

A CALIFORNIA HEROINE

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RS. JOSEPHINE MILES, A PIONEER of 1846, requests the publication of the following story related in 1893 by Mrs. Benjamin Kelsey, the first American woman to cross the Sierra Nevadas into California, and from whom Kelseyville, Lake County, derived its name.



Mrs. Miles says that Mrs. Kelsey deserves a monument, and her contention is borne out by that Pioneer Mother's thrilling early-day experiences, as set forth in her own story. "It is doubtful," says Mrs. Miles, "if Mrs. Kelsey is living now, as she would be 91 years of age." To John Daggett of Black Bear, Siskiyou County, The Grizzly Bear is indebted for the accompanying likenesses of two of California's very earliest Pioneers: "I was born in Barren County, Kentucky, in 1823. My parents took me to Jackson County, Maryland, in 1826. I was married to Benjamin Kelsey when I was very young, and started overland for California with him in May, 1841, long before the gold days. Fitzpatrick was our pilot, and we had a priest with us who was bound for the northwest coast to teach the Flathead Indians. A boy by the name of John Bidwell was in our party. I understand he has grown to be a great man and ran for president. There were others along who made themselves known afterwards—Captain Webber, who founded Stockton and grew so rich, was one. Then there were Colonel Barleson, Colonel Richmond, Captain Joe Childes, Josiah Belden and Charley Hoffer. We numbered thirty-three all told, and I was the only woman. I had a baby to take care of, too.

over a bluff, and they went so far that we never attempted to recover the packs. We were then out of provisions, having killed and eaten all our cattle. I walked barefooted until my feet were blistered, and lived on roasted acorns for two days. My husband came very near dying with cramps, and it was suggested to leave him, but I said I would never do that, and we ate a horse and remained over till the next day, when he was able to travel. We found plenty of game on the San Joaquin plains, which we killed for meat.

"My husband's brother and a man named Jones had strayed from the company while in the mountains, and we supposed they were dead, but my husband when hunting discovered their tracks and reported that they were surely alive. At one place I was so weak I could not stand, and I lay on the ground while Mr. Kelsey went out and killed a deer. We were then near Dr. Marsh's ranch, which was close to what is now called Martinez. Mr. Jones, one of the supposed dead men, and one of Dr. Marsh's Indians rode into our camp and brought with them some farina for me. We arrived at Dr. Marsh's on the 4th day of October, 1841.

"In December we went up with Sutter in a leaky rowboat to his fort at what is now Sacramento. We were fifteen days making the trip. The boat was manned by Indians, and Sutter instructed them to swim to the shore with me and the child if the boat should capsize. We arrived at the fort on Christmas Day, where I met Joel Walker, who had just arrived with his wife and children. I had then been in California nearly five months.

"In 1843 we started to Oregon. We went up the east side of the Sacramento for about forty miles, where we crossed over by swimming our horses and cattle, of which the crowd had quite a number. It was there I first witnessed the killing of an Indian. The men were all out trying to drive the stock into the river and I was left alone in camp, when several nude Indians came in, and as I thought they intended to steal I stepped to a tree where the guns were. As they approached me I warned them away.

"My husband saw from where he was that Indians were in camp and sent one of the men, whom we called Bear Dawson, to protect me. He was a reckless young man, and as he rode up he ordered the Indians to go, but they drew their bows on him and reversed the order. Then he drew his pistol and killed one of them and the rest fled. The Indian fell within six feet of me. After that my husband got one of the Indians to swim across the river and tow the canoe in which I and the child were sitting. The Indian took me across all right, because he knew they had their guns bearing on him.

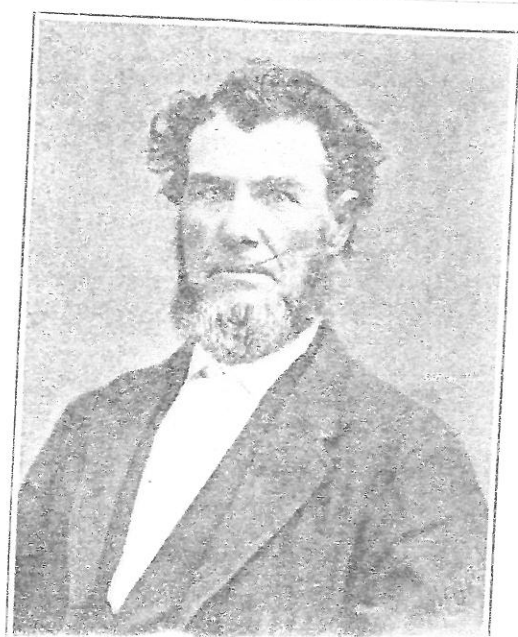
"One night, when near Shasta Butte, we had twenty-five horses stolen from us by the Indians and a nice mare was shot and killed with an arrow within forty feet of where I was sleeping. The next morning we had a fight with the Indians and I counted twelve of them as they went down before our guns.

