The Romance of
Mokelumne Hill



Mokelumne Hill Historic Marker at Main and Centre streets (1957).

The Romance of

Mokelumne Hill

A Pageant of History

An Extension of the Narration for
Mokelumne Hill Outdoor Pageant
California Centennial Celebration
July 3, 1948

Eve Starcevich Zumwalt

Mokelumne Hill—1990

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Dedication to

Henry Alton Zumwalt

and to our daughter

Pamela Henrietta Zumwalt

with deep love and appreciation—
for their unbounding patience and
understanding during the days of
preparation and presentation of the
Centennial Pageant.

–July 3, 1948

These writings express my honor to my

PARENTS

Albert and Matilda Susich Starcevich
of Mrkopolj, Croatia, Jugoslavia

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Margo Nelson Staudt Kingsbury
Robert Nessler
Carl Nessler

The joyful memories of our togetherness give special significance to the word—family.

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Foreword

The tranquil atmosphere which presently cloaks this famed Mother Lode mining community is a surprising contrast to the days when Mokelumne Hill was one of the largest, liveliest and most cosmopolitan of the diggin's. Little evidence remains of the town's romantic past but Eve Starcevich Zumwalt's history is a timely guidebook which will revitalize and preserve our remembrance of the people and events which went before us.

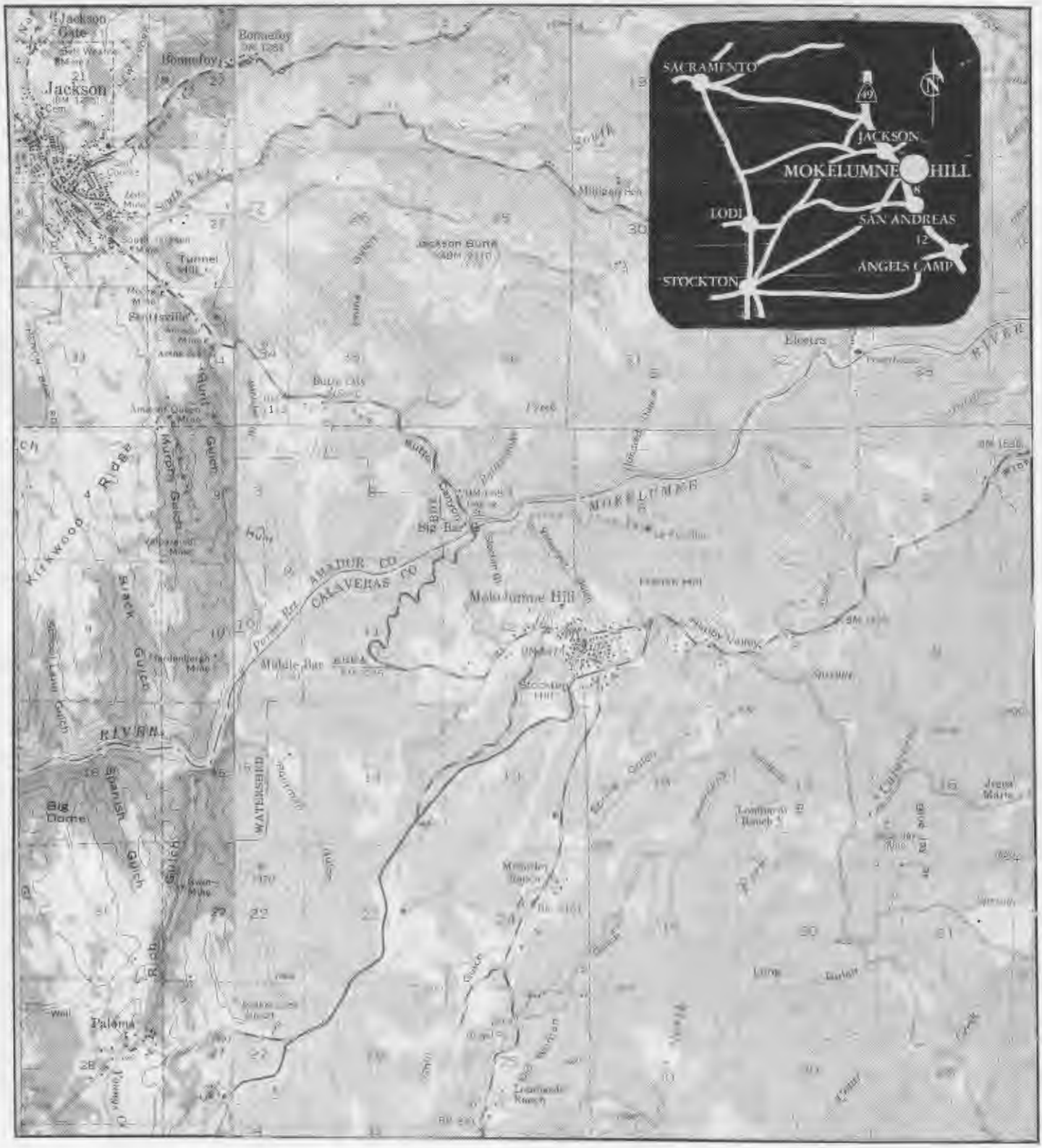
In her appealing expansion of the original Mokelumne Hill Centennial Pageant of 1948, Eve Zumwalt has composed an enchanting history which transcends time and space to offer us a vision of an almost forgotten era. After researching her town and its people for over forty years, the author claims that if she were to encounter any one of these historic characters of the Main Street of 1869 or 1910, she would recognize and converse warmly with each.

In her endearing portraits of the forty-niners and their successors, the readers of her history will easily see the validity of her claim. This appreciative account captures personalities and vignettes from both written and oral sources to render a profound understanding of Mokelumne Hill's origins and its evolution. Zumwalt combines actual events and well-reasoned speculation to produce historical narrative which reminds us of our rich heritage and enables us to locate ourselves in time.

After reading *The Romance of Mokelumne Hill*, you will never again be able to walk past the Protestant Cemetery without imagining Isaac Lurch's ceremonial funeral or hear the pealing of the Saint Thomas Aquinas Church bell without recalling the diverse congregations our town has welcomed or to smell a China lily without thinking of Tiddle Lee's immaculate garden. When this connection occurs, Eve Zumwalt's many years of willing toil will be rewarded.

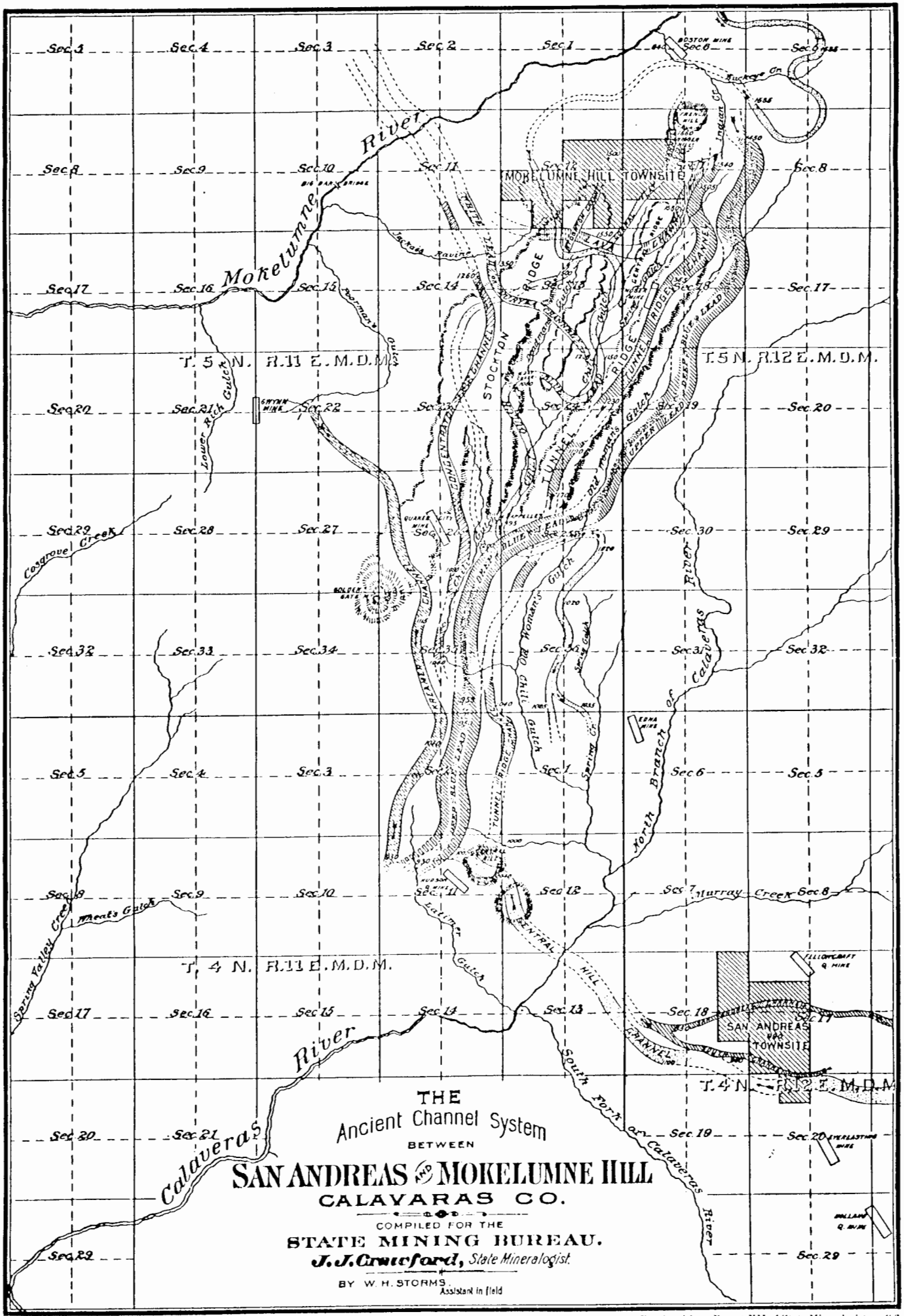
Anna Tuttle Villegas
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San Joaquin Delta College
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Stockton, California



Map of Mokelumne Hill devised by Raymond V. Garamendi for readers to indicate areas of early gold search and settlement.

Facing page: Mokelumne Hill sits on an abundance of gold bearing channels explored by the gold seekers whose lucky strikes produced the wealth of Mokelumne Hill's early day fame.



THE

Ancient Channel System

BETWEEN

SAN ANDREAS AND MOKELUMNE HILL

CALAVARAS CO.

COMPILED FOR THE

STATE MINING BUREAU.

J. J. Crawford, *State Mineralogist.*

BY W. H. STORMS.
Assistant in field

Reprinted from Report XII of State Mineralogist, p. 486.

The Romance of Mokelumne Hill

A Pageant of History

Part I

Prologue

"Oh, the dust of the footsteps
Of onrushing time
Has left it still standing
Serene and sublime:
With its quaint little houses,
Its queer mountain ways,
Like a legacy left
From the gold-rushing days.
Oh, romance clings round it
With heart still athrill
Oh, little old town
Of Mokelumne Hill."

—Excerpt from "Mokelumne Hill"
by Harry T. Fee (1875-1935)

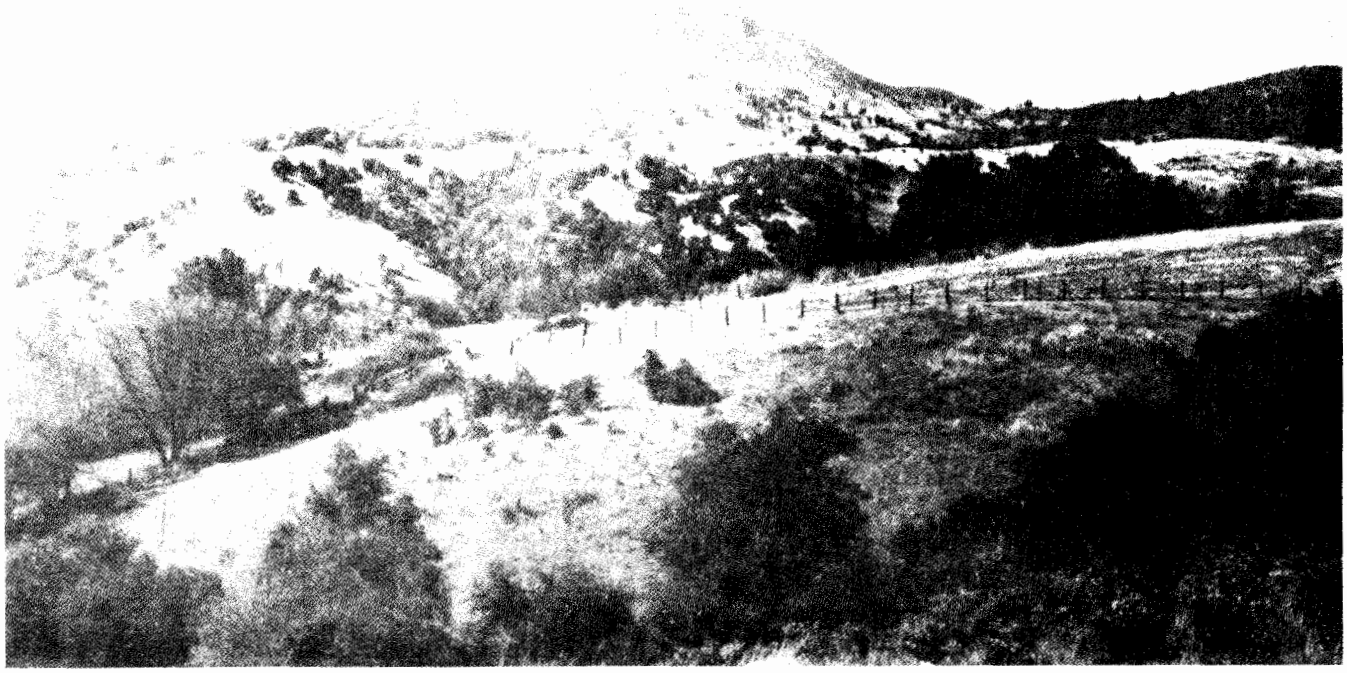
PART I
PRE- AND EARLY GOLD RUSH DAYS

Scene 1

The Miwok Indians

The year is 1810. The stately Butte stands in its firmness of guardwatch over the rim of live oak and pine forested hills which rise above the deep, rugged ravines that closely shelter and echo the musical sounds of the rushing, meandering streams of the Mokelumne and Calaveras River watersheds. Here, animal cut indentations of deer and small animals which traverse the tall grasses and steep manzanita and chaparral covered bank slopes reveal the humus-rich ebony, chocolate and brick red colors of soils beneath.

The blue of sky shows, often, the billowing, white cloud sheets or their occasionally space-usurped, threatening thunderheads which incisively silhouette the great black-brown buzzards (turkey vultures) soaring and circling, flaunting their splendor of incredible grace. Honking geese in great V-form shiftings wend their way in migratory flight routes over the watchful Butte as through time immemorial. Their plaintive, melancholy cries of hope ring long through sensitive spirits' ears.

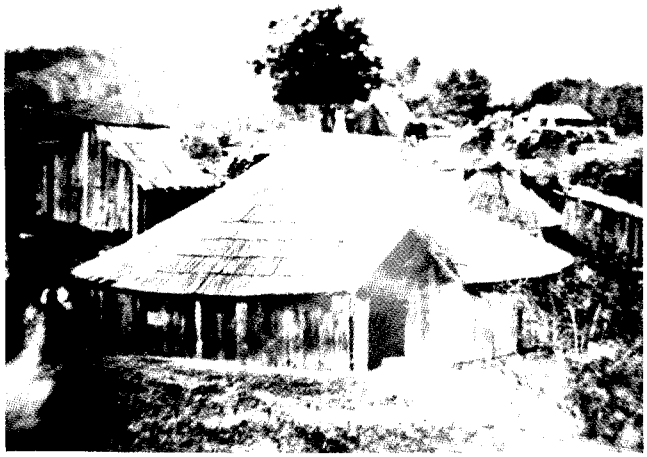


Jackson Butte, a volcanic neck of andesite rising above the Eocene surface. View from the western outskirts of the town of Mokelumne Hill.

Courtesy Geologic Guidebook

Bright-hued, orange-red paintbrush interspersed with blues and purples of brodeia and lupine bend benignly in the cool, wafting breezes to create the Persian rug cover-up for hiding the silver-grey of gravelly banks. All will fade with the adjoining weeds to form the shining, blonde-beige blanket on which but momentarily will rest the summer's dazzling gilded gleam of the lowering rays of the fading sun—the touch of reassurance to the good earth—as it rapidly races into night. Then, the coyote's mournful call resounds its loneliness of aloneness.

In contrast rises the joyful symphony of bird sound which emanates from every tree and shrub to proclaim the birth of a new day, which is celebrated in equally joyous chant by the Miwok chief as he welcomes the sun once more, as throughout ages past.



Indian Round House

Here, in this land of majestic beauty, the Northern Sierra Miwok Indians dwelled in their winter campsite—Apautawili—at nearby Alabama Gulch—the Round House Camp, sometimes with their dogs, or roamed peacefully about in happy pursuit of satisfying their needs and habits with intense gratitude, self-discipline and respect for the land and Nature's beneficence. Brush, bark, and thatch shelters protected the robust people from sun and rain.

The terrain presented for them but few obstacles to moving easily about to fish the streams and rivers for wily trout and salmon, and hunt the plentiful mule deer and small game—as the graceful bounding grey squirrel, the fox, the cottontail, the wood rat and other rodents, as well as reptiles and birds—with their own creations of incense cedar bows, arrows, traps, snares and throwing sticks. Their darts and spears helped, too, to provide food as well as the buckskins and deerskins for clothing and footwear, the needed woven fur blankets for winter's warmth and the deer hoof jingler rattles.

Sometimes, the men were aided by the women, when the women were free of their work of gathering the abundant plant foods from unfenced acres—the black oak acorn, seeds of buckeye, digger pine and varied grasses: fiddlenecks, cattail shoots, roots, berries, bulbs, mushrooms and other fungi; medicinal plants; weaving grasses for basket making; reeds for flutes and whistles and for the basket tools needed for the harvesting of both plants and insects: earthworms, yellowjackets and bees, the army worm, caterpillar cocoons and grasshoppers; elderberry, willow, wormwood, maple, mahogany, pine needles, incense cedar, white fir, manzanita trees, and tule reeds from ponds where croaked the jumping frogs and where nested the fantastically colored, elegant wood ducks. All were in constant supply for tool making. The truly lovely land assured a happy life.



Manuella, Miwok descendant of Chief Moquelumne, was born in the Indian camp of Happy Valley. As a gold seeker, her gold pan was often filled with pine nuts she shared with Mokelumne's children.



Lily and Pedro (Chief O'Connor) at their dwelling at Big Bar. Pedro outlived Lily and died in the 1930s resting on the ground. He refused the mattress provided by kind friends.

Miwok were aware of the abundance of the earth's gleaming treasure, gold, but seemed to equate it in value with the golden poppies which periodically carpeted and beautified their landscape. Being primitive people of simple interests and wants, they were not tempted by it for personal adornment. They neither needed nor desired edifices or temples to decorate lavishly for expression of daily joys or the eventual increased fears and communications of sorrows to the Great Spirit. Every important event in the Indian way of life was hedged by religion. The golden rays of each dawn sufficed.

Only a few Miwok, lured by a novel environment, and by gifts and songs, had been introduced to the Franciscan teachings of God. Some of those few, in rebellious spirit, roamed away from the nearby Spanish missions established by Father Junipero Serra—Misión de Nuestro Padre San Francisco de Asis (1776), Misión de Nuestra Santa Clara (1777) and Misión del Gloriosisimo Patriarco Señor San Jose (1797)—to regain their traditional way of life, to be free as the geese and the great black-brown buzzards—free as all their brothers, the numerous swift-footed deer and fleet rabbits, the lordly bald eagle, the cooing bandtailed pigeons, the chattering jays, the resolute red-tailed hawks, and the raucous and competitive woodpeckers. The encroachment of the Spanish in 1770 had brought muted assurance of Miwok decline.

Their usefulness as mission workers and the exhaustion of the existing territorial supply of Indian labor made Spanish soldiers seek much farther afield into Miwok traditional territory to replenish the supply of converts and laborers. Miwok possessed no territorial unit larger than the patrilocal extended family—each with its headman and small winter village—a rallying point with its chief of limited authority.

When Spanish soldiers encroached upon their peaceful domain, they called it "Rio Moquelomas," which signified "river of the Mokel," a people of the Moquelome (Miwok), the Indians having spoken of the river as "Wakel-um-mee," defined as principal river or stream. The name Mokelumne was recorded by Father Narcisco Duran as Muquelmnes in 1817 at Mission San Jose.

The Spanish-Mexican Californios were much aware of the one hundred thousand natives—the third that had survived the earlier intrusion of "foreigners" who brought their fears, ignorance and diseases. It is paradoxical that in the California census of 1850, the Miwoks were statistically non-existent and remained so until the late 1880s when there were only twenty thousand; by 1910, sixteen thousand. The Gold Rush of 1849 brought an end to their independence. Indian killers had been tolerated. Their

profession was considered honorable by many. Few were sufficiently troubled about California's genocidal acts of inhumanity—acts derived of ignorance, fear and sometimes racism. Miwok—both men and women—counted merely to be used and abused—as "non-people."

And so there disappeared a gentle people with whom privilege of association and remembrance remains but to a few. Lost is an independent tribelet nation—and its language and particular way of interpreting life's problems and many mysteries. Fortunately, a few descendants, evidencing intense pride, are reasserting themselves in Calaveras, Tuolumne and Amador counties where annual Miwok festivities are held at Tuolumne and at Pine Grove's Chaw'se Indian Grinding Rock State Park each September to recall and learn of their past, and celebrate.

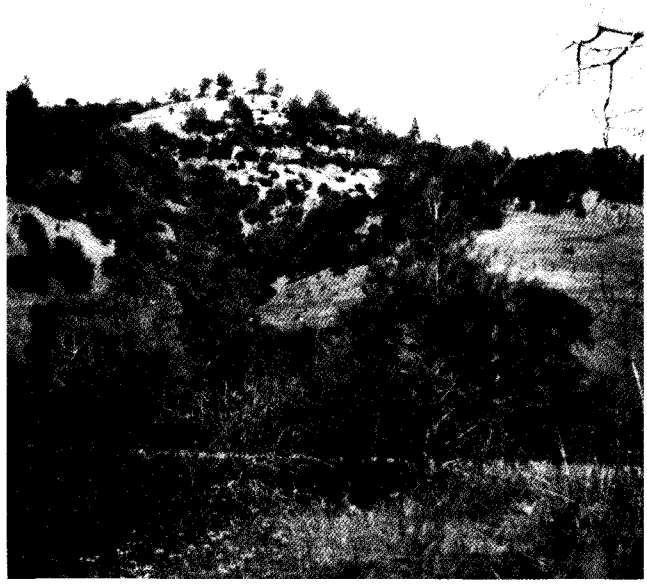
A national belated recognition of loss induces assumption of the nation's readiness and maturity for determining its system of values. Each American can express gratitude.

Scene 2

The Trappers

Another nation, too, had become aware of this unique area. While searching for a different form of wealth, the beaver, French trappers established camps: French Camp, outskirting Tuleburgh (now Stockton), and another on the Mokelumne River. Trappers worked in the Sacramento Valley as early as 1827 and came upon the Sacramento tributaries abundant with fur-bearing animals such as beaver, otter, muskrat and marten. Their head office at Fort Vancouver was a branch of the Hudson's Bay Company, a British company searching for sea otter pelts. That company had been granted exclusive trapping license for fur trade for twenty-one years on the Pacific slope of the Oregon Country and thus influenced the division of land between the United States and Great Britain. Their forts gave welcome, aid and comfort to weary travelers.

The first French group to arrive, about 1842, in The Hill region, as reported by Gamba, an early resident, were the Fourcade brothers, whose name, "Les Fourcades," remained attached to their camp for a long period. Gamba claimed that his father aided in setting up the camp quarters. The French, as told by Mokelumne's French pioneer, Pierre Clement Vandelle, sent Vandelle's two trapper cousins, P. S. Cretin and Oliver Cretin (listed in the census in 1870 and 1880). They had been participants in the French War and, with others, had found and secretly mined gold in 1847 on the Mokelumne at Sandy Bar (the Electra area). They hoarded it on French Hill near the old French Fort site. There, undisturbed yet acutely observed with intense curiosity by the Indians, the French trappers roamed the Miwok lands until the beaver search in which they were vigorously engaged became comparatively insignificant—GOLD HAD BEEN DISCOVERED! Gold had been discovered in California—at Coloma, on January 24, 1848. It was announced to the world, and by August, the first four thousand miners had settled on the nearby foothills with their simple shelters and tents.



The bonanza producing French Hill of Mokelumne Hill.

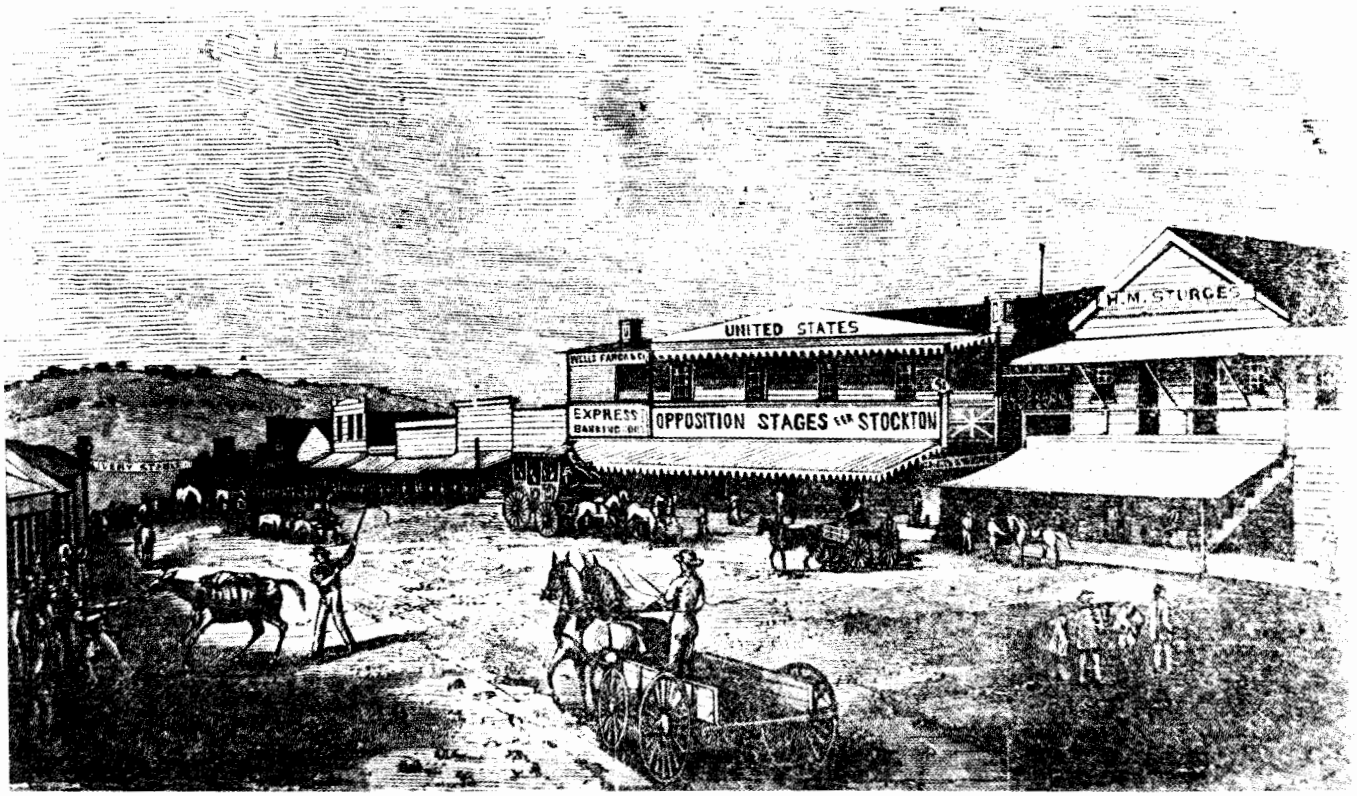
Scene 3

First American Settlers

The first wagon train of brave settlers—with men, women and children of all ages—the Stevens (Stephens)-Murphy party—traveling from May 18 to November 25, 1844, from Independence, Missouri, successfully crossed the foreboding Sierra Nevada with its incessant challenges of steep, towering crags, gaping gorges, gigantic granite rocks, narrow ridges, rushing streams and rivers, and deep, dark, solemn, stately forests. So it was established, the "California Trail" into the Sacramento Valley and thus began the great migration which led to the impalpable drama and impact of the Gold Rush of '49 and the opening of the West.

