

Nacitone Foundation

Lockwood, California

“Enrich Your Future and Discover the Past”



Third Quarter 2019

Presidents Message

Hello, Friends of Nacitone,

Hi All, I hope everyone is staying cool in this heat. I seem to forget how warm it gets for several months during the summer. The water system that waters our trees is working great. A big thanks to Joe Roe for help setting up the irrigation system. We are still in the process at getting a sunshade for the patio area. With the trees and patio shade up it will make it very nice to hold future events at the museum. We are in the process of replacing several director positions. If someone is interested in being a Director please contact any officer or Director. A big thanks to all the people that have and still are donating items for Nacitone to display. The museum is open for viewing the first Saturday of every month. I hope to see you there.

Donald Gillett

President, Nacitone Foundation

Dates to Remember

Next Museum Meeting- September 17 – 6:30 pm Museum Monthly Meetings- 3rd Tuesday

Museum Open 1st Saturday of each month – 10 am to 4 pm or by appointment

COMING EVENTS

Member Dinner – Saturday, January 25, 2020

Newsletter editor - Pam Davis

Bryson

Bryson is in the south end of Monterey County, located on Sapaque Creek. Bryson with its post office closed and Pleyto School shut down, is not much of a place now as it is a district in Sapaque Valley. Named for an early settler: "a man by the name of Bryson took up a place at the foot of the mountain going into the valley and started a little store, so the valley was named Bryson" (Dayton). In earlier times Bryson was called Sapaque. Some old timers might refer to Bryson as 'Sapaque'. That was the early-day name for the region where General Fremont passed through. Sapaque means battleground in indian. According to Olive Wollesen some of the old timers called it "war Valley" and pronounced it "Sapaywa" or "Sapava".

Ref. Names & Places of Monterey County



Recognize these Ladies?

Find out in our next newsletter

The Tree Crew

Has decided to wait to plant more trees until the weather cools. There are more spots if anyone is interested in purchasing a tree.

You can purchase a planted Tree for \$100

Everyone has an invisible sign hanging from their neck saying "Make me feel Important"



Viola, Floyd, SR., Charlie, BF Patterson

Letters written by BF, Viola, Floyd or Charlie Patterson While Floyd was attending Cal Poly in San Luis Obispo

Returned in 5 days to Charlie Patterson, Lockwood, Monterey Co., Cal. Mailed in Lockwood, Cal. on Jan 5, 1909 to Mr. Gloyd Patterson, San Luis Obispo, California (S.L. O. Co.) Box 664. Received postmark Jan 5, 1909, San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Lockwood City

Lockwood, Cal.

Dec. 4, 1909

Dear Brother:

I will write a few lines to let you know about the plow. I will have the plow done today. I have not brazed the front wheel yet but soon. I have the lever done that lifts the plow out of the ground and Papa just got through brazing the front wheel. How are you feeling? Papa sent your tools by express. The plow works fine. We are going to put new pipe in the lower well. Well, I must close for this time. From Charlie.



Floyd & Charlie - 1900

Transposed as written by Penny Kailer, past Nacitone Treasurer

Nacitone Foundation is looking for dedicated members to be directors

Do not forget our new Nacitone web page

Check out our Web site. Rob Johnson has added past events and you can read the newsletters from this site

www.nacitonefoundation.org

Mrs. Margaret Voss Krenkel



Pioneer Settler Tells History of Coastal Mountain Region

"When my time comes and I must go, I want to be right here. I want to look out this window at the trees and mountains which mean so much to me. I was reared in the city but the mountains are my love."

Mrs. Margaret Krenkel was speaking. She was telling the story of her half century in the Coast Range mountains where she went as a bride and where she has remained, except for occasional

trips "out."

A keen sense of humor and a zest for living the drama of life have not deserted this alert, serene lady of the mountains. Laughs come easily. Her life has been one of purposeful effort and, sometimes, grim intensity, living so many miles from "nowhere" and rearing a large family. "But it was never drudgery—there was always too much worth while all around us," she said.

