

NOTICIAS del PUERTO de MONTEREY

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FERN ROOT FOR BULLET WOUND

One of the pleasures of searching the history of an area is the gathering of stories told by the older residents. When we were typing the article about Jolon which ends in this issue we remembered a story told us some years ago by a dear elderly gentleman. He had all the old courtesy of his Spanish forbears, and on a sunny afternoon if urged would tell of his memories and the tales told by his grandfather and father. His family had come as soldiers of the King and remained to be vaqueros and rancheros. The following tale he told us one day when we happened to ask if he had ever used herbs for medicinal purposes. But of course! In fact a fern had saved his life!

When Don Juan V. was in his early twenties — and a little foolish perhaps — about the turn of the century, he found himself faced with a grave problem. He had hurt his leg, well, actually he had a bullet in it. He did not go to a doctor because he would have to explain, and somehow the sheriff would find out, and well, there was a certain lady. So he tried for several days to treat his leg with simple remedies. But one morning he had a high fever and there was a flaming red line running up his leg almost into the groin. He knew that if he finally went to a doctor his leg would be amputated. That could not be as his whole life was bound with horses.

Juan remembered the tender care of the old Indian nurse who had served in his family home during his mother's life and his own childhood. When the family went visiting this Indian woman served as nurse and doctor, and told the then small boy where to obtain the herbs her people had used before her time. There was a special fern that was gathered by her people and used for badly infected arrow wounds. Only two places did she find these ferns. One was in the small canyon east of the road from Monterey to Carmel (what we now call Don Davee park); the second place was in the deep canyon along with the stage coach and trail from King City climbed to the Jolon valley.

Juan felt he could not go to Monterey because someone would see him and wonder

why a limping man was gathering the fern. He packed a small blanket roll, his sharp knife, a little jerky, a pot, some soft cloths, and his gun. He was unable to ride his horse so he took the train to King City, then the stage towards Jolon, and told the driver to let him off at a certain place above the stream.

After the stage drew away it took him a long hour to painfully slide down to the stream and almost crawl along it to the spot where the ferns grew. There he gathered armfuls and prepared a poultice from the root of the fern. Crush the root and put it in the pot with water. He had to be very careful to have only a small fire because he did not want anyone to see the smoke and investigate.

He told us how he lay for several days, sometimes unconscious, as he would awaken to find the cloths dry. But as the wound gathered and became swollen he would cut it open with his sharp knife, let the "bad" pour out, and apply more fern root.

His small supply of jerky was exhausted before he finally noticed a change in the leg, and finally one day he was able to climb up to the stage route and start for home.

When Don Juan finished his story we made some small remark. He smiled and spoke gently, "Perhaps it is difficult Senora to believe, for you, that I almost died, but see, I have born the scar ever since."

Slowly and carefully he rolled up his pant leg to above the knee and stood so we could see the leg. From just above the ankle there was almost no flesh around the bone. The skin was stretched tautly over bone and muscles, and a deep scar ran up the leg where the fleshy part is usually found.

"But of course I rode again, Senora, and lived as a man should."



JOLON REGION IN 1899

Note: In our last issue we started a reprint of an article written in 1899 by Charles Franklin Carter, an artist of Waterbury, Connecticut. He went by stage from the railroad in King City up into the beautiful Jolon region. We left him reaching the summit of the pass, a slow part of the trip because it was necessary to walk the horses.

Through the canyon the way is narrow and tortuous: the hills on each side wall in the passage so closely placed by nature that it seems as though no way could be found through; but each new turn gives a new view and farther on another opening pierced by the road. The hills mantled with a thick covering of woody growth, appear purple dark in the late afternoon sunlight, and at sunset present a fine contrast to the golden yellow of the western sky. The hills are not high. The pass at the summit is only fifteen hundred feet above sea level, and the hills on either side are not many hundred feet higher, for they are hills and not mountains. Mountains can, however,

be seen in the distance, the Santa Lucia range stretching along the horizon far to the northwest.

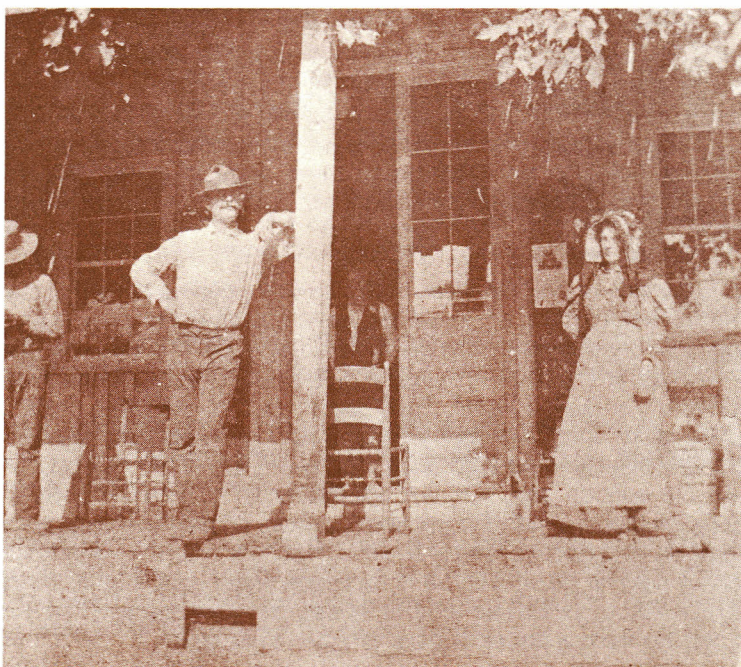
From the summit, the way follows an easy, gradual descent until the level country is reached, leading to Jolon. One is surprised to find a good road in this thinly settled country, and, apparently, so little used. This, it must be remembered is a mail route, which will account in some measure for its good condition. But the chief reason for this road, is that it is, or rather was, the post road between San Francisco and Los Angeles during the good old days of stage coaches, a quarter of a century ago. In those days, all travel between the two cities was by means of stages; and Jolon was a busy place then, being on the direct line of travel, and a stopping place for supper and a change of horses, as well as a place of rest for those desiring to pass the night quietly in bed.

