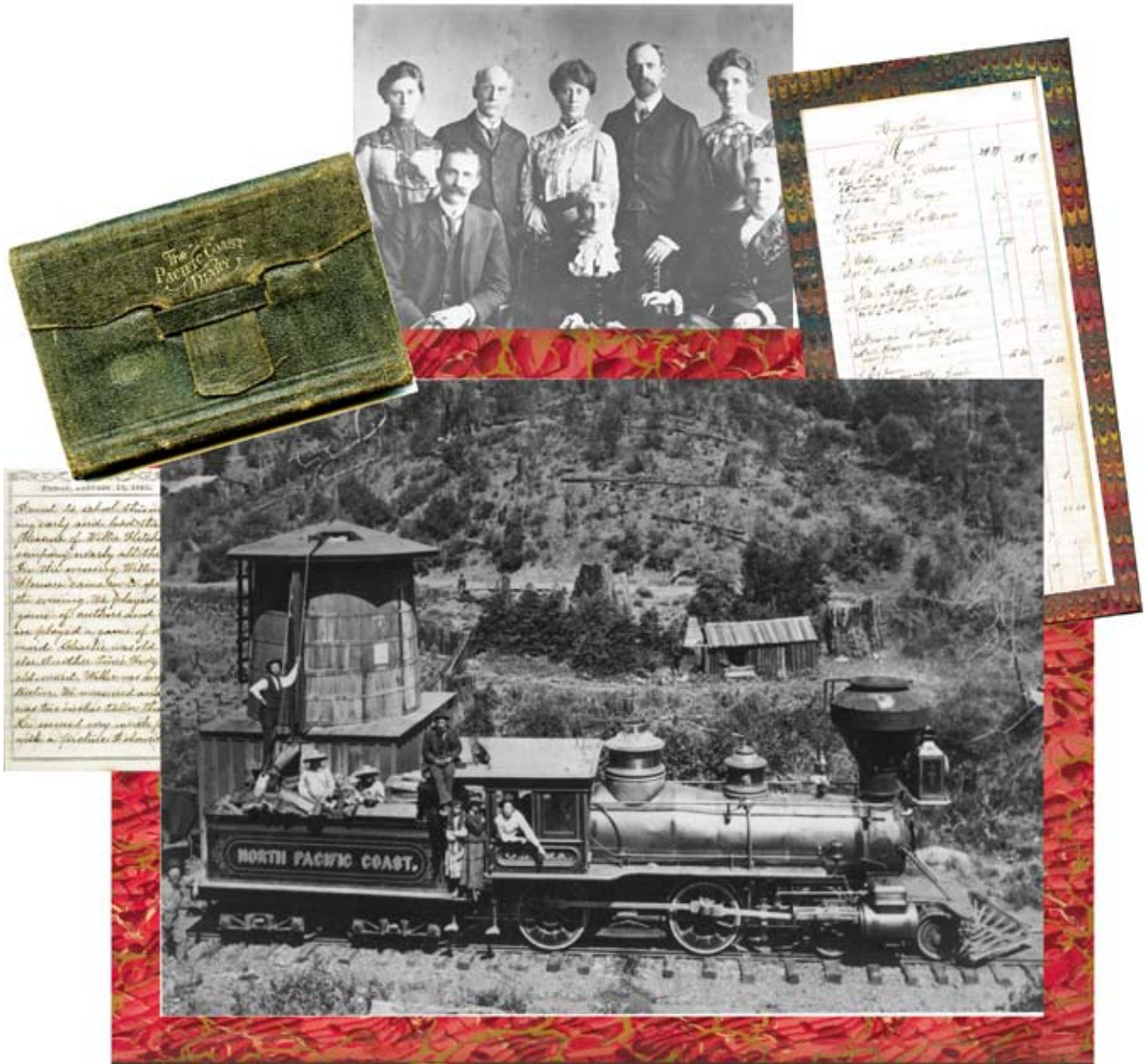




UNDER THE GABLES

Volume XXI, Number 2

Spring 2017



Hidden Histories: Diaries, Daybooks & Ledgers of the Shafter Era, 1860-1930

A New Exhibit at the Jack Mason Museum of West Marin History
Through July 2017

JACK MASON MUSEUM OF WEST MARIN HISTORY

Inverness Way at Park Avenue, Inverness Phone 415-669-1099 www.jackmasonmuseum.org

NEW EXHIBIT AT THE JACK MASON MUSEUM

The new exhibit is titled "Hidden Histories: Diaries, Daybooks & Ledgers of the Shafter Era, 1860-1930." Extracting data from ledgers, financial, census and voting records in the collection as well as diary entries, photos, and news clippings, the exhibit explores how the Shafter family shaped many aspects of Point Reyes life, and provided opportunity for many to work and thrive in West Marin. Curated by Carola DeRooy, our Museum Committee member and Archivist at Point Reyes National Seashore, the exhibit also provides a glimpse into two of her passions, paper and handwriting. A number of ledger covers and pages have been reproduced so that that visitors may thumb through to get a feel for the decorative marbled papers and styles of handwriting and bookkeeping used during the period, and peeks into some of the private diaries and letters of the Shafter family.

The exhibit runs from March 17th – July 30th, 2017. The exhibit is open the same hours as the Inverness Library: Monday, 3-9, Tuesday and Wednesday 10-6, Friday 3-6, Saturday 10-1.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY VIEWING

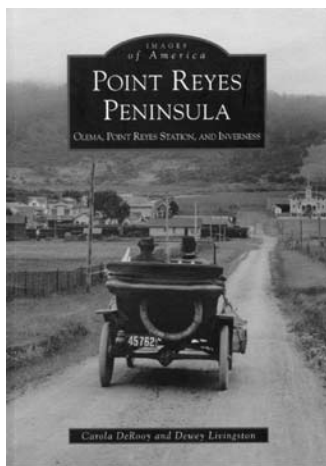
THE EXHIBIT WILL BE OPEN DURING THE
JULY 4th CELEBRATION IN INVERNESS FROM 10-2.

IS YOUR MEMBERSHIP UP TO DATE?

