



September, 1999

Volume 40 No. 3

We are indeed privileged this meeting to have as our speaker on September 4, 1999, a recognized expert on Western History, **JOHN BOESSENECKER**. You may recognize him from his appearances as a commentator on a number of episodes of *The Real West*, hosted by Kenny Rogers on the Arts and Entertainment Cable channel. We saw him recently on PBS, *Secrets of the Gold Rush*.

John was born in San Francisco in 1953 and grew up in Mill Valley. He graduated from San Francisco State with a BA in history. From 1974-1982, he worked as a police officer in Mill Valley and then in San Mateo. He quit as a patrolman on a Friday and started law school the next Monday at Hastings College of the Law. Graduating in 1985, he started practicing law with his father in San Francisco. Since then, they have been joined by his youngest sister, making it a real family practice. His specialties are probate and wills, personal injury litigation and probate and trust litigation.

John sold his first magazine story about a stage holdup in Nevada to a western magazine at age 14 and continues to publish magazine articles fairly regularly since. His particular interest is in outlaws and lawmen of the Old West, especially frontier California.

He is the author of *Badge and Buckshot: Lawlessness in Old California*, published in 1988 and co-author of *The Grey Fox: The True Story of Bill Miner, Last of the Old Time Bandits*, 1992. Both were published by the University of Oklahoma Press. His biography of Harry Morse, *Pioneer Sheriff of Alameda County and Captor of Black Bart* was published in 1998. It contains many illustrations from Santa Clara County archives. His newest book that he will speak to us about is on "Bad Guys" in

the gold rush. *Gold Dust and Gunsmoke; Tales of Gold Rush Outlaws, Gunfighters, Lawmen and Vigilantes* is published by John Wiley and Sons, Inc. Hopefully, he will bring some of his books to sell his enthralled audience.

FROM PRESIDENT David McKinney

Summer again, and the hills turn to gold. The Board of Directors has reshuffled posts for the year 1999-2000. The nominating Committee is still looking for additional Board Members—specifically, we need a Recording Secretary.

Melita Kelly has taken over for the Johnsons as Financial Secretary/Membership Chair. Bob Johnson has joined Hal Messimer on the Audit Committee. Irene Johnson has become our Parliamentarian and Doris Herschback will serve as Marshall. After several years on the Board of Directors, Marie and Bud Amaral have retired. We much appreciate their service and are happy to have Bud continue his valuable help on the Hacienda Cemetery Committee. We still have several openings on the Board if you are interested in serving or know someone who is, call the Nominating Committee Chair, Evelyn Ucovich at 408-287-8413.

Come September 4th and hear author John Boessenecker tell us about lawlessness in the Gold Rush!

Eureka! David McKinney



WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Anna Marie Castro

Glenda Ciochon

Richard Frost

Susan Oliver

Mr. Terry G. Worden

Robert & Esther Ramonda

Bev Ravenel

R. Watson & Norma Taylor

Warren B. Wieman

GONE TO THE GOLDEN HILLS

Katherine Wendt 3/10/99

Roberta Worden 4/11/99

Bernard Hardwicke 5/2/99

Barton Collins 5/7/99

Evelyn Vaggione 5/7/99

Hazel Williams 5/28/99

Mildred McCrea 6/5/99

Miriam Stewart 6/16/99

Helen C. Richmond 5/27/99

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST STATE LEGISLATURE

by Leonard McKay, June, 1999

Speech given at the Annual Meeting in San Jose

Slave holder, alcoholic, jokester, politician, Thomas Jefferson Green maligned our first State Legislature with the sobriquet, "The Legislature of 1000 Drinks." Not only Green, but Mother Nature added to the damnation with a Noah's drenching of the area. Although no records are available, it is estimated that San Jose got the same El Niño type rainfall that appeared on the rain gauge of Dr. Logan in Sacramento that year, thirty six inches. If you remember last year, (1998), we had El Niño and thought the rain would never stop. Here in San Jose, 27 inches of rain fell, but in 1849-50, that amount was exceeded by a third. Remember that there were no paved streets, no sidewalks, and nearly all of the roofs leaked on both the houses and the many tents. It was a vast sea of mud and lakes between our port of Alviso, seven miles to the north, to where the legislature first met in downtown San Jose. A young boy tried to cross the corner of First and Santa Clara Streets and drowned in the mud.

