in Joy Woods. Outside the hills and redwood trees stood close around a little clearing where a creek ran past the saw mill, the house, a few cabins, with horse barn, ox barn, and carriage house at the upper end, lumber yard, office and bark shed below the mill. Only a few stars could be seen between the hills, and the dark pressed close against the windows. Even with the shades drawn you could almost feel the blackness of the night. Darkness and silence outside, silence made more complete by an occasional startled bird chirping or a dog on the porch stirring sleepily. The dark can be fearsome, but not the dark around the Little Sitting Room when the family is there.

Usually we did not spend New Year's Eve at the Mill but this year was special. Although Uncle James had explained that the real beginning of the new century would be Jan. 1, 1901, the others agreed with Annie that the important date was the day you changed from 1899 to 1900. So my father, Alfred, had brought Minnie, his wife, almost-five Anita and almost-three Joy from Sebastopol that afternoon. We came the twelve miles in a buggy, drawn by Johnnie, our horse, who, with Brownie, my dog was a real member of the family. Dad drove, Mother held Joy, and I sat on a little wooden salt box in front of the dashboard with Brownie beside me.

But now it is almost midnight, the children are asleep, the grown-ups are talking in the Little Sitting Room.

The quiet center of everything is my grandmother, a little old lady, 77 at the time, dressed in a high-necked, long-sleeved dark dress, a gold brooch pinning a little lace collar at her throat, a woolen shawl about her shoulders. She sits very straight in a low rocking chair, probably the one Mrs. Curtis, Captain Stephen Smith's widow, had given her. Even to my childhood eyes she seemed tiny, and fragile, kindly but in a world even more remote than that of ordinary grown-ups. She was 72 when I was born so I knew her only during the last two decades of her life. Now, with 70 waiting for me round the next corner, I wonder what she was really like. I wonder what she was thinking on that evening while they waited for 1900 to arrive.

Born in 1823 on May 28 (as a child I confused her birthday and, to some degree, my grandmother herself with Queen Victoria whose birthday was May 24) she grew up in the outskirts of London, at Teddington I think I have been told, at any rate "within sound of Bow bells" which she said made her a cockney. We can picture a little what life and London were like in those days from Dickens' stories. Her family was in business, buying cattle and sheep, butchering and selling through their own shop. She was one of six children, all apparently with a yearning for travel and seeing new places. When Elizabeth, Betsey she was called, was in her early twenties, she came to America, not really intending to stay, thinking she might see her brother who had come earlier.

She left England, probably in 1847. The sailing vessel was becalmed so that the trip was a long one, 77 days I have been told. On the same boat were two brothers, Benjamin and Thomas Joy from the vicinity of Leeds. Betsey joined the emigrant party of which the Joys were a part, and some time later, in what is now Wisconsin, she and Benjamin Joy were married.

I'll try later to gather together the tales and remembrances I have of my grandmother. Now, on Dec. 31, 1899, she sat in a little room six thousand miles, half around the world, from England, the place she still sometimes referred to as "home". She had worked in the farthest frontier of America for almost half a century, had been a widow for half that time, had run a saw mill successfully, and sat tonight in the redwood country with her three middle-aged children about her, the center of a home and a life largely of her own making.

In point of years Uncle James Swan shared seniority that New Year's Eve with my grandmother. He was the husband of her long-dead sister Charlotte, her only link with her childhood home and family. Uncle James must have been white-haired and white-bearded even then, I cannot remember him otherwise. A quiet, slow-speaking, slow-moving, scholarly man, he always seemed a little out of place in the "wilds" of a sawmill community. He kept the books and I remember him working at the forge in the blacksmith shop, helping unload logs at the mill, directing slabs through the trimmer, in general filling in wherever a man was needed. His only child, Alice, lived not many miles away. I do not remember when I learned of the tragedy of his early life. To me then it seemed as far off and forgotten as the events we read about in history books. Now I know how short forty-five years can be.

On this eve of 1900 I am sure Uncle James and my grandmother did not talk of the past, they never did, though they may have said something about what the folks "at home" would be doing, or may have commented on news in recent letters.

Of the four "children" Ben was the oldest, 42 in 1900. Not yet 30 when his father died he had worked hard all of his life, wordlessly devoted to his mother and sisters. He carried a heavy share of responsibility for the business though all the details were discussed with his mother and Annie, and I never knew him to act contrary to my grandmother's judgment. Born at Bodega Bay he had come to Joy Woods when he was three and had rarely been away from them. As children we marvelled at the way he could lead us through the woods on the darkest night and tell us where familiar but unseen landmarks stood.