Under the Gables is sent out by a bulk mail permit so each piece needs to be identical. Therefore, we include a remit envelope in all the mailed copies regardless of the status of your dues. If you are not sure whether your dues (Museum dues are separate from Inverness Foundation dues) are up to date please email info@jackmasonmuseum.org or leave a message on the Archives phone, 415-669-1099. We will check and get back to you. If you know you are up to date please pass the envelope on to somebody who might enjoy becoming a member. Dues and other contributions to the Museum are tax-deductible.

RESEARCH IN THE MUSEUM ARCHIVES

An appointment is needed to do research at the museum. Please call Meg Linden at 415-663-1844 or Dewey Livingston at 415-669-7706.



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VOLUNTEERS FOR ARCHIVAL,
ORGANIZATIONAL, OUTREACH,
AND COMPUTER RELATED TASKS.
PLEASE CALL DEWEY AT 669-7706,
OR THE MUSEUM AT 669-1099.**

"POINT REYES PENINSULA"

Copies signed by the authors, Carola DeRooy and Dewey Livingston are available at Museum Open Houses and from the Archives for only \$20.00. The proceeds benefit the Museum.

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Under the Gables
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DOCTOR JIM THE FORGOTTEN SHAFTER

by Jack Mason

Reprinted from *Point Reyes Historian*, Spring, 1983, with additional photographs

i. NORTH BEACH

JIM SHAFTER looked like his mother, with the shapely ears and fastidious nose she gave all her children. The narrow shoulders must be hers, too. Jim might make his way with his hands, but never his arms. He was charming and debonair; better at making friends than keeping them. Probably he was born in New England; it is hard to say. He must have been five or six when his father the Hon. James McMillan Shafter called the family west in 1856. The Shafter house in North Beach was a grand one: brother Payne was to remember it for "the vigorous laughter resounding in the halls . . . the joyous bark of favorite dogs, the tramp of well-kept horses of Black Hawk and Morgan blood ..." and, more importantly, the people who came to dinner, friends of father's Yale law school days, like Alphonso Taft and Vermont's prestigious Senator Proctor.

Jim's mother, tiny but valiant, was determined her boys would amount to something, and in 1868, when she had less than three years to live, took them East by steamer, enrolling Payne, the older one, in Harvard law school and Jim in a Cambridge prep school pending the time he could begin his medical studies. But she was failing fast, and when Payne got sick, too, the trip was aborted, and all returned to San Francisco.

It was now Jim got to know Helen Jackson, the girl up the street who was to "keep tabs" on

him over a lifetime in her diaries. The picture she draws of him at this period is of a clean cut swain anxious to make a good impression. "Mr. Jimmy came up and made a call," she wrote on May 22, 1870. "He says if he can get away on Saturday we will have a horseback ride." On September 19th of that year, "Mr. Jimmy called and we played cribbage and euchre." The friendship so properly begun languished, and six years later it was Jim's brother Helen married.

By then, Jim had gone East, this time alone, to study medicine at New York College of Pharmacy and Surgery, and returned to intern at San Francisco's City and County Hospital. Vienna was next. Mother was dead now, but Vienna must have been in her plans for him, and father must have gone along with them, just on the chance she knew the boy better than he did, and saw something there worth spending hope and money on.

ii. VIENNA

Vienna in those years was where young surgeons the world around went to polish their skills; but for Jim it is where whatever confidence his mother had infused in him began disintegrating. The lectures were in German which he never did get the hang of. The cadavers depressed him. "The course in operative surgery is instructive but dirty," says a letter to Payne (Feb. 14, 1874) "and I think of taking another in the use of the Rhinoscope





Helen Jackson, Jim's good friend who ended up marrying his brother Payne.

and Laryngoscope diseases of mouth and nasal passages...." That didn't work out either. Come summer he spent the last of father's remittance "doing" the capitals of Europe: "I am prepared to leave (Vienna)," he announces in August of 1875. "London will give me all I want undoubtedly, and I mean to do something in Paris. My life in Europe, I assure you, old fellow, has not been all roses (but) I believe in yours and father's affection and assistance through my life, as long as I do what is honorable in the eyes of God. In conclusion, my dear brother, let me congratulate you on the approach of your twenty-ninth birthday."

The letters reveal a prudery which father, the bullshouldered unrepentant Yankee must have crimsoned to read: "Americans herd together and I do not wish to be with them."

Again: "I am forced to the conclusion that man is the most contemptible of animals." Again: "I have learned that there is a life and existence be-

yond the mere accumulation of money."

In Berlin he sees the Kaiser and the Crown Prince "ride past my rooms every morning," then adds with an arch of the brow: "The Germans are uncouth and rude. The same beer. The same homely dresses. I will be quite ready to try the French for a change."

Repeatedly, father threatens to cut off his credit and call the nomad home. "Father seems very poor, and gave me an overhauling. I gave him a systematic account of what it costs to live here (but he) seems to have no confidence in my judgment as regards money matters."

Sustaining both must have been the expectation Jim would take over the reins of San Francisco City and County Hospital on his return, father's wise old friend Dr. Lawlor being about to relinquish them. This was never far from Jim's mind. "Let me know anything you hear of the hospital affairs," he had written from Vienna. "I have sent Dr. Lawlor an elegant perfume case. I think another year's service (at the hospital) might be excellent for me, especially if Lawlor was there or I had his place." (April 8, '75).

But he came home to find Lawlor retired and the place taken. Out of favor with father, he went to Olema to rethink his goals. Payne made him welcome (father's disfavor was a cross they bore in common), but the situation changed when Payne married Helen Jackson in 1876. In North Beach she and Mr. Jimmy had hit it off well enough, but in her new life at Olema there was no room for him, and for good reason.

iii. MARGARET

The problem was not Jim himself—he was as engaging as ever—but his wife. Heaven knows where he had picked her up. Lawlor must have taken her into account in filling the hospital vacancy. If mother knew her, it must have hastened her end, for she was as proud as the rest of the Shafters.

Characteristically, Jim had made no mention of Margaret in his letters from Europe. He was always able to put a dapper face on his failures, and she was one of his worst. Probably she was a product of his East Coast college days--there's no telling.