Today's Fairmont Hotel is exactly where our two story adobe Capitol building housed California's First Legislature. The Legislature was to convene on December 15th, 1849, but a quorum of senators and assemblymen couldn't arrive by that date. It wasn't until December 17th that the mud splattered-wet-legislators were called to order. It is my contention that if 1849-50 had been a drought winter, San Jose would still be the State Capital.

San Jose was ill prepared to host the legislature, but a forty-by-sixty foot adobe, two story unfinished hotel building was offered for rent by Pierre Sansevain and Zepheryn Rochon for the outrageous sum of \$4,000 per month. This was later offered for sale at \$34,000. Unable to come up with the purchase price, nineteen civic-minded locals signed a note for that amount with interest at 8% per month or 96% per year. Ironically, when the building burned four years later, the *Alta California* Newspaper in San Francisco reported its value was only \$5,000 and many of the original note signers were never repaid.

It is interesting to note that the lure of gold was what

brought many men to California, but it was the lure of politics that brought Peter Burnett, our first Governor, and John Charles Fremont and Dr. William Gwin as Senators who were eager to get in on the ground floor as politicians from California.

Remember, California was yet to be admitted as a State when the first Legislature met. Financially, Fremont did well in the mines, but inadvertently. He left money in 1848 with Thomas Oliver Larkin, the American Consul at Monterey, to buy land for him north and east of San Jose where Fremont Township is today. Larkin ignored his instructions and instead bought a large tract of worthless land near Mariposa, much to Fremont's displeasure. A rich strike of gold was then discovered on the Mariposa site. Fremont did not attend the First Constitutional Convention in Monterrey in October, 1849, but supervised the mining while his wife, Jessie, promoted and attended to his political future in Monterey.

When Governor Peter Burnett addressed the assembled body, he stressed the adoption of a criminal code, the division of the State into Counties and laws excluding Negroes. The first legislature was confronted to create everything needed to make a state. What kind of law would there be: Roman Law which emphasized the Right of the State where the doctrine that the "will of the Prince is the highest law"; English Common Law based on "the rights of the individual," the existing Spanish-Mexican Law, or Mining Law as practiced in the various gold discovery areas?

How would the government be financed? There was no money for running the government, no money for printing of the statutes passed, no money for heating, no money for salaries, no money for even the pens, ink and paper the legislators needed. Should there be a tax on the minerals taken from the ground or should property be taxed? As the delegates from the mining areas were in the majority, no tax was ever levied on the gold taken from the ground, but instead those with large holdings of land, particularly the Californios, paid the highest taxes.

This was a legislature of young men, and there were the same number of Senators and Assemblymen from the mining districts of Sacramento and the San Joaquin as there were from the rest of the districts combined. Most members had little

in force today. A member of that legislature, Elisha O. Crosby, later recalled, "I never worked harder than in the winter of '49 and the spring of '50."

The first legislators certainly didn't get rich from their pay. A schedule attached to the Constitution allowed \$16 per diem with an additional 80¢ per mile traveled. This pay barely covered their expenses as stage coach fare from San Francisco to San Jose cost two pinches of gold or \$16 per pinch. As accommodations were so scarce, many of the legislators had to spread their bed rolls on the floor in whatever space they could find.

Notwithstanding Green's comments about adjourning for a thousand drinks, Burnett later stated in his memoirs: "The first session of our legislature was one of the best we ever had. The members were honest, hard workers. The long-continued rainy season and the want of facilities for dispatching business were great obstacles in their way. Besides, they had to begin at the beginning and create an entirely new code of statute law, with but few authorities to consult. Under the circumstances, their labors were most creditable."

Now let us discuss the problem of drinking and Thomas Jefferson Green. Drinking alcohol was a solution to a substantial problem in the days of '49. When the pioneers came in their wagons and crossed the plains on the Overland Trails, one out of every ten died on the trip and about half of those died of cholera. When one considers the numbers, ten percent of those making the trip was a terrible price to pay, and when they got to California, cholera was already here. In the year 1850 alone, more than 500 died in San Francisco during that terrible epidemic. Should you visit the Peralta Adobe in downtown San Jose, you will note that of the seventeen children born to Louis Maria Peralta and his wife, only nine made it past childhood. Both Dr. John Townsend and his wife Elizabeth died of the disease here in San Jose, leaving their two year old son, John Henry Moses Townsend to be adopted by Mrs. Townsend's brother, Moses Schallenberger. The Townsends and Schallenberger were members of the famous Stephens, Murphy, Townsend Party that brought the first wagons over the Sierra in 1844. As cholera is transmitted through contaminated water, whiskey, beer, wines and brandy were considered safe to drink.