At last, after but a little more than three hours driving, Jolon is reached. Had not the driver warned us before hand we would not have known of our arrival, as Jolon, so long the object of our journey, consists of two low, rambling houses, resembling nothing so much as farmhouses — but each one is ambitiously dubbed a hotel — the Tidball Hotel and the Dutton Hotel. They stand right on the main road, about an eighth of a mile apart, each with its barns and outhouses pertaining to farm life. At first glance there seems to be little choice between the two, both neat and clean enough from the outside, but, had we not been told in advance that we should probably be better pleased with Tidball Hotel, a mass of gaily flowering plants on the veranda would have prepossessed in favor of that one. A further sign in its favor — which, however, may be thought of rather factitious value — is, that in one end of this hotel is the post office, as well as a store where (as in all country stores) one can purchase anything from a paper of pins to a barrel of flour.



The Dutton Hotel in Jolon as it may have appeared in 1899. Both the Dutton Hotel and the Tidball Hotel served for years the many stage coach passengers before the railroad was built between San Francisco and Los Angeles. There is now progress being made to reconstruct the Dutton Hotel as part of a regional park or wayside rest.

This hotel is the property of Mr. Tidball, an elderly man, who built it over twenty years ago. He and his wife are pleasant, genial people, and they take an interest in everyone stopping with them. As there was not a single guest at the hotel when we arrived, Mrs. Tidball made us quite members of the family.



Porch of the Dutton Hotel, Jolon, taken about 1896. Miss Dutton in sunbonnet, her father in the doorway, and her brother Ed Dutton leaning against the post. The man with head down is "Rocky" Beasley, the well known Grizzly Bear hunter of the area.

Jolon has a population of between seven hundred and eight hundred; the main part of the little town is about a half mile from Tidball's. It is a farming country, grain, vegetables and stock being produced. It lies southwest from King City, and is about twenty miles from the ocean, from which it is separated by a range of hills. In former days Jolon was known as San Antonio. Later, the post office, which was at this place, was moved some miles nearer King City, taking with it the old name. Still later, when this was once more made a post office, it was given the name of Jolon. This is an Indian word, spelled according to the Spanish pronunciation. The writer heard two meanings of the word: one, that it signifies a resting place; the other, a place where bulrushes grow, that is, a place that one would be apt to select for a camping spot, as yielding water, which comes, after all pretty near the first meaning. Who gave it the name, and whether it was derived from the old mission Indians the writer was unable to learn.

The history of Jolon, or rather San Antonio, goes back many years before stage-coaching days, or the days of any kind of travel in this country, except that which was

done on foot or on horseback. Six miles from Jolon is Mission San Antonio de Padua, the third mission established by the Franciscans in Alta California, under the lead of Junipero Serra. It was founded on the 14th of July, 1771 in a large canada which the padres named Canada de los Robles, because it was thickly over-grown with oaks.

The site selected, at first, was upon the San Antonio River, taking its name from the mission; but three years later, the mission was removed about three miles up the cañada, and some little distance from the river, and settled on the bank of Mission Creek, a small stream flowing into the San Antonio. The mission quickly became prosperous and increased rapidly in population. At the close of 1798 there were one thousand and seventy-six neophytes entered on the mission books, the largest mission in California at the time, and twelve hundred and ninety-six, its greatest population in 1805.

The Canada de los Robles is rightly named, but the name tells nothing of the exceeding beauty to be found here. The country greatly resembles that of an English park, the ground, clear for the most part of all undergrowth except the carpet of grass or, where under cultivation, is dotted, here and there, now thickly and in grove like masses, now thinly scattered with great, irregular, picturesque oaks, some of them draped with Spanish moss. The artistic arrangement of these trees, scattered over the land as nature has planted them, is remarkable, and could not be improved by any handiwork of man. Framing in this charming view is the background of hills, running around half of the horizon. Beginning at the left, toward the east, they lie off in the distance on either side of the river, long, low masses of dark purple — blue and grey, flushed, here and there, by light, warm spots of pinky yellow, as the sun shines on their exposed surfaces. Gradually, as they reach the front and approach the right and southwest, they become higher and nearer; the blue grows deeper and more purple, with, where the trees and undergrowth become dense on their sides. Just before reaching the extreme right, there is a break in the chain of hills, where they seem to draw apart to allow a glimpse between and beyond them, and here, far away, rising in its majesty up, up into the bright blue sky is the mighty mass of Santa Lucia Mountain the highest peak of the range of the same name, six thousand feet above the sea. Here in all its beauty and splendor, pale, exquisite blue in the distance, and from the top almost to its very roots, it is revealed to us — glimpses, fragmentary and tantalizing!