"In going down one of the Siskiyou mountains the Indians killed several of our horses and cattle. We went as far as Oregon City. In 1844 we returned to Napa Valley, California. On our return, when we had but five men, our stock were stung

"In the same year I was riding into Sonoma from a place we had bought, about a mile from the town, when an ugly looking Indian tried to lasso me. He wanted me to run my horse so that he could drag me off, but I refused, and kept him from it only by threatening to shoot him if he raised his rope. I had left my pistol at home and was unarmed, but he concluded to let me go, and I risk it. He cursed me, and I went in to the town and told about it. The Indian was captured and sentenced to 100 lashes. I returned home with medicine for my sick husband, but instead of taking the medicine he rode to town and shot the Indian dead.

"In 1850 we went to Humboldt overland and shipped our things by water. We went through what is now called Mendocino County. The mountains were very rough, and we did not see a white person on the trip. Some Indians opened fire on us, but my husband killed the chief and the rest retreated. We had sold our stock on our lake ranch, from which the town of Kelseyville took its name, and received only \$13,000 down, and never got the rest, consequently our trip to Humboldt did not turn out as profitably as we expected, but we helped start the towns of Eureka and Acresta. In 1851 we returned to our place in Sonoma. I came down by water, and my husband went through to Shasta and down the Sacramento with Colonel McKee, an Indian agent. I came down on a little boat called the 'Sea Gull,' and we came within two lengths of the boat of striking on a rock.

"Up to 1859 I had enough incidents happen to me to make a book. I once rode seventy-five miles on horseback in one day and carried a one-year-old child in front of me. I was going to see a sick



from the Grizzly Bear (see Metter, Peter River Road Narration) Entry # 58

Captain Webber, who founded Stockton and grew so rich, was one. Then there were Colonel Barleson, Colonel Richmond, Captain Joe Childs, Josiah Belden and Charley Hoffer. We numbered thirty-three all told, and I was the only woman. I had a baby to take care of, too.



MRS. BENJAMIN KELSEY.
First American Woman to Cross Sierras.

"Our first mishap was on the Platte River, where a young man named Dawson was captured by the Indians and stripped of his clothing. They let him go then and followed him, so that without his knowing it he acted as their guide to our camp. The redskins surrounded our camp and remained all night, but when daylight showed them our strength they went away.

"We left our wagons this side of Salt Lake and finished our journey on horseback and drove our cattle. I carried my baby in front of me on the seat.

"We crossed the Sierra Nevadas at the headwaters of the San Joaquin River. On the first of August, my birthday. We had a difficult time going down the mountains. At one time I was alone for nearly half a day, and as I was to find a way down the mountains, I sat all the while with my baby on the back of my horse, which was afraid of a animal. It seemed to me while I was in my lap, that the moaning of the winds through the pines was the loneliest sound I had ever heard.

"One day a man gave out, and we had to threaten him before he would attempt to descend the pines. At one place four pack animals fell to the ground. The mo-

boat should capsize. We arrived at the fort on Christmas Day, where I met Joel Walker, who had just arrived with his wife and children. I had then been in California nearly five months.

"In 1843 we started to Oregon. We went up the east side of the Sacramento for about forty miles, where we crossed over by swimming our horses and cattle, of which the crowd had quite a number. It was there I first witnessed the killing of an Indian. The men were all out trying to drive the stock into the river and I was left alone in camp, when several nude Indians came in, and as I thought they intended to steal I stepped to a tree where the guns were. As they approached me I warned them away.

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"In going down one of the Siskiyou mountains the Indians killed several of our horses and cattle. We went as far as Oregon City. In 1844 we returned to Napa Valley, California. On our return, when we had but five men, our stock were stampeded by the Indians near Shasta. By this time I had two children.