So it is not surprising that the saloons did a thriving business.

Green was not the best Senator in that First Session when he invited his fellow legislators to "have a drink--a thousand drinks." It was Green who authored the Foreign Miner's Tax law costing all non-American born miners \$20.00 per month. This caused an uprising in Sonora by Mexican and French miners. Earlier, Green brought fifteen slaves to the Yuba River and filed claims in their names. Sam Houston spoke of him earlier in Texas, "He has all of the attributes of a dog, except loyalty." Enough about Green.

Author Hittell in his *History of California* stated, "In the slang phrase of the day, the Legislature of 1850 was called, "The Legislature of a Thousand Drinks." Whatever truth there may have been in the designation, it is certain that no legislature has ever sat in the state that did more work, more important work or better work. If anything is to be said about the drinking of such a body, it ought to be something similar to the answer attributed to Lincoln about Grant. When complaint was made that Grant drank too much whiskey, Lincoln replied that he would like to get the brand of that whiskey to give to his other generals.

GRANDMA BASCOM STORY FOR CCHS MEETING 6.11.99

This is an interview with Grandma Bascom as portrayed by Sherry Simmons and interviewer Leonard McKay. Grandma Bascom was a real person and all events are factual. The information here is from the interview of Grandma Bascom that appeared in the *Overland Monthly* issue of May, 1887 by M.H. Field. Some passages have been shortened or omitted for time consideration. No changes have been made for political correctness. (Anna Maria & Doctor Louis Hazelton Bascom)

Interviewer: Grandma Bascom, You have led a very interesting life. Would you tell us about it and let's start with how, when and why you came to California.

Grandma B. "Long and long ago we come from ole Kentuck. We were 49ers. We've seen California grow from its babyhood. I danced at the annexation Ball. Why it was just one great mustard patch from San Francisco to San Jose, when we came here; and San Jose- O my sakes, honey, you'd never believe me if

I were to tell you what San Jose looked like when I first saw it! Just a bunch of little adobe houses, set down every which way, and a great marsh and frog-pond right where all the banks are now, on the corner of First and Santa Clara Streets, mud ten feet deep in winter all over the country, and dust clear down to China in summer!"

Interviewer- "You came across the plains, I suppose?"

Grandma B.- "Yes, and brought six children, the oldest ten years old and the youngest only two months old."

Interviewer- "How did you ever live?"

Grandma B.- "Why I just lived right along day by day, day by day. It wasn't very bad. Such things ain't hard, chile, if you only take 'em right. Little children ain't no trouble to me, and never was. Why bless your heart! I've brought up more than twenty; -eight of my own and more than a dozen of other people's and now I'm at work on the grand children! I'm Grandma Bascom to everybody. I could tell you stories till next week about everything and everybody."

Interviewer- "Grandma, I know that the Bascoms were among the honored families of Kentucky, the famous Bishop Bascom of the South Methodist Church was a brother of your husband, Doctor Bascom, but tell us why you left your beautiful Kentucky home to come here."

Grandma B.- "Oh it was a book set the Doctor wild about California, a book called *What I Saw in California* by Edwin Bryant. He was Alcalde of San Francisco and he wrote the book, and afterward traveled through the East lecturing about California. Doctor's health was poor - he had asthma all the time - and so he began to plan about going. At first I wouldn't hear a word of it. I loved my home and friends too much, and everything on the place was precious to me. Still, Doctor kept talking about going, and some of the neighbors began to catch the California fever; but it seemed so far off! I held out a long time that I wouldn't go and then one night, after Doctor had looked pale and breathed hard for two or three days, I dreamed he was dead. It woke me up, and I sat up in bed and spoke to Doctor. "I'll go," I said.

"Why chile, what are you talking about?" says he.