Other settlers soon followed over the trail route—predominantly Anglo-Saxon farmers. They came from the midwest areas. Captain John C. Fremont of the government expedition of 1843-44 with guide Kit Carson had explored what is now the Kit Carson Emigrant Trail area, at an elevation of 8,573 feet, which soon served as the route for early forty-niners. It became the most commonly traveled crossing of the Sierra Nevada into the yet unnamed alpine region of the future County of Calaveras —an extensive area of the southern mines.

In 1846, the tragic and ill-fated Donner Party crossing brought the California Trail the name change to Donner Pass. By the fall of 1848, four hundred American farmers had arrived in the nearby Sacramento Valley. They had endured unending challenges of prairies, swamp lands, deserts and mountains as they crossed two-thirds of the continent on their journey westward. By 1857, approximately one hundred sixty-five thousand immigrants, with



Street view of Mokelumne Hill before the fire.

their one million animals, had plodded their ponderous, weary ways into California. Wagon arrivals and droving continued into the 1860s.

With the advent of the Gold Rush, more cosmopolitan groups from afar ventured to California. They traversed the perilous Isthmus of Panama or Nicaragua or braved the 18,000-mile voyage around Cape Horn, crossing the great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The earliest American gold seekers migrated to California from Oregon into the great valley. A party reached the Mokelumne Hill area in October 1848. They called it "Big Bar." Soon followed Syree (Syrec), arriving from Tuleburgh at Big Bar with a wagon loaded with provisions much needed by the Oregonians. He became Mokelumne Hill's first merchant and an august and wealthy citizen. By November, he served from a brush and canvas store to begin The Hill's thriving, bustling trade center.

Next to come and settle were a blacksmith-gunsmith named Dupuis and a French-Swiss watchmaker. G. B. Dickinson began to house boarders in a tent and provide "the comforts of home." Other establishments soon followed at the river and on The Hill.

Scene 4

Captain Weber's Gamble

Captain Charles Weber, having acquired his Mexican land grant property in 1843, founded Tuleburgh (1847), the "state's" only inland port, seventy-eight nautical miles from the sea, on the San Joaquin River.

The property became known as the Rancho Del Campo de los Franceses. It had served as the terminus of the Oregon-California Trail, used from 1832 to 1845 by French Canadian trappers employed by the Hudson's Bay Company. Fur seekers camped there with families. In 1844, Charles Gulnac, a French Canadian blacksmith whose wife was Mexican, established the first white settlers' colony at the present sites of French Camp and Stockton.

In March 1848, Captain Weber was willing to risk his last dollars in the belief that there was more gold in the hills than seen in the specimens brought by the first prospectors from the American River area. He organized and outfitted an expedition which included friendly Indians under the leadership of Chief Jose Jesus. They worked northward on the Mokelumne between Lower and Big bars. There, gold was found in every place searched; finer specimens than had theretofore been seen. His journey made California gold-conscious and actually incited the gold rush more than anything else, especially since California was no longer at war. The Californios had earlier surrendered to the troops of John C. Fremont (January 1847) near Pueblo de los Angeles, experiencing the moment of truth in the struggle for power. The United States had made peace with Mexico.

Captain Weber married Ellen Murphy of the Martin Murphy family of Murphys, Calaveras County. He died in 1881.

Scene 5

Stevenson's Regiment



Col. J. D. Stevenson (1800-1894), California's military colonizer and organizer of California's first Grand Lodge of Free Masons.

Colonel Jonathan Drake Stevenson's Seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers, numbering 720 men, aboard the *Loo Choo*, the *Susan Drew* and the *Thomas H. Perkins*, was the first army unit to leave the United States by sea to uphold the flag of its country—on September 26, 1846. Arriving too late for service in the Mexican War, the unit was discharged at Monterey in August 1848. Most of the men flocked to the gold fields. Colonel Stevenson, with a company of 100 men, came to the Mokelumne River area referred to as "Deadman's Gulch" on Big Bar shortly after James Wilson Marshall discovered gold at Sutter's Mill. The discovery was made nine days before the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed with Mexico—February 2, 1848. Some found gold! Claims were staked. Soon Samuel W. Pearsall of the regiment party discovered gold on the north side of the present Stockton Hill. It is believed that Colonel Stevenson promptly recognized the need for and devised the first code of mining laws for his men. He claimed to have served as the town's first alcalde. He departed that winter with $20,000.

The search for the bonanza became genuine! By November, twenty to thirty gold seekers were seriously involved. Thus was precipitated the flow of millions of dollars in wealth as the placer mines in and about Mokelumne Hill caused it to speedily become one of the richest and most noteworthy gold camps of the Mother Lode. Steep (Deep) Gulch—among those first gulches worked in the developing Calaveras County—filled with miners by October 1848. A gold lump of nineteen ounces was found. The rush was on!

Tales of the inevitable "lucky finds" long circulated about the camps—some of great significance! A Dr. Gillette, wearily trudging to The Hill from the river, stopped to rest in the shade of a tree at noon on a blistering hot day in May 1851. In his despondence, provoked by a period of ill-luck, he dejectedly and forcefully plunged his pick into the ground. Lo! A two-pound nugget! From that spot, he and a companion dug out fourteen pounds that afternoon, to turn depression to supreme ecstasy. Gold was valued at sixteen to seventeen dollars an ounce!

In November, on a late Sunday afternoon, a Jewish gold buyer bought $500 worth of gold dust—the afternoon's pickings of a "picker" who gathered his findings along the town lanes as he scratched about the rocks and crevices of the streams and rivulets created by the drenching winter rains.

On December 20, a piece of pure gold, remarkably beautiful and weighing thirteen ounces, was taken out of a nearby gulch. The owner refused $300 for it.

In early 1853, the first big nugget in California, reported to weigh twenty-six pounds and in the shape of the



"Nigger" Hill and Catholic Cemetery, 1850.

kidney of an ox, was found by a gold seeker while he was drinking from a stream of the Mokelumne.

H. C. Carpenter took out a six-pound "lucky strike" valued at $1,200 from under Stockton Hill in September. Two years later, Norris and McFadden found thirty-two pounds in the same area and became $28,000 richer for their efforts of the next three months.

In nearby Corral Flat, where claims of sixteen feet by sixteen feet each were sold, an unusual nugget was located in December—an exact replica of the hook on the end of a log chain. It weighed six and one-half pounds and was worth $1,700.

As Stockton Hill, "Nigger Hill," Rich Gulch, French Hill, China Gulch, Corral Flat, and Deadman's Gulch areas were searched and honeycombed with tunnels and shafts, in the scramble to locate the wealth of the veins and underground channels, staggering amounts of gold ore were extracted—$81 million in 1852 alone—to build California, the Golden State, and our great nation.

Scene 6

The Mexicans

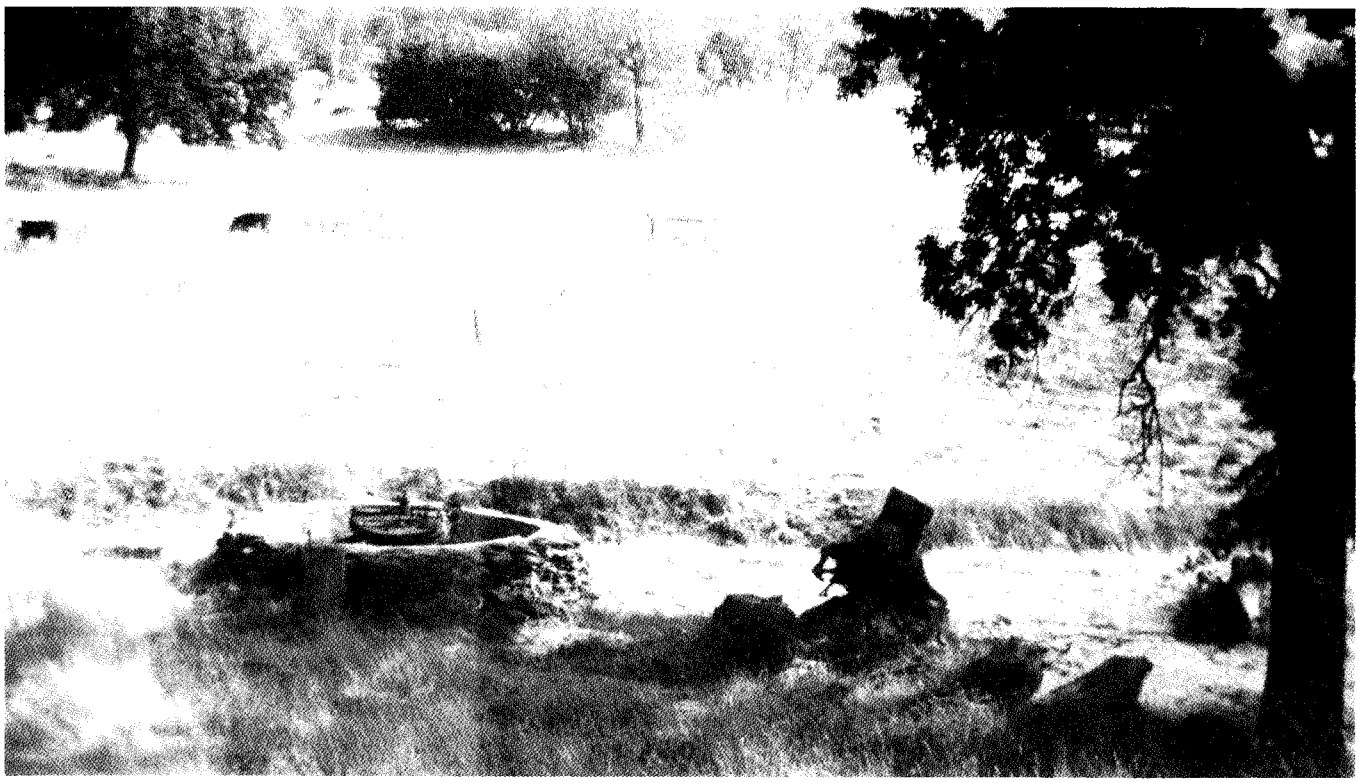
While California was yet a province of the Spanish in 1841-1842, Mexicans were imported to the Los Angeles area to work the gold discoveries near the San Fernando Rancho of Francisco Lopez. The Mexicans, vanguard of other nationalities, soon rushed to the new finds. They came—6,000 in 1848—a group of simple serape- and blanket-clad people wearing large felt or straw hats, who created distinctly colorful and bright pictures as they journeyed over the silver sands of the dry and arid mesquite and cactus wasteland along an old Spanish trail with their pack trains of heavily laden burros and mules. Preponderantly from the province of Sonora, they were most often poor, hardworking laborers of haciendas or country village folk (campesinos). They were grub-staked by their wealthy patrons, who were to receive a share of their profits.

The easy-going "Sonorans" were unlike other immigrants. They participated in annual migrations in which several thousand came north each spring and returned home in late autumn. Mokelumne Hill became a place of encampment. A fairly large number brought their women and children with them. The migrations began in the late spring of 1848 and reached their peak in 1850.

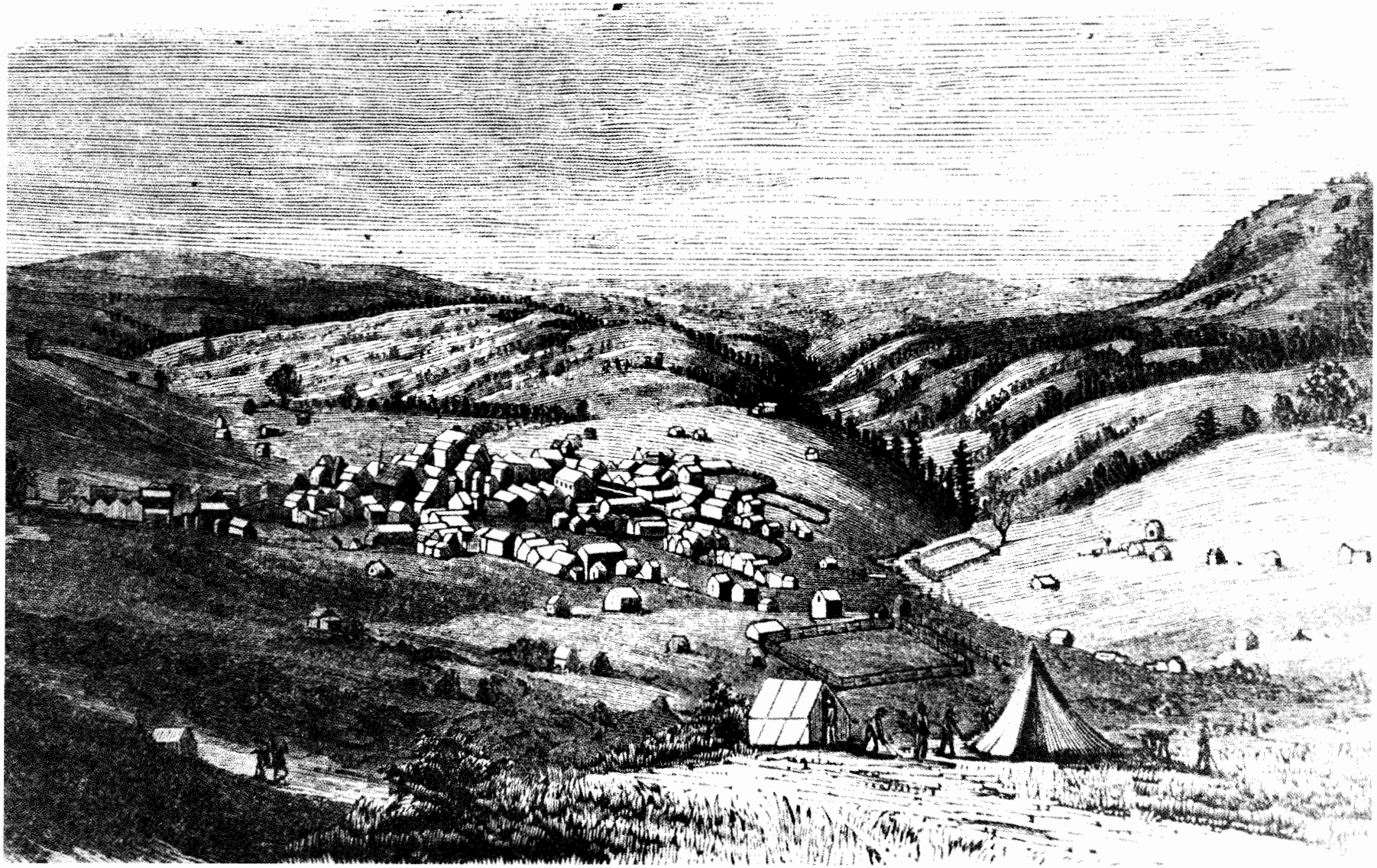
The Mexicans congregated in their canvas tent camps or "Sonoran towns." When at work, they would be seen nearby at their arrastres, grinding ores or dextrously maneuvering their bateas—wooden bowls with gently sloping sides. When at play, they enjoyed their music, monte games and fandangos. They provided exciting mining camp recreation—even rooster fights and bull and bear fights.

There are practically no discernible evidences of their prominence here except for the remains of the old arrastres, devices for a slow but efficient method of crushing the surface ores for amalgamating by use of simple stone tools aided chiefly by horse or mule power. Muller stones were dragged over the ore placed on the flat-bottomed, circular arrastre bed. The stones were chained to a bar which revolved about a central pivot. The power of the animals (or men) was applied at the end of the bar. The quartz was thus pulverized and the gold recovered. Time has obliterated most of the arrastres. Few remnants are still found among the winding, brush-strewn creeks and river beds of the neighboring towns established and named by the gold seekers: Jesus Maria, Calaveritas, Campo Seco, Paloma, Lancha Plana, Esperanza, San Andreas. Some towns, non-existent or the "ghost towns" of once lively camps, still exhibit adobe structures of long ago.

Although hostility created by greed and fears of racial mixtures caused the Mexicans to depart from The Hill (some to return eventually from not-distant camps), it is agreed that more than one Anglo-Saxon acquired his knowledge of placer and quartz mining and skill in locating rich claims from the uncanny and knowledgeable Latin America miners. The Mexicans, a non-quarrelsome people as a group, were threatened by the guns of the prejudiced and violent Anglos, who were resentful of intruders they felt had no right to gold belonging to the United States and by those who retained bad feelings from the Mexican War and forced their exile in 1852.



Mexican arrastre remains on the Andrew Jack Fischer Ranch, the Schrack Ranch of earlier days.



Mokelumne Hill as a gold camp settlement before the fire of 1854.

PART II
GOLD RUSH DAYS — EMIGRANTS ALL

Scene 1

Gold Lures

A full year had elapsed after the arrival of the first Hispanics before the restless, rootless Europeans —over thirty-five thousand men and twelve thousand women—disembarked in 1850 at the bustling and enterprising port of San Francisco—population ten thousand. Many of the men headed directly into the area of "dry diggin's" or Southern Mines to make their "lucky strike"—in high hope of being at the right place at the right time; to stake a claim and find the much wanted color reported to be in such abundance on the tributaries of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Some adventurous women's intuitions informed them that gold would be easier to procure in the bustling, growing cities of San Francisco and Sacramento where the comforts and pleasures of life were more readily assured.

Overland gold seekers came—approximately forty thousand men, six hundred children and twenty-four hundred women, chiefly loyal wives who were willing to accept all of whatever "the worse" indicated in their marriage vows as they endured the unbelievable and incomprehensible adversities of their five to six months travel enroute.

Most entered via the rugged and now famed Donner Pass. The bulk of the unfortunate, who died before they arrived in California, suffered death from an excess of ammunition made available by the government's offer of cheap guns or from cholera rather than from actions of the feared Indians. Many Indians proved to be aides and guides in the early years of trail crossings and local camp settlement.

Approximately eighty thousand arrived in the gold camps—Argonauts seeking El Dorado—believing a fortune could be struck quickly. Home they would soon return!

Many left the Kit Carson Emigrant Trail Route, opened by the Mormon Battalion in 1848, for old Dry Diggins (Hangtown) and proceeded via the soon developed spur road (1852) to Volcano (Calaveras County—1850-1854).

In 1849, Volcano had witnessed its first arrivals of the profuse numbers to come: Tom Wiley and a wagon party of eight were followed by the John Green party; the Jones and the Jacob Cook parties, also with wagons. By winter, many had crossed, grateful for the encirclement of gentle hills of stately white and black oak, fir, sugar and yellow pine; tall grasses as high as the backs of animals; clear sparkling creeks, sandy beaches, deer, birds and trout in abundance. Some had remained to begin their gold search. They stayed, soon to develop a progressive community. Others journeyed farther into the newly formed county.

Few struck it rich. The pioneer cemeteries attest to premature deaths from primitive living and hazardous work conditions, outlaw bullets, knifings, or the eventual arrows of Indian revenge for ill-treatment of both men and women, fears of intrusion, encroachment and usurpation.

In California, immigrants from the British Isles including the Welsh—England's Cornishmen, the "Cousin Jacks," experienced miners, formed the largest group; German peoples (including German Jews) the second, and the French, the third.

By 1850, Calaveras, one of the original twenty-seven counties, four times its present size, established by the Legislative Session of 1849-50 at the state capitol in San Jose and incorporated on February 18, 1850, reported a population of approximately seventeen thousand, with fifteen thousand in the Mokelumne Hill area in the early 1850s. Foreign white also included the Italians, the Slavs,

and the Irish—35 percent of the total present. Also listed were 131 blacks who had arrived in the early rush as slaves and became free. For all, the foremost thought was to make a fortune and return home. The cosmopolitan population of the Mother Lode in the early rush days soon exceeded the rest of California as an exodus of gold seekers formed the world-wide mass migration.

All countries and nationalities were soon represented at The Hill, and Americans of all trades and sections—of all classes: professionals—physicians, lawyers, teachers, ministers, musicians, actors, artists, and non-professionals—farmers, joiners, turners, tinners, saddlers, sailors, skinners, millwrights, wagonwrights, carpenters, merchants, machinists, blacksmiths, woodwrights, daguerreans and western men depicted by French trappers with rifles as long as themselves. All had been caught by the magic of the word "gold." Gold that could be had for the finding! Gold that could be scraped up in shovelfuls! Gold that would make a man exceedingly rich for life and the envy of all! The apparent wealth of abounding hope blanketed to the earth's recesses.

Gold that would erase debts! Many embarked at New York and at Boston—and as James Kilton recorded, "a good many over 45—few over 50—all sorts that compose the New England population." All were bound to "see the elephant," leaving behind the overworked wives and mothers—the "California widows"—experiencing their worries in extended days and years of loneliness.

Men quickly became miners as they impatiently learned the simplest method by which they could begin to mine with the least capital expenditure and minimum delay, the least amount of energy expended, and how not to be outwitted. A tale is related:

> A black fugitive from the jail of another town came to Mokelumne Hill one day inquiring of the local citizens what they did for a living. When they told him that they were "diggin' fo' gold," he asked where he, too, might find some. The would-be miners, thinking this a fine time to play a practical joke, gave the man a complete outfit, and pointed out a high, rugged northeast slope at the townsite's edge. To everyone's surprise, the weary man returned a few days later, laden with nuggets. He had made a real strike—$80,000! The hill was thereafter known as "Nigger Hill."

So, with the ax, pick, shovel, knife, crowbar, pan, rocker, and long tom, the gold seeker found the basic tools needed for applying the crude, hastily learned methods of working—in 1848 and 1849—at the local river bars and banks, the creeks, the gullies, gulches and the water courses long laid bare by the drought of summer. Here, miners discovered the placer wealth of golden particles in vast forms and amounts. Individuals made astonishingly lucky strikes. Two blacks washed $80,000 from their claim in a month. It is said they left The Hill promptly for the east before someone would discover their gold! A Frenchman, fishing for frogs in a prospect hole, fished a nugget valued at $2,150. It was not unusual to average $300 to $500 per day for several weeks. Yet many a forty-niner, speaking in the diverse languages the swear words of the times, uttered the equivalent of an old gentleman miner's words:

"I found gold digging certainly not the enticing form of employment many think it to be. As a matter of fact, it is an undebatable, back-breaking form of despicable drudgery, and a most wearisome and often damn disappointing work." Swearing proved to be heard more than gold was seen! Yet, Moke Hill became the richest as well as the most notorious placer mining center.

Gold mining demanded proof of physical fitness—for walking long distances carrying heavy loads; for swinging a pick or using a shovel or crowbar all day while enduring the burning glare of the sun as temperatures skyrocketed above 100 degrees, or for withstanding the blustery winds, drenching rains and chilling snows as temperatures plummeted to freezing. It meant digging through rock ledges and lifting gravel and sand until one's back ached into the feel of brokenness. It meant slogging and slushing about, endless hours each day, until one's feet were numb and the sometimes available shoes or boots became soggy, useless wrecks for the ever-growing discard heaps. One spent hours kneeling or stooping while scraping rock crevices or with eyes straining in anxious watch for "paydirt in the pan."

Work meant monotonously rocking the cradle to and fro, to and fro, pouring and sifting the dirt and water while battling insects: the prevalent gnats, flies, mosquitos, lice, ticks, yellowjackets, wasps and hornets, and the tarantulas, scorpions, lizards and rattlesnakes!

It meant becoming dirt-encrusted with skin burned, peeled and cracked, and hands roughened to correspond with the terrain underfoot. It meant inadequate, dirty and often vermin-infested clothing whatever the weather, uncomfortable shelter, and the most miserable and meager of diets—beans, rice, pickled pork, jerky, sardines, flapjacks, and saleratus bread—all at highly

inflated prices created by both scarcity and transportation costs due to great distances, often with added delays forced by inclement weather, additional feeding of pack animals, stopovers and encounters with bandit robbers.

Some miners organized "prospecting expeditions." They would load a pick, shovel, pan, blankets, some food and a gun onto a mule or donkey, if luck prevailed sufficiently to procure one, or onto their own backs in carpet packs, and start off in the continuously inevitable search of virgin ground to "new" diggings where nuggets, dust, flakes, oro, chispas or lumps, maybe, could be had for the picking. Hope fared in abundance, vastly exceeding the finds.

Wealth was not easy to acquire. Work was hard! Necessities were few! Living conditions were difficult. Rapid changes occurred. Prices were high, and nuggets and flakes became scarcer as more seekers staked their claims. Statehood enhanced immigration (1850).

The Gold Rush reached its peak in 1852. Strict mining laws were passed by 1853. Disappointed but wise immigrants became farmers, ranchers, and business entrepreneurs. The Homestead Act of 1862, an offer of cheap land, inspired hope for many—a fresh start to citizens, to some foreigners, and to weary Civil War soldiers. The completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869 made the journey reasonably cheap, comfortable and safe, to move westward to try for a stake in the Sierra Gold Belt. They sought to alleviate the problems of difficult economic days of the 1870s by working the abandoned placer claims, in the hydraulics, the drifts and the deep shaft quartz mines established along the discovered Mother Lode (1850-51), whose original name, Veta Madre, a heritage of the Mexican miners, was applied to what they viewed—the very rich placers.