Probably she followed him west and was taken into the family for the baby's sake. Indications are father was her chief means of support. Margaret Lange Shafter was a disconcerting mixture of coarseness and kindness, a well-intentioned, rosy-cheeked fraulein who had no business being where she was.

Payne's diary indicates the family did its best to accept her. "To Oakland double-team Margaret and I" (September 13, 1873). "Father, Margaret and I went down to Mr. Carey's when he heard of Mrs. Carey's death"

(December 6, 1873). Not very helpful. All later references pertain to money. With Jim in Europe, she leaned heavily on the family exchequer.

Home from Europe, Jim seems to have ignored her existence, although her letters pursue him to Olema: "I am not going to stay heir (sic) any more," she writes from San Francisco, terrified by a stabbing in the Tenderloin flat below hers. "I am looking for a house, but it is difficult to find one under 30 dollars"

Payne and Helen, in the city for a holiday, have her to dinner, but (says another letter) "Payne is like usual. Finds fault with everybody. Selfish. He not even offert me some butter. Life is hard on us and for my part I don't care to live any longer. Your affectionate wife, Margarethe." (No date).

Fifteen years of this was enough, if not for Jim, then for his father. Margaret is hauled into divorce court. Down from Olema for the proceedings Payne tells his diary (November 24, 1887): "Testified Dr. James case. Took stand noon." The newspapers were aware of the Shafter's anguish but could lay hold of few details: the courtroom doors were locked against reporters.

It was Margaret's brother Charles Lange, a sailor in the German merchant marine, who moved the story onto page one by waylaying Mr. Shafter in the city hall and taking a couple of pistol shots at him. "The old man wants to run the whole fam-



Payne Shafter's family home at Olema, which they called The Oaks.

ily!" Charles shouted after being wrestled to the floor by his formidable in-law. Payne's diary says merely, "Carl Lange attempted father's life today. Father by courage and presence of mind escaped." (March 2, 1888). Finally, the dirty business is at an end. Margaret, ostracized by people she never understood, goes East. From Philadelphia, like Hettie Sorrel throwing herself on Arthur Donnithome's mercy, she was to write:

"Dear James: Excuse me in writing to you but my present circumstances compel me to ask assistance from some kind person. I have just been burned out and have lost everything I had ... I have just left the hospital. ... Help me in some way as I have nothing left. Marguerite E. Shafter." (April 28, 1901).

Their little girl, probably the reason the alliance lasted as long as it did, pens her own bright and loving cry for help: "My dear papa," she writes from New York. (No date). "I was very happy to get a letter from you. I have no garden to play in. I feel very sorry. I sent you tousand (thousand) kisses and all my love. I will be very happy if you came home and you will play with me. Your loving daughter Leonie."

iv. OLEMA

"Dr. J. C. Shafter, graduate of the College of Pharmacy and Surgery, New York. After May, to



Nelson's Olema Hotel, where Dr. Jim stayed frequently.

be consulted at Olema," says the advertisement Dr. Jim placed in the *Marin County Journal* on April 25, 1878. In 1881 he was official physician to the local grove of Druids indicating acceptance by Payne's neighbors. He was still at Olema when his father died in 1892. "May the good Lord smite with His hand anyone who would dare alienate the affections of father and son," he had written from Vienna (Christmas, 1874). But what father was seemed less important to him now than what he had. "Jim is the one who makes all the trouble, fearing he won't get his share," Helen wrote her mother. Still Jim hung dutifully around helping his sister Julia administer the old man's affairs until a second marriage pulled him away around 1900.

All we know of Frances Rock Shafter is that she played the piano professionally and was an Olema house party acquaintance of Jim's post-Margaret years. We first heard of her in little Shafter's diary. Payne's wife picks up the thread: "Dr. Jim, Frances and John (her brother) came on the morning train. Payne picked them up at Tocaloma station. Took them down BearValley." (Diary, March 23, 1912). Probably to please Frances, Jim practiced medicine in San Francisco for a time. But by 1914 he was retired, and Frances pursuing her own star: "Frances Rock gave a concert today at St. Francis Hotel.

A fine affair." (Letter, March 12, 1914). Two weeks later the Payne Shafter's visit the Jim Shafter's in Palo Alto. "Cottage pretty and a fine cook," is the diary comment. (June 13, 1914). There is one more reference to Frances, on April 16, 1916. She is at Julia's with Jim, about to hurry off to catch the evening train for the city. That's it; Frances Rock Shafter is banished from the family records as utterly as Margaret before her.

From 1916 on, Jim, approaching seventy, stays close to home. "James came to stay with us," says the diary for March 23, 1917 ... "I went up into the field and watched Jim & Payne make haycocks" (June 27, 1918). Never is it long before he is on his way "back to Julia's" or "to Nelson's Hotel to stay awhile." At loose ends one is never easy to have around. "James is considering changing his boarding place at Olema," is the entry for May 17, 1921.

Four years later he is boarding with the "Chitties" [Chitty family] at Olema with Jake, his dog. "He loves Jake," writes Mrs. Shafter (April 3, 1924). She remembered Jim at Christmastime ("Sent James 5.00 worth of ties and collars which he requested") but never included him in the family gatherings. Her last reference to him speaks to his loneliness. "Payne sent 75.00 to James towards purchasing a radio. He certainly needs some entertainment." (Dec. 1, 1926).

Dr. Jim had found what he once said he wanted, "an existence beyond the mere accumulation of money," but life had begrudged him its part of the bargain: he formed no deep, lasting attachments nor even (one suspects) a very high opinion of himself: gave little so got little. It will come as no surprise that I was unable to find any record of when or where Dr. Jim died. To the end, he was the Shafter who didn't matter very much.