"I'll go to California." says I.

"Well, don't take it back in the morning." says he.

And I didn't. I just went to work to get ready, but with a breaking heart. We sold our dear home and the poor black people. Of course, we saw that they had good masters, but Oh, the agony of parting. Isn't it a comfort chile, that when we have such trouble we can pray? For weeks, we were packing and saying good-bye.

Interviewer- "I hate to interrupt, but when did you leave and actually start on the journey?"

Grandma B.- "It was the ninth of April, 1849, when at last we were ready to go, and there were a hundred in the company, most of them new acquaintances. Doctor's unmarried sister, older than he was, went with us, and nine families from our neighborhood. We had a wagon made in Louisville that cost four hundred dollars. It was as nice as a little house, and we lived in it all the way. We had three other wagons for provisions and stores. Doctor took his books and surgical instruments, and medicines. Of our servants, just one good man went with us. His name was Willis. He was the most perfect gentleman I ever knew; he was so kind, and unselfish and helpful, we loved him like a brother. We were to go to Louisville first. It was twenty-five miles away. All the neighbors went with us for miles, turning back, one after another, when they thought they could go no farther. For four miles, we could see our dear house, it stood on such high ground. I kept looking back, like Mrs. Lot, and crying, crying, crying. They said I raised Salt River with my tears and I don't know but I did. It was like tearing my heart in two... The Dear Lord has always been uprooting me. He has never let me forget that I was only a pilgrim. It makes the last transplanting very easy - bless his holy name."

I- "Grandma, tell us about when you actually started on the 'Trail.' "

Grandma B.- We went to Lexington, Missouri - that was our real starting place for the great journey. After that, there would be no more houses, nothing but the great plains between us and the Rocky Mountains. At Lexington, we met the cholera. It was raging in the town, and we decided to camp a safe distance off, and get our final outfit of mules and oxen. Doctor bought four cows, so that we should have milk all the way. We had everything that could be thought of, and we tried to take every

precaution about cholera; but it broke out in our camp after we started. Our dear old sister was sick and just after four hours, she died. There came on a fearful rain storm. Will got wet trying to help a poor family who could not keep up with us, and he died the same night. No words can tell our grief and desolation. No one else in our company died, but many were very sick. Our little Ray, three years old, nearly died. There were other poor sufferers like ourselves. We passed forty new made graves in the first two weeks of our journey.

"We had books and games and we traveled along very slowly from half a mile to nine miles a day. There was always and abundance of food, for Doctor was a good provider and had laid in ample stores of flour, bacon, beans, rice, sugar, jellies and dried fruit. I learned how to cook and had all sorts of experiences. Once I made a plum pudding and tried to serve it with brandy flaming over it, as I had seen it done so often in bygone days; somehow, I got my face too near, and the flame singed off my eyebrows."

Interviewer- "Grandma, I know that your family became great friends with Jack Somerville. How did that happen?"

Grandma B.- "A party of four men who were riding on horseback joined our company when we were on the plains. I overheard one of them say one night, 'Sir, I am a true laborer, earn what I eat, get that I wear.'" So I called out, "Who is quoting Shakespeare out here in the wilderness?"

"What woman can there be out here who knows Shakespeare when she hears it? said he. After that we were great friends. He had once been a college professor in Edinburgh, Scotland, very learned in everything, and he could talk seven languages, yet here he was jogging along to California on an old mule and looking like a scarecrow. His name was Jack Somerville. We always called him Professor Jack. he was the best and kindest of friends to us and our children for many long years. He came to us as far as the Sierra, and then went to the mines, but got sick there, and Doctor found him afterward in a hospital in San Francisco. He came with us then to San Jose and lived under our roof for a dozen years- poor fellow, if only he could have let whiskey alone! We named our dear California home 'Somerville Lodge' for him. It seems as if we could hardly have got across the plains without Professor Jack."

Interviewer- "Grandma, what about water. There must have been times when you crossed the desert that you ran low or out of water?"

Grandma B.- "We had a water barrel and never suffered thirst but once; that was when we lost our barrel. Doctor gave a dollar for a pint of water that day."

Interviewer- What was your route?

Grandma B.- "We came through the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains on the ninth of July and I made ice-cream for the whole crowd of women and children, for we found a bed of ice in a sheltered place.