The true quartz gold lode or dominant vein from one to several miles wide, said to have been discovered on Colonel John C. Fremont's Mariposa land grant in August 1849, was later viewed at Nashville in El Dorado County, approximately twelve miles south of Hangtown, forty miles distant from Mokelumne. Mother Lode came to designate not only the southern mines region but the entire gold belt, a fairly straight line from Mariposa to Plymouth and north to Downieville. Hope remained high!

Nuggets continued to be found—and appeared in many forms and shades of "color." The gold taken from several bars on the Mokelumne River resembled cucumber and pumpkin seeds. A bushel measure filled with such nuggets would not vary in size or shape any more than would such a measure filled with real seeds. Lumps of quartz often had fantastically beautiful gold design forms running through them as of gossamer lines in perfect representation of a spider's web of spun gold. Such were the hidden treasures so furiously sought in the raging gold fever days' epidemic in and about Mokelumne.

In town, on a dreary Sunday morning in November 1858, after a heavy rainstorm, a lady parishioner, it is told, trudging with care through the muddy lane enroute to the Methodist Episcopal Church, picked up a four-ounce nugget as she neared the church yard. The Sunday sermon aroused fervent and religious impulse. Plop went the find into the contribution plate! Minister Robert Killen of Newfoundland, startled by the volume of glitter, exclaimed, "It is not sinful to look for gold on the Lord's Day provided what is found is given to the service of the Lord!"

Similar good luck came to returning Mexicans and Chileans. In 1859, a Chileno proudly displayed his find—a one and one-half pound nugget worth nearly four hundred dollars; a Mexican, his discovery of twenty-eight pounds valued at more than seven thousand dollars. Stories continued to circulate. Gold! Gold! Gold might provide the much-needed sustenance. Gold long remained a lure.

In Moke Hill, which included Chili Gulch (south), Big Bar (north), and Happy Valley (east), as in all camps in those days, humanity seethed as races mingled, speaking the babble of Babel or writing in equal confusion, suffering privations, making astonishing discoveries, experiencing mutual joys or enduring the despair of failure with its desperate loneliness, bitter discouragement and sadness. Drinking served as the common bond of lonely men encountering both physical and moral dangers. They shared the bottle as well as basic necessities, tools, and knowledge, as they played comical pranks or exchanged far-fetched tales for the much-needed humor. They displayed acts of charity, love and kindness as well as acts of heroism, or were participants in deeds reflecting jealousies and angers—deeds of violence, of which many were the victims. Life was lived to its fullest!

Thus developed romantic, historic Mokelumne Hill, as thousands of gold seekers came and went or came and stayed—to leave or to live in the bountifully-endowed foothills of natural beauty, scarred and changed forever, revealing naked, exposed rocks and boulders, gravel hills, quartz tailings and monstrous cavities gouged, sluiced and boomed by the giant man-made devices and energies. These serve as the remaining vehicles of reminiscence for

those nostalgic discussions of past days—melancholy evidences of life flourished and life declined.

Those were the times of use of the tremendous forces of prevalent gold seeking power—water, black powder, dynamite; of the noise of roaring jackhammers; of the rhythmic pounding and booming of stamp mills; of screeching saws and thuds of anvil hammers—all resounding harshly to become absorbed, then re-echo, more gently, in the squealing and dumping of ore cars; the banging of skips and clanging of skip bells; the jiggling of flotation mill tables, or as the shrill sounds of the mine whistles marking each day, the hours—hours of the fleeting gold rush.

Scene 2

The Chileans

Gold! Gold! Within two years of Marshall's discovery, every developed nation knew the name "California." In all parts of the world, men of every status made themselves ready to seek the precious, illusive metal, creating a hodgepodge of the educated and illiterate, the skilled and unskilled, the criminals and men of the cloth, the young and not so young, the true gamblers as well as those not realizing the extent of their "dreams." All, including a few women—wives, mothers or the sole independent—were forced to become both traders and connivers of the camps soon hardbent in varying degrees of survival.

Exactly how many Argonauts joined the rush to this rugged environment of steep mountain slopes, river canyons and twisting ravines not heretofore experienced will never be known, but into this area flocked Chileans in great numbers in the late autumn and through the winter of 1848 and the spring of 1849. They arrived in San Francisco after hearing the glorious reports from the British shipping trade merchants involved in nitrate, guano and hide and tallow businesses. Braving a forty-seven-day sea voyage, from Valparaiso and Concepcion, these Hispanic people arrived in the "land of equal opportunity" in great hope of sharing in the much-touted bonanza. Instead, they found themselves considered to be undesirables by some xenophobic Yankees. Often bandits, gamblers and contributors to the excessive existence and support of prostitution, they exercised and dispensed their ideas of justice, too often in sadistic style.

Thus, Chili (Chile) Gulch was born, established south of Mokelumne Hill and east of Golden Gate Peak on Chili Gulch Creek, as a Chilean placer gold mining camp after they located rich veins. It is purported to have been a



The historic marker on Highway 49 pays tribute to those who established a prosperous, thriving community despite difficulties.

bustling, rip-roaring camp of 10,000 well-organized, efficient, individualistic, proud people and the richest and most-worked gulch in Calaveras County. Like the Mexicans, the men from Chile brought, early, their rare and extensive mining knowledge and skills. Their success, achieved through the buoyancy of their efforts and their fevered energy, vastly contributed to the general know-how essential to the personal success of the inexperienced and to the formation and growth of the region.

The Chilenos, second largest contingent of foreigners in The Hill, arrived armed with pistols and daggers under their belts as they continued their homeland traditions of

dress and customs and displayed their special methods of mining—crushing, shattering, washing, and separating.

To the new land, these men, and some women, each brought special skills and aptitudes. The men, as professional miners possessing practical knowledge, willingly instructed others in the winnowing method, a process also used by the Mexicans—a drying process (*aventamiento*). They dried the mixed gold and sand paydirt on canvas in the sunlight or in panfuls over the fire and then separated the two by blowing the lighter dry grains or by artfully tossing them into the air.

The Chile mill, a method of extracting gold by use of two giant stone grinding wheels axled by a wood beam and turned upon a pivot by mule or horse power to release the highly prized metal from the auriferous rock, also was used by the Chileans. They ably demonstrated the proper procedures and skills of placer mining; working the sand and gravel of the river beds and pointing out the most promising sites; gold pan manipulations, and quick-silver retrieving gold processes, as well as the use of the *corvo*, a long curved knife used to pick in the rock crevices, and the *poruno*, a dipper made of the horn of a cow. Bowie, pen and kitchen knives and tin dippers and cups became able substitutes.

The successes of the Chileans, combined with the jealousy of the American miners, eventually made their campsite a scene of strife; of man in conflict with man as well as nature. On May 1, 1850, Chilean and Mexican miners in nearby Jesus Maria sent a letter of appeal for help to California's first governor, Peter H. Burnett. No aid was granted, yet no involved American miner would have denied that he owed much of his livelihood and sustenance to the Chileans.

Chile served as a major market supplier to California by regularly sending ships loaded with supplies for the camps to San Francisco: gunpowder, timber, nails, blankets, the simple work tools; gold scales, candles, matches, wine, brandy and other potent liquors; clothing, shoes and boots; frijoles, grain, milled flour, hard tack, salt, pepper, brown sugar, green coffee and other food stuffs, and the wherewithal to cook and eat; the iron frying pans and cook pots, the tin and wooden dishware and cutlery.

Though driven out in the spring and summer of 1850, with feelings of both intense pride and recognizable defiance, the bulk of the Chileans eventually returned to develop Mokelumne Hill's "Chilicita" on both sides of Centre Street east of Main and along the eastern side of Sturges Alley. They established a hospital in that area.

The women, though sometimes auctioned to pay for their passage, fared well in fulfilling the need for true confidantes in friendship and love which gold did not always succeed in buying. Many were absorbed into the California population to become the well-respected and established families of the commonwealth.

In Chili Gulch, approximately one and one-half miles south of The Hill and extending nearly five miles to the Calaveras River bridge crossing, the Chilean camp centered about Armbruster Hotel and store, built in 1851. The Gulch was rich! Five partners, it is told, in 1848-49 had amassed $600,000 each. The area quickly became a popular mining center for placer and hydraulic efforts. It is reported that two polling places served 2,000 voters. A post office named Chili, with E. M. Faunce as postmaster (1857), and a school, accommodated the populace of the lively, thriving community in District 4 of Township 6. With periodic closures, the post office operated until 1877.

In 1858, the *San Andreas Independent* provided special reports by individuals as they commented on life in Chili Gulch. "The Billiard Saloon kept by a Mr. Hodgdon is a fine place for fun and music. He always keeps on hand the regular 'Old Holland.' Cross the way, we take our coffee given by E. Faunce and his gentle lady where we find plenty to destroy a craving appetite."

"Our Lyceum Hall is closed for the present, though occasionally warmed up by our Methodist friends from Mokelumne Hill. Last Sabbath, we were hearing the Word—proclaimed by one of the colored sisters who preached, prayed and sung so beautiful—it made our hearts rejoice—the reflections caused us to leave the service with saddened hearts for our condition as it was set before us."

"The Chinese are as thick as bees in a hive on Chili Flat. The various sing songs they utter would imagine them perfectly happy. When questioned how much their claims pay—"two pans for one color."

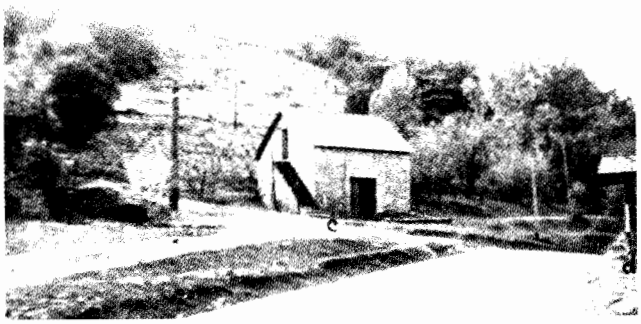
The issue of October 20, 1864, reveals rifle interests. The Chili Gulch squad of the Mokelumne Hill Rifle Company gave a Grand Ball!

Scene 3

The French

In France, economic conditions and political disorders demanding military recruits, as well as the stimulus of promotional work by American companies to procure needed laborers, created a situation strongly conducive to emigration. In 1849, a company of prospectors appeared made up of exiles from Alsace-Lorraine. The French government also became interested and sent gold seekers. There was political interest. Soon, many other French groups came: from Canada and South America's Argentine settlements as well as the nation's southern states—some arriving via the trading ship routes. It is said that a French population of 8,000, the second largest in the state, was soon centered about the diggings of Mokelumne Hill—the site of early significant discoveries. Some struck it rich.

A well-sodden French ex-sailor, having indulged heavily in his favorite "Old Tom," proceeded to traverse the tortuous, twisting trail to Steep Gulch to return to his campsite on Sandy Bar. Unable to maintain his equilibrium, he dropped, exhausted, there to spend the night. Cold-sober and examining his strange whereabouts the next morning, he noted several glistening chispas which his errant on-the-ground maneuvers of the night had exposed. He began to crevice. In a few hours, he filled a wayside tin-can-trail-find to quart measure, one gold piece weighing three and one-half pounds. He staked his claim. Pay dirt! Seventy thousand dollars in a fortnight! Steep Gulch became the Frenchman's treasure box. Eventually, many French gold seekers gladly returned home, bearing the glittering wealth of the gulch, which continued its glorious yield for a decade or more.



Happy Valley road and early days' structure of the French settlement area. Shown are (A) Boudun's business establishment, (B) opening of tunnel leading to winery (C), and (D) old sixty-foot well.

But while in the area, the French retained their strong sense of nationality and independence in Happy Valley, The Hill's eastern region, remaining in groups, speaking their language, servicing their needs and enjoying conviviality in expression of their ethnicity with national music and lively dance. Bastille Day was not forgotten! The esprit de corps of a faraway home truly abided. Anglo-Americans referred to the French as "Keskydees" because the Frenchman, when an English-speaking person tried to address him through an interpreter, would interrupt excitedly, "Qu'est ce-qu' il dit?"

These emigres found the need to develop their own stores and shops and establish mutual benefit and relief societies, a hospital, school and even a French Club. A French restaurant (1852) featured steak, fried potatoes (French fries), bread and coffee in a bar room with small tables lining the wall—the diggin's' "touch of class," all for one dollar.

A French Academy—an elegant structure—was recorded in the *Chronicle* of January 27, 1877. It was "elaborately embellished. Ionic columns surmounted respectively by the busts of Washington and Lafayette stand like sentinels on either side of the gateway while above the intervening arch a huge bronze eagle spreads its wings protectingly over the two statesmen and patriots. The whole arrangement is the perfection of Professor Grand Chavin, Principal, who drew all the plans and superintended the building."

Yet, neither French homogenity, independence or unity of spirit was sufficiently strong to deeply engrave and make indelible the camp's cohesiveness. Time's power to obliterate has erased the significant aids which could now serve to admirably mirror the past of those aggressive and zealous early residents.

Scene 4

The Jews

The first Jewish immigrants came to America to escape anti-semitism and economic hardships. They arrived in Nieuw Amsterdam in 1654, unwelcomed by Peter Stuyvesant. By 1849, Jews settled wherever opportunity prevailed. They reached California—some native born, or as naturalized American Jews—in a continuation of their historic march out of ghettos of western and central Europe and the shtetls of Eastern Europe. All bore the imprints of centuries of oppressions, segregations, expulsions, pogroms, exclusions, and exploitation.

In 1834, Louis Polock was recorded at Yerba Buena as the first Jew [thought] to have reached California. In the rush to the gold fields in '49, immigrant Jews, like others, appeared in Calaveras County gold camps, principally from Europe's Bavaria, Prussia, Russia, Germany and Bohemia. Most arrived as peddlers with a sufficient backpack load and European trade experience to outfit and operate a small shop or with sufficient money to buy the goods in San Francisco—and with high compulsion for success in a new land.

For them, there was no going back to a welcoming homeland. They arrived as strangers among strangers of every race and creed—peddling their wares as they followed old terrain trails worn and deeply scarred by the sure, steady feet of the Miwok. Determined to make friends, they soon became some of the richest tradesmen of the Gold Rush era. In a brief period, they grubstaked enterprising miners and businessmen.

Though many had taken up claims, most soon left mining and hurriedly established makeshift tents or wood-framed structures and developed the varied gold camp business enterprises. They dispensed the much-needed or wanted dry goods—the supplements for the many treasures left behind or abandoned enroute on the early trail crossings. Credit to $1,000 was granted at 10 percent—to be repaid by "lucky strikes," or by hard laboring.

But the number of peddlers (those who traded with their wares strapped on their backs) is unknown, since restrictive legislation was soon (1851) brought against them which instituted licenses and clerk fees, with fines and jail sentences for non-compliance. Hence, many listed themselves as tradesmen rather than peddlers.

Yet peddlers did arrive in the area to become recorded at an early period. In 1849, at The Hill, Louis Gerstle dropped his peddler's pack and became a miner. His luck later brought him the opportunity to serve as vice-president of the Alaska Commercial Company located in San Francisco—the fishing, canning, shipping and trading empire which from 1872 to 1892 held a federal contract to build a vast sealskin and salmon-canning trade. At Botteleas, in 1849, where seven houses stood (to become 100 in the year of statehood and Calaveras County's birth), John and Mark Levinsky (Alice Toklas family) and Charles Steckler arrived, soon assuring that "every article is warranted as presented by us." Herman Goldner was there in business in 1850 when Botteleas became Jackson (named for Colonel Alden Jackson, Indian fighter). Bernard Schweitzer arrived as a peddler in Mokelumne Hill from Altdorf, Baden in the 1848-49 interval. His brother, Sam, joined him to establish a small store. They sometimes occupied themselves by sewing buttons on miners' clothes. A branch of the firm opened shortly in nearby Camp Seco. In 1850, Bernard returned to San Francisco, financially secure. Sam journeyed to his "homeland," possibly to bring a relative back—always a goal at that time. Samuel Davidson arrived and listed himself as peddler in the Great Register. He opened a store in Mokelumne Hill and remained for a long period.

Such early peddler-merchants of the Mother Lode gold camps sometimes received little respect. Their lives were fraught with hardship and danger. They were jeered at with name-calling and epithets. They were plundered! They were murdered! But as derided owners of the developing "slopshops" or Jews' shops, they were soon obviously envied.

Jewish men and women moved into varied occupations —inevitably that of a Jew Cohn at Middle Bar Bridge proving the easiest. Cohn collected tolls in 1853 from the porch of his small cabin, where he rested in a generous-sized gold rocker from which he would arise just sufficiently to lift the toll bar for mule, horse or vehicle to advance. His was, indubitably, a lucrative position.

Within a brief period, Jews opened stores in Mokelumne Hill with groceries and wares from all parts of the world. By 1850, everything was available in the camp,

from clothing—red, blue and gaudy wool and flannel shirts—drawers, undershirts, socks, boots, Colt revolvers, Bowie knives, clocks, watches (with repair service available), jewelry, diamonds, tobacco, candies, dried fruits, California scenic letter paper, slates, India ink, mourning paper, pencils, and an array of newspapers—foreign, national and local. General stores often combined with saloons with advertising such as: "plain and fancy drinks—one low price—one bit—with mixing in the most scientific, terrific, to taste manner." Free lunch was offered every day at 11:00 a.m. and, in the evening, a repast. Advertising was both innovative and alliterative, as in "eggs and everything for everyone."

Shortly, there were books to educate and entertain—texts and novels, poetry and classic literature—and magazines to stock the reading rooms and the circulating and private libraries.

Regardless of lack of language facility with the tongue of their adopted land (most were literate, skilled and multi-lingual, speaking Slavic, German, French and Spanish). They adjusted, prospered, invested in the local economy and contributed politically, culturally and socially to the town's development and financially to all deserving causes irrespective of nationality or creed, as they served as economic middlemen between San Francisco distributors and local consumers.

Shopkeepers of Mokelumne Hill went to San Francisco to buy goods, often auctioned directly off the ships. Some Mother Lode stores became branches of the city's firms. Social contact and economic success brought Jewish brides with dowries to The Hill. Financial security brought young relatives to America and the gold towns, where they worked as helpers for board, room and little pay, often sending money home to mother until they learned to speak English and were ready to move to the bay metropolis. There, through marriage, many interlocked in business and gained control of extensive trade, finance and commerce.

Aside from merchandising (clothing and tobacco the foremost areas), the Jews in Mokelumne, as elsewhere, satisfied their interest in profit, in saving money and achieving prosperity, by working in any occupations possible—as restaurateurs, hotel managers, saloon keepers, auctioneers, hay and barley operators, butchers, teamsters, bakers, postmasters, buyers and sellers of gold mining equipment. They served as financiers and bankers of the excess gold placed in their safes by individuals and lenders of money for mine and ranch developments.

Their reputation for honesty aided their progress in finance to establish banking firms, thus aiding the progress of towns and cities and of urban societies. Jewelers, in addition to serving as watchmakers and repairers, cleaned, melted and refined gold and designed rich jewelry and specimen work to order.

Their high literacy rate, ability to communicate in diverse tongues, and determination to win friends by giving support and permanence to the community's deveopment brought them the success they sought. Their large inventories granted necessities and comforts to make the Gold Rush period bearable for others. They did the best possible: to provide the most up-do-date fashions —from New York, London, Paris and San Francisco; to encourage cultural entertainment and learning with circulating libraries of as many as two thousand volumes of English and German works. They exhibited no anti-Mexican or anti-Chinese prejudices and thus skirted the driving out of any potential customers. No Jews' names appeared on vigilante committees of the diggin's, presumably because they abhorred the practice of mob rule.

Despite the town's constant menace of catastrophic fires, credit is due these merchants, who responded quickly and replaced burned-out stores.

On the cold, blustery, wintry day of December 13, 1860, at a time when 20,000 Jews were thought to be living in California, a most exotic and impressive traveler stepped down from the mud-spattered Green and Vogan stagecoach with its tired, nostril-steaming horses happy for rest after the steep pull of the Mokelumne River grade. With his abundance of a strange variety of bags and baggage, and carrying a noteworthy shawl, the newcomer presented a sharp contrast to other arriving passengers and to the cosmopolitan town's official welcoming committee, as well as to the local "atmosphere folk" showing more than their usual curiosity. Israel Joseph Benjamin II had at last arrived in Mokelumne's Jewish community! The famed Jewish globe trotter! He was the most learned Jew ever to appear—traveling in imitation of Rabbi Benjamin I of Tudela of northern Spain, who, as scholar-wanderer, traveled the globe in search of the lost tribes of Israel. His *Book of Travels* served as one of the most important sources of knowledge of the second half of the twelfth century.

Benjamin II was born in Falticini, Moldavia, Rumania, in 1818, of Yiddish-speaking Polish-Jewish parents. A former rabbinical student and lumber merchant, in 1845, at the age of twenty-seven, he undertook his endeavor to determine the status of nineteenth-century Jews.

Frail of physique, of scholarly mien, with high forehead and countenance encircled by dark, mid-length curly black hair topped by a distinctive cap, with piercing black eyes, a full black beard and moustache, he was immediately impressive—all yet to be further combined with his modesty of demeanor evidencing culture and education—the soft spoken words and manner of gentleness, humility and courtesy.

Respect—lightning-like—was the response won from the town's haughty forty-niner settlers—those of the self-subscribed "upper distinct class." Benjamin had completed his sojourn in the Jackson Jewish community and came prepared for The Hill in its "year of high crime." He had already proven his agility for its hills as a Rocky Mountain climber, for which he was rewarded with the naming of Mount Benjamin. On the earlier leg of his three-year journey, he had traveled fearlessly throughout America. Here, he was giving thoughtful attention. (His six-shooters were handled with pronounced skill!)

He had previously authored a book of journeys—*Five Years of Travel in the Orient and North Africa* (1846-1851), published in French, German and Hebrew, in his determination to gather materials partial to Orthodoxy and to study Jewish communities every place on earth, to outdistance Benjamin I.

Such achievements easily commanded the awe and reverence immediately granted him. He brought firsthand knowledge of Jewish life in Europe, Africa and Asia, and years of skilled reportorial observations and experiences.



Former entrance to Jewish Cemetery at northwest edge of the Protestant Cemetery.

His previous recording for *California Travels* (1859-1862) left much impact, especially of his commingling with co-religionists. A visit to the local Jewish cemetery informed him of the Mayer story and reinforced his already-recorded attitudes of some undesirable prevalent Jewish camp callousness.

In The Hill, Benjamin II succeeded in organizing thirty of the town's Jews into a Hebrew Benevolent Society at the I.O.O.F. Hall, where he left a lasting impression on that affluent group, sufficient for it to accept him as an honorary member but insufficient for it to accept his challenge to build a synagogue, which, he told the group, could be "easily accomplished by your accumulation of self-imposed dues." No Jewish house of worship was built in Mokelumne. Little is known of the benevolent society's activities, but the Jewish community had contributed earlier to aiding victims of the Crimean War (1853-1856) when 30,000 Jews were dying in the Turkish province of Palestine of famine and disease. Minute books of meetings of the society were destroyed in the town's ensuing conflagrations.

It is presumed that after Benjamin's gracious and respectful treatment by the Jewish community as well as by those dignitaries in service at the county courthouse and by other impressed residents, the day of departure—December 14, 1860—brought many well-wishers for Godspeed and safe travel as they made generous contributions of Mokelumne's safely-stored nuggets for subscriptions of books he proposed to write, before the stagecoach pulled away, carrying the famed visitor to San Francisco.

Among the Jewish residents most likely present to bid goodbyes were: Samuel Louis Davidson; Mark Gradwohl and son Abraham; Gustave and Jettle Danielwicz and infant son, David; Abraham and Carolyn Strauss and Genetta; Maurice Raphael; Louis and Manchen Davidson and one-year-old daughter, Caroline; L. Weil; Aaron and E. Weil; Max M. Hillman and Louis Hillman; Maurice Isaacs; Meriam Cohn and daughter, Susan Samuels; Isaac and Helena Foorman and son Elison; Agent Simon; Margaret and Frederick Mayer; L. Mayer; Kaufman and Fanny Hexter and their daughters, Lena, age four, and Sarah, age eight; Rachel and Samuel Abrahams; Moses Ferguson; Michael and Rachel Abels; and the newcomers of November, reported as Moses and Bertha Strouse with their daughter, Sarah, and sons, Kalman, Abraham and Mark. The Strouse family had come from Germany.

Upon his return to Europe in 1862, Benjamin II was given a hero's welcome and decorated with medals by the kings of Sweden and Hanover. After a brief stay with his wife and sons, he resumed travel, to India, Arabia and China. In his memoirs, he revealed that he had filed a declaration to become an American citizen, for its was with joyful heart that he viewed fellow Jews breathing the pure air of American freedom. (It appears Jews in the Mother Lode were seldom identified as a separate group and subjected to negative discrimination.) Israel Joseph Benjamin II's honored visit can remain a constant reminder that freedom and justice are yet American goals for many.

Hard economic years of the 1860s and '70s caused a drop in the county population from 16,000 to 10,000, and Mokelumne's loss of the county seat in 1866 reduced the local merchandise market of such early establishments as L. Mayer and Son (1851), Levinson's Co. (1854), Isidor Sokolowski Stone Store (1854-1870), A. Weil (1858), and Danielwicz Stone Store (1858-1873) and by the early 1880s created the exit of most of The Hill's Jewish citizenry to more populous and financially profitable areas. There, it was more readily possible to maintain the religious and cultural heritage of Judaism and the long tradition of scholarship and training in useful skills for their children; to provide better education and business opportunities commonly derived through the access of more advantageous social connections for marriages. Orthodox practices of childhood for many remained strong and persuasive! Even in the smallest shtetls, the whole family and community pushed to make the best of themselves. The practice continued in the new land.

With local field stone, adobe and quarried stone block establishments—"stone stores," many with iron doors and shutters resistant to fire, thievery and banditry—stores which, in addition, offered rental space, living quarters, and warehouse storage, their community commitment contributed to the growth, safety and enhancement of the town. They initiated or joined local non-religious organizations and served on civic, cultural and social committees.

As a small group of owners of real and personal property, with a traditional respect for learning, supportive of schools and education, they exercised political clout as they expounded their views for a more refined environment for the steadily increasing number of wives and children, reflecting their philosophy that a wise man knows for himself as much as is required; the man of discernment apprehends the whole. He knows both his



The "stone store" remnant reminds of the Jewish community and its merchants whose efforts made The Hill the center of civilization.