DR. JAMES CHESTER SHAFTER

by Meg Linden

In addition to Jack Mason's story about the doctor we now have these additional facts based on Ancestry.com and digital access to a number of newspapers. Dr. Shafter (known to his family as Jim) was born on April 17, 1851 when his family, James McMillan Shafter, his wife Julia Granville Hubbard Shafter and their first son, Payne Jewett Shafter, were living in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The boy is listed as James Oscar Shafter in the 1860 census. In 1854 a younger brother, Chester Hubbard Shafter, was born on May 21st. The whole family then moved to San Francisco arriving in late 1855. On January 2, 1859 his only sister Julia Ruth Shafter was born, and in 1863 his brother Chester died. At some point between then and the 1870 Census, James took his brother's name and from henceforth is known as James Chester Shafter.

In 1873 James got a medical degree from Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. His dissertation was "Treatment of Anchylosis" (also known as ankyloses), an abnormal stiffening and immobility of a joint due to fusion of the bones.

After his medical degree he went to Germany to continue his studies and there met and married Margareta Lange. In his later divorce proceedings the following was reported "The plaintiff met the lady while pursuing his medical studies in that country [Germany]. She was in high social circles in Berlin, and was regarded as a very accomplished woman." Also based on those news stories they married in 1874. As shown in Jack Mason's story, the family did not approve of her when James and she returned to this county. In 1880 the couple is listed as living in Bolinas Township. From the context in the census it looks as if they were living in or near Olema. There was a child, Leonie, but not clear whether Jim was the father or not. She is not included in the census record. He is listed in this census as a Physician.

In November 1887, primarily at the urging of

his father, James commenced divorce proceedings against his wife. In early March her brother, Carl Lange attempted to shoot Jim's father, Judge James McMillan Shafter. The divorce was granted in March of 1888. [this can be expanded if desired from the *Daily Alta California* article below]. Lange was tried for and acquitted of attempted murder.

When their father died in 1892 it turned out that, although he was perceived to be wealthy, James McMillan Shafter was heavily in debt. Young James helped his sister, Julia Shafter Hamilton, in administering the estate and trying to pay off the debts. As part of this effort the two of them incorporated the Point Reyes Land and Dairy Company in 1898. After his divorce he lived mainly in Olema, or with his sister and her husband near Inverness.

On February 17, 1908 he married Ellen Frances Rock in Alameda County. She first appears in 1903 as a concert pianist in San Francisco. Allegedly he met her through mutual friends in Olema. In 1910 the couple was living in Berlin, Germany. The only reference to her as Frances Rock Shafter is for a concert of the San Francisco Symphony in 1914. There is no record yet found of a divorce from Frances but later records show Dr. Jim living alone again, sometimes at the Nelson Hotel in Olema (the 1920 Census shows him there). Evidently he went back and forth between The Oaks where his brother Payne lived, Julia's house near Inverness, Nelson's Hotel, and sometimes other places on his own. There is no mention of Frances living with him. The San Francisco City Directory lists her in San Francisco for 1919 through 1921.

On May 24, 1929, Dr. James Shafter died at his sister Julia's house and was buried at Cypress Lawn Memorial Cemetery in Colma. His obituary said that although he was a doctor he did not practice, but there is some evidence that he did hang out a shingle in Olema and perhaps that he had medical offices in San Francisco from time to time.

SOME LESSER KNOWN SHAFTERS

by Meg Linden

William Newton Shafter

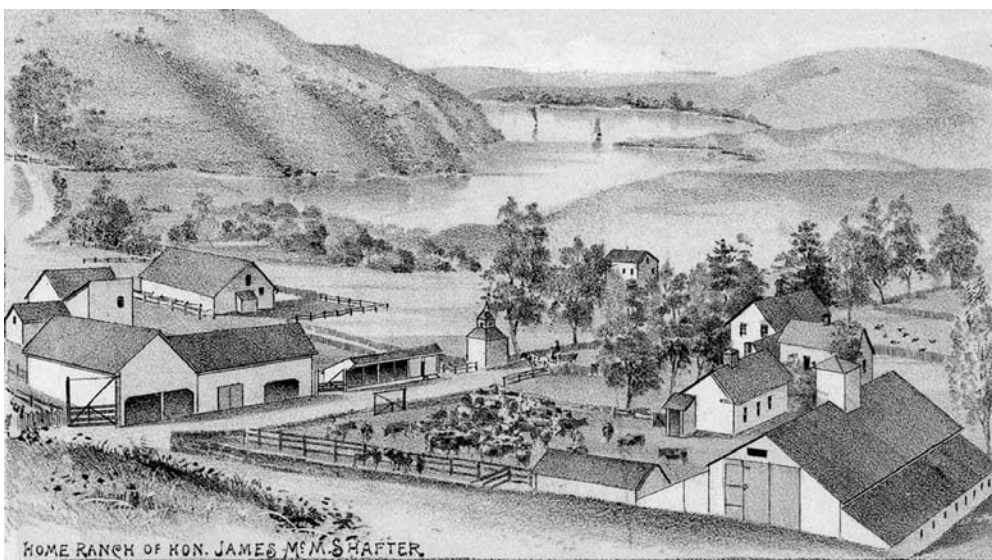
William—usually known as Newton, or even “Newt”—was born February 3, 1818 in Athens, Vermont, brother of Oscar Lovell Shafter and James McMillan Shafter. He lived at home with his parents until at least 1850. By 1854 he was living in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with his wife, Elizabeth (Betsey) H. (nee Lapham), ten years younger than himself and a daughter Mary Jane, born in 1854. His brother James was also living in Sheboygan at that time, but James and family moved to San Francisco in 1855. A son, William Oscar, was born to Newton and his wife in 1858 and a daughter Julia Lawrence in 1860.

During the Civil war Newton enlisted on Sept 2, 1862 as a quartermaster in Company S of the Wisconsin 27th Infantry Regiment. He left service on March 19, 1864. As a result of this service he applied for a pension in 1884 as an invalid. His widow applied for the pension in December of 1889 after Newton’s death.

The family are shown in Sheboygan at the 1870 census but by 1871 he was registered as a voter in Marin County. They lived at Point Reyes at the family’s Home Ranch. William Oscar moved to California with the family but settled in San Rafael where he was listed as a surveyor. The 1880 Census lists Newton with his wife, two daughters, 12 servants, numerous farm laborers and a butter maker on Point Reyes. He held several local offices, including Justice of the Peace for Point Reyes for 1874 through 1878. He was also involved in Republican local politics. He retired from the ranch in 1885 and moved to the Riverside ranch near

Point Reyes Station (today’s Genazzi ranch).