She was born Margaret Voss, in San Francisco, March 5, 1874. Carsten Voss, her father, left his native Germany when a young man and arrived in San Francisco. Eventually, at a lodge social he met Charlotte Schlieting, also native of Germany. She had left there in early life to live in England where she was educated, then had come to the United States. The two were wed in San Francisco in 1871. Their children were born in that city, reared and educated there. But in the early '90's two sons, Jim and Henry, left the city to take up homestead claims, settling at Pleyto. When another son, Bill, became very ill Mrs. Voss was told that the country might aid his recovery, so the Voss family headed for Pleyto.

Margaret was a reluctant young lady when the family moved: "I was a daughter with the pouts," she explains. "My father, too, preferred the city but as mother liked the country, and Bill's health was at stake, we began life on the farm." It was not easy and the daughters were called upon to assist at hard chores. So when Margaret's aunt wrote and invited her to return to San Francisco she jumped at the chance. She took a course in nursing . . . She married and her first child, Margie, was born in the city. When Margaret and her husband separated the young matron decided to return to the family at Pleyto. (Her brother had died in the meantime.) That was the year 1898, and she soon became nurse to invalided Mrs. Heinsen.

The third phase of her life began when she met J. M. Krenkel, caller at the home of his friends, the Heinsens. "Sometimes the family teased me, saying that the visitor was getting extra friendly in paying so many calls on them . . . But I was not interested as I was trying to save my marriage," she said.

(Continued on next page)

Nacitone Officers

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Memorial Bricks

Order your personalized brick for permanent display on our patio.

You can use your name, family member or company, also add a logo

A 4”X8” brick is \$100, an 8”X8” is \$200 and a 12” X 12” is \$500

Logo and graphics are available.

For information Contact Dawn Patterson- @ (831)262-6673 or email – pattersondawn55@yahoo.com

Later, when she was free and Jim Krenkel renewed his attentions, she gave heed. However, he made a reservation before he'd risk taking a city girl to spend her days at his mountain home. She must first go there and know exactly the sort of life she'd be getting into! So, with Mrs. Lair Patterson and Jim, Margaret went to see his home back in the mountains.

"Right then I knew I could be happy there. On the way over I watched with delight the increasing verdure of the country, the tall evergreen pine and redwood trees on the mountain sides . . . And I felt a great peace as we rode the trails through the silence of the forest," she recalled. And she decided then to say yes to Jim's marriage proposal.

The prospective benedict was very honest; he said that he was more miner than farmer and that he'd leave the home matters to her.

J. M. Krenkel was born at Sonora in 1865. His father, a gold miner, had gone there in the early days of the gold rush. In 1880 Jim decided to join a party bound for the mines at San Diego but stopped off at Jolon. He liked the area. With his sister he staked a claim at Pleyto and that was home—until he heard of the gold strike on the coast, at Alder Creek.

A little mountain settlement, over the trail from Jolon was named for Captain Manchester and it was he who interested miner Bill Kruikshank to search for gold along near-by Alder Creek. Krenkel went there and joined Kruikshank in 1887. The two settled, with Tom Barrett, in a cabin a stone's throw from Manchester. When other locators arrived, and Los Burros Mining District was established, Krenkel was given charge of the records. The first entry (mining claim) was dated June 23, 1887, and hundreds of entries written in beautiful penmanship followed.

(There were 215 locators that first year, 110 the next four months, and 162 in 1889. The last entry was made in 1923, long after the bride, Mrs. Krenkel, had been deputized secretary and taken over the task grown too burdensome for her husband. The following claims were made at the county courthouse . . . Manchester went up in smoke in 1906 and its five saloons, Gillis' hall, the mine superintendent's cabin and office, the post office, along with the hotel, were total loss. Stranger

college boys, staying at the hotel, are said to have fallen asleep while smoking and the fire, started in their room, spread too rapidly for anyone to save any of the places.)