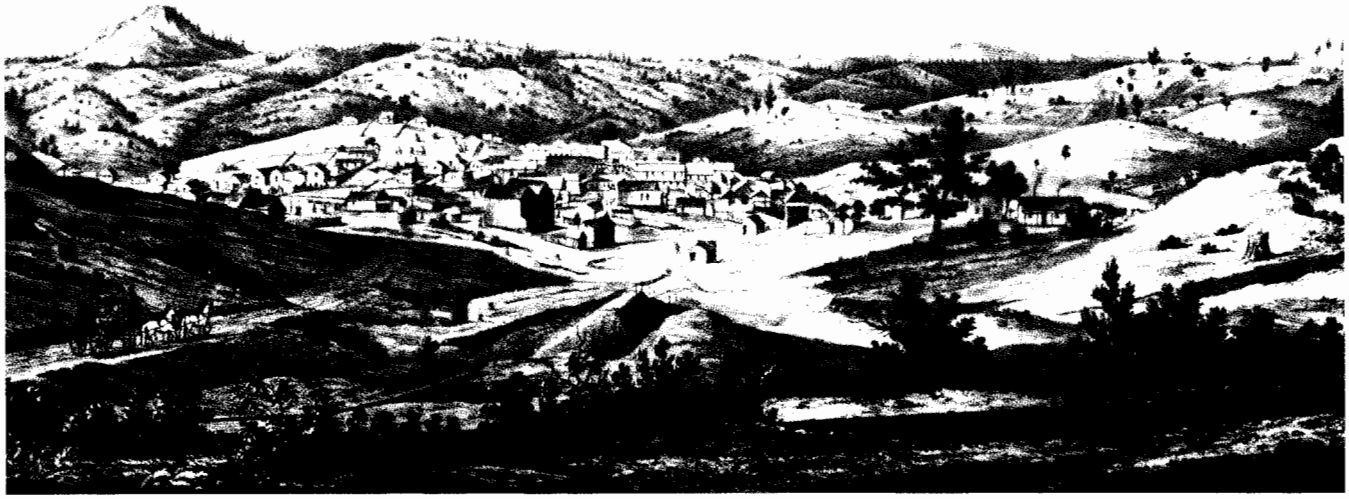
point of view and that of others. Before 1860, 10,000 Jews had moved westward with 5,000 settling in San Francisco; 500 in Sacramento.

They encouraged the closing of businesses for all on Sunday, the local day of chaos when gambling halls served as houses of worship and gold the mammon. Their eagerness to please and willingness to give credit, with some delivery of goods, reflected their interest in the community sufficiently to inspire for them, as a foreign group, the spirit of "live and let live." They proved law-abiding and able to care for themselves in their closely knit community, never appealing to others for help.

The self-sufficiency of area and local families, farm and ranch development, and the business practices of Gentile merchants who more regularly opened specialty shops—groceries, drugs, boots and shoes, leather goods, millinery, etc.—in contrast to the general merchandise stores with the large inventories of the Jewish merchants, created a business handicap. Profit became as elusive as the once-upon-a-time gold!

In the 1870s, fewer Jews arrived from Central and Western Europe. More jobs became available in the nearby cities of Stockton, Sacramento, and San Francisco, where manufacturing had replaced trading. Gold camp exodus was inevitable.

How many Jews lived in Mokelumne Hill or the area is unknown since some, like those of other nationalities, Anglicized their names. In 1852, the gold counties represented one-half of the California population; by 1880, but



Mokelumne Hill in an engraving of the late 1850s.

one-tenth.

The Jewish search for a livelihood of stability, justice and equality brought quality to the gold camps. Mokelumne Hill was singularly honored.

Mokelumne's Jewish Cemetery gravestones yet remind us of earlier unmarked burials or vandalized graves—of those unnamed individuals forever lost to history—of their courage and struggles to survive through adjustments and hardships and to serve, trust, instruct, enlighten and civilize. Their views were highly valued in social and political circles in the early days of the diggin's. Tangible name evidence remains miniscule on building remnants for reflection on these Jewish pioneers and their industry, integrity and frugality.

A not-too-difficult search provides probable further evidence in Mokelumne Hill of the Jewish symbolic aids for spiritual commitment to joy, hospitality and rest shared in privilege of association with highly respected Amador and Calaveras members and their families in business, religious and social relationships. Such associations bring to mind that in the early period in San Andreas, Arnold Friedburger, early miner at Sheep Ranch, then successful merchant of San Andreas' Main Street, doubly deserved the plaque awarded by the community and visible on the site of his early-day store, now a greensward. He bravely introduced limburger cheese to the county! The store gave impetus to Friedburger Jewelers of Stockton, a prestigious establishment serving Calaveras and Amador shoppers for a long period on the city's Main Street.

Conrad Prag arrived in San Francisco in 1849 from Warsaw, Poland and became a San Andreas businessman and captain of the San Andreas Volunteer Fire Department. In 1862, he donated the now beautifully restored and famous "Blue Boy" pumper. On taking leave for San Francisco in 1863, Prag was presented with a gift of appreciation—a matched set of derringers. The Calaveras County Historical Museum has been honored re-

cently by the return of the gift, placed on loan and exhibited for "Black Bart Days" in 1984. A miniature silver-framed portrait of Prag was also presented.

In 1864, Conrad Prag married Mary Goldsmith, born in 1845, who with her father, a schochet (ritual slaughterer), crossed the Isthmus of Panama at age seven to settle in San Francisco. In 1865, Conrad and Mary moved to Utah where for fifteen years, until his death in 1879, he worked as a merchant. Mary, left to support their ten-year-old daughter, returned to San Francisco and began a teaching career, to become one of the city's first Jewish teachers and later vice-principal of San Francisco's Girl's High School. When she retired at age eighty-two, she was appointed to the city's Board of Education in 1927. Nicknamed "Little Gibralter," she was a strident advocate of women's rights until her death in 1928, influencing her daughter, Florence Prag Kahn (1869-1948) to become the first Jewish Congresswoman of the United States. She served six terms after having acted as chief advisor to her Congressman husband, Julius Kahn, until his death in 1924.

Julius Kahn, with his mother, left Baden, Germany in 1868, at the age of seven, to join his father, said to have been in the San Andreas area—possibly the Kahn of Old Woman's Gulch- a farmer in Calaveras County who was neither wealthy nor socially prominent. After a brief stay, they moved to San Francisco, where the family operated a bakery and restaurant. Julius attended high school, clerked and studied acting. He performed across America with leading theatrical companies and personages, including Edwin Booth.

While on a tour in Washington, D.C., he became intrigued with politics. At age twenty-nine, he studied law. In 1892, he served as state assemblyman. Six years later, he was elected to Congress as "an honest Republican"—defender of Republican and personal interests—and served from 1899 to 1903 and from 1905 to 1924. In 1911, he was instrumental in bringing the Panama Pacific International Exposition (1915) to San Francisco to honor the completion of the Panama Canal (and ultimately, Martin D. Fischer's mules to Mokelumne Hill and Murphys). Congressman Kahn championed military causes which affirmed his belief in a strong defense. Such were the qualities and contributions of early Jewish residents of Calaveras and Amador.

Many Jewish-American second generation women had brought to the west their pioneer mother legacies of independence, self-reliance and pride, to become trail blazers in new roles and occupations traditionally barred to all women. In the camps, everyone was a newcomer! Women felt freer to do as they pleased. Separations and divorces occurred but were uncommon. Wives adjusted to life's difficulties. Some acted boldly—accepting challenges and exercising talents and ambitions—to develop strong and separate identities from their husbands, who traditionally respected women as independent human beings—all of this proving to be of great value to them if it became necessary to serve as the sole support of the family.

As in every gold camp community, Jewish women, like others, played their roles as traditional wives and mothers with some exceptions. Women's concerns for marriage were with security found in wealth, not love. Unlike other women who often abjured their faith to marry Jewish men, considered good providers and dedicated family men, most Jewish women remained in their faith.

In the home, the Jewish tradition of deep family support, respect and concern for scholarly pursuits, etiquette, decorum and refinement were the rule. Most of the women were fortunate enough to live in gracious style in pleasant surroundings; in homes they were pleased to display and share with others. Servants as well as kitchen maids were not uncommon, so there was time for entertaining and club and lodge participation.

Some women assisted in the family business and showed acumen and skill. Some became independent owners, such as C. Levy who operated her own clothing and dry goods store in Jackson in 1864, in competition with two Levy Brothers stores of like nature. Not to be outwitted or outsold, she advertised "Sell CHEAP—for CASH." Others involved themselves in charitable public service to meet the needs of victims of frequent disastrous fires and floods.

In October 1860, the Hebrew Ladies Benevolent Society of Mokelumne Hill had been organized. The town's famed visitor was duly impressed! A like organization followed in Jackson at Benjamin II's urging—"The Hebrew Benevolent Society of Jackson"—in December 1860, to follow in the footsteps of the Mokelumne ladies in aiding poor women.

But in 1868, member Fanny Levinsky, among the few Jewish people to remain after the second fire, when fifty or sixty buildings were consumed in the residential section and Chinatown was wiped out, reorganized the charitable society to "Jackson Benevolent Society" at her home. Its purpose was to contribute labor and funds for the benefit of all denominations and to bestow charity wherever it might be needed. Her concerns and kindnesses ended locally in July 1874, when the Mark Levinskys, enterprising, concerned pioneers into Calaveras and long-

time residents of Amador at Jackson, announced, "Business must be sold within sixty days. Below cost! Lot, building and store fixtures sold at great bargain. Also on harnesses and wagons." They left in September for San Francisco, to join the city's firmly established Jewish business community. Such were the exoduses.

From the Mother Lode mining towns they departed—the Hebrew grandmothers, mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, aunts, nieces and cousins—the Hanchens and Manchens; the Abigails, Adas, Amandas and Amelias; the Leahs, Louisas, Mathildas; the Felicitas and Fannys; the Jettles and Genettas; the Ruths, Rachaels and Rebeccahs. Women departed with the Hebrew grandfathers, fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, uncles, nephews and cousins—the Manfrieds, Maxes, Moseses and Myhers; the Adams, Aarons, Adolphs, Abrahams; the Felixes, Gustavs, Hirches, Isaacs, Isidors; the Jacobs, Juliuses, Nathans and Zaccariahs; the Sauls, Solomons, Lazaruses and Levis; the Theodores and Benjamins; the Elkans, Samuels, Daniels and Emanuels. All departed with their luggages and loads—with bankwads hidden away in long-stored, bulging, battered carpet bags and old back packs concealed in the wagons, buggies and carriages as they carted away ALL--yet with their community concerns.

The sounds of the beautiful names resound no more. Not in shops and stores, nor in doorways and play yards! They resurge not in streets or lanes or even in synagogues or cemeteries, but only echo in imagination. Little was recorded—and less of those jewels of Jewish women of rural residences. The distinguished records of the achievements of their able, concerned men rightly speak their story as well—of the Jewish brotherhood and sisterhood of human kind—all now departed from the gold camps. All long departed to make descents from the gracious humped hills to dwell in the dominions of developing cities.

Like those who departed earlier, they took their cherished memories with them—of an amiable mixture of peoples of all nationalities who, like them, had learned to adapt and live in a land physically and socially changed by all its invaders. Their memories were of exhilarating days of both challenge and opportunity—of successes and failures with their accompanying joys and sorrows--and of the magnanimity of new-found friends.

Mokelumne Hill, serving as the mid-point of the Jewish communities of San Andreas and Jackson, was a gold camp of abundant good fortune. The Jewish presence was brief; its impact an immeasurable legacy.

Scene 5

The Chinese

From the continent of Asia came the Chinese. Since 1785, a few Chinese had been present in America as a result of the early China Trade or as students influenced by missionary zeal. By 1845, some were serving as domestics and merchants. The political confrontations of China's power struggle with the Western world, and her ultimate defeat in the Opium War (1839-42) were precursors of the Americans' negative images and attitudes which led them to stereotype Chinese people as "curiosities from far away" and subject them to the political struggles ahead. The Chinese were unaware that their minor presence on the west coast would, in a brief period, place them as an ethnic minority group awash in a rising, raging sea of hostility. Here, exploitation and lower wages ensued as they served as the voiceless scapegoats in services which led to vast economic contributions to a state which dealt them the blow of the "closed door policy."

During the period from 1850 to 1854, peak years of the gold rush, an influx brought a rise in Chinese population from approximately 660 to 20,000 in the state. Many of the earliest to enter were of the merchant class.

Although little has been recorded about them, many Chinese established themselves in Calaveras, Amador,

Tuolumne and El Dorado counties along the creeks and in the gulches. Before 1850, there were fewer than one hundred present. In 1851, only 2,716 Chinese immigrants had found their way to California—the Gam Saan or Gold Mountain, which held for them the only hope from the social, political and economic chaos of a homeland of corruption, heavy taxes and certain, unmitigated starvation of the masses. Some arrived to work the bars of the Mokelumne River in 1852. Keon Asking of Hong Kong and Tiss Ashew of Titsing, China, came and were married by Judge Henry Eno at Mokelumne Hill on August 29, 1853, reported to be the first Chinese to be married in California.

Most Chinese were from near the mouth of the Pearl River in Kwangtung, Canton Province area, and embarked at the not distant port of Hong Kong. Having no passage money, they came via the "credit system," repaying the broker-creditor in installments for passage, or were forced by a labor contract service system devised by Oriental merchants and district companies engaged in the "coolie trade" of the "coolie ships" replicas of the African slavers, used for individuals often duped or kidnapped into eight to ten years of virtual slavery.

The 7,000-mile voyage was sometimes three months in duration and encompassed brutal, harsh treatment, abuse, and crowded and unsanitary steerage which caused illness and high mortality rates. The deplorable environment's work conditions also often provoked riots and murders aboard.

The test for endurance entailed narrow below-deck bunks with little headroom, few rations and water for drinking only. At destinations, "coolie" contractors were auctioned to the highest bidders. Although dedicated and concerned humanists created modifications of the ill practices in 1850, the improved "credit system" was difficult to enforce.

Anti-Chinese feeling, with developing restrictive immigration laws and segregation policies, discouraged the establishment of families. Work was often seasonal and inferior with structured abuses to extort from the already poverty-stricken Chinese. What did they experience in the adopted land?

Comforts for them were as few as American adaptations were demanding! They did not readily accept American ways. Their dress and food remained more Chinese than American. They wore the loose-fitting blue cotton blouse or quilted jacket and ankle-tied trousers or long stockings, peculiar dress to the Americans. Queues hung long, sometimes to the knees, a badge of submission to the Manchu (Ching) dynasty. Skull caps or wide-brimmed bamboo hats topped their heads. Their chief condescension to western culture was to purchase, in imitation, American-made, heavy boots, always too large. Adhering to insularity as a private people in their distinctly ethnic community, they retained their language and likewise their social, economic, and religious customs as they exercised patience, stamina, and an intense sense of frugality.

Their arrival on foot in the gold camps such as Mokelumne Hill was an arresting and not theretofore-seen sight, as they appeared with their bamboo shoulder poles carrying, suspended, the bundles, boxes and Chinese baskets and the work tools necessary for scraping the leavings from gulches to begin their non-glorified existence in Gam Saan. They were different —in dress, speech, attitude, religion, philosophy and outlook. They were disinterested in assimilation since they cherished the clan and hoped to return to China.

In most cases, they were engaged in placer mining with pick and shovel, buckets, rockers, long toms, and river dams. They introduced the "Chinese water wheel" with its systems of buckets and pulleys. Some brought overseas hard rock mining expertise. They were often excluded from claim rights and in some areas could own no property. (The law was repealed in 1952.) Chinese labor was employed later in the deep mines and stamp mills and in the hydraulics with abysmal remuneration. Vigor, determination and frugality helped them survive the physical and pervasive legal harassments and deprivations experienced for their first one hundred years of virtual slavery (ku-li—bitter labor).

Their sharper cultural differences set them aside as seclusive and distinct, creating feelings of misunderstanding and intensified racist hostilities. They felt no need to change their life styles since their stay would be temporary. Money was remitted for family support until enough was accumulated for the return home. Hope surpassed the happenings. They could acquire neither citizenship nor land!

In 1850, women were few, yet as in the Chinese traditions, every male as well as female anticipated marriage and future sons. In 1852, one in ten Chinese was imported for menial labor, with less than thirty thousand present in the state. These immigrants were exclusively male since Confucian beliefs demanded that women remain at home to raise families and serve parents-in-law. Hence, the needs of a chiefly bachelor community to replace the traditional close-knit family unit created a

demand for kinship in villages of Chinatowns where a more gradual transition into the adopted society was effected.

Membership in certain family associations brought people of the same surname, clan or geographic district into an atmosphere of brotherhood and mutual concern, the support and companionship serving as a quasi-substitute for family left behind—the "fongs" of the new land.

They belonged to one of the several "companies" which served them in need. The District Association (huigan) performed social and charitable services, arbitrated internal disputes, exercised social control, welcomed newcomers and aided the jobless until employed as it served as spokesman for the Chinese communities.

The growth of the huigans led to the Chinese Six Companies (Chung-Wha-Kung-So)—derived from the six regions of China from which most emigrants had come. (The organization became the enlarged present Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association which still maintains its efforts to help Chinese to take care of themselves.) They made loans, kept the census, served as consul, fought anti-Chinese legislation and assisted in returning bones for proper burial. There was much need for mutual caring. From 1854 to 1874, the Chinese were prevented from testifying in court, leaving them without the protection of the law.

In 1854, strong anti-Chinese feeling, due to intense competition with Caucasians regarding jobs and fears of racial intermingling—which continued with anti-Chinese legislation even in 1924—caused the California Supreme Court to rule that Chinese, Indians, blacks and mulattoes had no right to redress by testifying in court against white men.

By 1860, 3,657 Chinese laborers—the "heathen Chinese or yellow peril"—were reported by the California Bureau of Labor in Calaveras County—22.4 percent of the population. The State Department of Education defined the Chinese as one of the inferior races, in the same class as "Africans and Niggers," and barred them from the public school with whites (repealed 1936).

In 1870, Congress barred citizenship to Asians. Life was both dangerous and difficult. The Chinese Exclusion Act, passed in 1882, and the Geary Amendment of 1893, which barred laborers from bringing wives and families, continued the injustices (repealed in 1943). The Chinese communities declined since there were approximately 100,600 males and 4,800 females.

Secret societies known as "tongs" (meeting halls) were established in 1871. Formed originally to overthrow the Manchus, they served those lonely male social outcasts and those in need of support. Unfortunately, for want of better direction, they operated inversely to the lofty homeland ideals of brotherhood and resulted in the unsavory and unwanted sensationalism of the nineteenth century "tong wars."

Chinatowns acquired the reputation of being areas of degeneration when support was given by a few to the protection of illicit gambling establishments, houses of prostitution and opium dens, bringing dishonor and humiliation to the majority of Chinese whose contributions for good are well-documented. During the period 1848-1883, California provided two-thirds of the United States gold, or $1.2 billion, much due to the hard labor of the Chinese who represented 10 percent of the population and 20 percent of the work force for white or Chinese mining companies. They worked in bands numbering from a handful to twenty-five to thirty members, or labored as individuals.

By 1868, more than twelve thousand Chinese were arriving each year. Many helped to build the western leg of the Central Pacific Railroad—where ten to twelve thousand were employed at any one time in 1863, and where many lost their lives in the hazardous tasks of construction across the challenging Sierra.

By 1880, the Chinese population in California was listed at 105,000. They contributed to the capital production of industry and supplied goods and services to miners. Chinese, though diverse in talents and skills, were assigned to work at skills easily acquired—the menial, unpleasant tasks—and played a crucial role in the development of communities, often for one dollar per day. They worked as stone masons in construction of buildings, roads and bridges, tunnels and railroads; in building water systems, dikes, levees; in restoring a quarter of a million acres in the nearby San Joaquin. They served as 50 percent of rural labor in the early 1880s, clearing land and selling firewood which they loaded on their backs; building stone fences and performing the tasks needed on farms, ranches and lumber camps.

They proved reliable, able and industrious, needing no overseers. They aided the affluent, as cooks, houseboys, laundrymen, servants and gardeners, or as vegetable peddlers carrying baskets attached to the ends of shoulder poles of bamboo.

The most enterprising thrived as businessmen or restaurant entrepreneurs, serving their own clientele of fellow villagers who patronized their own businesses

where the social and economic power was wielded by the better educated. Such actions are recorded in The Hill and in areas of Calaveras and Amador counties. Their determination, physical strength, knowledge, superior skills of the homeland's long history, strenuous toil and great sacrifice filled the American need for a cheap labor source—to develop the economic wealth for the future California—its communities, light industries, fishing, fruit (the wine industry) and vegetable economies.

In the mining regions, Chinese were relegated to inferior diggings and were forced to work on abandoned claims of whites. They were subjected to the Foreign Miner's License Tax Law, reinstated in 1852 and devised to expel and exclude. It exacted three dollars per month, increasing to ten dollars from 1858 to 1870, greatly adding to the coffers of the state when Chinese laborers were imported for a ten- to twelve-hour day of hard labor, as in Samuel Moser's hydraulics, where pay in the vast Mokelumne Hill Spring Gulch enterprise was $1.60 less than that paid to Caucasians. The Chinese were victimized with hard punishment, even murder, for non-payment of taxes on demand by the often unscrupulous tax collectors who replenished their own pockets. They also were assigned difficult and dangerous tasks.

By 1870, when the population dropped to less than nine thousand, 16.2 percent of the county population 1,441 —were Chinese, many imported. In 1880, there were 1,037. By 1890, only 3.6 percent, or 326, remained in a county population of 8,882. By 1900, 1 percent, or 148, remained, with census records listing only sixteen living in Mokelumne Hill. The county population had risen to 11,200. Most at The Hill had arrived in the 1850-75 period. Half were still mining in the placers, among them Ah Sam, miner since 1850. The recorded population of Chinatown in 1900 was of the ages twelve to seventy-one. There were two married couples Fooh Ah and his wife, Young Me, and Ack Com and his wife, Lang Sueng. Young females present were Young An Aou, a student in the 1880s granted special permission to attend the local school, and Chou Sang, age fifteen. Two Chinese were hotel cooks and servants; others were miners. Lic Low was a storekeeper, and Hong Kee operated a laundry (since 1874). Tiddle Lee, the last Chinese on Mokelumne's Big Bar, died in 1910.

What caused the further demise? California law of 1910 prohibited marriage between Caucasians and "Mongolians" in defiance of the Fourteenth Amendment. The Alien Land Acts (1913 and 1920) prevented non-citizens in California (all aliens) from owning or leasing land, until the 1940s. A cheap labor pool was made available of immigrants from Europe seeking jobs. This forced the Chinese, sensing even greater discrimination and trouble, to leave the isolated rural areas and congregate for safety in numbers in the larger towns and cities, there to become absorbed in the menial tasks for survival and livelihood.

Scarcity of women generally brought opportunities in "women's work"; so they found new "gold mines." They opened laundries! Little investment was needed. Even when they were barred from carrying laundry baskets on shoulder poles on the crowded city streets, they thrived. Laundry bags of both wet and dry wash were carried on backs! The rural Chinatowns became but memories of a unique and colorful past. What tales of wonderment are concealed from us forever!

When the long-tailed chats, reflecting on their yellow breasts the moonlight's "golden color" color like that once eagerly sought by the Chinese—pour out their other world sounds of mimicry throughout all the former Mother Lode Chinatown gulches, such as at The Hill, in imitation of the sounds of Chinese instruments: the high pitched "tutu," the low, hoarse "cha," the squeaky "keet" and the musical "whort" each May and June, do they make discourse of their unforgotten legends of yore?

On the site of Mokelumne Hill's Steep Gulch China-



China Gulch area. Site of Mokelumne Hill's Chinatown, a foremost Chinatown of the mining regions. It was located on Centre Street (East) and extended north down China Gulch and south along Lafayette Street.

town, reported as one of the largest in the Mother Lode, with its wooden shack structures and simple adobes located on both sides of Centre Street east of Main, and in the Court Street area, there flourished, it is believed, a population which peaked at approximately four hundred fifty in the late 1860s, with the greatest drop between 1880 and 1890.

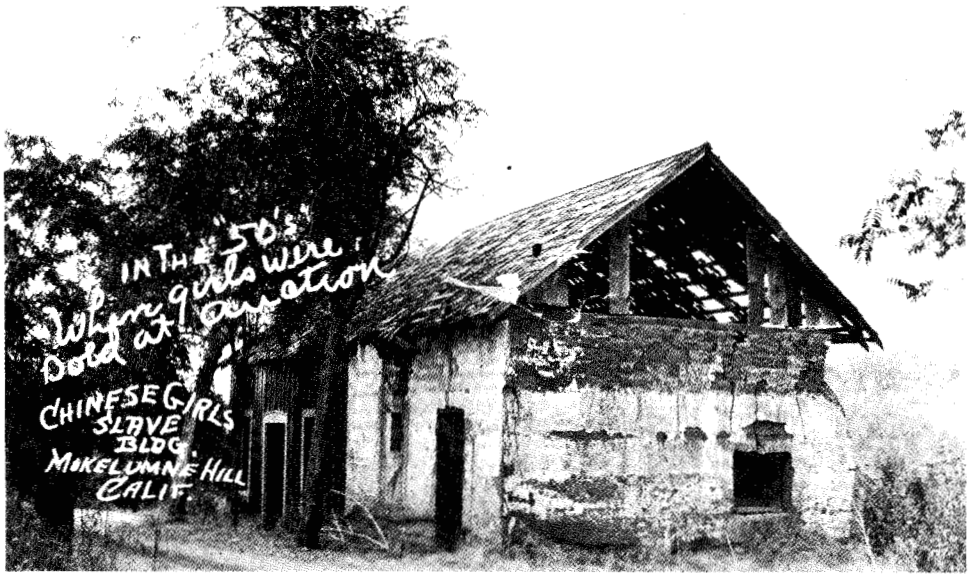
Two or more Joss Houses existed in imitation of clan temples to give reverence to ancestors and to renew the solidarity of Buddhist, Taoist or Confucian beliefs of the clan. One was located on the south side of Centre Street below China Gulch Street. Another, on the west side of Easyz Bird Road north of Centre, was still visible in the early 1900s. Opium and gambling dens prevailed, where it is presumed the traditional guessing game of fan tan, paigow, mah jong, and lottery (boak grapbine, the modern keno) served as recreation.

A Chinese women's slave market is said to have existed where still can be seen, as the focal point of the Community Park, an ailanthus tree, the Chinese Tree of Heaven, introduced by and attesting to the presence of these Orientals. In the many layers of the tree's growth is embedded an iron door, a grim bulding remnant of that horrendous enterprise which supposedly thrived.

Women were historically kept subservient to men—cloistered, forbidden to mingle—confined to their simple dwellings, where they worked hard through long hours, most contributing to finances. They were objects to be sold on the slave market and were in competition to other wives or concubines. By 1875, the slave system was well established, the unfortunate slaves bringing from $300 to $2,000. Girl babies—considered drudges to parents—were sold to be raised by merchants' wives or their concubines, to be later sold on the slave market at great profit.



Above: The ailanthus tree (Chinese Tree of Heaven) still stands in the town park, hiding the iron door.



The adobe building was located on "K" Street's (now China Gulch) south section of old Chinatown.