Newton died on June 20, 1889 at the age of 71 and was buried in Olema Cemetery. His obituary in the Marin Journal of June 20, 1889 said, “He came to California later than his brothers, and was less well known, because his pursuits were not in public life, but in personal appearance, in



The Shafter Home Ranch, where both John D. Shafter and William Newton Shafter lived at different periods of time. The ranch, usually called the Murphy Ranch after later owners, is preserved within Point Reyes National Seashore.

the breadth of his intellectual attainments and the suavity of his manners, he resembled his two brothers, whose names are so conspicuous in judicial and legislative history. He had passed the limit of three score and ten.” His wife died in 1910 at Pacific Grove. Neither of his daughters married and his son William Oscar disappears from the records after about 1880.

John Dean Shafter

John was born in the early 1820s, son of John L. and Ruth (nee Dean) Shafter, in Athens, Vermont, a cousin of Oscar and James Shafter. After finishing school he worked on this father’s farm. When gold was discovered in California, he went to the mines, working in El Dorado County, California until the spring of 1852 when he returned to the old farm in Vermont to take care of his father and mother.



John Shafter, cousin of Oscar and James

He married an Athens girl, Susan G. Richmond on September 28 of that year. The couple lived on the Vermont farm from 1852 to 1859 and their eldest child, Frank R. was born there. In 1859 Mr. Shafter returned with his family to California, and worked with his cousins, Oscar and James Shafter, to develop the ranching system on Point Reyes. He built and lived at "Home Ranch" where two more children, Florence R. and Minnie, were born. He served as supervisor of the ranch system for his cousins. During his time at Home Ranch the dairy herds were enhanced with prize Durham breeding stock to improve the quality of the butter, and there was an extensive flock of sheep as well. The land around the house was planted with oats, wheat, beets, turnips and potatoes with some of the crops being very successful. In 1864 he bought a ranch near Point Reyes, outside the family holdings. He sold out in 1869 and took his family for a visit to the old home in Vermont, his parents having died in the meantime. In the summer of 1870 he returned to California, coming to the Santa Clara Valley, where he purchased the "Fred Hall Ranch," containing 5,400 acres, in Hall's Valley at the foot of Mount Hamilton, and passed out of West Marin history. He died in 1903.

TIMELINES

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO - 1917

Anton Smilcich, who came from Iz (Yugoslavia) to settle in White Gulch, Tomales Bay, in 1908, moved to Inverness. He changed his name to John Smith, and bought a 6-room cottage in First Valley. In a bathhouse on the beach that came with it, he opened a fish market. Many people still remember his son, "Smitty."

FIFTY YEARS AGO -1967

Suit filed in Superior Court in May of 1967 against the development by Larry Marks, Jr. of a marina at Chicken Ranch Beach. In December Marks filed a counter suit for \$750,000 against Ruth Colby, the Bradley K. Holbrooks, the Thomas Kents Jr., the Corwin Mocines, the William Eastmans and Dr. Arthur Gordon. The County counsel joined the suit for unfettered access to the beach. (An article on this landmark case will appear in a later issue.)

The Inverness Foundation purchased Brock's boathouse and beach for \$20,000.

Charles Mel bought the old Inverness Store and also the Marwedel house, the restaurant on the corner and the Inverness Valley Inn.

Vladimir Nevl erected a redwood fence in front of the local Inverness pub and changed its name from Drakes's Arms to Vladimir's.

Mrs. Louise Watt opened "Olema Gift Shop," featuring antiques left at the Shafter mansion they had recently purchased.

Jim Colli's artichoke gardens at Olema closed to make way for Larry Marks Jr.'s Olema Ranch Campground.

The old Gamboni butcher shop façade was sent to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington D.C.

Jack Mason published his first book, *Ben's Auto Stage*.

Gerald "Jerry" Bunce opened Jerry's Coffee Shop, which later became John's Truck Stop, Mike's Café and more recently Pine Cone Diner (now closed).

Roger and Madeliene Kiefer bought the Parkway Café and in 1968 opened a restaurant, Chez Madeleine. Location is now the Marin Sun Farms store and restaurant.