At Chico, we divided. Part of our company went to the mines. It was almost like the Kentucky parting. Some of our roughest traveling was in getting from Chico to Sacramento. We reached Sacramento the last day of October."

Interviewer Interviewer Grandma, you had been on the road six and a half months and you hadn't reached your destination yet. What happened next?

Grandma B.- "At Sacramento, we took a boat for San Francisco. Our fare was \$132.00 and we were eight days getting to San Francisco. It rained and rained. I remember at Benicia, we paid a dollar and a half for a candle. At San Francisco, we had hoped to find a house all ready to be put together, which Doctor had bought in New York and ordered sent 'Round the Horn' He had also sent in the same cargo, a great lot of furniture and a year's supply of provisions, but they never came till the next April and then everything was spoiled but the house. We had also bought in San Francisco, through Mr. Bryant, two lots at \$1700.00 each. The best we could do was to camp on them. The first night in San Francisco, Mr. Bryant came to take supper with us, and Doctor to celebrate bought five dollars worth of potatoes. We ate them all for supper, and didn't eat so very many, either!"

Interviewer- "Grandma, if you had lots in San Francisco, why did you come to San Jose?"

Grandma B.- "We had intended from the first to come to the Santa Clara Valley for Doctor said wherever the Catholic Fathers had picked out a site must be a good location. The children and I stayed in the city while Doctor came on horseback to San Jose and bought a house for us. Then he came back and we started for San Jose with Professor Jack, while Doctor stayed in the city to

buy and ship furniture and provisions to us. We came to Alviso in the boat and paid another hundred and fifty two dollars in fare just for me and the children. From Alviso, we came to San Jose by the Pioneer Stage, through fearful mud and pouring rain, paying an 'ounce' each for fare. On that boat I got acquainted with two nice gentlemen, both ministers whose names were Blakeslee and Brierly. They, too, were coming to San Jose, also a Mr. Knox.

'We haven't any place to lay our heads when we get there,' one of them said.

'Well, I've got a house,' said I, just as if I was in Kentucky, 'and if you can put up with what I have, you can come with me and welcome.'

Interviewer- "Grandma, you hadn't even seen your house in San Jose. Was it a surprise?"

Grandma B.- "Well, we were driven right to my house on the corner of Second and San Fernando Streets. It was just dark and the tenth of December. The house had been bought of a Mrs. Matthews and she was still in the house. Doctor had paid \$7000 for the house and two fifty vara lots. I expected to see at least a decent shelter; but Oh my! honey, it was just as some of the children said, 'most as good as our old Kentucky corn crib.' It had two rooms and a loft, which was climbed into by a kind of ladder. The roof was of shakes and let the rain right through, and the floor was of planks laid down the smooth side up and great cracks between them that let the water run out. I was thankful for that! There was a chimney in the house, and fireplace, but hardly a bit of fire, nor any wood. It was rather a forlorn place to come to and to bring visitors to, now wasn't it? Yet, we had been through so much that the poorest shelter looked good to me, and besides it was our new home. We must make the best of it. Mrs. Matthews had a good supper for us on a table spread with a white cotton cloth and the children were overjoyed to see a real tablecloth once more.

'Will you tell me where I can get some wood?' I said to Mrs. Matthews, thinking that a fire would be the best possible thing for us all.

"You can buy a burro load in the morning, ' she answered. 'I've used the last bit to get supper with.' Well, the end of it was we took our supper and went to bed-not on nice Kentucky feather

beds, but on buffalo skins spread on the floor and without any pillows. "

Interviewer- "Grandma, you've brought three gentlemen, where did they sleep?"

Grandma B.- "Mr. Knox and Mr. Blakeslee and Mr. Brierly climbed into the loft and turned in as best they could. Mr. Knox was sick, too, but I could not even give him a cup of hot tea. I said to Mrs. Matthews that I wished I could heat a stone to put to his feet.

'Stone?' said she, 'There are no stones in this country.'

'We slept as if we were on downy beds, we were all so tired. The next morning I bought a burro load of wood for an 'ounce.' Everything cost an 'ounce.'

'I divided my mansion into four rooms, with curtains. Doctor came and brought us furniture and all the comforts money would buy. He paid \$500 to get shingles on our roof. Mr. Blakeslee and Mr. Brierly stayed with us. We all seemed to get on well together."