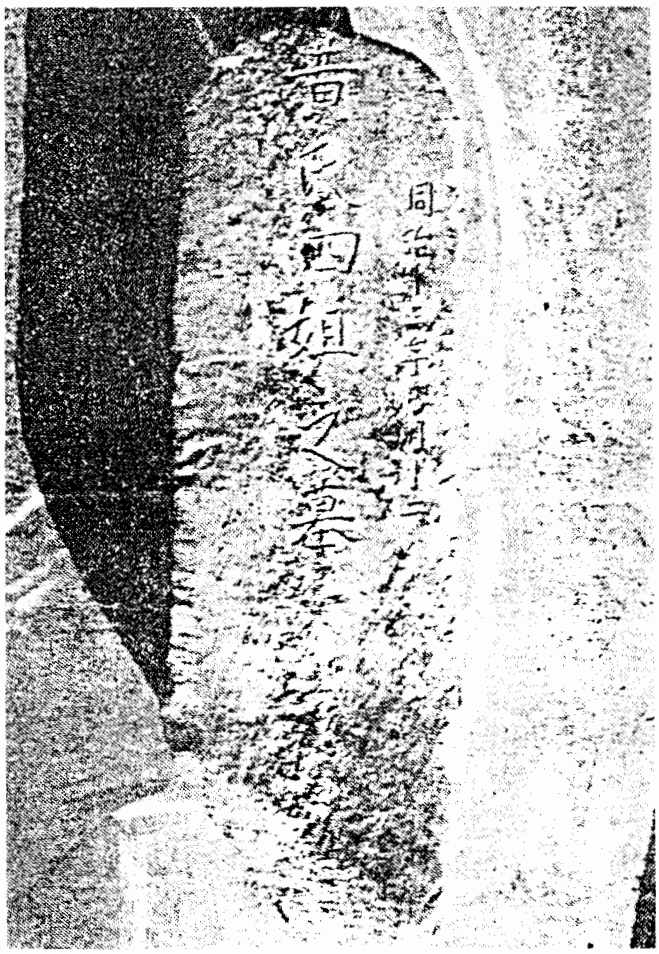
The Chinese, too, having experienced calamities of fires and floods in addition to the normal societal viscissitudes of life's experiences in the new land, produced the usual evidences of presence at their burial sites. "Lava" rock tablets inscribed in Chinese characters have been unearthed from the weedy, rocky hill slope assigned on Graveyard Hill (Protestant Cemetery) where the gallows and jail were located prior to 1853 and where graves in customary fashion were situated, as custom dictated, auspiciously. Large, brown-glazed, earthenware contain-



The Chinese Cemetery location, at the west side of the Protestant Cemetery (Miwok Trail area).

ers and urns have been located, symbolically indicative of the custom of ancestor worship, placing food and wine at the gravesites, and as reminders of the familial graveside yearly practices. Contentment of the deceased was all-important to the living family to preserve continuity, health, prosperity and happiness.

Little else remains to tell the story of these residents of China Gulch—the past findings of a few shards—of pottery ginger jars, wine cups, spoons, tea and soy pots, bottles, rice bowls and copper coins, hole pierced. No longer do the smells of Chinese cookery and steaming pots of fragrant teas, the acrid fusions of medicinal herbs, the alluring incense, the exotic joss sticks and firecracker wafts of powder smoke, in efforts to ward off malicious and malevolent spirits of ghosts and demons, reach nostrils.



Mokelumne Hill's former Chinese Cemetery tombstone.

Yet, each spring, something of the Chinese story is told evocatively and joyfully throughout the town from old gardens along the winding streets and lanes, as narrow, green leaves emerge from the earth's brown bulbs whose silvery white roots work the often difficult terrain as arduously as did the picks of Chinese to send forth gold—the gold of coronas. Their redolent perfumes waft from the myriads of blooms of these single, white-petaled flowers of the narcissus of China, the "gold cup flower" commonly called "China lily." The flowers once grew wild in the marshes of China's southeastern coast, the point of embarkation to California. Their regal color, tangy fragrance and foldings in harmonious proportions, served as reminders of China's superbly constructed, magnificent ancient temples and pagodas, of white and green jade carvings, poems, fan foldings and scroll paintings. They serve, yet, as emissaries of friendship of a faraway land with continued gratitude and appreciation for those

visitors who carried, so far, and guarded so carefully, the small, brown, wrinkled bulbs to symbolically establish in the new land the ties of homeland and spread much needed joy in Gam Saan.

No more, as we walk the lanes of the gulch, can be heard what might have been the monophonic sounds of Chinese music: the foreboding temple gong; the clash of cymbals; the metallic drum. The funeral procession rhythms! Or attune the ear to gayer dizi (flute) melodies; or view, on warm evenings, the small assemblages gathered at the simple doorways, to talk or to hear the Sheng (mouth organ); or see the dress for festival celebrations; or hear the strange harmonies; the kum (harp); the zheng (zither); the pipa (lute); and the yee wu (violin), as they ornamented the talking or singing voices as made available, it is thought, in traveling shows and theater productions. They resound no more! No more the temple



Mokelumne Hill's Chinatown Joss House with ailanthus trees.

altar, aglow with red candles which brightened floral offerings! "The 1874 fire consumed the old, remaining wooden buildings which touched each other and burned like so many limbs of a pine tree," reported the *Stockton Record*. "Chung Kee & Co.'s stock survived in its adobe buildings. Though the water system worked, there was not sufficient hose to reach all around."

But a not-distant walk past the determined, long-life-imbued pomegranate tree, whose destiny was, perhaps, to serve the Chinese with its fruits of myriad seeds as gifts of love in hope for many sons, then inward along the summer's dusty road at the edge of the gulch's height, which encloses its informal entanglement of confusion and confrontation of blackberry brambles—looked upon with disdain by grove spires of slim and stately Catholic Cemetery cypress on the farther gulch limitation's slope—reveals much. Attired in most regal, formal dress; ever verdant, somber and flaunting special elegance in breeze-blown grace of movement and as if sighing the majestic strains and lyrics of Handelian grandeur, the Italian cypress, with non-longevity concern (some live to 3,000 years)—present, in augur-like, yet knowing, imitative utterance of superiority, the long-spoken truth, "All must die and pass away."

From the gulch brambles, in contrast, the spreading silver poplars stand unawed to welcome, with great, grey outstretched, stalwart arm branches, and to secretly shelter, at seasonal intervals, the brown-black buzzards like those *xopilates* which long ago followed the exiled Mexicans southward to home and peace on the autumnal trek as if in confirmation of the death sentence of American friendship. They continue to return, to soar, and circle as symbols of freedom lost to earlier natives. (The last Miwoks on Big Bar Pedro and Lily—and Indian Bill of the Calaveras River area had departed with their decadence and poverty on their journey to the Great Spirit in the sky.)

Ah Sam, the last, aged Chinaman, was found dead in the mid 1920s in his makeshift produce store in the area of the present park. He was buried by the John Gardella Mortuary Service in the old Chinese burial ground. The small contingent of concerned ladies rendered "Nearer My God to Thee" for proper burial, remembered Lulu Pena Ware, a participant.

Each February, the buzzards return to stand watch in the bare, silver poplars, as firmly braced and silent as the welcoming Butte which awaits the wild, honking geese, reminding in their endurance of the cold of the unexpected snowfall, when white flakes cling to dark of feathers, of life's enigmas! (Whiteness will be once again repeated, as the poplar's cotton fluff in nature's summertime benevolence of concern, attempts again to hide their sleek darkness in this selected place!) The spreading and beauteous trees, in summer, stand towering their silver shim-

mer amid the alder and ailanthus, the black walnut, buckeye, oak, and willow, touching the serene summer's blue—towering above red and purple berried brambles through which slowly glides the flowing trickle of stream, softly, gently murmuring—hidden from view at the Deep Gulch depth.

For one with ears acutely attuned, there is always the musical ripple of water to be heard. And sometimes, when good fortune awaits, the added, distinct, repeated rhythm of drum-like tapping—the striking of the hard hooves of the few remaining deer in very seclusive hiding, walking the stones in search of their lucky strike—cooling water. They walk on smooth, water-polished stones which echo and reverberate the long-ago tap-tap-tap of the picks of Chinese miners working the gulch, the same stones singing the rhythms of the songs of Gam Saan.

Those songs are no more! There is only gulch beat of rock! The sheltered, sleek, black-brown birds as if in brooding accommodation, wearing their shrouds of sorrow, sit hunched, immobile, silent—yet speak the sad and solemn truths of the death of the Chinese community and Mokelumne Hill's once thriving, lively Chinatown, a loss equal in depth to that of China Gulch.



Side view of China Gulch Joss House, said to be still visible in 1900. It was located along Centre Street near the present Easyz Bird Road area.

Scene 6

The Jugoslavs

Serbians, Croatians, Slovenians, Montenegrins, Macedonians, and other southern Slavs, according to census records of California which registered the country of birth rather than the ethnic origin, prior to 1918, magically, though erroneously, turned Jugoslav immigrants to Austrians, Italians, or Turks as a result of the centuries of political jugglings finalized in the close of Hapsburg rule.

It is probable that descendants of the skilled Dalmatian seamen of the Middle Ages' thriving trade center of Ragusa (Dubrovnic) on the Adriatic Coast, which vied with Venetian traders, would be among the old-timers in Baja California prior to Yankee arrival, taking or giving service on the windjammers of early trade of Spanish-Mexican rule. Croatian Jesuit missionary Fernando Konscak had proven in his extensive travels by land and sea during the years 1746 to 1753 that California was not an island. Slavic settlements began prior to the Gold Rush south of San Francisco. Other Slavic groups of the mid-west—Croats and Slovenes—moved westward in the 1840s and 1850s and became assimilated in the gold rush, many to continue their already established small scale trades as peddlers. By 1873, the coal mines of Joliet, Illinois, had provided work for a large colony as labor contracts were completed. Some moved westward to California.

When Mathew Ivancovich, Jugoslav sailor-worker on Sutter's Mill at Coloma at the time of the gold discovery, had made known his experiences in his homeland—then the Austrian Empire—Dalmatians arrived as both mariners and passengers rounding The Horn. Others appeared

from America's coastal southern states where they had been developing silk and oyster industries.

Yugoslavs in California's early period had manned the naval and mercantile vessels. Dalmatian Captain Stefano Splivalo piloted the first American steam paddlewheeler through the Golden Gate in 1849.

So it is conjectured that when the gold discovery was announced to the world, San Francisco's abandoned ships were deserted in part by Jugoslavs—possibly half of those recorded in the census as "Austrians." As did great numbers of all other nationalities, Jugoslavs soon, presumably, hastened to Calaveras County areas and to booming Mokelumne Hill.

There remains little positive evidence of their arrival or stay in Mokelumne. Yet, after the rush, a large number of Slavs eventually congregated across the river, seven miles distant, to develop what is yet a viable, energetic Jugoslav culture in the city of Jackson. Mexican encampments at Butte City and Amador City might have been preferable to The Hill's strong German, Jewish, and French settlements, since political territorial conflicts and vyings of Prussian and French were still extant at this period in the homeland. Too, mines were opening across the river, some to become the long, steady producers: the Argonaut (1850), Keystone and Plymouth (1851), Old Eureka (1852) and Kennedy (1856). Work availability and societal security were possibly dominant factors in settlement.

The years 1851 to 1855 brought an increase of other Slavic people—chiefly Bohemians of Czechoslovakia and Polish-speaking Jews—to America and the Mother Lode. Few amassed fortunes. Many left. Like others, Jugoslavs were forced into operation of boarding houses (for which Jackson became noted), supply stores, saloons, hotels, coffee houses, and restaurants. Some remained as miners, laborers, managers and owners of mines, farmers, ranchers, or lumberjacks. Men sent home for wives and brides. Relatives arrived.

View of Mokelumne's neighbor, Jackson, with the stately Butte Mountain and the Serbian Orthodox Church and Cemetery.



In 1867, the Austro-Hungarian Empire with its dual rule and oppressive ruling class of few great land owners and many poor peasants on tiny plots, its over-population, low wages, and restrictions on marriage for compulsory military purposes, induced further immigration.

In addition, propaganda by ticket agents of steamship companies and mine owners who served as unofficial representatives encouraged migration of laborers. There were promises of work! A contract offer or its equivalent —to help fill the void left by rebelling Irish miners who refused the prevailing low wages—bore results.

In 1870, California's population rose to 560,247. (With the Alien Labor Contract Law in 1885, the practice of offering contracts became illegal.) Steerage class travelers bulged the holds of ships and supplied the needed work force. Between 1880 and 1910—the Great Migration years –of the seventeen million immigrant arrivals, one-fifth were listed as Slavs (including Polish and Russian Jews). Many arrived in Amador and Calaveras counties to join friends and relatives in and about Jackson, Mokelumne Hill, Angels Camp and Melones. In 1892, several hundred Dalmatians, Serbs, and Montenegrins arrived in the state. Prior to 1900, Croatians of the Adriatic central coast region, Bay of Kotor, represented 70 percent of the Slavic population, the rest being Slovenes, Montenegrins and Serbians.

From 1900 to 1910, 17 percent of America's arriving immigrant population were Slavs many to serve as the work force of the Mother Lode's deep quartz mines. They arrived from many areas of their land and brought their wealth of varied regional cultures—customs and traditions –the result of geographic differences in a land of difficult terrain for centuries serving as "the crossroads of the world." Four faiths were represented: Roman Catholic, Serbian Orthodox, Macedonian Orthodox and Islamic. It is remembered that those few of the Islamic faith were referred to as non-believers! Serbo-Croatian, Slovenian, and Macedonian languages were spoken, and the Latin and Cyrillic (such as Russian) alphabets recorded Slavic thought.

The Serbs reached their peak of emigration between 1903 and 1907 when many settled in Amador and Calaveras counties. Approximately 40 percent were illiterate and without wives. Males outnumbered females and were forced into the unskilled labor pool which hindered their



Leader Vukasinovich proudly lines up his army of Slavonian emigrants who were hired to build the Camp Nine road. Seven tortuous miles of roadway from Vallecito into the Camp Nine site were constructed on a tight schedule in 1906 and early 1907 by these energetic Europeans. Their carefully built rock retaining walls are readily visible today along this historic road. (Fred Leighton)

progress and assimilation. (In 1920, only 25 percent had become naturalized citizens.)

For survival in a society which as yet showed little humanitarian concern, the new immigrant work force, struggling to achieve in a rapidly developing mechanized society alien to most, established themselves in Slavic enclaves of their adopted communities. Common bonds of language and cultural understandings created needed social status within the group.

Their economic status was abysmally low. They were paid two and a half dollars for a ten-hour day of often dangerous, difficult and unhealthful work assignments. Miners' consumption, "the white plague," became widely prevalent. The scarcity of dollars forced most families to take in boarders and practice thrift, as "in the old country." Boarding houses became common and provided the traditional hospitality and cultural security. The family, as a unit, provided a secure environment for children and was a strong force for success. Neighborly kinship made living bearable.

Life for the Slavic people, as for other immigrants, presented continual problems. Language barriers, lack of literacy with no offers of aid for adult learning, differences in traditions and customs, effects of economic depressions and natural disasters brought challenges nearly insurmountable as efforts to maintain ethnic identity clashed with sincerity of efforts to adapt.

But with their Slavic stubborness, independence, perseverance and pride, these hardworking, thrifty, generous, basically law-abiding people with their deep ethnic concerns, determined to succeed and excel and to educate their children, met success in abundance. The children, many successful college graduates, can justifiably look back in realization of those times of hardship when, as in 1874 in Sutter Creek, the Slavonic Illyrian Mutual Benevolent Society was formed, as also in San Francisco in 1857. Monthly dues were one dollar. Eight dollars per week was paid to the ill. In case of death, funeral expenses were paid. There was mutual effort to promote intellectual dialogue and give general advice and aid. The society owned the first Jugoslav social hall building in the nation, constructed at a cost of three thousand hard-earned dollars.

The Serbians of Jackson have, through the years, made evident their pride in their Jugoslav heritage. It is they who still observe the Open House of Christmas. It is they who constructed the impressive small, white, wooden Saint Sava's Serbian Orthodox Church, the first to be built in America. Visible from Highway 49, its simple beauty silhouetted against the gentle Sierra foothills speaks nobly of the not-forgotten homeland faith of the immigrants. The church honored its centennial in 1986, having been founded in 1886 by the first Serbian priest born in this country, Father Sebastian Dabovich. The

building still serves the congregation. A cemetery surrounds the structure. There is a social hall nearby. Saint Basil's (Vasilije) Serbian Orthodox Church, built in 1910, is visible from Highway 49 in Angels Camp. It shows recent congregational interest with improvements.

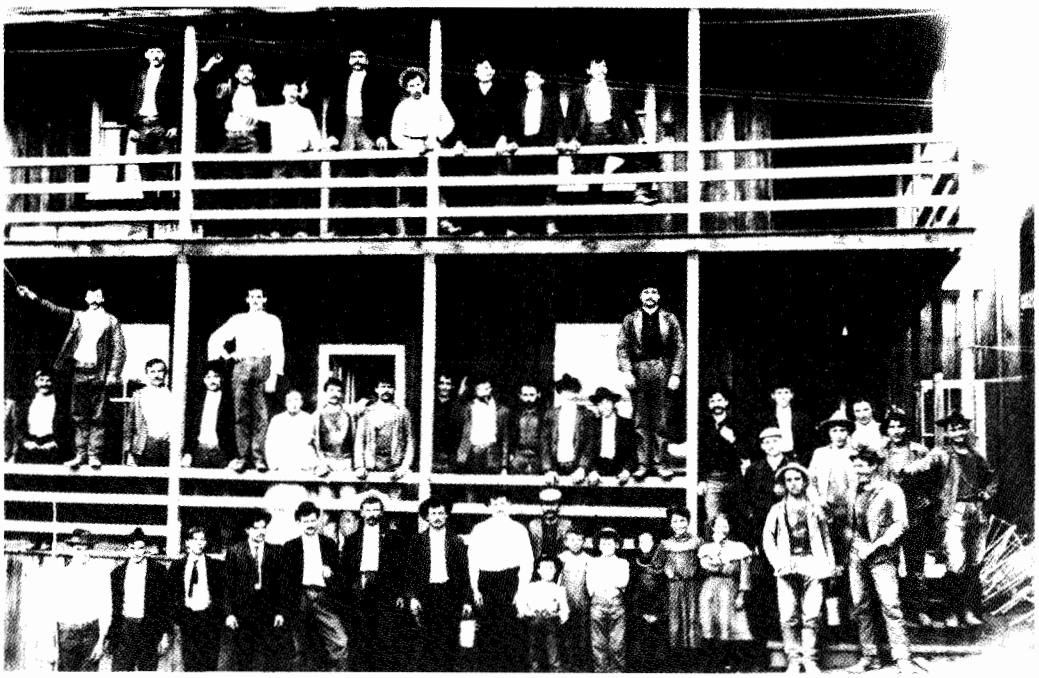
A new Jackson Serbian Center established in the southeast region, with its spacious grounds and attractive structures, provides an area for local Slavic and other group gatherings and serves as a summer recreational center for visiting Slavic youth groups. Programs to enhance retention of the Slavic culture are provided at the center, including music and dance. A Serbian women's group, the Circle of Serbian Sisters of Saint Sava Mission, is active.

The recently constructed modern, well-designed and efficient Vukovich Professional Center complex with its adjoining four-screen Jackson Cinema, at Highway 49 and Clinton Road, deserves praise as an additional admirable Jugoslav success which serves both Amador and Calaveras counties.

Recent concern for the preservation of local Slavic history led to a first-time honoring, on July 17, 1983, of Jugoslavs of Calaveras and Amador—a gathering of note. An impressive exhibition titled "Californians from Jugoslavia," compiled by Elsie Matt of the California History Center, De Anza College, featured large panel displays of photos and information, local Slavic family artifacts and historical documents. It was presented by the Calaveras County Historical Museum with Judith Cunningham, director, and the Calaveras Heritage Council at San Andreas. Slavic music and art and film slides of Jugoslavia were enjoyed. Attendees shared memories and family histories, and hopes for such gatherings in the future, as they attempted to recall the language spoken so fluently in earlier years. The efforts provided both enlightenment and amusement.

Mokelumne Hill was not privileged to acquire a Jugoslav "enclave." But there continues an unbounding admiration and appreciation for the Slavic neighbors of Amador and the opportunities afforded the "Hellians" because of their efforts and successes. (The historical "good neighbor relationships" with friends across the river continue at a high level, even though they have a courthouse!)

Other community Slavic members continue to add, as in the past, immeasurably to the political, economic, social and cultural growth of the progressive Mother Lode city. Participation in the political process is enhanced with the Honorable Senator Rose Vuich, Jugoslav, of the Fifteenth Senatorial District, a periodic visitor as she serves as the first woman to be elected to the California Senate, in 1976.



Mrs. Kopar's Boarding House, Angels Camp, Calaveras County, and its Jugoslav miner residents in 1900.

Scene 7

The Italians

The history of the Italians in California is a near reflection of their European neighbors, the Jugoslavs. At the time of statehood, when the population was approximately ninety-two thousand, there were but four thousand Italians in the United States. In 1860, there were less than ten thousand, although California's population had increased to 380,000. Some very early Italian immigrants recorded in the state, prior to 1850, were from families whose names are still familiar in Calaveras and Amador: L. Canepa, Agostino Chichizola, F. Daneri and H. Giannini. A few Italian names are noted early (1851-58) in Mokelumne—Rapetto, Raggio, Queirolo, Dopelo, Lagomarsino, Golinelli and Costa.

Italian friars had been active in Spanish explorations of the West since the sixteenth century: Father Francisco Chino (Kino), "Padre on Horseback," was a masterful administrator and churchman of innumerable demonstrated talents and interests. Father Giovanni Crespi participated in the discovery of San Francisco Bay. Florentine navigator Alexandro Malespina, in the employ of a Spanish commission, extensively explored the Monterey Bay and Pacific Coast. (Both are Calaveras names also.) Others, such as Father Joseph Neri, S.J., born of a noble family of Italy in 1836, also made contributions. While serving at Saint Ignatius College (the University of San Francisco) as priest, scientist and inventor, Father Neri demonstrated the arc light as early as 1874, preceding Thomas Edison, and predicted that electricity would revolutionize the lighting of the world.

Some Italian seafarers who arrived at early California ports left their ships, to marry into early California families and become the land grant barons of the feudal ranchos of vast holdings; to become captains or crew members of American ships; or to establish the state's first commercial fishing fleets. The cry of "Gold! Gold!" forced others, later, to abandon their sailing vessels—to exchange the hardships of the sea for those of land as they searched for the golden treasure. To identify oneself to census takers was a risk not to be taken. Hence, detailed records of the group are rare, albeit the Italians were the largest foreign-white ethnic group in Calaveras in the early 1850s.

There is but little evidence of their early presence in The Hill since names were often changed or improperly recorded, such as when Italians were, like Jugoslavs, sometimes registered as Austrians!

But across the river in nearby Clinton, a placer Calaveras gold camp and noted quartz mining center of the 1860s, the Andrea Arata and Deodato Spagnoli families had settled, as did Giocomo Noce, early pioneer gold seeker whose influence on America's history would eventually far exceed his fortune, and his presence bear impact on six generations of Mokelumne's and Jackson's Italian families.

It is written that at Butte City, previously a Mexican encampment, a vibrant, verdant gold camp of 3,000 newcomers —Italians, French and Gaelic settlers— existed in 1856. They occupied 600 houses. The community served as a supply source of fruits and vegetables. The sole historic landmark evidence is the remaining two-story rock and iron door structure used in 1854 as a store and bakery by Xavier Benoist, and later by the Genocchios as a general merchandise store. An effort is being made to preserve the last visible remains.

In the period of 1860 to 1885, when gold fever had waned, and few had profited, Italians, too, turned to the business of satisfying the needs of the consumer market. They exhibited their eagerness to work hard as laborers or to demonstrate their skills in varied arts and crafts. Many established boarding houses, grocery stores and hotels—a means of assuring basic security for their families.

The Calaveras Hotel, formerly "The River" boarding house in Angels Camp, until 1888, was purchased by Geronimo Rolleri's widow, Olivia, mother of ten children. The hotel became the famed haven for miners and travelers in the 1890s and served until 1936, when it was destroyed by fire. "Grandma Rolleri," born in 1844 in Italy, was the daughter of Luis Antonine, an Italian fur trapper of the Hudson's Bay Company associated with

Mokelumne's early history. He had settled at French Camp in the early 1840s.

Italian merchants, like the Jewish merchants, became creditors, giving financial assistance (the grub stake) to customers to aid them in acquiring land, seed, tools, and business properties. They became establishers of early western banks, safekeeping and lending money and thus aiding the development of communities.

In 1880, California's population had risen to 865,000. By 1885, 35,000 Italians were in the state, one-fifth of them settling in San Francisco. Many had arrived in the mining towns where the deep mines, lumber camps and hydraulics provided work. In 1859, the *La Voce del Popolo*, an Italian newspaper, circulated about the Italian enclave settlements and informed the residents of events which engendered ethnic pride and solidarity as the state's newcomers continued to exhibit their culture and traditions and to utilize skills and talents in their efforts to achieve economic and social successes as they made contributions to their new land.

In San Francisco, they established a Jesuit College, evening schools, Italian language schools and fencing schools. Their high interest in art, music and drama was evidenced early there, with the opening of the Italian Theater in 1850 and the Italian Grand Opera in 1851, lifting the Italian populace from the prevalent barroom entertainment. At that time Guiseppi Verdi was becoming famous in Italy. Opera houses later appeared in the Mother Lode, one at Angels Camp.

Mutual ethnic concern led to the formation of the "Societa Italiana de Mutua Beneficienza," chartered in San Francisco in 1856. It was organized in Amador in 1887 as the Italian Benevolent Society and served as the unifying force for all Italians of the area, including Mokelumne Hill. The Italian Picnic—still an annual event—is held on the first Sunday of June on their spacious grounds at Sutter Hill, where a large, modern, attractive social hall is available to the public.

Between 1880 and 1910, when one-fourth of America's 17,000,000 immigrants were Italian, many to first arrive in America at Ellis Island (1892-1943), Mokelumne's "Little Italy" was flourishing. Jobs were needed. They were available in the nearby deep mines and lumber camps. Hydroelectric plant development on the Mokelumne provided additional work. The Hill had reached its period of rapid decline. The courthouse was closed. The Jews had departed. Houses and small plots of land were available to poor immigrants, offering them the chance to develop self-sufficiency.

Produce could be raised and sold to increase the family income above the low wages. Such opportunity brought many Italians to settle along West Centre Street—in view of "Vesuvius Mountain" and elsewhere—bearing names of Sanguinetti, Cuneo, Lavezzo, Gardella, Lagomarsino, Ratto, Costa, Galli, Solari, Trabucco, Cazaretto, Garaventa, Queirolo, Forni, Malaspino, Guiffra, Gnecco, Garbarini, Leonesia, Mondani, Gori, Morenzoni, Menchini, Rhoncetto and Canepa. Swiss families—Dell'Orto, Lombardi, Bernardi, Gobbi and Juri—intermingled with them, the earlier immigrants welcoming the newer arrivals and those of the Depression.