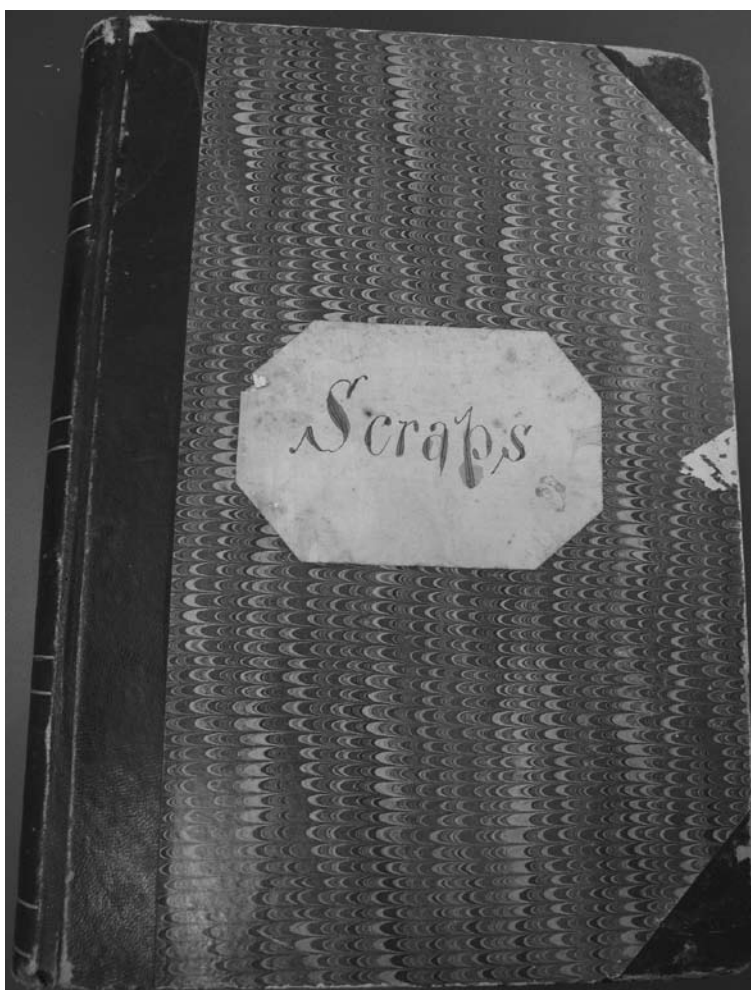
Compiled by Meg Linden

Marbled Paper: A Brief History

by Carola DeRooy, Archivist

In the course of preparing the current exhibit and looking through the many business ledgers in the Jack Mason collection I became intrigued by the beautiful patterns of marbled papers used on covers, end papers, and even edges of these volumes. The origins of this art are somewhat obscure but it is known that in Japan and China suminagashi, or ink floating, was practiced as early as the twelfth century. The papers were used for decorative purposes and also as a background for official documents and signatures to prevent erasure and forgery. The technique of floating colored inks on water to produce delicate swirled patterns which were then picked up on absorbent papers was improved upon by the Persians and in Turkey in the 15th century. They added various mucilaginous thickeners to the water to form a "size" that gave the marbler more control over color movement and forming patterns with tools and combs.

Knowledge of the craft was slow to catch on in Europe through trade routes. By the 17th century France, England, Germany, Holland and Italy had been introduced to marbled papers, but few knew how to make them. Marblers proficient in the craft were reluctant to share their knowledge and shrouded their techniques in mystery. Using secret "magic" formulas they created and named certain patterns such as French Curl, Dutch, Gel-Git, Fountain, Spanish Wave, and Nonpareil. As demand for the paper grew master marblers organized guilds and workshops where they employed apprentices to help with production. They were careful not to give away too much and create competition. Marbled papers became an essential part of bookbinding by the 1700's. The intricate patterns of the papers were used to cover the folds, strings, and glue marks of the bindings, and also to serve as an aesthetic transition from

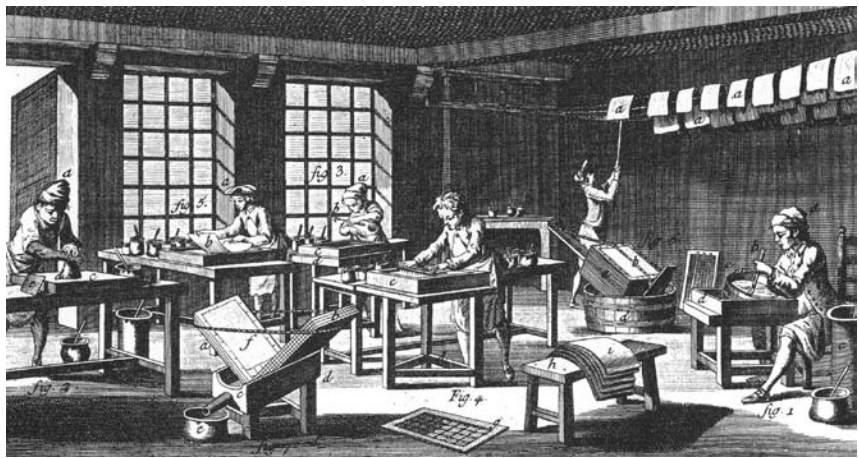


Oscar Shafter Howard's scrapbook, 1898. Courtesy of Point Reyes National Seashore Archives.

the dark leather covers to the white pages inside. The marblers' guilds were separate from the bookbinders' guilds, who were forever spying on the marblers, trying to discover the techniques of marbling to avoid the high cost of their papers. So for centuries, the marblers often had to do their work at night in secret laboratories, behind locked doors, and hardly anyone could hope to learn the art unless he was born into a marbling family. Even then, most apprentices weren't trusted with all the marbling formulas until they were into their 30s or 40s.

It wasn't until 1853 that detailed instructions for making marbled paper were published. That

year the English master, Charles Woolnough, divulged the entire process in his book *The Art of Marbling*. The majority of marblers were outraged that the secrets of the trade had been disclosed in a textbook form and made readily available. James Sumner, Woolnough's main rival was apparently of a similar mind. The following year Sumner published, *Mysterious Marbler, or the Mystery Unfolded: Shewing How Every Bookbinder May Become a Marbler*. The knowledge reached America



An 18th Century marbling studio. At bottom, samples of marbled papers.

when in 1856 James B. Nicholson published, *A Manual of Bookbinding* in Philadelphia. The book contained a section on marbling- all borrowed from Woolnough's book. Several other academic books followed simplifying and redefining the marbling process, accelerating the growth of enthusiasm for and practice of marbling in Europe and America.

Unfortunately, by the time handbinders were furnished with a practical guide to produce their own marbled papers, book production had changed. Binding machines had come into use and mass production took precedence over craftsmanship. Handbinders and paper marblers found themselves in little demand. By the 1890s the art was considered quaint and out of fashion. It quickly became economically unfeasible to practice marbling and the number of devotees to the craft rapidly declined. For many decades marbling lingered on as an obscure book art.