HOME IS ESTABLISHED

To go back, the Jim Krenkels, wed in San Luis Obispo, May 23, 1902, started over the trail to their home. "I sang 'Here Comes the Bride' in time to the horses' hoofbeats," laughed Mrs. Krenkel, "and with one eye on the washboard glittering in the sun, strapped on top of the load packed by the lead mule. Even then, I did not dream how often and long that board was to be used!"

Jim Krenkel continued to work the mine, Mrs. Krenkel cared for the home and garden. Their eldest son, Bill, was born in 1903, then came Jim, Charles, Dorene, Hal, Howard, Lillian and Dorothy. Marge, of course, was oldest sister to all.

Mrs. Krenkel spent the first three years of her life at the cabin home without having any women visitors, except her sisters. (This was "wilderness" and off the beaten trail.) "My children were born without professional aid," Mrs. Krenkel said. "My sister attended me during Bill's birth, also for Charles and Hal. Mrs. Martha Plaskett (of the coast) was with me when Dorene and Jim came . . . I acquired courage in knowing that the pioneer mothers everywhere had depended on God, and Nature, to see them safely through." The same faith aided her when the few illnesses came and only home remedies were available and common sense must serve.

Daughter Marge, now Mrs. Pletz, is a nurse in Pasadena; Mrs. Lillian Maxwell is a receptionist at Letterman Hospital, San Francisco; Howard works for a bridge contractor on the coast; Hal is with the State Division of Forestry; Charles is a state highway employee and lives near his mother's place, as does Dorene; Bill is operator of a bulldozer in the valley. Dorothy was 10 months old when she died, Feb. 2, 1915. Tragedy came to the family when Jim died, adult victim of a gunshot (wound) fired by an erratic, elderly neighbor.

Krenkel and Kruikshank mined the "Last Chance" (yield, a few thousand.) Continued interest in Los Burros country brought the Buclima mine into operation. "Started in 1909, its yield was \$46,000 and when the shaft filled with water the work ended there, to drift a 900 ft. tunnel from

Dodge's grizzly mine to Buclima, to drain the latter," Mrs. Krenkel said. She added that World War I also had its effect to stop work in 1914.

WHERE, TO SCHOOL?

But while the mining continued the Krenkel children grew, and school age created a problem. The nearest school, at Pacific Valley on the coast, was more than 10 miles by trail, a hazardous one in winter. It was the same trail over which supplies were packed to the mines, and the gold taken out.

So Mrs. Krenkel accepted one more chore and became teacher at home. However, a county truant officer came one day to inquire why the children did not attend at Pacific Valley. "I told him that we would rear our family and not board them out anywhere." Thus, an impasse but the home school continued.

County superintendent of schools Mr. Shultzberg, visited the home. "He was sympathetic to our problem," Mrs. Krenkel related. He learned that there was a cabin near the ranch home where visitors stopped when at Los Burros. He suggested that it could be converted into a classroom and teacher quarters. The Krenkels were delighted and soon a Miss Anderson from Salinas, who had previously taught at the coast, became instructor at Krenkel's. She taught alternately one week there, then rode with the children to Mansfield's at the coast for a week of teaching. But when the first term expired, the succeeding teacher did not like the system, and the Krenkels had found that their farm chores could not be done with the children spending their time on the trail and at school.

So again Mr. Shultzberg called on Mrs. Krenkel. "I admire your stand to keep your children with you and to insist that they receive their education; I'll see that they have a place to attend school," he promised. So he organized a branch school at Gorda where a 4½ month session was held in the spring, with the other 4½ month term at the Krenkel's. "During our intermission, Jim and I again taught the children," Mrs. Krenkel said. Finally, after two years of this, full term sessions were instituted at the Krenkel place.