Interviewer- "Grandma, you had six children and three roomers, did you do all of the cooking yourself?"

Grandma B.- "It was not until spring that Doctor found a black man who could cook. He paid \$800 for him. Folks said he wouldn't stay-for of course, he was free in California, but he did. He lived with us for four years. People began to ask if they couldn't stay with us for just a few days till they found some other home; and then somehow, they stayed on. Everybody had to be hospitable. The legislature was in full session, and the town was more than full. The first thing I knew, I had thirteen boarders, Senators and Representatives, and ministers and teachers. Nobody who came would go away. I could always manage to make people feel at home, and they would all say that they could put up with anything, and help in all sorts of ways, if I would only let them stay. It was as good as a play to see them help me.

Mr. Leek (he was the enrolling clerk in the legislature) was a wonderful hand to make batter-cakes. We got up a reputation on batter-cakes, and our house was dubbed, 'Slapjack Hall' by my boy Al. It stuck to us. Mr. Bradford, from Indiana, could brown coffee to perfection. Mr. Orr and Mr. McMullen always brought all the water; they were senators. I used to think

they liked the job because there was a pretty girl in the house where they got the water.

Professor Jack helped me steadily and as I said everybody lent a hand. We had a very gay time over our meals, and everybody was willing to wash dishes and tend baby. I used to go up to the legislature, and enjoy the fun there as much as they enjoyed my housekeeping."

Interviewer- "Grandma, tell us about the rains that winter?"

Grandma B.- "The March of that winter was something to remember. People used to get swamped on the corner of First and Santa Clara Streets. A little boy was drowned there. It was such a regular trap for children.

"Oh, did I tell you I built the first church and the first schoolhouse in San Jose? I did. I built it all alone, with my own hands, and the only tool I had was a good stout needle! It was the famous 'Blue Tent' you have heard of. Mr. Blakeslee asked me if I could make it, and I told him, of course I could. He bought the cloth and cut it out. It was of blue jean, and cost seventy five cents a yard. The Presbyterian Church was organized in it, and Mr. Blakeslee had a school in it all winter."

Interviewer- "Grandma, what did you do for entertainment?"

Grandma B.- "We had a good deal of party going, and gave entertainments, just as if we had elegant houses and all the conveniences. The Spanish people were some of them extremely stylish.. The ladies had dresses as rich as silk and embroidery could make them, and in their long, low adobe houses, there were rich carpets and silk curtains trimmed with gold lace. I went to the first wedding in one of these houses. Miss Pico married a Mr. Campbell. It was very grand, but the odd dresses and odd dishes upset my dignity more than once.

Governor and Mrs. McDougall lived in an adobe house on Market Street and they had a grand party there. I had a party, too, one day, and asked all the ladies of my acquaintance. Mrs. Brannon had given me six eggs, and I made an elegant cake, which I was going to pass around in fine style. I began with passing it to one of the Spanish ladies, and she took the whole cake at one swoop, wrapped it up in the skirt of her gorgeous silk dress, and said, 'Mucha gracia!' I was never so surprised in my life, but there was nothing I could do. The rest of us had to go without cake that time.

Cattle and horses ran about the streets, and there were no sidewalks. We had to just pick our way round as best we could. In the spring my piano came. It was sent by way of the Isthmus. It was the first piano in San Jose. It made a sensation, everybody came to see it and hear my little girl play. Indians and Spanish used to crowd around the doors and windows to hear the wonderful music, and many a white man, too, lingered and listened, because it reminded him of home.

Interviewer- "Did you always live in downtown?"

Grandma B.- "In 1852, we moved out on the Stockton Ranch, and bought our own farm in Santa Clara, on which we built our permanent home, 'Somerville Lodge.' I remember we paid our head carpenter sixteen dollars a day. The house cost us \$10,000.

"I was dreadfully homesick for two years, but the country improved very fast. the flowers and fruits were a continual source of wonder and pleasure and I was too busy to be unhappy. Doctor's health was much better, and that alone was enough to pay us for the change.