Their skills of stone masonry and terracing, of carpentry, wine making, bread baking, gardening and ranching are visible reminders of their contributions. Love of



Outdoor Italian bake oven at the John Garaventa Ranch, Middle Bar.

the new land, and love of the state and community made acquiring citizenship for many newcomers more meaningful. The promising young Italian attorney, Andrew Caminetti, a native of Jackson, rose to serve in the Senate of California (1877). He authored the bill to make California's Admission Day a state holiday—and through the Caminetti Act of 1893, stopped the destruction of California land and silting of its rivers by hydraulic mining.

Through the continuation of the practices of their rich Roman homeland culture and tradition, through hard work by both men and women and their children, from sunrise to sunset, the Italian immigrants successfully met the challenges of opportunity as many became the envied new settlers and solid citizens of the community.

Ambition and industriousness abided in households of strong family ties, visible pride and independence. Humility, religious faith, responsibility and mutual concerns combined with generosity of spirit were evidenced as the always-welcome visitors were enriched by their exuberant hospitality expressed in the enjoyment of sharing. The home-produced glass of wine, cheese, salami, bread (often baked in the outdoor oven with sometimes neighbor-borrowed potato yeast)—relished in the kitchen, beneath the grape arbor or in the coolness of the wide-spreading fig tree—provided the visitor with a view of bulging barns, crowded barnyards and henhouses, cotes of pigeons, productive orchards and gardens of herbs and vegetables, overflowing pantries and cellars from which came the basic ingredients of daily fare.

No visitor went home empty-handed! It was here that the old country dreams of land ownership were not only realized but appreciated fully with response in simple, gentle, gracious living and acts.

As Alma (Cazaretto) Bertholf of Mokelumne, now in her eighties, in recalling her early days at Middle Bar Ranch (John Garaventa), Tabeau, Electra and Mokelumne reminds: "I don't remember that we had oilcloth then available on our dining table, though I do remember we ate from tablecloths. They were inscribed 'Sperry Flour.' The sacks were pieced together with inserts of lovely, hand crocheted lace and bordered with lace edgings. But we hated the flour sack underwear!"

"So many wonderful times! The social hours of neighborly visits often in exchanges—as of cheeses. They were made round with flexible bands. There was fun and laughter and music! We shared the pleasures of work—the gathering of fruits and vegetables for drying and canning; of pungent herbs; of digging onions and potatoes; of stringing red peppers and braiding garlic. There was wine making; slaughtering and making of lard and sausages and other meat products—some readied for the smoke house. Such memories! The gunny sack gatherings of pine nuts, mushrooms, and acorns for the hogs! So many chores! Such busyness! Cows to milk. Butter to churn. Eggs to gather, but there was time for rest—fishing, hunting and bocce ball. Those were extended days—of our years of Italian togetherness in Mokelumne. So many pleasant remembrances of a good life."

The utterance is made more than 130 years after Giacomo Noce first arrived in America from his Italian homeland. More than 100 years have passed since he and his wife were laid to rest in the Catholic Cemetery in Jackson, unaware that their only son, Giacomo Angelo Noce, brought state and national fame to them and honor to their extended family of six generations of Mokelumne progeny, of which Alma Bertholf is a part, with members of the Garaventa, Queirolo, Sabatini, Fregulia, Beebe, and Joy (Ferrari) families. Family zeal instilled early for ethnic pride of nationalism, as well as dedication for respect of the history of the adopted land, combined with extended years of intense determination, hard work and sacrifice brought the reward of high honor to the Noce family.

Giacomo Noce (1804-1869) and Charo Ardito Noce (1809-1868) were born and married near Genoa, Italy. Three children arrived—Catarina (married Dominic Fregulia), Geronima (married Mr. Ferrari), and son Angelo, who, like his parents, was born in Coreglia (Cicagna), in 1847. In 1850, the family braved the hazards of a steerage journey to New York. After a brief stay, undergoing unbearable financial difficulties, Giacomo departed alone for California's gold fields, arriving via Panama at Clinton, Calaveras County, in 1852. Hard work brought sufficient financial success for him to bring his family to their new home in 1858.



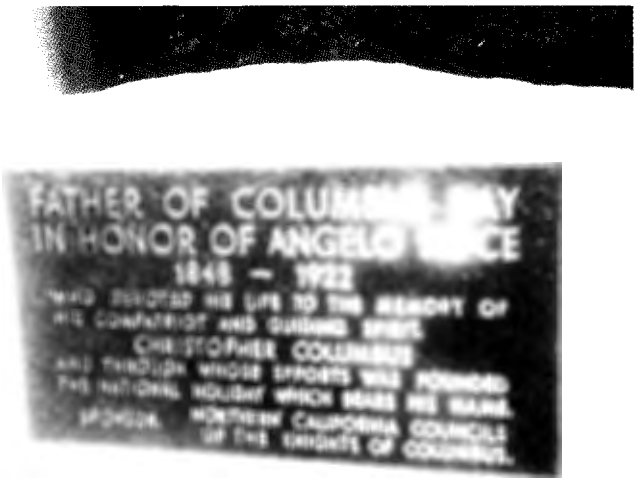
Angelo Noce. Picture made in Jackson, Amador County, in 1862.

In 1862, Jackson's Italian colony had a great celebration: Angelo, age fifteen, served as standard bearer in Guiseppi Garabaldi uniform! A good student, in 1863 he enrolled at Saint Mary's College, then in San Francisco, as a member of its second class. He continued at Santa Clara University in 1868, where he studied journalism and printing. In 1869, he became a member of the typographical union. Angelo excelled as linguist, fluent in French, English, Spanish and Italian, and served as an interpreter for the courts of Sacramento. For a time, he served the *Amador Dispatch*. In July 1876, in San Francisco, he represented the Italian colony as an aide to the mayor in its three-day centennial celebration; in October, as an aide to the grand marshal in the Columbus Day parade, a commitment which eventually became his consuming interest. In 1879, he served as secretary to the Italian Mutual Benefit Society and as secretary of the Philharmonia Society.

Noce then left California for Eureka, Nevada, where he continued his trade and acted as notary public. The year 1882 took him to Denver, Colorado, where he met and married Assunta Leverone. Four sons and two daughters blessed the marriage. Noce became an influential, prominent citizen. He worked in his profession on the principal newspapers and journals of the West, readily learning the new skills demanded by the typesetting machines. His concern for promoting the welfare of the small community of Italian immigrant population of Denver inspired him to produce, at his own expense, the free weekly *La Stella*. Love for his new land took him to serve in Washington, D.C. as an official interpreter and a ready and accurate translator, having passed his examination to rank among the first.

As he served his community and country in varied civic positions, the small-statured, unassuming man remained the persistent immigrant who spent his life as an advocate of Columbus Day, seeking recognition for Cristoforo Columbo, the Genovese discoverer in 1492 of his loved, adopted land. His persistence brought Denver its first annual Columbus Day holiday on October 12, 1905. His further influence led Colorado to become the first state to commemorate America's discovery through legislative action in 1910 to make the day a legal holiday.

For the rest of his life, with death coming in 1922, when he was seventy-four, Noce devoted himself to the worthy goal of national recognition of Columbus. He had achieved success in thirty-five states where he had appeared to speak before legislative, civic and religious groups. His book, *Columbus Day in Colorado*, written and printed by him in 1910, is a detailed account of his assiduous effort and demanding, tiring experiences. There are significant photos. A personally autographed copy with a message to his grandniece, granddaughter of Caterina Fregulio—Louisa Teresa Garaventa—mother of Alma and Flossie Cazaretto Sabatini of Mokelumne, dated February 12, 1911, is a valued, treasured memorabilia, as are Angelo Noce's Knights of Columbus silver saber, badge and red sash. (He had earned the fourth degree.)



Commemorative plaque at Saint Patrick's Catholic Church in Jackson, California, brings honor to early Calaveras family.

On October 8, 1967, local recognition, with wide newspaper, radio and television coverage, was given when a bronze plaque was placed at the entry of Saint Patrick's Catholic Church of Jackson in a colorful civil ceremony, to honor the unstinting, relentless Italian Angelo Noce as "Father of Columbus Day." California Governor Ronald Reagan (later President of the United States) had signed the proclamation presented by Senator Stephen Teale and Assemblyman Eugene Chappie (serving in the House of Representatives) to designate October 6-13 as Angelo Noce Week. It was shortly again proclaimed by President Richard Nixon and declared a national holiday in 1968, with Columbus Day (the second Monday in October) inaugurated in 1971.

The eulogy of the local ceremony was presented effectively and appropriately, with understanding of the humility and simple beginnings of the noted Italian immigrants of Calaveras County, by Calaveras' historian-

author Emmett P. Joy, a Mokelumne resident and a grandnephew of Noce who had served as Grand Historian of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

Among local citizens were many of Noce's nineteen grandnieces and nephews including Charles Joy (for whom death came in January 1986), who had followed in the footsteps of his illustrious granduncle. He became vice president of Saint Mary's College and served twelve years at Moraga as fund raiser of millions for buildings. (Emmett's and Charles' father was a long time resident of San Andreas and Mokelumne, associated for fifty years with Pacific Gas and Electric Company, in the period of its beginning history in the local area.)

Present also at the honoring ceremony were distinguished civil officials and clergy and representatives of thirty councils of the Knights of Columbus in resplendent capes, multi-colored sashes, plumed hats and silver sabres. They marched in an impressive parade to the historic Catholic Cemetery, where the founder of Columbus Day rests in the family plot beside his parents and two sisters.

The graveside served significantly to induce thought of the immigrant Italian pioneer parents—goldseekers who received their belated golden honor in recognition of their appreciation of education, their encouragement, guidance, dedication and personal sacrifices epitomized in the nobleness of their son—Giacomo Noce.

Mokelumne Hill can be justly proud. It continues to be rewarded with the presence of family members of these exemplary Italian role models who serve unstintingly both their community and church in emulation.

For those who experienced and still hear the rhythms and rollicking melodies and harmonies of the accordian of Italian Nick Rhoncetto, whose generosity of talented service, ever amiable wit and humor revived the lively Italian spirit that regaled in abundance in "Mokelumne's Little Italy"—there is both gratitude and sorrow in remembrance. How those sounds of "Funiquli Funicula," "O Solo Mio" and "The Barcarolle" brightened the Depression-World War II days.

They emerge again, to make contrast and force the truths of realities. So much lost! Gone is that Italian community! Gone those unique, happy personalities—the sincere, hard working, able women—the happy, bilingual children—the dedicated gardeners and hard-rock miners—"atmosphere folk" who gathered on Main and Centre "to pass the time and words." Gone is their exuberance of greetings and laughter; gone the smiles and gestures; the sounds of the lilting language. Gone is their generosity, then so assured. Their open-hearted hospitality! Their joys of togetherness! The privilege of those relationships is as deeply and lovingly engraved in remembering hearts as were the digggings and excavations in their beloved earth.

The final act of the Italian performance for demonstrable possibilities in perfection of simple living in Mokelumne's "Little Italy" has ended. The show is over. The carefully bleached, lace-edged flour sack curtain has been lowered. The words inscribed thereon read: NO CLAPPING FOR TRAGEDY.



Immigrant Italian pioneer gold seekers of Calaveras-Amador counties received their belated golden honor.

PART III—
THE BOISTEROUS ERA

Scene 1

Birth of a Town

As thousands of gold seekers hurried into this primitive wilderness with reckless abandon, the settlement emerged. From the boisterous, carefree mushroom camps and hamlets of the region extending from it, there eventually developed the town—MOKELUMNE HILL—designated as Township No. 6—(August 11, 1875) which included Big Bar and Rich Gulch river areas—CENTER OF CIVILIZATION for miners and prospectors; a town that soon could boast of a few buildings of substantial nature in the form of frame structures with raised floors, some adorned with natural rock, some of "lava" or adobe, still visible.

In the beginning, The Hill's bumpy terrain had hole-in-the-ground brush shelters, army tents and shacks, some cloth or cowhide roofed stuck all around. Charmingly picturesque it was, as if temporarily set down for a Daliesque collage in progress to equal the wild beauty of the rugged, natural site. Picturesque it was, but comfort —safety—sanity—did not prevail.

The one long, sloping, haphazardly-developing street, Main Street, was a crooked lane, lined on either side with uneven lean-tos and canvas shacks housing stores, saloons, gambling joints, fandango halls and bawdy houses which never closed. In almost every spot where there were no boarding houses or private dwellings, eating and drinking taverns, groggeries, bathhouses or business places, there were windlasses with rock and dirt piled high beside them. Overgrown weedy, bumpy paths led into the ragged shopping district and out into the "kiotas"—one hundred foot deep "coyote" mine holes that emerged everywhere as rapidly as if in imitation of the blades of green grass stirred to new life by the early autumn rains that follow the long desiccation of summer. Everywhere there was noise—mud—dirt—water—and multitudinous, beaten-down trails strewn with discarded clothing, varied empty tins and boxes, broken pick and shovel handles, and liquor bottles in excessive abundance. The days of souvenir hunters had not yet arrived to alleviate the debris problem. Only fortune seekers were present.

Mr. Gregoire of Tuleburgh is reported to have raised the first frame and canvas tent, in which he installed his family and a general store. The French said jokingly, "It was the first house as you came into town and the last as you left."

In 1853, Judge Henry Eno wrote, "Mokelumne Hill is a canvas town. Its streets run perpendicularly, horizontally and circularly." The canvas is gone; the streets remain—so aptly recorded.

Scene 2

Transportation and Communication

In 1849, transportation commanded courage, patience, and pocket money. From San Francisco, it took two or more days of travel by schooner on the San Joaquin to reach Stockton. Passage from there cost fifty dollars and was by ox cart with seven days travel enroute, and an additional five to seven days to Mokelumne Hill and Murphys Camp. Gayou Brothers soon organized a horse-powered transportation service in The Hill to carry merchandise on pack animals between neighboring settlements. They soon established the mail and stagecoach service—stagecoach lines to provide the first coaches to zig-zag over trails of troublesome terrain crowded with pack trains of heavily-laden, rarely-lazy mules carrying three to four hundred pounds -as they served as the clipper ships of the Sierra—encouraged by their chiefly Mexican drivers (*arrieros*), and donkeys, burros, oxen, horses, wagons, and *carretas*. The mules were driven in bands of fifty to two hundred —in the charge of two to six Mexicans. Men, often of necessity, made pack animals of themselves.

Roads, often Indian trails, swerved around mud holes in winter, dust holes in summer, and through streams and river beds where no bridges existed. Such road signs of the forty-niners were apropos: "Road not entirely impassable —but barely Jackassable." John Hosley inaugurated the Mokelumne River Big Bar's first ferry, known as the "Whale Boat Ferry." In such manner of sheer necessity were created the first transportation and communication systems as rugged paths transformed to the county's highway routes of tortuous, twisting, turning roads and the birthing of portions of the incipient Mother Lode Highway 49.

"Postal service" was made available at Big Bar. A gambling house operator offered a town mail service. Service was both unassured and slow. A letter might take four weeks to arrive in San Francisco; another four to New York. Animals, drivers, passengers, baggage, merchandise loads, as well as mail, were often lost. Transportation teams stalled on muddy roads; wagons stuck sometimes up to the bed. Oxen became mired to their bellies, necessitating rescue by other cattle tugging on the chains around their horns.

Yet postal and telegraph services did function early. By July 1848, the first post office system was in operation. Alexander H. Todd had started a Letter Express Company from San Francisco to the mines. Mail was delivered! Merchants kept lists on which miners could record their names. Each month, the expressman took the lists to the city post office to collect letters and newspapers of subscribers. The charge was one to two dollars

Mokelumne Hill, early 1860s.

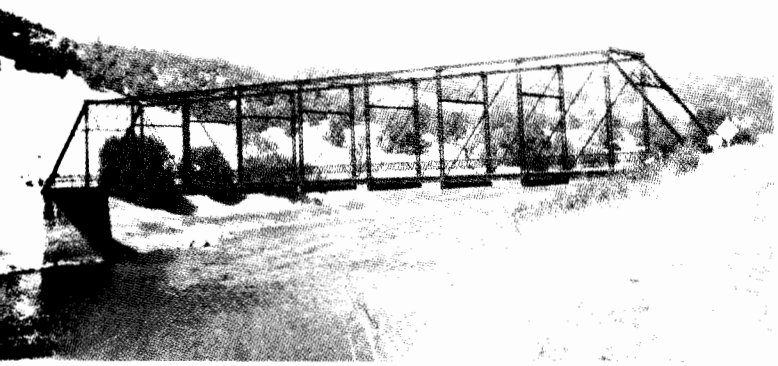


per letter delivered and fifty cents to post one. Campo Seco, twelve miles distant, was serviced by special horse delivery.

State population soared to 223,856. Calaveras County had grown to 15,000, exceeded only by El Dorado County, with 17,000. Mokelumne had truly become the booming center of county civilization and remained the county's largest town until the mid 1870s.

On June 10, 1850, William and Aristide L. Punch, having petitioned the Court of Sessions, were granted a county permit to operate a ferry across Middle Bar. Passengers and animals were charged fifty cents; empty wagons, six dollars; loaded, six dollars and fifty cents; cargo charge was one dollar per hundred weight. Prices appear to have encouraged wagon-use efficiency!

In 1851, John McKinney, owner of the famed "McKinney House" of Middle Bar Gold Camp (visited by Bret Hartc in 1861), and Abraham Houghtaling, who later served as an assemblyman, were granted permission to build a toll bridge at Middle Bar to create the first public



Middle Bar Bridge across the Mokelumne River.

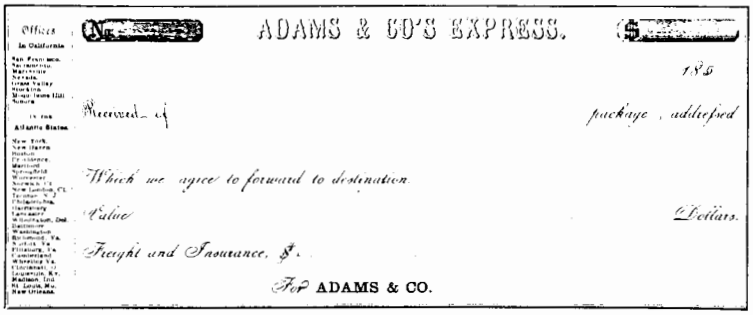
county highway—the main stage road to Jackson and Sacramento as well as to San Andreas. Charles B. Vail of New York, miner and architect, designed the bridge and the water project acqueducts. The bridge went down in the 1862 flood. McKinney then operated a small ferry until 1895 when a new bridge was built. It fell with a herd of cattle in 1911. Joint county efforts built a new bridge the following year.

Big Bar Toll Ferry (1852), a rope ferry, aided the river crossing from The Hill to the bustling Mexican gold camp of Butte City and Jackson—originally Bottileas—named by the Mexicans for the bottles strewn about the camp's spring. The boat was propelled by the water. A twenty-five-cent fee carried the rugged, hopeful traveler; a fifty-cent fee, the dubious, frightened horse or mule, jack or jenny.

A road was also cut to the ferry, in 1852. A toll bridge was soon constructed by Soher and Company after the completion of the road in 1855 by Burns and Pope. It also washed away in the 1862 flood, when all bridges and ferries disappeared in the roaring torrent—probably a thirty-foot or more rise of the river. Lancha Plana was totally eradicated. Dr. Louis Soher then operated the largest ferry on the Mokelumne.

The last narrow wooden bridge built broke to needed abandonment in the 1950 high water, forcing the writer and her young first-grader to walk the broken structure to get car transportation to meet their commitments at the Jackson Elementary School. A new concrete bridge was soon constructed by the state, with Bud Spence of Altaville serving as superintendent. It still serves adequately with its two-lane crossing on Highway 49.

The Adams' Express Company started operating in 1850 in Mokelumne Hill. Reynolds and Alexander H. Todd and Company (1853) operated a stage line from Stockton to Sonora via Mokelumne. Todd also took over the expresses of Captain Charles Weber to form C. A. Todd's Express, which sold to Wells Fargo in September 1853. Transportation was a viable business! In the winter of 1852-53, after the influx of more people, the excessively heavy rains caused a failure of provisions to arrive from the cities. Many thrived on boiled barley only, for weeks, and beans with no ham bone for seasoning. It is told that pork rinds were shared from shack to shack for greasing the flapjack pans.



Offices in California

ADAMS & CO'S EXPRESS.

185

Received of package, addressed

Which we agree to forward to destination.

Value Dollars.

Freight and Insurance, $

For ADAMS & CO.

Adams & Co's Express receipt.

In 1858, Wheeler and Gordon Stage Lines were in operation between The Hill and Sonora, forty miles distant. Green and Vogan Stage Lines (1859), later to be consolidated into the California Stage Company, begun in 1854, left Mokelumne's Union House at 3:00 p.m. daily

to connect with river boats at Sacramento for San Francisco. C. Thrall served as agent of the transportation systems as well as for the U.S. Mail.

Edward Vischner, a German stagecoach recorder-traveler on the line in 1860, gave praise: "Jackson-Mokelumne Hill Road is well built. It follows every turn of the gorge, falls and rises evenly and is more than enough for two vehicles to pass. Cuts and fills have so leveled it that the stage can pass the cliff at Jackson Creek at full trot."

Six-horse coaches, each horse valued at $300 to $600 and each vehicle at $2,500 to $3,000, traveled from Sacramento to Mokelumne via Racheria and Drytown or Buena Vista in ten hours and to Sonora in fourteen hours, making the distance in one day. The cost was twenty dollars. Concord wagons valued at $600 to $1,000 left town daily at 6:00 a.m. for Stockton, where passengers boarded the evening river steamboats to arrive in San Francisco early the next morning.

Drivers were paid $150; hostlers $100 per month. Hay and barley were high, sometimes $100 per ton! Notwithstanding, the stage line operations proved profitable. Coaches were generally loaded with passengers, the sole guarantee being exciting travel, often with an added highwayman demanding tribute! Male stagecoach riders, armed, it was observed, found aiming tobacco juice at passing objects an entertaining diversion as over the rough miles they kept watchful eyes open for the unremitting stagecoach robbers hell-bent on constancy of their fruitful labor. The female riders found travel more relaxing, and it was hoped, more rewarding, if they shut their eyes and prayed.

In 1860, Henry Atwood, the owner of Union House, operated the West Point Stage Line wth one horse and a water cart, used for the dusty roads. The improved Chili Gulch-San Andreas Road was ready that same year. Toll road building companies had come into being—among them the Mokelumne Hill-Campo Seco Turnpike Company. Among the many early livery stables, Pink Smith's Union Stables, T. P. Parker Livery Stable, William P. Peek Livery, El Dorado (1853), and J. Hodges Delivery (1855) thrived well and offered vehicle and animal hire by the day or week. They boarded and groomed needed animals for the transport vehicles—ponies and the saddle and carriage horses and teams for the sulkys, carts, spring wagons, buckboards, Hendersons (Buffalo Bill), freight and log, phaetons and Concord buggies (with their pairs of "two-forties" to pull them). Little is recorded of the problems of sanitation that ensued.

P. T. Parker advertised daily 4:00 p.m. stage line services from the Union House to connect with the Stockton River Boats—the "floating palaces"—for a one-day journey to San Francisco. In 1868, Mokelumne served as a stagecoach center for travel to distant points in nearby counties. The trail-road to Double Springs (seat of the county courthouse from June 10, 1850 to August 1851) junctured with San Andreas Road or continued across the Calaveras River at Bellota to Stanislaus County or onward to Stockton.

Captain Weber's Stockton embarcadero served as the supply headquarters of the area. American teamsters supplanted the packer with freight wagons on any road at all passable. Most carried four to six tons drawn by six to eight mules and were dubbed "Stockton Schooners," valued at $10,000 in 1859. The heaviest carried weight to ten tons; twelve to sixteen mules pulled the heavy loads of merchandise. Lumber, blocks of stone and other raw materials were moved by ox teams, since the need for speedy delivery for such items was not as drastic and the draft animal's care was cheaper.

Transportation businesses flourished. Innumerable tent or log cabin wayside shelters mushroomed, offering varying degrees of "luxury" and were marked as "mile houses" five or six miles apart—sometimes farther—or with more sophisticated titles by their proud owners, such as the early Tremont or Stemmons (Semmins). For those inclined to further adventure enroute, there were the Cherokee and Hawkeye.

The early inns and taverns or "stage stops" served as points for exchange of information, for rest and care of travelers and beasts. Ferriers placed the small half-moon-shaped iron plate shoes on the oxen's feet with three-quarter-inch nails. Animals were sheltered, rested and permitted to cool themselves beneath the shade shelters provided, allowed to slake their thirst at the drinking troughs, or were fed. All travelers were grateful for shelter and refreshment. Sometimes there was unexpected entertainment!

As Gold Rush days and years sped by, there developed the Mokelumne Hill Toll Road with its more enticing wayside stations. It began at the William Tell Gardens—a toll house with a tavern near the east line of Stockton—and ran easterly a little over fifty "fairly straight" miles to The Hill, with dense travel between the two places on a road partly free and partly toll (Linden to Stockton), over varying degrees of surface and design, with zigs and zags on both flat plains and steep grades, over dust, gravel, cobblestones, mud, clay, and road beds across rocky creeks often swollen by rain. The wagons slewed, car-

eened, bounced and skittered on springs built for strength and axle protection.

From 1849 to 1884, day and night, summer travel was constant over this only road to Mokelumne and beyond to West Point. There were scores of freight teams—reported to be a hundred each day through the busy summer and autumn seasons. The arched bows covered with bells and attached to the harnesses of the mules brought jingles of excitement to the expectant merchants as they awaited the coming of the bell train.

Among prominent teamsters were Martin Fischer of Jesus Maria, George and Jeff McKisson of Rich Gulch (Glencoe), William Wells of Rail Road Flat, and William P. Peek, John and Henry Asbury, John Day, Joe O'Neil (1860), James P. Wade, and Adolph Mavin of Mokelumne, all carrying supplies to the largest and liveliest town in the county. Transportation and forwarding businesses were conducted by the firms of Angell and Armand, well-known Frenchmen, and Hoerschner and Stoetzer, equally well-known Germans.

Real life of the halcyon times was evidenced about the teamsters' resorts or stopping places that developed. They ranged from the family cottage with corral to the more pretentious public "hotels" or "inns"—some with brilliantly gaudy barrooms and ample feed yards.

The trip from Mokelumne Hill to Stockton and return, as the years sped by, was made by the average teamster in three days. Ten-mule-freighter-covered wagons left The Hill to reach Bellota or Linden the first night. The second day, they reached Stockton, to load, at the flour mills and granaries, and at the wholesale groceries and warehouses, the merchandise needed to satisfy mountain tradesmen. Then they proceeded back to Linden, Bellota or Conrad's Place for a night's stopover. The third day, if luck prevailed, the early-day teamsters made Moke Hill by dark or stopped overnight to reach the county seat by the fourth day.

