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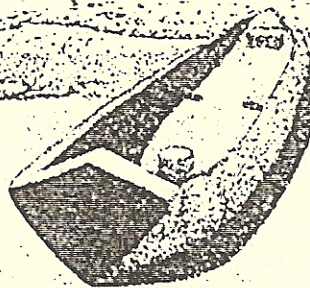
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'EXPLORING OUR HISTORY'

1996

JULY

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

1996

TSURAI-TRINIDAD TRAILS

By: Axel Lindgren

Today, as in the past, this time of year was graduation for some ... and another vacation for others. The first part of our vacation was short, as we had to earn money for the **FOURTH-of-JULY** celebration which would take place in Eureka, Luffenholtz Beach, Big Lagoon, or a swimming hole on Mad River.

To earn money, there was a choice of catching & selling fish at Luffenholtz Beach, picking blackberries, peeling cascara bark; weeding carrots, beets or corn for farmers in Crannell or on Arcata Bottoms.

It was fun picking blackberries. At the end of the day we enjoyed peddling the berries to the whaling station's cookhouse, or the cookhouse at the Rock Quarry or McConnaha's Mill, Hammond's cookhouse at Crannell or Manning's Cafe ... and sometimes the housewives in Trinidad would buy our berries.

The cookhouses were the best markets, for the "cook" could tell by our appearance that we were weary and hungry Besides the 80¢ per gallon for the berries, we were rewarded with pie or cookies - and sometimes both!

The cookies from Hammond's cookhouse were about the size of today's pancakes; they were made for lumberjacks-- they fit us, too! There were three varieties of those cookies and they were all good. The "cook" would wash-&-dry our empty berry bucket, then place a dozen of those delicious 'monsters' in the empty bucket. There was never anything quite like cookhouse cookies!

Bound for Sacramento (translated from German)
By: Carl Meyer of Basel, 1938

PATRICK'S POINT March, 1851

Before descending to the sea, we encountered one of civilization's desperate attempts to erect a habitation on the lonely plain. A log cabin -- one of those picturesque buildings which pleases the eye of the wanderer in the American backwood's ravine, but which can only enchant him for a short time-- stands here on a piece of unfenced, cultivated ground. A thin cloud of smoke rising from the crooked chimney made of clay and wood, showed that it was occupied. The Irish colonist "Old Patrick" (whose name is known all up and down the coast) lives here.

On my former wanderings in the United States of North America, I had sufficient opportunity to see that the Irishman is the most easily satisfied person in the world; he cannot live in opulence. He does not require companionship; it only bothers him. If he has a well-planted potato field, he needs no money as he can satisfy his other needs by barter.

"Old Patrick" (the Irish Robinson) seemed also to live this way. He had landed in Oregon after a journey from the Mississippi Valley across the Rocky Mountains ... and a strange fate brought him here to this place on the coast where he decided to settle as soon as he saw the wild potato, his favorite national food. He settled down, became friendly with his Indian neighbors, and the next year the California gold seekers found him to be their only civilized and hospitable friend in this region.

His hospitality was offered to anyone who stopped at his cabin. He let them do whatever they liked in his household as if he had nothing to say about it.

Weeding carrots, beets or corn was a tough grind but, with great determination, it was a daily job which assured the worker the most money when the job was completed. The amount to be earned was determined before work commenced. The longer the rows, the higher the pay. It was possible to make \$2.00 per day plus a couple of sore knees -- not to mention a sore back!

Peeling cascara bark (at first called-Pigeon Berry Bark) was the slowest way to earn money. The bark was stripped from the trees, then scattered on the ground or indoors for drying. After ten or more days, the bark was dried and broken into small pieces, placed in a sack, and hauled to market. All this work for 2-1/2¢ per pound!

Fishing, like berrying, was fun but with too many uncertainties for "quick" money. Oft'times, if the fish were "running," there were no buyers, or vice versa. Too risky.

By the 1st of July, with no time wasted, \$15 to \$20 dollars were well-earned -- and plans were fairly well decided where and how our hard-earned bucks would be spent. Firecrackers were "a must" and were well-stocked. The stockpile included Roman candles, sky-rockets, sparklers, spintails and cherry bombs. Firecrackers which were "one-inchers" were purchased in packs, and "two-to-ten inchers" were bought singly.

With today's regulations, one would have to be a demolition expert with many permits in order to purchase that dynamite-like firecracker.

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TRINIDAD TREASURES

*There's a wee small place
it's been said,
that's a beautiful sight to see.

Where the finest in nature
teem and abound,
and there's no better place to be.

It's said you can travel
the earth's endless roads
and never see something so rare

As the village of Trinidad
high on a bluff
with wildflowers wound in her hair.*

By Dee Smith

But on nights when the log cabin became a regular sleeping camp and there was no place left under his own roof for him to lay his head, he would become annoyed and swear such-and-such by his patron Saint Patrick; imbibing freely from his whiskey flask, becoming more and more confused, and wandering about over his own land. At dawn, when the passing tourists were ready to leave his camping place, "Old Patrick" was far on his way to the little town of Trinidad (which disappeared after the gold rush days as quickly as it had sprung-up), where he had many a thing to do.

"Old Pat" usually did not miss making a prophesy to his wandering guests, which went something like this ...

"Well, people! I tell you as your friend and you will say that I had told the truth, as true as I am saying this . . . You will soon be disappointed by your journey and you will return; then say, 'Old Patrick told you so' ... and I say it!"

Old Patrick's ranch also offered us a roof for our first night and I could see for myself all that made the place so notorious. I also became convinced that the old settler did much to increase the wildman's (Indian) hatred of "fire-water," for Old Patrick was not only their first sight of civilization but, later, when he was frequently drunk, he showed them a degenerate civilization which can only fill another human with disgust.

Klamath County Book of Claims January 1851
Patrick Beegan takes possession of 160 acres six miles north of Trinidad.

Courtesy of Ned Simmons, Historian

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MEMBERS . . . Please LOOK at the date on your mailing label. Are you due for renewal in July? An addressed envelope is enclosed for your convenience.

If you are past-due (April or January) we hope you will renew your membership at this time.

"Thank you" for your continued support of T-M-S ... it is much appreciated.