More recently, with the renewal in book arts, calligraphy, and crafts, an interest in marbling has

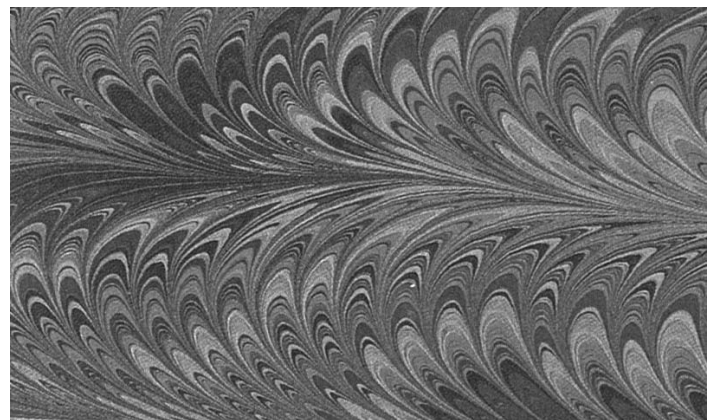
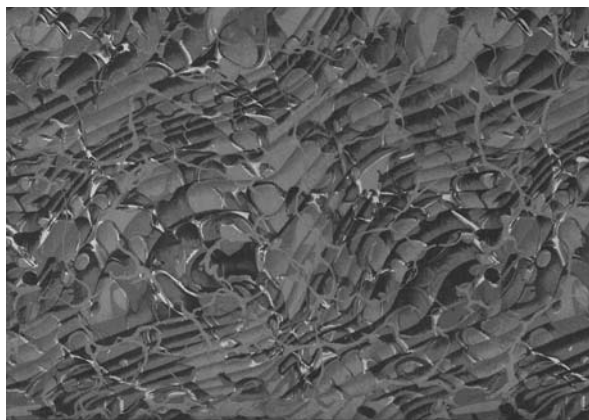
been revived, as well. The development of acrylic paints has expanded the medium of marbling to cloth, interior design, pottery, glass and other three dimensional materials. Artists are once again bringing forward this craft that combines color, limitless possibilities for patterns and new uses both practical and aesthetic. And yes, the bookbinders are also finally having a heyday.

Sources:

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University of Washington Digital Collections. Essay: "Marbled Papers." Web page: <https://content.lib.washington.edu/dpweb/essay1.html>

Wolfe, R. *Marbled paper: Its history, techniques, and patterns*. With special reference to the relationship of marbling to bookbinding in Europe and the Western world. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1990.

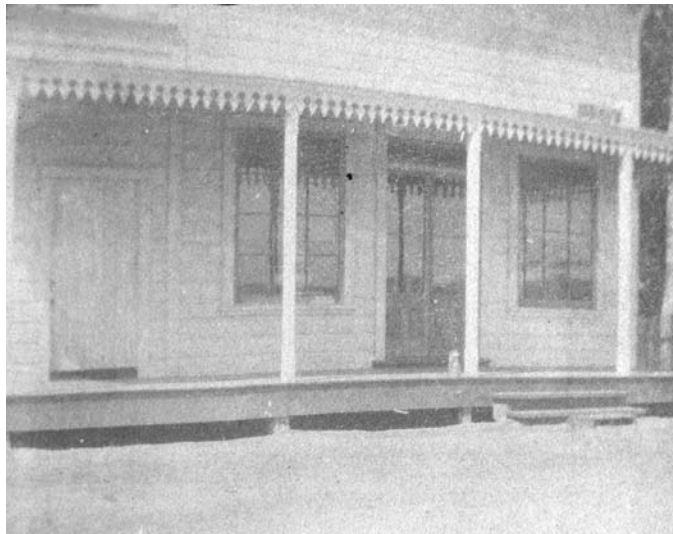


New to the Jack Mason Museum Collection

Every year the Museum receives donations of old photographs, documents, books of historic interest, and even small objects (we don't have the room to accept large ones). Here we have a look at some of the newer accessions into the Museum collection. Thank you to all our thoughtful donors!

by Dewey Livingston

Museum member Jeff Craemer obtained a fine little photo album containing images of Inverness and kindly donated it to us. The photos were taken shortly after the turn of the century—among the earliest original images we have. The one on the right, a cyanotype, shows the first iteration of the Inverness Store before owner Attilio Martinelli enlarged it to two stories. This is one of only two images that prove the construction history of our venerable 117-year-old Inverness landmark building, currently the home of Saltwater Oyster Depot.

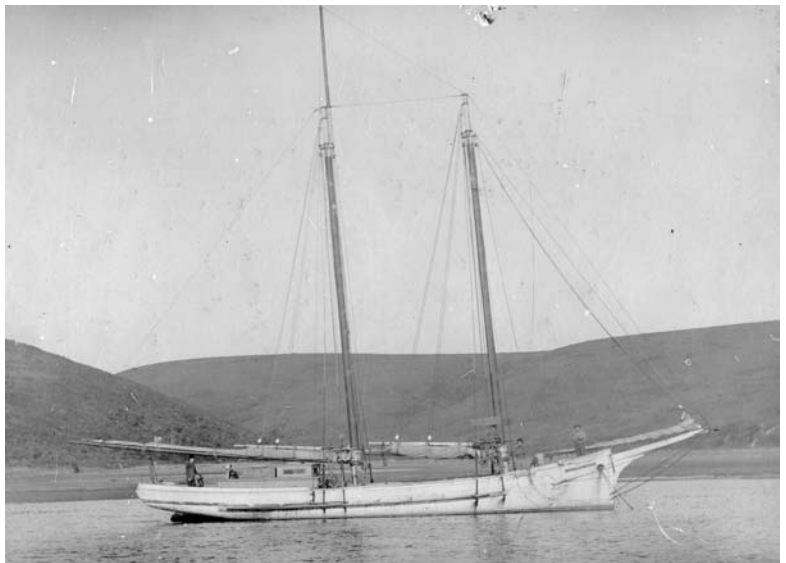


This scanned image (left) donated by Larry Galetti of San Anselmo shows the S. Grandi Mercantile in Point Reyes Station after the April 18, 1906 earthquake. Grandi replaced his building with a wood frame edifice, to which a second story was later added and is known as the Old Western Saloon today. The small storefront at right survived and is today the local haircutting shop. Quinto Codoni's windmill and water tank also survived. The Brunthaver/Bondesen house at distant left is today's Borge Gallery.

The photograph has remarkable detail, as the enlargement at right shows. A man and two children posed on the rubble for the camera and can be clearly seen and hopefully some day identified. Grandi's was the only building in town totally demolished in the quake, since it had been constructed of stone and brick. We have always found it curious that the Grandi family built, nine years later, an even larger mercantile on the opposite corner—of brick.