As I go about our broad, fine streets now and see the grand houses and public buildings, I think of the old days of adobe houses and frog ponds and I remember how much pleasure people took then in spite of discomforts and I see how much worry and trouble they have now in spite of all the comforts, and I say happiness doesn't come from outside things, no, nor misery either. It's a matter of spirit chile, now isn't it?"



Sherry Simmons and Leonard McKay



Touring With The Californians

Touring with the Californians

Rose Crimi Muench - Tour Director

Nancy Hill - Phone Reservations: 258-3449 Mon - Fri A.M.

Pauline Hawkins - Treasurer 1223 Redcliff Drive

San Jose, CA 95118-1228

Helen Brooks - Registration at Luncheons

REGISTRATION FOR FALL TRIPS begins at the September 4th luncheon. Checks are preferred over cash. Non-members and guests may sign up, starting September 13th. If you do not get a trip flyer at the luncheon meeting, please send a stamped, self-addressed letter-sized envelope to Pauline's address above. Pick-up point (unless otherwise indicated) is at Valley Village, 390 N. Winchester Blvd., Santa Clara, at Dolores St. side.

SEPTEMBER 16, THURS. MORE SOUTH COUNTY GEMS
(Registration in progress.) As we travel south, we will stop at the "Wings of History" Air Museum in San Martin. Dedicated volunteers restore old planes in the prop shop, and planes are on display in the hangars. We will next visit the Gilroy Historical Museum housed in the former Carnegie Library (1910), a jewel of the Classic Revival style. Our included luncheon will be at Station 55 Restaurant, formerly the town fire station. Our historic tour of Gilroy will be narrated by Connie Rogers, a former Gilroy councilwoman. We will see homes in various styles from Victorian to craftsman, commercial and public buildings, the old City Hall, and the recently restored train station. Last, we will take Hecker Pass Road to visit the Solis Winery, dating from 1917, for a tour and wine tasting, and the Goldsmith Seed Company for a look at their demonstration gardens of fall flowers.

Leave: 9:00 A.M. Return: 5:00 P.M. Price: \$ 31

OCTOBER 21, THURSDAY TREASURES of St. FRANCIS of ASSISI at the LEGION of HONOR We have a unique opportunity to see over 200 medieval and early Renaissance objects from the collection of the Basilica of San Francesco of Assisi: San Francisco's sister city. The exhibit calls attention to the severe earthquake damage which the building sustained in September 1997. Objects on view include panel paintings, processional crosses, vessels and reliquaries in gold and silver, tapestries, sculpture, ceramics, and illustrated manuscripts. In addition, the Museum is exhibiting a collection of 125 pieces of Australian aboriginal art from the 1960's to the present, including: paintings of scenes from the Central Desert and western Australia, traditional bark paintings and sculptures. Our tour includes a brunch in the Legion Cafe, and admission to all of the Museum's collections.

Leave: 9:30 A.M. Return: 4:30 P.M. Price: \$ 35

MISSISSIPPI RIVER CRUISE OCTOBER 31 - NOVEMBER 8

Your last chance to join us as we cruise the Upper Mississippi River from St. Paul to St. Louis on the Mississippi Queen, stopping every day to visit towns of Heartland America. We go through 27 locks as we drop a total of 400 feet of elevation over seven days. Our pre-cruise overnight in St. Paul/Minneapolis includes a city tour. On arrival at St. Louis, we will also have a city tour including the Arch and the impressive Western Migration Museum below it. Delta Queen Steamship Company has offered a very attractive group package with 35% OFF ON CABINS. The FREE AIRFARE offer has been extended to SEPTEMBER 1. Depending on cabin category, the cost ranges from \$1895 to \$2575. This includes round trip air fare from San Jose; St. Paul lodging overnight, breakfast, and tour; seven day cruise and port taxes; St. Louis tour; and all baggage handling. Trip cancellation insurance is optional. Shore excursions and gratuities on board are at your discretion. A brochure is available. Call Rose Crimi Muench, 1-(408) 293-0896.

**DECEMBER 22, WEDNESDAY
SNOOPY'S CHRISTMAS ICE SHOW.**

This is a holiday treat to share with your children — or grandchildren! We travel to Santa Rosa and enjoy an included pre-

show lunch at Michele's Restaurant. Then we'll have a little time to stop at the Charles Schultz Memorabilia Shop before seeing the spectacular Christmas ice skating show, filled with colorful costumes, music and fantastic performers on ice. Members may register children or grandchildren 6 years or older beginning on the day of the luncheon.