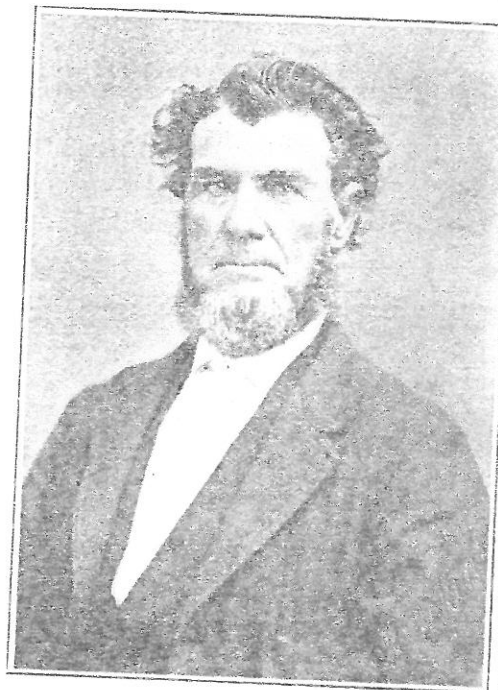
"While the arrows were flying into our camp I took one babe and rolled it in a blanket and hid it in the brush and returned and took my other child and hid it also. The moon was shining bright, and it seemed to me that every time I heard a gun fired I could hear an Indian fall into the river. We had an Indian boy we had brought from Oregon, and while the men and Indians were fighting he succeeded in recapturing all our saddle horses and tying them in camp.

"We were in Napa when the Bear Flag war—or what we called the revolution—broke out. We went to Sonoma and occupied the fort after it was captured by Captain Merritt. There was some immigration to this country then, and my husband and General Vallejo built a sawmill on Sonoma Creek.

"In the spring of 1848 my husband went to the mines to see if there was any truth in the report of gold discovery. He was gone ten days and brought back \$1,000. The next time he went to the mines he took a flock of sheep up for mutton, and brought back \$16,000. In the meantime he had bought Salvador Vallejo's stock and applied for a grant of nine leagues bordering Clear Lake, but the grant was not completed when the Mexican war broke out and he eventually lost it. Andy Kelsey, my brother-in-law, and Charley Stone, were killed on the ranch at the lakes by the Indians in 1849.

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BENJAMIN KELSEY.
One of California's Earliest Pioneers.

woman, and I fainted when they helped me off the horse.

"We were compelled to travel for my husband's health, and in 1859 we started for Mexico. In 1860 we drifted into Texas, where we were attacked by the Comanche Indians. The men were out hunting turkeys, and a neighbor woman and her children and I and mine, were there alone. I discovered the Indians approaching our camp, which was situated in a brushy place. I loaded the guns we had and suggested that all hide themselves. The two oldest girls ran and hid, and a sixteen-year-old boy went alone to a hiding place. The women and the smaller children secreted themselves in a shallow cave in the bank of the ravine. I could hear the Indians above, but they did not discover us. I had forgotten to hide our money that we had along and with which we intended to buy cattle to bring to California. After they had pillaged the camp and taken the money (about \$10,000), they started off and discovered the two oldest girls. They succeeded in catching my girl, and because of her sister's screams they struck her down.

"We all returned to camp and heard the girls' story, but did not find my girl, as she had recovered.

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very Native Son and Native Daughter to know all about this play, and to know how to handle the inquiries and offers of assistance from big-hearted men and women throughout the State who are sure to be aroused to a sense of their re-

STOP! THINK! ACT!

(MAE B. WILKIN, San Francisco.)



EVER IN THE HISTORY OF California have her opportunities for industrial development been as great as now.

For whatever unpreparedness her industries may be hampered with, due to their insufficient development, we, her children, are very largely responsible.

If you are in doubt about that, look in the pantry of your home, in the clothes closet, and make an inventory of what you are buying that is a California production. Make another of the things which are not, but which you COULD and SHOULD buy of home products, and you will find the answer.

The meaning of "Home Industry" as applied to the industries of California, is becoming more and more understood to signify, "give our support to the State which supports us." But how many Native Sons and Native Daughters are putting into actual practice the intent and purpose of buying "Made in California" products?

Be honest now, with your State, your neighbor, and, above all, with yourself. In how many homes of Sons or Daughters in California is there to be found a mail-order catalogue of some Eastern mail-order house?

Keep in mind that food stuffs are not the only articles manufactured in California. Mister Native Son: Do you ask for a California-made hat,

ered sufficiently to wander around in search of help. We found her the next day, but oh, the anxiety I felt during that long night. Yes, we found her, and my anguish was horrible when I discovered that she had been scalped and was partially damaged. My husband and seventeen men followed the Indians 200 miles, but never caught up with them.

"We then came through to California with but one light, which we had with the Apaches at Cook's Springs, in New Mexico.

"My husband died in Los Angeles in February, 1888. My daughter who was scalped died in Fresno when she was eighteen years old from the injuries she received six years before.