The original photos at right and below were recently donated by Betty Koenig of Novato. Mrs. Koenig grew up in Point Reyes Station—her mother was the local librarian and her father co-owned the Adams & Scilacci store and then worked for the Grandi Company—and also shared hours of her memories of life in West Marin in the 1930s, '40s and '50s. At right is an image of the Nettie Low, one of the primary butter schooners serving Point Reyes-area dairymen, at anchor in Drakes Estero. The museum has long had a copy print of this image, but Mrs. Koenig had the original 100+ year old original, which affords remarkable detail, as seen below. In the sharp photograph we can see the crew, rigging, even the condition of the boat's upper hull.



Mrs. Koenig also donated this original photo postcard of Point Reyes Station. These were not lithograph-printed cards but photographic prints straight off the original negative, and so detail is often impeccable. The photo was taken in 1922, judging by the fact that the new Cheda Garage at right (today's Stellina restaurant) is in place but the brick bank built next door in 1923 is not. The pioneer 1880 hotel is seen next to the Grandi Building down the street; it was removed soon after the photo was taken.



Ott's Camp

An excerpt from Dewey Livingston's upcoming book about the history of the Point Reyes area.

THE BANKS OF LAGUNITAS, or Paper Mill, Creek have seen many uses, from extractive ones like logging and gravel mining to recreational uses, like those enjoyed by guests the great Tocaloma Hotel as they fished, hiked and hunted in the area. One of the unique and interesting activities was the small camps that clustered the willow banks in the vicinity of little-known Garcia, a flagstop on the North Pacific Coast Railroad that traversed the creek towards Point Reyes Station.

Garcia took its name from Rafael Garcia or one of his sons, who at one time owned the land west of the creek between Tocaloma and Point Reyes Station. In the late 1920s a San Francisco dentist named Douglas Hare settled into a campsite on the west shore of the creek, creating a room out of willow sticks and furnishing it with a fireplace and basic furniture. In 1930, the Ott family arrived, befriended Dr. Hare and built their own camp for summer use.

Frank Ott worked as a draftsman at Mare Island Naval Shipyard in Vallejo and had long weekends due to Depression-era work schedules. He enjoyed hiking and taking his wife, Elsie and son, Gareth on driving trips, which one



Scenes at Ott's Camp: Visiting children swim in Papermill Creek, top, and Mrs. Ott takes care of the laundry in the family's "stockade." Photos courtesy of Gareth Ott, GGNRA Archives.

day took them to the Olema area. It isn't known how he found this fine spot on the creek, but he and his family staked out a camp site next to Dr. Hare and started a five-year family tradition. Gareth recalled construction of the Ott's camp by his father, a "compulsive builder":

Since willow trees of the 3- to 4-inch diameter size were in abundance, he proceeded to build a stockade, which I recall to be about 12 feet by 8 feet high with a swinging front door and the sky as a ceiling. Inside were a homemade table, campchairs, a place for washing dishes, apple and orange crates as shelves for kitchen utensils and army cots for beds with straw filled ticking as mattresses.

The family used a 50-gallon drum for warming fires on foggy days or after "night time skinny dips." Jack and Gareth built dams on the creek and set up a water filtration system;

they fought yellowjackets and skunks. Gareth admitted that he occasionally raided a cornfield on the nearby Gallagher ranch, even took some

Continued on next page

**Support
the new
book by
Dewey
Livingston!**

AS MANY OF YOU KNOW, DEWEY HAS BEEN been studying and writing about the history of the Point Reyes Peninsula, Olema Valley, Tomales Bay and our local towns for more than 30 years. Now he is writing the definitive history of this remarkable and historic place, to be published by the Jack Mason Museum of West Marin History. The 300-page book will provide a wealth of new information. Would you consider making a tax-deductible contribution to this project? Donations of any size can be mailed to the Jack Mason Museum of West Marin History, P.O. Box 94, Inverness, CA 94937. Please write your check to "Jack Mason Museum" with "Book fund" in the memo line.

WELCOME OUR NEW COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Loretta Farley (right)

Loretta recently retired from a 30-year federal civil servant career and is an active community volunteer in Marin County in arts and social service agencies. Her interest in history has been focused on bringing attention to lesser known stories of the area. Loretta created a radio series of recorded interviews as part of the national park 100th anniversary year in 2016 as well as writing for local papers on many aspects of the West Marin story. She hopes to delve further into the museum collection and see what treasures can be shared with the community.



Gray Brechin (left)

Gray is a geographer and writer, the founder of the Living New Deal project based at the UC Berkeley Department of Geography and the author of *Imperial San Francisco: Urban Power, Earthly Ruin*. He joined Jack Mason Museum Committee because of his interest in the human and natural history of Point Reyes. He and his partner Bob Chlebowski live high on Otingers Hill with their fine cat Celeste.



Ott's Camp, from previous page

melons. The family swam, fished, hiked Black Mountain, and walked the railroad grade in every direction. "My first experience of placing a copper penny on a railroad and seeing the results, after that first train wheel distorted Lincoln's face," recalled Ott, "happened at Garcia."

The Otts came for weekends, and sometimes for longer periods in the summer. Driving in their 1931 Buick on the two-lane roads, they left Platform Bridge Road down a narrow dirt driveway and parked near the creek. Then they had to get across to the camp:

The usual "log across the creek" was our bridge access to our camp ground. Food, gas lamps, gas stove, bedding (no sleeping bags in those days), clothing and other items were transported by foot over the bridge and then over a man-

made trail to our camp site, a distance of about 75 yards.

Ott recalled that Dr. Hare was not only hard of hearing but also a "naturalist" and so his father always walked ahead to alert the good doctor with shouts that his family was on its way—giving Dr. Hare time to put on a pair of pants.

Other families camped nearby, including a large group from Petaluma. They were all squatters, not even knowing who owned the land, and were never disturbed. The Northwestern Pacific Railroad tracks ran directly west of the camp, although by then the trains were few. All in all, it was a jolly scene. It didn't last; the Otts started to go to warmer Sonoma County but returned in 1945 to purchase the now-abandoned one acre from the railroad company with plans to have a summer retreat. It didn't happen, and Ott's Garcia camp is all but forgotten.

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

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www.invernessassociation.org



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