Leave: 11:00 A.M. Return: 7:00 P.M. Price: \$ 56

NEW YEAR'S at VICTORIA'S EMPRESS HOTEL, DECEMBER 29, 1999 – JANUARY 2, 2000.

Enjoy the Old World charm and history of the Empress Hotel as we celebrate the coming of the Year 2000. The tour includes: round trip airfare from San Jose to Seattle, one night in Seattle, a "Spirit of Washington" dinner train ride along scenic Lake Washington, three nights at the Empress Hotel in Victoria, daily breakfasts, three dinners, including a New Year's Eve Gala Dinner Dance, high tea at the Empress, a visit to Butchart Gardens and the Royal Provincial Museum of British Columbia, all baggage handling, and gratuities for local guides and coach driver. Trip cancellation insurance is optional. Cost is \$1345. Single supplement: \$285. A brochure is available. Call Rose Crimi Muench, 1-(408) 293-0896.

TOURS FOR 2000?

We want to assess your interest in possible tours for the next year. If you have a serious interest in any or all of the tours described below, please call Rose Crimi Muench, 1-(408) 293-0896 between now and September 18, or sign the interest sheets at the September 4th luncheon. If there is sufficient interest, we will proceed with brochures and registrations. Other tour suggestions are also welcome.

OBERAMMERGAU, ITALY, and SWITZERLAND

May 21 – June 3, 2000

The world-renowned Passion Play is produced every ten years in this picturesque Bavarian village. The cost is \$3790, including nonstop air from San Francisco to Rome; sightseeing in Rome, Assisi, Florence, Bologna, Padua, Venice, Verona, Brenner Pass, Ludwig's Castles, and Lucerne; hotels, and 21 meals. The non-stop return flight is from Zurich.

SANTA FÉ OPERA in AUGUST 2000?

If you are an opera buff, experiencing opera under the stars in Santa Fé will be a treat. Productions include: "Rigoletto," "Ermione," "Marriage of Figaro," "Electra," and "Venus and Adonis." The cost is approximately \$1300, including airfare, six days' accommodation, three or four theatre tickets, two meals per day, and local tours.

RIVER BARGE EXCURSION in NOVEMBER 2000?

We go into the Cajun country on the Intracoastal Waterway between New Orleans and Galveston. The cost is approximately \$2200, including airfare, all outside cabins, port taxes, all meals, shore excursions, and tips. This same itinerary can be done on the Delta Queen with an increase in cost, depending on the cabin selection.

CALIFORNIA HISTORY CLASS AT WILLOW GLEN EDUCATIONAL CENTER-Mary Lou Lyon will begin her 14th year as instructor at Markham Junior High on Cottle Road. We will continue our study of California History on Wednesday, September 22, 1999, 7-9 p.m. by examining a different phase of the Gold Rush...The Bad Guys! banditos, robbers & desperadoes. Students wanted, no experience necessary.

Letter

Just a note to say I'm living, that I'm not among the dead,
Though I'm getting more forgetful and mixed up in the head. I
got used to my arthritis, to my dentures I'm resigned, I can
manage my bifocals but gosh, I miss my mind! For some times I
can't remember when I stand at the foot of the stairs, if I must
go up for something or have I just come down from there?
And before the fridge so often, my poor mind's filled with
doubt; Have I just put food away or have I come to take some
out? So, if it's My turn to write you there's no need for getting
sore... I may think that I have written and don't want to be a
bore. Just remember that I love you and wish that you were
near. Now it's nearly mail time, so I must say goodbye, my dear.
Here I stand beside the mailbox with a face so very red! Instead
of mailing you my letter, I have opened it instead! anon

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For the December Issue

must be received by Nov. 1

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PIONEER LUNCHEON

SATURDAY, September 4, 1999 AT NOON

LOU'S VILLAGE

COME HEAR Western Author

John Boessenecker talk about

Gold Dust & Gunsmoke...

London Broil with Bordelaise Sauce

Salad & Bread

Mashed Potatoes

Vegetable

\$15 Ice Cream & Coffee

RESERVATIONS 554-7587

BEFORE Wednesday, September 1

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