Annie, 40 in 1900, had been born at Bodega Bay but could remember almost nothing of life away from the Woods. Slender, energetic, hard working, she managed the household, kept in touch with all the happenings in the woods and the mill. In fact I can remember times in later years when she and Uncle Ben and Uncle James "got steam up" in the mill and "ran out" an order all by themselves, she as active and knowledgeable as the two men.

She possessed a zest for living and made a life rich in friendship and activity in what many people would think a limited environment. One friend summed her up, "Annie is a good woman."

Minnie, 36, was the "baby" of the family. She had been born in the Old House in the Woods (now the site of the Canine Castle), the only one born in the Woods. She was quiet and shy, dominated by her older sister and brother but never intimidated. People, deceived by what they thought a meek expression, were sometimes unprepared for the strength she showed. She was happy in her family as she grew up but later said she did not like redwood trees, was sorry to have two of them in front of our house in Sebastopol. This was a happy New Year for her, her husband home, her two babies asleep upstairs.

Al, too, was 40. He had first come to work for my grandmother and live in the family when he was 15. He sometimes laughed about "marrying the Boss's daughter" but that did not happen until some years after he had gone to work for the Duncan Company and had risen to the rank of "woods boss". He was short and stocky, strong and adventurous. Like the Joys he had a keen sense of responsibility for himself and for others.

But back to New Year's Eve, 1899.

The room is lit by three kerosene lamps. Usually there would be one or at most two lamps in a room but Al liked rooms to be well lighted and when he came by grandmother always asked Annie to light three lamps. One hangs on the wall, with a concave reflector behind it throwing brighter light on sewing or newspapers or account books. One has a tall stand of blue glass, another is of clear glass. An unlighted "bedroom" lamp stands on a corner table near the door.

A small iron stove stands out from one corner, a cheerful wood fire crackling and popping within it. Upstairs the chimney of that stove went through my grandmother's bedroom, to our childish minds a most ingenious arrangement for warming the room.

A comfortable, lived-in room, the only touch of formality a large framed picture of Minnie as a young woman; A calendar is tacked up by the door; Annie has pinned notes and newspaper clippings and pictures here and there as reminders. A table and a sewing machine hold piles of mending, recent newspapers, and magazines. Cream colored lace curtains hang over the dark blinds at the two windows. Tonight Annie and Minnie hold pieces of hand sewing, Ben puts wood in the fire periodically, the others sit comfortably about the stove.

The talk is desultory, that of people with years of close association behind them, talk of the weather, of the roads, the doings of people in town and in Sebastopol and Santa Rosa, of friends recently seen, of business, of politics, of Al's trip to the Klondyke last year.

Al and Annie glance at their watches from time to time as midnight draws near. Annie says she thinks the children should be brought downstairs, that "there will be nothing like this in their lifetime again" but my grandmother says quietly that they would not understand and would be frightened to be suddenly awakened. Al produces a bottle of port he has brought for my grandmother and fills glasses for her, Uncle James and himself, remarking that it is 'medicinal' and will 'improve their health' in the new year. Annie retorts that pure water is healthier and brings some from the always-dripping tap in the dark kitchen for Ben and Minnie and herself. They had joined the Good Templars in their teens and remained true to its principles of abstaining from alcohol throughout their lives. (But thirty years or so later we watched with gentle amusement their solemnly taking a tablespoon of local red wine each night as 'medicine'.) Then as the clock strikes twelve they toast the New Year and each other, Annie sings softly "Should auld acquaintance be forgot" and Minnie takes the alto part as she has done so many, many times, while Al hums an accompaniment almost below his breath, and probably slightly out of tune.

Someone lights the bedroom lamp and my grandmother carries it up the steep stairs to her bedroom. (Many years later my father strung a heavy rope along those stairs in lieu of a railing but there was none there in 1899.) Minnie goes up to see that all is well with the children. Uncle James goes to his cabin across the yard, probably to read for an hour or so before going to bed. Ben closes the stove, then goes out to take a last look around the mill and the house. Annie with Al's help carries glasses to the kitchen, puts out lights, and sees that everything in the kitchen is ready for morning.

The 20th century has arrived. A century of wars on a larger and larger scale, of discoveries and inventions, of explorations even to the moon, of increasing, sometimes frustrating, concern for human beings and the planet on which we make our home. A century which will see three generations depart and the arrival of as many others to take their places.

Ave atque vale! Welcome and farewell!