SAILORS AND SHAWLS

BRING YOUR GUESTS!

TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

The annual adobe tour sponsored by our Monterey History and Art Association will be held as usual on the last weekend in April. This year it is April 26 and 27.

Mary Aplin, Chairman, has chosen for the theme "Sailors and Shawls", one well adapted to Monterey. It was through the port of Monterey there came the shawls and other luxuries the ladies of California simply had to have for special events — the Meriendas and the balls.

When ships came into port to declare their foreign cargoes of baubles and bangles, furniture and ironware, and etc., etc., it was the ladies of Monterey who had first choice if they were brave enough to go out to the ship anchored off shore. Of course there were the polite sailor lads who rowed the small boats back and forth, to help a lady.

A lady was carefully lifted into the arms of a strong bare footed sailor and carried dryshod to the rowboat. We know from the memoirs of some of the sailors that there was a constant competition to see who could carry the young damsels and "allow his partner" to carry the often bewhiskered duena.

We have been told, as we go to press, there will be about fifteen of the fine old adobes open for the two day tour this year. The hostesses are busy with costumes, Mary Frances Singleton and her group are planning a special high tea to be served at Casa Serrano, and arrangements are being made for transportation from one home to another.

Tickets will be available from our office on Calle Principal in the Maritime Museum, and also on the day of the tour from any home.



COSAS DE INTERES PARA LOS SOCIOS

GIFTS: From Ceil Flickinger a covered bowl and charming black coffee cup and saucer; from Col. and Mrs. Wm. Chapman an etching, "Cabin in the Sun" by Jo Mora; a heirloom quilt circa 1750 from Mrs. Thomas Avery Roper. Mrs. V.K. Klemme presented a magnificent Sheffield epergne, and for our costume collection a black parasol and silk apron; Major Allis Hussey gave an oriental table place setting, boxed; Mrs. Alfred Fry donated a fine silver bowl. For the Mayo Hayes O'Donnell Library we have received gifts of books from Mrs. A.A. Richex, Mrs. Ted Durein, Mrs. Charles Fielder, Mrs. Mayo Hayes O'Donnell, Arthur Rathaus, and Major Allis Hussey. A particularly appreciated gift came from Mr. Charles Atarian, the Oriental rug authority of Fresno. He took our rugs to his shop, cleaned them and cared for them and returned them to Casa Serrano. Pat Hathaway gave a group of old photographs showing work done by Jo Mora, and some shots of his studio.

REMINDERS: When you visit Casa Serrano some weekend note the homemade jellies, the bottled furniture polish and the other items for sale. Our association is gradually building one of the finest collections of the works of Jo Mora, all being paid

for out of the pennies and dollars collected by such sales, and of course the patience and cooperation of the Mora family.

SLOAT LANDING: Remember! The annual Sloat Landing ceremony will be enacted at the Custom House plaza on July 5th. Admiral Isham Linder of the Naval Postgraduate School will read the Proclamation of Sloat. The program is under the chairmanship of our Board member Admiral Edward O'Donnell.

CASA AMESTI: You can now visit Casa Amesti on Saturday and Sunday between 2 and 4 p.m. for a fee. Ladies of our association are being trained as docents, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Leo Marihart. This is another volunteer service of our members-serving both the public and the Casa Amesti Council.

IN MEMORIAM: We remember the loss these past weeks of Mrs. Lenore Hicks, Mrs. Myron A. Oliver Sr., and A. Bremner Peck.

NEW MEMBERS: Mr. Robert H. Becham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Broughton, Lt. and Mrs. Armand Chappeau, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Cowley, Mr. Harry E. Crean, Dr. and Mrs. Peter Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Fenton, Jeffrey and Leslie, Mr. James H. Johnson, Mr. Robert R. Judson, Mrs. Emma Rose Layton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Manning, Mr. Victor A. Mora, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard C. Oslin, Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson, Mr. R. Stanley Smith, Dr. and Mrs. David Thorngate, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin L. Truby, Mr. and Mrs. Kent J. Woodcox, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Work, Mr. and Mrs. Juan A. Valdes, Miss Virginia Valdez, Mr. Alberto Valdez, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson J. Hudson Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hudson, Miss Sally Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Les L. Johnson, Miss Celine Lamé, Mr. and Mrs. John Phillips, Miss Shirley Randall, Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Shelby, Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Solliday, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Work Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Schneider III, Mrs. Watson A. Bray, Dr. and Mrs. Milton Clauser, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Craig, Miss Elizabeth McClave, Mr. and Mrs. J.T. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peterson.

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