"We lived in Owens River Valley at the time of the earthquake there. I have enjoyed riches and suffered the pangs of poverty. I have seen U. S. Grant when he was little known; I have baked bread for General Fremont and talked to Kit Carson; I have run from bear and killed most all other kinds of smaller game,

Committee. Anyone knowing of a child who needs a home, or a home that needs a child, may mark the paragraph that covers the case, clip out the coupon and mail it to the Native Sons' and Native Daughters' Central Committee on Homeless Children in the Phelan Building, where their inquiries will re-

tie, gloves, shoes, shirts, collars, knitted wear, when buying your wearing apparel? And how about your smokes—are they, or the material therefor, of a California brand? Or do you consider your duty to your State ended when you admonish the woman of the house to always buy California made?

Mistress Native Daughter: How about your shopping? You wear shoes—they are "Made in California"? Your gloves—yes, they, too? What about your shirt-waists and knitted wear? Then there are the table and bed linen and towelings—all "Made in California"?

Since the Imperial Valley has come into its own and is producing the finest cotton grown, attention given to cotton products for the household will not only benefit the manufacturer but the grower as well. And California has the only cotton mills west of the Mississippi. In it hundreds of girls and women now find employment; their number will be doubled when Californians do their part in industrial upbuilding.

You owe it to your own interests, to your State, and to your neighbor, to use care and discretion in your buying. Every time you purchase a California-made article you will know someone living in California has had work to do and that any increase in the output of a single California industry will result in benefit to every person in the State.

Perhaps you are excusing yourself for inflicting an injustice upon yourself, with the statement to

"There, I've slightly touched on the prominent incidents of my past life, and you will have to be satisfied with that for the present."

DECEMBER BUILDING PERMITS.

(Reported by California Development Board.)

	1914.	1913.
San Francisco	\$1,590,886	\$2,534,068
Los Angeles	651,639	2,156,951
Long Beach	424,551	No report
Oakland	278,891	1,099,621
San Diego	173,135	403,000
Pasadena	37,675	323,706
San Jose	33,203	29,655
Santa Rosa	13,070	13,960
Sacramento, Fresno, Stockton and Bakersfield	made no report.	

DECEMBER BANK CLEARINGS.

(Reported by California Development Board.)

	1914.	1913.
San Francisco	\$220,453,620	\$223,514,053

of hosts, when one considers that work and w- ness and conscientious effort can bring happ- well-being and satisfaction to so many; hap- for the parents, well-being for the children- satisfaction for Every Native Son and Native Daughter in the accomplishment of a and glorious good.

yourself—and perhaps to others—that as Higher Up does not confine his purchasing to products of the State, when buying materi- supplies, you do not see any good in the m- ment. And it might be as well to say right- there are Native Sons, and Native Daughters, who hide behind just such arguments, and one only be convinced they are either afflicted- short-sightedness, or else are addicted to the- order habit and are not willing to plead guilty.

When you are going to make a purchase ST- THINK! Then LOOK for a California-made- tie. How can you tell? Read the label, if- there is. If not, ask your merchant. THEN w- the Home Industry League of California. E- though you may not be able to wait for repl- fore making that purchase, you at least will- ready for the next time.

After doing this, if you would further help y- self, your neighbor, and the public, WRITE T- MANUFACTURERS and TELL THEM IF THE- WILL ADVERTISE THE OUTPUT OF THE- FACTORIES, IN A WAY TO MAKE IT POS- BLE FOR YOU TO KNOW WHAT IS "MADE- CALIFORNIA." YOU CAN BE OF SERVICE- THEM WHEN DOING YOUR PURCHASING.

Our opportunity is here and now, regardless- our vocation in life, and if we are going to m- for our State the same effort at upbuilding wh- our fathers and mothers did, we will have to p- our shoulder to the wheel and—rustle.

It would be somewhat gratifying to know ha- many Native Sons and Daughters are making an- effort along home industry lines. Write The Grizz- Bear and tell your successes, or failures. That w- do more to help out than any other one thing, or- cept,—buying that which is "Made in California."

Los Angeles	84,400,567	101,926,552
Oakland	15,562,130	15,515,331
Sacramento	8,881,742	9,713,130
San Diego	7,904,614	9,922,960
Fresno	4,897,875	5,036,510
Stockton	4,484,893	4,058,463
Pasadena	3,295,718	3,831,054
San Jose	2,829,144	2,891,363
Long Beach	2,394,933	No report
Bakersfield	1,976,420	2,233,083
Santa Rosa	1,482,094	1,457,474

A surprisingly large number of substances, rang- ing all the way from the condensed fumes of- smelters to the skimmed milk of creameries, have- been tried or suggested as means of preserving- wood from decay. Most of them, however, have- been found to have little or no value for the pur- pose. Certain forms of coal-tar, creosote and zinc- chloride are the most widely used wood preserva- tives.