The resorts—some called "inns" as a matter of courtesy—varied. Linden Hotel, a dry-town hotel with good food and friendly cheer, was often bypassed for Bellota with its two competing resorts—Fanning's (the better) and Fischer's—offering good meals and better drinks at reasonable prices. The teamsters—those avoiding the beds and bedroom services—slept in the corrals with their stock. After feeding and currying the animals around dawn, they shook dice for drinks and shared in the banter of the mule punchers with their lingoes, brogues, accents, patois and dialects. The Missourians were credited as being the best mule skinners. They stayed on the job the longest and were capable of eating the most dust! Breakfast was welcomed—the steaks, spuds, mush, cream, good bread and plenty of fruit.

Conrad's, four miles east of Bellota, was managed by a refined family. No booze or swearin'. White women waited on guests kindly. They put up tasty lunches. Asked to be remembered to parents and family! Offered all those nice touches of human sympathy. Stone Corral was operated by an old duffer of stony heart. Meals were poor, whiskey bad, prices high and the hay rain-soaked. The North American was worthy of remembrance—a famous roadhouse—at the halfway point. Ten acres of corrals, barns, hay stacks and feed yards with a three-story frame hotel in the center! Often twenty-five teams put up in a single night at the famed hostelry. There mingled the horse and mule punchers, sheep herders and cattle drivers of the region. "At night you heard all the current news of the day and all the jokes of the season and like eggs, some were fresh and some were foul." Everything proceeded without question—with control self-imposed according to mule teamsters' customs and regulations that had to be observed. Swift punishment was the order of the day—of those days of butt chain harnesses, padded horse collars and H and L axle grease to lubricate the solid axle, home made heavy schooner wagon machinery and make the iron-tired wheels go round in mud, clay and dust. "Good wagons those were—good for fifteen years without repair to axle, wheel, felloe or spoke—usually constructed at Louttit's or Martell's and Danner's."

Spring Valley at the foot of Wheat's Hill was another big meeting place, famous for its poker games. Everybody played! "The kitty" took too large a percentage! No offense, though, if you quit when you were broke—to start out again at six in the morning for the up or down trek ahead. "Better luck next time."

Wheat's was a respectable place. Grace was said at meals. No one chewed tobacco within the inn's confines! There you felt safe from pickpockets.

The Haupts—a German family of seven—cared for the teamsters in a homely fashion, especially those in distress with wagon wheels persistent in falling off with regularity! Their ingenuity was that of using baling rope, unraveled and twisted around the treading on the axle! It kept the nut on! Meals were hearty—of meat, sausage, spuds, dumplings, and the ever-abundant sauerkraut. Good hay and water for the stock! Fair prices! And special help and attention should you want to be off for an earlier start than usual. True German hospitality!

Schracks', near Golden Gate Peak, was said to be a delightful place—first class for both man and beast. All visitors of the Luther Melancthon Schracks were treated as guests and friends, including Joaquin Murieta, in the home-like atmosphere about the house, marked by refinement and culture. They had suffered reverses through the Civil War. "L. M.," born in Pennsylvania, had served as secretary and adviser to Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, as a young man, it is said. He was informed in politics and government. Their library was well-stocked. The home was visited by the finest of travelers, and it exuded southern hospitality, making the stopover a "very pleasant experience" for teamsters. When the Schrack house burned, in remembrance and with gratitude for many kindnesses, the teamster "mountaineers" delivered shakes and sawed lumber and helped them rebuild "to live in graciousness and die honored and respected." Such was the genuineness of the mountain folk! Schrack Mountain continues to honor them.

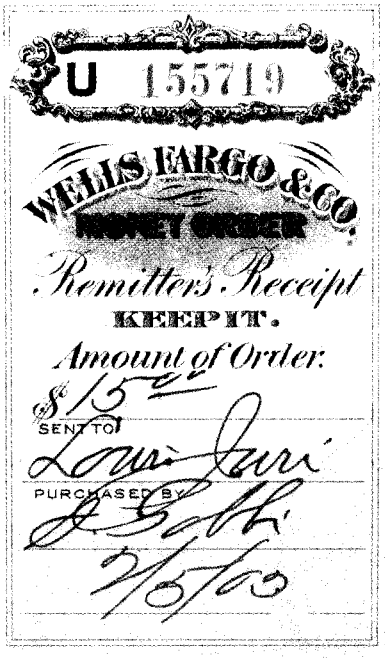
Flume House—family-run by the French Pillons—provided the cozy cottage atmosphere of southern France. Teamsters always found reason to put up overnight there! Even if they arrived unduly early! A bottle of fine claret was "thrown in" with every meal, at no charge, to accompany the imported cheese (fromage), delicious, highly seasoned soups, black coffee, and candied sweet treats.

Such a meal prepared a team driver for the run of the Asbury grade to the top of Stockton Hill—there to view again the magnificent panorama of the Butte and of the Sierra Nevada—and from there to begin to drop down the steep grade of east Stockton Hill with its prospect holes as numerous as honeycomb cells—to roll, thud and rattle over the lava road, worn to resemble a ditch, skirting the hillside edge, then head down the steep slope headin' of Main, to pull up at last with a loud resounding "Whoa!" at the Leger!

There it was at last! Always with the best and the worst of the county—miners, gamblers, government officials, merchants, blacksmiths, hotelmen, bar-keepers, liverymen, wood choppers, "professionals"—chiefly men of every nation, tongue, and creed—the dynamic intermingling of people experiencing the excitement and youthful surge of a growing, booming town—Mokelumne Hill in its hectic and wild days of mining, teaming, governing, scheming, and dreaming!

By 1853, there was some general telegraph service. The Alta Telegraph Company from Mokelumne to Abbey's Ferry (above Parrot's), with forty miles of line, was in operation on the Stanislaus. California had two companies—California State Telegraph Company of San Francisco with its local lines, and Alta Telegraph of Sacramento, with 500 miles of wire completed in 1854 and extended to Mokelumne Hill, San Andreas, and Sonora, and onward to Stockton to connect with the California State Telegraph Company wires 210 miles northward to Marysville. In 1856, there were 800 miles of line. Seventy to eighty companies served the United States with 45,000 miles of line constructed at $150 per mile for wires, posts, and labor. With a skillful performer and good batteries, Morse telegraphers could transmit eight to nine thousand code letters per hour.

In 1860, William Moses was Mokelumne's operator-agent for U.S. Wells Fargo, serving to 1865. Then telegraph service from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and the Western Union Transcontinental Service (October 1864) brought speedier ties to folks left behind, eager to reunite, or to those yet to arrive on Ellis Island—the great wave of immigrants to come—from southern Europe after the 1870s, bringing only their bundles of hope—for the opportunity for a better life—the "steerage boat people" of the nineteenth century. Mokelumne Hill and her neighbor, Jackson, were blessed with their share of those, who left their mark. Many lost their lives in their efforts in America's gold production. Many found success in other areas to aid the development of the region.



Wells Fargo & Co. receipt. The other side reads: "In the event of delay or loss of the order, the amount will be refunded on presentation of THIS RECEIPT and the execution of an agreement to refund."



Centre Street view, 1920s, with post office, telephone exchange, and town bench. Locust trees border the street. At left, site of present town park.

In 1882, the Italian Raggios—John, Ernest, and Dick—as manager of headquarters in San Andreas—made their contribution. They had entered the stage business in Calaveras County. In 1900, their expanded business covered 200 miles of roads in the Southern Mines. Lines ran from San Andreas to Jackson via Mokelumne Hill and from Valley Springs to Jackson via Paloma and the Gwin Mine.

There were ten stages in daily use with ten drivers and seventy horses. The stages carried passengers, mail and Wells Fargo and Company gold shipments. Most of the gold of the area traveled on these lines—gold of the quartz of the Mother Lode and the hydraulics—gold traveling "horse and buggy" into the new century of frenzied finance—of rapid, revolutionary technical changes.

The advent of a most welcome telephone service after 1878 at The Hill simplified communication, somewhat, in a town of steep hills located in a region that still has challenging roads crossing great distances. But, by 1885, the town's population had fallen to 600. It continued its decline to near demise—to the status of a "ghost town"—and presented its own communication—that of the silence of its quiet destiny.



Transportation and communication systems of Mokelumne Hill in the late 1920s. Sturges Store, later Frank Peek, at left.

Scene 3

Hostelries

The rapidity of growth of the gold camps demanded the development of amenities and comforts. Mokelumne Hill, mushrooming to fulfill her status as "center of civilization," quickly responded to meet the need. With speed, there emerged signs: HOTEL! HOTEL! HOTEL! An 1853 reporter gave a typical explanation: "I remained at Moquelumne Hill in a holey old canvas hotel. The running water was accompanied by wind. But the hotel suffered no feelings of guilt since it wasn't much worse than its neighbors," the "hotels" of the days of 1849. There were no chairs, beds or bedclothes except blankets in which newcomers experienced equality of discomfort. Boots served as head rests. Sometimes there were suites of bedrooms fitted up and for the sole use of ladies. Yet, with varying degrees of quality, there remained sufficient assurance that the comfortable, non-transient residents—the fleas, bedbugs, and lice—would give welcome.

"Hotels" there were—inns and boarding houses—among them the long-lived Lafayette Hotel (1850-1870) operated by the Moses Fergusons on the north side of Lafayette; the Washington Hotel of H. Oettinger (1850s-1860s), to become the McLean and Horan, on south Main; the Monitor Hotel of Frederick Mayer (1853-1894) on southeast Centre and Back Street; the Union Hotel of Henry Root, purchased by Henry Atwood for $2,000 (1855-1865)—the first three-story stone building in town, located at Main and Centre and destroyed by the 1865 fire; the picturesque United States Hotel of Daniel Lamphear (1854) on the corner of Centre and Sturges Alley, which evolved to the Golden Eagle Hotel (1863); the Mariposa Hotel; and finally, the famed Peek Inn, owned and operated from the 1920s to 1948 by Edward V. Norton.

Only one is still in operation, and it receives constant acclaim in both picture and story—Mokelumne's Leger Hotel. Its history is long, and its names have been many. On May 31, 1853, Alexis Yacht sold the hotel, then the Hotel de France, to Frenchman George W. Leger, immigrant from Hesse Kassel, Prussia. It is presumed the conflagration of 1854 destroyed it. The lower floor of the present building was reconstructed that year of brick and rhyolite with four French doors and four windows facing Main Street. There was a small overhang. By 1858, its name shifted to Hotel de L'Europe, and it served as the site of luxurious accommodations and outstanding French cuisine.



I.O.O.F. Building with its balconies and adjoining Golden Eagle Hotel (Peek Inn) with its dormer windows—and watering trough to accommodate both horses and early cars.



Hotel Leger, circa 1930s.



Baldwin Hotel, located on West Centre Street.

The ballroom, at the rear, accommodated socials of note such as the Calico Party (Ball) of that year held by the ladies of Mokelumne as a benefit. Such gatherings began as early as 1852 in the camps as opportunities for "exchange of civilities." Formal, fancy invitations were issued, listing both managers and floor managers—a long list, many arriving from distant camps. There were two or three times as many men as women. The men arrived cologned and in white shirts; the women in the best calicos or Sunday dress. The cotillion was the dance of the day. A five-dollar fee included supper, which featured such items as oyster soup, special candies, and pound cake. Sometimes political speeches in support of the Democrats or Whigs (1834-1853), especially when Whigs became Republicans in 1854, were added entertainment for the all-night affairs. Daylight, and often the faithful, sober horses aided the weary participants in homeward journeys.

The great distances and slow travel engendered musings for reliving the momentous experiences of the memorable social evenings, such as: The Grand German, Leap Year, Odds and Ends, and Valentine Balls, and those to honor George Washington.

In 1860, Edward Vischner recorded that the hotel was an establishment "half-way between a German beer hall and a French restaurant." After the fire of 1874, the hostelry acquired a second-story addition over the vacated courthouse and a new name, "The Grand Hotel."

The year 1879 proved devastating. The ballroom of the hotel, which had served for fifteen years, since 1864 when extensive refurbishing had taken place, burned. Also in 1879, George W. Leger died. He had operated the hotel for twenty-six years with grace, efficiency and pride, offering "the best that money can obtain."

The name again changed when George Muffs became the proprietor. It became Hotel Leger and remained so until 1900, when it was called Hexter House for a brief period. (The Hexters were long associated with the town's Jewish business community, with family ties to the Weils, Strausses, Mayers, and Schraggs.) A later change, to the Harry Greves family (Frank W. Suessdorf, son-in-law, was the operator in 1906), restored the name Hotel Leger, which continues to this day to honor its early-day owner-operator—the successful emigre—and brings reflection of its influence on the now long past, as well as on more recent events of note. There are many tales.

The early-day Leger Hotel register was granted, in the 1930s, to historian R. Coke Wood for the Murphy's Museum by Myron Greve. The registrants reflect a distinguished roster of guests, including Prince Poniatowski. The establishment continued to interest illustrious visitors, among them Richard M. Nixon, Republican vice-presidential candidate, who made a mid-morning whistle stop visit on his 1952 campaign tour of Amador and Calaveras counties.

Word of Nixon's arrival sped quickly. Official greeters of the Republican Central Committee—among them Eletha Potter McSorley and the writer, with Myron Greve, Percy Peek, and Oswald Lombardi—gave welcome and escorted him into the historic, spacious barroom where awaited the contingent of enthusiastic Republicans and curious, dubious Democrats and the customary, indifferent barstool occupants. There followed the usual round of introductions and political commentary, sufficient to arouse the regular barstool imbibers to descend from their favorite spots of social elevation and mingle—shake hands—join the well-wishers with their lighter trivia. All eyes were spotlighted on the honored candidate.

Then the happening! Lithesome, nimble Nixon—lightning-like—leaped atop a barroom game table—and stood tall—stately and impressive. His trenchant, stirring words of challenge resounded beyond the Leger's ancient walls. Only he was unaware that his performance was a partial repeat enactment of the hundred years earlier bandit of The Leger—Joaquin Murieta. But unlike Murieta, Nixon failed to carry off his bag—that of Watergate tricks. If only he had "stood as tall" as in The Leger in his later successes as thirty-sixth President of the United States. He became the first to resign the office—from which he was being forced by the three articles of impeachment presented in the judicial proceedings before Congress.



The Harry Randolph Greve family. Wife Emma (McCarty), daughter May (Main), and son Myron. Harry Greve (and his son, Myron) owned the historic Leger Hotel in Mokelumne Hill for more than sixty years. The Leger, established in the 1850s by George W. Leger as the Hotel de L'Europe, is still in operation and is a popular rendezvous for Calaveras residents and visitors alike.

The historic hotel continues to draw interest as the focal point of the town, having survived the Great Depression days as both hotel and family residence for Myron and Eva Pena Greve and their young son, Donald, who were aided in the operation by Eva's sister, Lulu Ware. It was a management of hard workers, accommodating, considerate, honest, and trusting. All was kept spotless. There was a great effort to please "in the spirit of George Leger," though hotel income was meager. (The writer was a hotel resident of good fortune in the luxury wing—in the critical years, often its sole occupant (1934-1941). Room rent (with hot and cold water) was fifteen dollars per month. Breakfasts were fifty to seventy-five cents. Dinner, for one dollar and a quarter, included soup, salad, entree, dessert, and coffee.) All deals were on monthly credit, with no transactions billed, and payments due were accepted without question—truly an appreciated experience of trust, and gracious and grateful living.

The bar served with distinction as the only place in town where a milkshake was available and as a gathering place for social exchange for men and a few senior citizen ladies who arrived each late afternoon for their little nip. The dining room—the present parlor lobby—retained its white linen tablecloths. And Myron's "office"—a small area at the rear of the barroom (now a dining room)—served exclusively as the "hide-away" for many a small gathering of a few unforgettable town folk who spun their yarns of varied weights and colors and untangled the knots of daily depression life in friendly banter, memorable discourse and humorous drama as they gambled to provide the hoped-for winnings and much-needed comic relief with small stakes in poker and blackjack—in recreation of the Leger atmosphere of the days of old. The evening's "pot of gold" was the happening. Eva, of Mexican heritage—buxom and jovial—an avid fan, kept her eye on the door and all in control!

The Harry Greve family members operated the hotel for sixty years, until 1966, when it was sold to Bob Rosenthal and Associates of San Francisco. New, innovative, attractive renovations were made to further enhance the comfort and pleasures but still retain the hotel's distinguished history as a hostelry. A town newcomer breathlessly approached a native, long-time participant of the "office" gatherings and inquired, "Have you been to The Leger yet to see the atmosphere?" With blue eyes a-twinkle in grace of thought of the usual witticism, a broad, reflective smile-response followed, "We are the atmosphere." And so they were—and thus it was—The Leger.

The hotel continues to operate despite periodic changes of management. Its true atmosphere remains deservedly constant. May it ever be so!

Scene 4

Signs of the Times

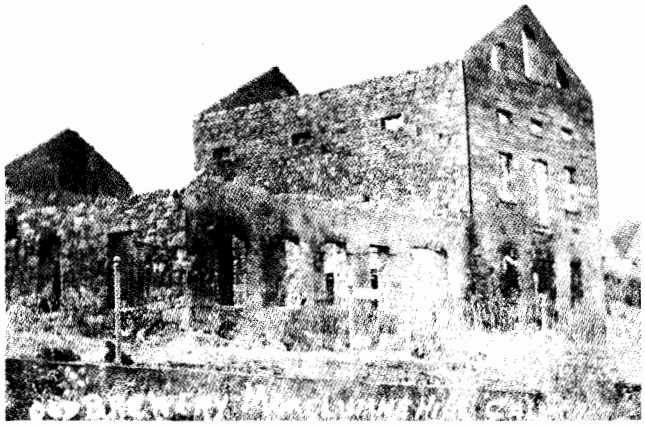
To serve the needs of daily life of the bustling gold camps, despite difficulties of transportation and communication, business enterprises had developed rapidly to formulate an exceedingly thriving community by 1860. Prevalent conditions forced the use of existing or latent talents, creativity and ingenuity for survival. SIGNS WERE EVERYWHERE—in many languages. Newcomers often required aid for deciphering! Patronizing the local businesses, then, needed no urging!

The Adams Express Office (1850), begun in 1849 with thirty-four offices in the East and Midwest, along with Wells Fargo (1852), were ready and willing to buy and ship gold—the five million dollars worth said to have been carried as bullion from the mines to the San Francisco mint and payrolls in coins from the city's banks.

Samuel Louis Davidson, a native of Germany who had arrived via New York in 1850, established a makeshift store which displayed the sale articles on a clothesline. Red and blue miners' shirts sold for a half ounce of gold dust. A local bakery, built in 1852 by John McLean, a Scottish immigrant, baked soda crackers as well as the homeland's famed shortbread, scones and other delectable goodies until 1898. He had rebuilt his structure after the fire in 1874. The bakery remained in operation until the mid-thirties and is being restored.

Bill Sturges conducted a business from the Sturges Stone Store, constructed either by the Chinese or the local skilled Irish or Italian stone masons. L. Mayer and Son supplied groceries (1854)—everything from bakalar to caviar! Frederick Mayer, a Bavarian baker from New York, served baked goods from 1851 to 1853. Then he operated The Monitor and developed his fifty-five-acre vineyards to start a wine cellar in 1871 that made him one of the richest men of the town.

Jacob Biebrich Brewery (1850) was in operation on West Main. The J. C. Gebhardt Mokelumne Hill Brewery (1855), which joined with Staecher in 1862, produced 2,250 gallons of lager beer per week. Located at South Church Street, it boasted: "Manufacture the very best in the county. Supply beer at places of business free of charge. Team makes weekly trips to all parts of the county." The stone brewery also boasted an outdoor beer garden! It could be assumed that the existing German Concert Society performed there regularly and during the German festivals, where gathered the county's German populace, Mokelumne being the major center of Calaveras Germans. The handsomely constructed two-story rhyolite establishment became the Hemminghofen and Suessdorf Brewery in 1870 "at Gebhardt's Old Stand servicing any part of this and Amador County"—with tunnels in the rhyolite to keep the brew cool. In 1859, Goodwin's Brewery (later the Pacific) had entered the beer making competition.



The J. C. Gebhardt Mokelumne Hill Brewery (1855) became the Hemminghofen and Suessdorf Brewery in 1870. Here 2,250 gallons of lager beer were produced per week. There was an outdoor beer garden.

The Antelope Restaurant advertised "Game—in its season—and oysters fresh out of shell—raw, stewed and fried—and the more available as salmon, trout, sturgeon, quail, dove, hare, coon, squirrel, bear, deer and hawks." Signs to entice international food sampling appeared in abundance.

Isidor Sokowlowski (1860s-1870), native of Prussia, born in 1813, advertised "General Merchandise—Warranted and delivered free of charge! Recollect the place!

Centre Street opposite Milner's Drug Store." Nice, free advertising for Milner, or was payment made at the saloon? Beer or cognac? Not sarsaparilla! Milner sold sarsaparilla—advertised as "Purifies blood, cures scrofula, rheumatism, stubborn ulcers, dyspepsia, liver complaint, consumption, over drinking, debility and female problems." Sokolowski died in 1870 at age fifty-seven. He is buried in the Jewish Cemetery.

Ailments reflected a changed society's needs as well as its stresses. Hexter-Adler (1858) provided groceries—the bulk crackers, pickles, salted mackerel, pickled pigs' feet, smoked salmon, ham and cheese—the hors d'oeuvres of the times, relished without TV enticement.

Madame Elsie Golinelli served as a store owner in 1857 in Happy Valley when Madam Julie Adele Vandelle arrived from France in 1860 to join her husband, Pierre, and practice her trade learned in Paris—that of dressmaking. She designed high fashion for Edwin Taylor's family of Railroad Flat and Mary Ann McManus, who married Orrion Ames. The Baudins of the settlement established a winery to provide the best "French champagne" of the diggin's.

A. Straus's Boston Fancy Store offerings (1855) as veils, latest fashion dresses, corsets, petticoats, camisoles, farthingales, crinolines, lace jabots, stylish hats for men and women, cut-away coats, gloves, silk and velvet vests, hat pins, gauntlets, stick pins, fob watches, white shirts, doe skin pants, ivory and tortoise combs, brushes, mirrors, fans, special design jewelry, silver, fancy cut glass, trunks and valises; and those treasures of the diamond stores, with available service of the alcalde or justice of the peace, the ministers or priests served to aid marriages, both hasty and otherwise. Proof, that picture to send home or for posterity, was granted through posing in Conrad's Daguerrotypes.

In 1865, Myher Davidson's "One Price Store" engaged itself in branch merchandise: "Direct ties to San Francisco wholesale and retail. Latest arrivals of gents' clothing, books, shoes, boys' clothing, carpets and oil cloths." Strictly a male chauvinist operation! In 1874, his ad reads: "Ladies, misses and children's staple and Fancy Dry Goods—Hats with a full supply of trimmings—All the latest styles—Goods not "Shopworn"—Gaiters, balmorals, slippers—Astonishingly low rates. Sell at fair, living profit." Changes—both social and economic—had affected advertising and business.

The Rapetto and Rogers Stone Store Building (1854) eventually housed a wheelwright; later the Louis Baldwin Hotel. Charles Gardella as owner (after 1906) operated an undertaking parlor on the lower floor of the residence—Mokelumne's exceptionally early equal opportunity act for housing both the living and the dead.

Job Strange operated a barley mill to accommodate the barley growers and malt manufacturers. The many signs: SALOON — INN — TAVERN guaranteed that the parched throats of miners, lumberjacks, carpenters, mule skinners, tanners, tobacconists, teamsters, woodwrights, stone masons, wheelwrights, saddlers, tinsmiths, cobblers and farmers, as well as "professionals," were quenched as they quaffed. Liquor shops sold both hard liquors and wines—superlative brands—by the bottle, earthenware jug, keg, barrel, or wicker-encased demijohns, and provided the needed celebration supplies purchased by the few lucky grooms and consumed with gusto by guests in the well-wishing revelry expected at the charavari (shivaree) hostings. Pensley's Fountain Saloon and John Worth's Drinking Saloon accommodated the populace in 1855.

By 1853, did a Sons of Temperance evolve at The Hill as in Calaveras' nearby Volcano? There were saloons in abundance: Don Miguel Hugnez Fandango Saloon (1851), the Cornucopia (1859) and Sazarac (1864). The Charles Grundy Saloon (1850) became the telegraph office in 1890, the post office in 1898, and Dr. Simon Stuckey's office, thereafter, for a long period. Distinguished service for "a small building." In 1853, the Italians had a gaming room. Profit, perhaps, prompted the opening of the Italian Stone Store in 1854. In 1858, operated by Doppelo and Company, and in 1863, in competition with D. Raggio Stone store, did they initiate the sale of polenta, pastas, olive oil, herbs, and garlic in promotion of the future outstanding Italian cuisine of the gold country now being accorded high status as good nutrition?

The store turned Chinese, operating until 1897 as the Chung Kee Mercantile Company. (Then, Ah Fou, store assistant, traveled with his wife to China for six months.) The Nan Chung and Sing Choy stores were in competition in the 1880s. Bowling (1851) and "Billiard tables in perfect order for amateurs" were advertised. Hexter and Schrag joined as partners in a butcher business (1885), where sawdust was more prolific than refrigeration, and "soup bone" purchases as prevalent and consistent as the sawdust. The large chopping block was central to the operation, and visible "scraps" eliciting "for the dog, please," the "doggy bags" of the days of '49 and long thereafter, were unquestionable requests for gratuities. (In 1851, eleven fresh beef shops had served the village.)

In 1861, Mrs. Moses Furguson is listed as a female hotel proprietor—of Lafayette House. Did she acquire her titles by way of expressing with Lucy Stone (1855) her feminine views of women's rights as in the "Want Ads" of the day? "Husband wanted to wash, cook, sew, card, weave, hoe and rock the cradle—the gold rocker!" One of those few, true Mother Lode businesswomen of vigor, independent spirit and achievement who proved her ability to compete and cope in surviving the rigors demanded? And could she purchase the "Woman's Journal" (1869)—the woman's suffrage weekly in The Hill's Jewish tobacco shops?

Jewish merchant Samuel Louis Davidson joined with Samuel Somers (later Davidson and Samuel Charter Peek, in 1866). Davidson began in the earlier Hodapp and Friend Store (1854)—opposite The Leger—which dealt in hardware and crockery, wines and liquors, groceries and provisions. It later moved to the vacated courthouse space and became the first large merchandise store, forerunner of modern times "one stop"—the Christmas shopping place! Everything wanted by the family for the family- "fashion apparel for both sexes, books, toys, and musical instruments." Everything to satisfy the need for something to put under the candle-lighted Christmas tree. As general supplies of the holiday season dwindled quickly, did the number of musicians-to-be increase? And were there complaints of noise pollution? The store continued to 1918. In 1855, the Centre Market provided hardware and groceries.