SIMPLE PLEASURES

Fourteen busy years passed before Mrs. Krenkel left the mountain home for the outside—the valley. Her nearest neighbors were at Gorda (on ocean) reached (Continued on next page)

by trail travel—the homes of the Plasketts (the F. M., W. F. and R. A.), the C. H. Mansfields and the Walkers whose forebears had settled there in the '60's. There were miners who came and went, some known to Mrs. Krenkel, and there were others who, when they left Dutton's Hotel at Jolon were told "Go to Krenkel's, they'll find place for you to sleep," laughed Mrs. Krenkel. "So I was given no chance to brood, had I wanted to!

"Occasionally, the Syrian peddlers would come down the trail, their packs filled with anything from pills to clothing. The children were excited then for there was always something for play and the sweaters, levis, shoes or shirts they needed and which were not always procurable through the mail order catalogues. The Syrians were great story-tellers and we, as well as the children were greatly entertained with their tales of other countries which they had known.

"Exciting days, too, when the ships of Pacific Steamship Co. had anchored offshore and the Mansfields, in their launch, went out for the provisions intended for us all. We'd write for the things and the heavy items were sent by boat; other things came by mail to Jolon (then in pack trains.) Sometimes the sugar (50 lb. barrels) would taste a little salty because of the unloading! The ship arrived in October and in the spring, so we had to look ahead to our needs. The mail came from Jolon, and not too often, at that."

"When my mother died in 1904 I lost all interest in Pleyto," resumed Mrs. Krenkel. . . . "But in 1917 I decided to take the children and visit the 'outside' world. My valley friends were surprised when we arrived, for I had gone to the mountain with a suitcase and returned to the valley with a wagon load—of children . . . We stayed a month with my sister for such a trip—trail, then spring wagon—is not lightly undertaken."

They visited the various valley communities—and then Mrs. Krenkel and the youngsters became homesick. "The trip was worth the effort," she conceded. "Out in the valley I saw no beauty in dried hills and dust. Homeward bound, when we reached the mountain creeks, and the lush fragrance of ferns and greenery assailed my nostrils, I was again content. I mused as we traveled and thought of my friends' advice, 'Don't bury yourself again in the brush!' And I reached the conclusion that they had lost touch with the world to a greater extent than we!"

Mrs. Krenkel did not permit herself to "stagnate." She and her family kept up with the times—through books, newspapers and magazines and the visitors who continued to travel to the mines. "More than one said to me, 'I'm surprised that your children have no hill-billy talk.' And I always answered that I had never learned it at school, nor had my husband, so why expect it of our children?"

The Krenkel cabin long ago gave way to a larger home and today, as then, is surrounded by a glori-

ous flower garden. A huge grape arbor finds summer tables spread beneath, and roses climb everywhere, for growth is prolific. Firs and redwood, pine, fruit trees and avocados form an attractive setting, and the vegetable garden provides delicious meals in days to come. The very atmosphere of the Krenkel place spells home and welcome, and the greeting from the mistress of the home is a warm echo . . .

Mrs. Krenkel does not tell this, and is modest when asked, but she has had a poem or two (several) accepted for publication. Her love of Nature brought deep contemplation of its beauties and from these thoughts were evolved the pomes. One, concerning a forest fire, is realistic and the reader senses Mrs. Krenkel's anguish as she watched the cruel flames leap from beloved tree to tree.

She closed the interview: "Some of the miners—not all the old ones, either insist that there'll be another "gold rush" here someday, but it won't be in my time . . . To everyone, sorrow must come in the loss of husband and children, other loved ones, but all in all, I've had a good life . . . I have the mountains, the clear blue skies and I've had them fifty years. I pray that when I die I'll be looking out this window at my beloved green mountains. I am not afraid, for the good Lord has been with me all these years and He will stand by till the end."

And, contemplating, she smiled to herself.

This article was taken from Salt of the Earth.