L. Weil Tobacco Shop (1858) offered "world-wide newspapers, books, playing cards, chessmen, Lucine Fluid, candies, dried fruits, and tobacco—cigars, plugs, cans, cigarettes, snuff, papers and pipes, the proprietor unaware that he was contributing to early deaths by cancer.

The Mokelumne Hill Histrionic Association (1852) and Calaveras Theater productions offered entertainment. Minstrel shows periodically advertised traveling performances. They were sometimes performed on the street. There were local productions even into the 1930s. Early day Bull and Bear Fights and Circus (two nights) on John Shear's Circus Lot opposite County Jail (1857) were signs to arouse excitement. Did the melodic strains of the barrel organ and the roar of the lion collide over Steep Gulch with the resounding Chinese Temple gong and the clashing cymbals?

Much-needed blacksmith shops, including T. S. Louttit, famed wagon builder (1852), came into existence in the early 1850s. Such sights, smells and sounds! Each



Mokelumne Hill's days of violent acts included the then-popular bull and bear fights enacted in the French and Negro Hill area. A specially constructed large arena served the event (1852). Admission was $2.50.

brawny smith heaving his heavy hammer as he pounded the molten iron on the anvil! The sight and crackle of red-hot sizzling coals energizing to the wheezing swish, swish, swish of the bellows! The equally red-hot, glowing metal being forged and dipped sputteringly into the cool tank-water! The burning hooves of tired, patient horses eagerly awaiting new shoes! (Such pungent, biting odors still float in smoky wisps of childhood memories refired!) The days of automobiles were slow to arrive.

Store owners Michael Abels, Gustav Danielwicz (1858) and Samuel Abrahams engaged in lively conversations of competition with each other as well as with Irish Mahoney, stone mason of note. Was it Mahoney who provided the brandy for the Irish Spree to Irish miners and politician celebrants of George Washington's birthday for their toasts, to keep in practice for the coming Saint Patrick's Day: "Here's to George Washington! May his memory and glory be as lasting as the Rock of Ages!"

About 1859, there appeared an intriguing "For Sale" sign in gold camp merchandise establishments. The product of Levi Strauss, Jewish-American sail-maker and emigrant to the West! He arrived in San Francisco, to join his sister, with a large excess of sail cloth canvas no longer

needed for ship repairs. He had hoped for future profit. Strauss visited the gold camps, possibly The Hill.

Immediately sensing the need of prospectors and gold miners for more durable, cheap trousers, he saw a use for his fabric! He employed a saddle maker to reinforce canvas pants at the strain points with brassy-copper rivets. Creativity met with success! LEVIS appeared! Sturdy! Cheap! When the canvas supply ran out, blue jean cloth (denim), long manufactured in the East, became the substitute for the close-fitting riveted canvas trousers—the gold camp standard miner's and working man's pants and symbol of the western cowboy including those developing the wide open ranges of Mokelumne into Calaveras cattle ranches.

The ubiquitous LEVIS—with prestigious cut and label —now command world-wide respect and are worn by genuine and urban cowboys and cowgirls—the fashion conscious who willingly pay the twentieth century "robbers"—those of the high fashion industry—as much as $80 to $120 per pair for the "derriere label"—a unique transmogrification of canvas—from ship sails to brassy-sexy sales, with the "pitch" as high and frequent in the television commercials of the early 1980s as it was on the high seas of "round the Horn" clipper ship travels.

As drift, deep shaft, and hydraulic mining developed, the tough fabric riveted Levi's (and bib overalls with brassy buttons and suspender buckles) remained in great demand, and blue denim work shirts became the counterpart of the workingman's clothes. With them, the "Miner's Friend Variety Store," stocked mining tools, round, tiered, compartmented lunch pails, carbide lamps, flints, miners' caps and hats, India rubber knee and hip boots, "oil skin clothes"—the yellow waterproof pants, slickers and hats, and greater varieties of American-grown tobacco—air-cured White Burley (1864) for "Segars—choicest brands and finest flavors"—and for chewin' and spittin', for snuffin', sniffin', and puffin'. Meerschaum, gutta percha and short-stemmed clay pipes (1869) had been joining or replacing the corn cobs used by both men and women. Mokelumne's Jewish tobacco merchants fared well. Moments of relaxation were treasured! Moments of relaxation were needed!

Manifestations of a cosmopolitan community of merchants and vendors through the years—the "melting pot subjects"—provided the wares and the array of services and shoppers' delights; the personal touch of social exchange, free delivery, credit—with or without "tags," and, when payment was made, a small discount or token of appreciation—fruit, candy, cookies, a "segar" or "drink on the house," accepted with the same mutual humility and grace as in the offer. In retrospect, deep feelings of nostalgia arise for the loss—the loss of the gold camp "exchanges of civilities" superceded by the technocracy of this computer age.

SIGNS OF SIGNIFICANCE TO ALL were those of the "professionals"—the doctors, dentists, druggists, and health spa operators, though home remedies were most common, as Dr. George Fischer (1854) and Dr. M. L. Cozine (1851-59) learned.

Doctors arrived in the gold camps with their $100 to $200 medicine chests and often opened drug stores where each served the community as confidante, counselor, and advisor. The advice was both admired and ignored. "Tried every doctor—or things they call doctors. Paid all my gold. They left me worse in health." Doctors charged eight dollars for a home visit and sixteen to fifty dollars for a visit "in the country." "Foreigners" had more faith in God and garlic!

Yet business had to be good for such early establishments: Dr. J. N. Angier, dentist, located himself over Dr. Louis Soher's Mokelumne Hill Drug Store (1859).

Doctors dispensed remedies for the common bodily injuries and prevailing illnesses including those unmentionable: over-exertion, earaches, toothaches, carbuncles, colic, chills, fevers, chilblains, blisters, sun strokes, insect bites and stings, and the more serious prevalent cholera (1850), scurvy, malaria, melancholia, dysentery, mumps, measles, diphtheria, smallpox, chicken pox, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, child bed fever, yellow jaundice, diarrhea, PLUS flux, gravel, piles, gout, and the itching of poison oak. Recognition required education!

Patients and customers were grateful for all remedies offered from whatever the source; so there were augurs and the plant remedies of both native plants and of imports yet thriving—some to excess as weeds in the Mokelumne environment: Mullein, oak galls, mistletoe, horehound, horsetail, maidenhair fern, elderberry, star thistle, licorice, rose hips, chamomile, cypress fruit, flax seed (linseed), black mulberry, poplar, catalpa, bitter almond, broom, mallow, onion, pine, horse chestnut, white oak (bark) juniper, dog wood, dandelion root, peppermint and calomel; PLUS gun powder, kerosene, vinegar, ammonia, rhubarb and soda, red pepper, oxide of iron, morphine, charcoal, camphor, laudanum, ipecac, paregoric, asafedita, quinine, sticking salve and mustard plasters. There was always brandy and the brandy rub! And as earlier times preventatives, castor oil and senna tea—hard on systems as well as on shoes!

Gradually, pills of all shapes, sizes, and colors appeared —visible in the doctors' black leather medical bags as they made their house calls.

The grocer eventually readily provided the remedy for those discreet, fastidious, emotionally-wrought ladies— the bottles of vanilla extract, often delivered by the passerby school children, who never received, in gratitude, the expected piece of cake.

Some of the few women in the earliest gold camps found life difficult in their new environment. They were isolated and lonely. It was unpleasant to walk streets where no sewers existed and have to take to the center to avoid the eventual lolling, yodeling, hawking, spitting drunks and town loafers—the "pickers" awaiting the rainy season to make the lucky strike.

Dr. Adolph H. Hoerchner, German physician from Saxony, born about 1823, was among the many professionals. With E. B. Robertson, he operated the Miner's Drugstore. Their advertisement read: "Physicians, Surgeons and Accoucheurs—We can offer superior inducements to ladies who are suffering with those affections peculiar to females."

When the placers had given out, he established a sanitorium at nearby Pleasant Springs (five miles east) for worn out miners and indigents who received county aid. In 1857, he served there as postmaster; from 1865 to 1870 as county coroner. Young, compassionate Dr. Hoerchner died, unfortunately, at the age of forty-seven.

Charles Clarke (Clarke Street) assisted in health care with the operation of his Hydropathic Institute and Electro-Chemical Baths. There was a gym with accommodating stables and livery stages. (In 1851, only the horses jogged!) It was thought that cholera, rampant since 1849, was the result of a lack of electrical forces in the body. "The remedial virtues of these baths are beyond gainsay. Let the weary be refreshed and the sick be made whole"—"relief from rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaints, Flour Albus, Nettle Rash, and Poison Oak, gout, chronic nervous contraction and pulmonic," read his ad.

Mr. John L. Britten, social analyst and forerunner of the modern health approach, a dancing teacher, advertised his Dance School in 1861 as a "means to remedy the physical and psychic ills of health as well as social grace."

William Ratz Barber Shop (1850-1870), with five barber chairs, served creatively and well to trim, shape, and style beards, moustaches and hair or to smooth the hirsute. His ad also read, "Washington Baths and Showers" (1855). Combination businesses to aid in the growing interest in body cleanliness came into fashion and were commonly operated by "Ethiopians"—those members of the black community—and were a much-needed contribution. The "good ol' days of '49" for fleas, lice and bedbugs would soon be falling to oblivion.

Progress was leaving its mark! It was said that Dr. L. Soher, "eminent physician," diagnosed two gentlemen's cases of itching as a feverish condition of the blood due to change from the cool air of their ocean journey to The Hill's dry atmosphere. He recommended laxatives. After several weeks of double discomfort and further consultation, the cause was discovered. Lice! Being the true gentlemen they were, they paid the distinguished doctor sixty-five dollars each, glad to be rid of him and them. Recognition required education!

Chinatown displayed SIGNS in the best calligraphy available, yet decipherable by but a few! Trade centers through the years abounded, serving the people's own needs and specialties to satisfy and retain the traditions of an ancient culture. Gulch stores such as Hip Ching and Company China Store (1851), Wing Lee and Company (1858), Sam Yih and Company, Ung Yee and Company, Ton Sing, and Tony Wha and Company (1880), supplied the meat, fish, rice, rice flour, ginger root, star anise, lichee nuts, lotus roots and seeds, spices, exotic dried fish, rice cakes, dried coconut and candied ginger, as well as the simple household items, work tools and baskets, temple worship and recreational wants. Lang Hing and Company, with others, aided in delivery with a Spanish horse and two Jacks to bring supplies to work sites.

The Loo Son (Doctor Shop) was perhaps among those to provide as supplements to family remedies a display of a stock of curative herbs and paraphernalia used in the practice of traditional Chinese medicine of antiquity—five to six hundred items—to restore the harmony of Ying and Yang with remedies of vegetable, animal, and mineral. Drugs and herbs, first imported, were made visible—those used for centuries as medicine, with each special prescription of brewed bitter tea containing ten to fifteen varieties; wormwood, mugwort, aconite, artemesia, camphor, ginseng, Indian hemp (cannabis), rhubarb and ephedrine with kaolin, iron and castor oil, enriched with local supplies, all to be combined in practice with ancient techniques of smallpox inoculations, plasters, and hydrotherapy (cold baths to lower fevers).

Acupuncture and moxibustion surely aided to give the "sympathetic magic" to the gulch people and bring comfort in times of emotional and physical injury and illness. Since the majority of Chinese had no access to western medicine, those times were many! Pulse diag-

nosis determined the beat for indicating the condition of each vital organ, with twelve pulses distinguishable. The tea prescribed conformed to the beat reading until health was restored. An Kews Saloon (1858) made gaoling and mau tai available for lifting the spirits of the ghettoed Chinese.

So there were many medical failures as well as successes and many signs of sadness. In 1868, the general community was affected. Michael Abels, age fifty, Jewish dry goods merchant, died. There was grave concern. A town business loss, too! His inventory was appraised in excess of $2,400. "Will it go on the auction block or on sale? Good stock! Mantillas $5, gingham 14¢ per yard, silk cravats $1, calf boots $2.50 to $4.00, vests $3.50, corsets $1, underdrawers $1.25, business coats $6-$15, tooth brushes $1 per dozen." He was buried beside his wife, Rachel, who preceded him at age forty-five, in Mokelumne's Jewish Cemetery.

As in other gold camps, death was common. Hazards of mining were many. In 1859-60, the death rate for women was 22 percent higher than for men, including violent deaths, the main causes being melancholia and child bed fever. Innumerable children died—many at birth despite the sincere concern and care of family members, sometimes aided by midwives. The wake, commonly held in the home of the deceased, was expressive of civility, sociability, and sorrow as the consoling guests "sat up" in respect of the corpse. Outward expression of crying and wailing was expected and anticipated. Food and liquor in abundance broke up the long night's vigil as well as some guests, who proved themselves unable to do the required "sit up." Following the early Irish wake of tradition, Irish men dressed in black trousers and grey shirts, took turns carrying the bier to the grave site.

When death did not come at the hands of the grim reaper in normal fashion or from the widespread and frequent epidemics, it came unexpectedly early for many. Violence existed! Violence remained for a long period! Bad social conditions definitely made living dangerous. The so-called "good guys" did not always alleviate problems. A Vigilance Committee had been formed in 1851.

SIGNS OF VIGILANCE COMMITTEE MEETINGS—James Hughes' Saloon—appeared. Judges, doctors, and the sheriff were invited to membership to add respectability. Self-appointed members served as an active police force. The group met often—from fear and necessity—at secret meeting places to determine the fate of others. They tried and executed with hanging, even for theft, or ran individuals out of town. Gongs sounded to foretell of serious trouble.

George H. Campbell, town saloon keeper, appointed to serve as the county's second judge by Governor Bigler (1852), gave the committee the strength and color of law and order as he filled the Chair with all six feet six inches of self, robed in importance. Major Goodwin, who thought himself destiny named, was well-qualified to discharge his dictatorial duties as vice-chairman. William L. Zuber, secretary, skillfully kept secret the "hang-ups" of the members, including Dr. Teal and Dr. Day—those "doctors" who charged an ounce of gold to "look at your tongue"—as he publicly recorded the literal as well as the physical "hang 'em up" sentences, the repetition serving best his scholarly ignorance to record. John Hanson, sheriff of the county, aided the do-gooders as the victims "stood trial" no longer than they "stood" at the gallows or "stood" in town. The committee dissolved in 1852. Their infamy has not! Five men were hanged by the committee in five days.

In 1852, the county jail was at the rear of the lot adjoining the Leger Hotel. In 1853, McNish's warehouse and a lot on the hill north of town was purchased for the county jail.

Though law and justice revealed instances of fairness, the June 30, 1860 issue of the *San Andreas Independent* indicated its concern: "This is a fearful calendar of crime to accumulate on a docket of a court in one year in a county numbering not over 15,000 inhabitants. Over twenty persons were charged with murder or felony." Of the ten persons charged as murderers, five were Chinese; a Negro, a Mexican, a Chilean, and two non-designated constituted the remainder.

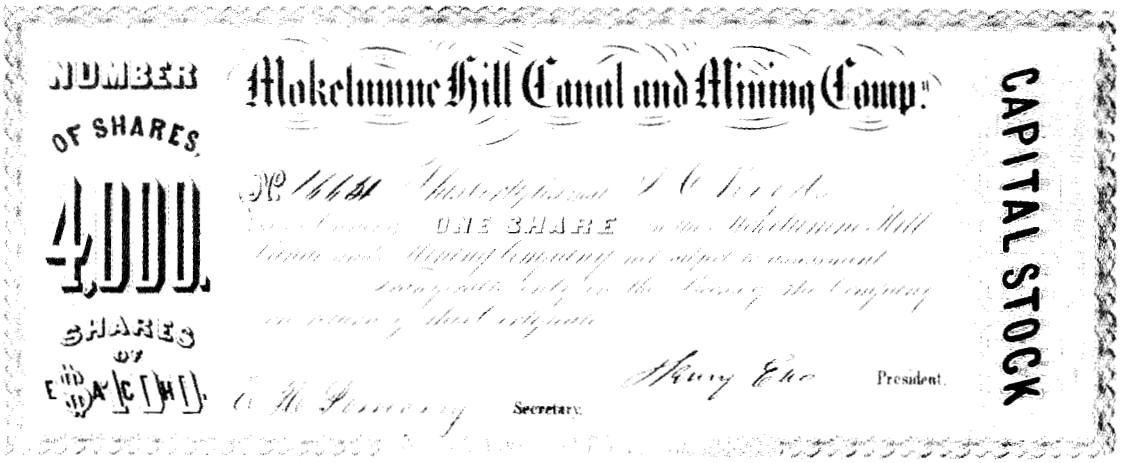
Trials were held in the courthouse. Five men were sentenced to hang in 1860.

A new jail on the east side of the old jail building was constructed in October 1861 and remained until 1866.

"Signs of the times" allows for interesting analyses and imaginings. "It was the best of times; it was the worst of times . . ."

Scene 5

Water Supply



Mokelumne Hill Canal and Mining Camp $100 share certificate.

The urgency of a constant supply of water for mining, mechanical, agricultural and domestic use had brought the development—on November 16, 1852—of the Mokelumne Hill Canal and Mining Company. Two hundred fifty thousand dollars of capital was raised at $100 per share to carry water from the South Fork of the Mokelumne River via a sixteen-mile ridge tunneling, wood flume-ditch system to Mokelumne Hill. Charles B. Vail of Duchess County, New York, miner-architect, designed the water aqueducts. Some of the work was done by Chinese laborers, then becoming a visible part of the population. Water was stored in the town reservoir at the townsite's east end by 1854. A sawmill at Pleasant Springs had provided the lumber for the flumes. Water pipes were laid in the town. Simon Foorman, of the Jewish community, headed the water works. The canal was extended westward to Campo Seco—a flourishing mining camp—an additional sixteen miles. Water was supplied per miner's inch and cost approximately seven dollars per day for a party of five to six.

In 1854, the Canal Company incorporated with Henry Eno as president. Andrews and Cadwaller were engaged to complete a reservoir at Campo Seco. The financial over-extension to $600,000, with court litigations, soon developed to problems of deep stress. Stockholders lost money. A new corporation—Mokelumne Hill and Campo Seco Canal and Mining Company resulted in 1859. Sam L. Prindle became general manager and secretary, serving ably until his death in 1889, with many improvements to his credit. He brought flumes and ditches to Poverty Bar, Chili Camp, Valley Springs, Burson, as well as the Chili Gulch hydraulics.

The system provided the water power for the hoisting, compressing and milling operations of the Gwin Mine. The Bingham Reservoir near Rail Road Flat and the Sandy Gulch Ditch System were shortly brought into the project.



Former Mokelumne Hill-Campo Seco Canal at Flume House in 1961. Photo by Emmett Joy.

Gold, from ancient gravel channels retrieved by water made available for hydraulic mining interests in the 1860s in Spring Gulch and Chili Gulch sites, helped supply additional funds to aid the Union cause during the Civil War, thus assuring local support for men of the camps who volunteered for service. Among them was Mokelumne Hill's Abraham Gradwohl, young Jewish resident, son of Mark Gradwohl, merchant, who answered President Lincoln's call for interpreters. He enlisted as a private on August 21, 1863. (Is it possible that some of the gold laboriously retrieved by the old Miwok Indian woman remembered only by photograph, who was forced to pan gold for her livelihood near her adopted home in the shelter of the banks of the hydraulics now referred to as Old Woman's Gulch, aided in the relief of local enlisted soldiers—or soldier relatives of Argonaut intruders?)

Isaac Foorman eventually secured most of the interest in the company. The Gwin Mine provided the bulk of the income—an excess of $2,000 monthly for the water supply. In 1907, a new corporation developed—Mokelumne River Water and Power Company. Its ditch flourished until a congressional act curtailed hydraulic operations in 1916. Water demands decreased. Revenues fell. Income became insufficient for operational expenses. The ditch delivery system became limited as it fell into disrepair. The company soon was forced to apply to the Railroad Commission to discontinue service as a public utility. A dry period resulted in the early 1930s.

Fortunately, some natural springs and wells existed in the townsite which brought early fame to The Hill. They aided gardens, homes, and the remaining hotels—the Peek Inn and Leger—and businesses during the Depression's dry years. Many a water tank, barrel, tin bucket, copper wash boiler, zinc tub, agateware kettle, glass jug, and bottle were filled at the constantly-flowing soda works spring pipe-stand on Lafayette Street. Many "Rebeccas" met at "the well"—where town gossip bubbled and flowed like the water, since the Depression had taken its toll of telephones. Fetching water was the common chore and social status equalizer.

With the curtailment of an adequate water supply, Mokelumne Hill, San Andreas and vicinities, realizing their future fates as viable communities, formed the Calaveras Public Utility District. Through government assistance and voting of bonds, the Jeff Davis Dam was built on the South Fork of the Mokelumne River for storage purposes. An effective water delivery system is in operation.

The historic Mokelumne Hill Reservoir, with its profusion of tules, frogs, and toads (not to speak of its impurities), evaporated, as do bygone truths to legends, and re-emerged as the Hobbs baseball and soccer field of the Mokelumne Hill Historic Park. From its elevated location, it affords a magnificent panorama of the townsite, its western hills and sunset splendors, as it pays deserved tribute to all who planned and executed the project.

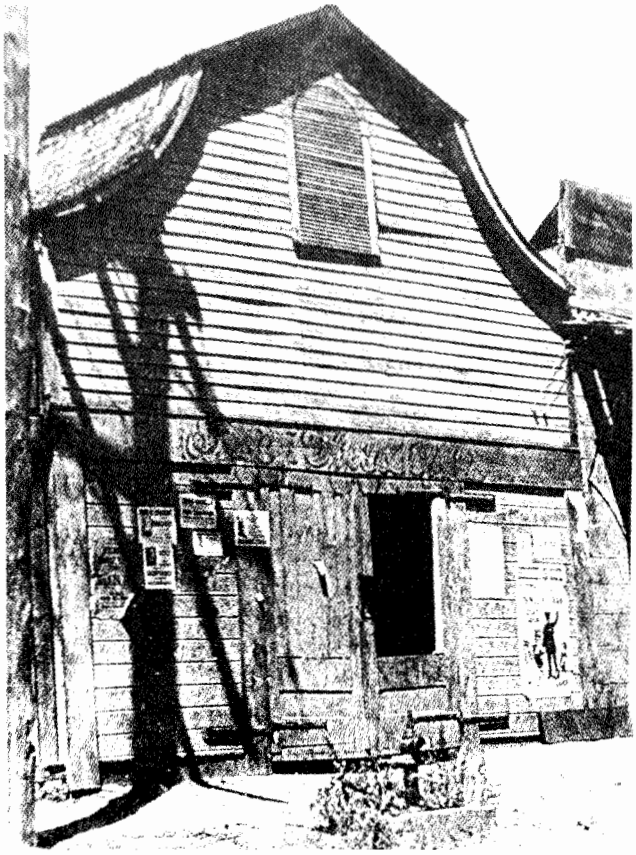
scene 6

The Fire Department

With flimsy houses in the majority, notwithstanding the efficient bucket brigades of early-day volunteer fire fighters and the heavy iron doors and sand-covered roofs on some major constructions, the need for a good fire department arose.

In 1854, a disastrous conflagration destroyed county records. Starting at Centre and proceeding up Main, it burned everything except two stone buildings: H. M. Sturges Exchange Store and Gregoires Store. Fire equipment and volunteers were on hand! No water! Shut off near the reservoir!

In May 1859, fire broke out at a stage stable at Lafayette and Centre, a point of heavy concentration of wooden buildings. Superhuman effort saved the town—and, it was reported, "nothing was lost but the building in which it originated, two stages and eight horses."



First Mokelumne Hill firehouse, with its early day "signs of the times."

In September, a mass meeting was called to arrange for securing the community from further disaster by fire. A volunteer fire department evolved in 1861. By 1862, Mokelumne Hill Fire Department with Eagle Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1, and Eureka Fire Company, No. 2, was as good as any company in the state. It could throw water upward 120 feet! It had two engines—Mokelumne Engine No. 1, which formerly belonged to Marysville, and Pennsylvania No. 2, which had belonged to Pennsylvania No. 12 of San Francisco. In 1865, Eagle Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1 had a splendid truck. Eureka, No. 2, had 600 feet of riveted hose manufactured of leather in Stockton by J. P. D. Wilkinson. There were sixty-five hats! The fire bell had a loud ring! Both apparatus and horses were kept in first class order and put to good use.

Yet on Sunday, February 26, 1865, sixty buildings were destroyed by fire. Fire had broken out in the Union Hotel at midnight. "Mokelumne No. 1 was on blocks undergoing repairs but was got out and in motion in a few minutes. No. 2 had not been in use since the 4th of July and owing to that fact, would not work at first. The Company had offered their machine for sale and did not expect to have her used again in this place. It was overhauled for an hour before they were enabled to force any water through their hose."

"Eagle Hook and Ladder did good execution during the night pulling down houses, chopping away awnings and drawing off lumber."

"We learned that quite a number of valuable articles were stolen from those who had carried their household goods to places of safety. Such scoundrels ought to be hung to the first tree that could be found." So read the local news items of the harrowing days.

But a good neighbor policy did exist, as was recorded in community actions of humane service. "As soon as the citizens of Jackson learned that our town was partially destroyed, they sent over wagons of provisions, etc., to be distributed among the sufferers. For their generous act, they have the sincere and heart-felt thanks of this community."



1862 Mokelumne Hill Volunteer Fire Department gear: helmet, seal, stamp, trumpet, white fire chief's helmet, and hose adjustment. A 1929 photo display by Myron Greve, who served as chief for many years.

Jackson had not forgotten that August mid-afternoon in 1862, when their city was virtually reduced to ashes. Mokelumne had responded immediately. "A meeting was held at five o'clock in front of H. Atwood's Union Hotel presided over by Manager William Jeff Gatewood, Esquire. The tragic circumstances were narrated. A committee—Dr. A. H. Hoerchner, W. S. Moses, Wells Fargo agent and telegrapher, and Dr. Soher were ap-

pointed to collect subscriptions. At six o'clock, a four-horse team belonging to Mr. Taft started, laden with provisions and blankets. Under the direction of Charles Spires, it reached Jackson about half past eight. At eight o'clock, another meeting was held at Mokelumne's Court House. Reports were made that at least fifteen hundred dollars had been collected in provisions and money and seven or eight teams were forwarded with provisions." Judge Badgely, having passed through the fire area, spoke at the meeting and gave a detailed account of the circumstances. A later report read, "I never saw such good feeling manifested by any people as those of this place and promptitude as shown in acting in such a manner. Without their aid, the people of Jackson would have been in a terrible condition. They acted in a manner which will always cause Mokelumne Hill to be remembered with pride and pleasure." Such was an editorial of Marcus D. Boruch of the *California Spirit of the Times*.

It is possible such potential for devastating conflagrations was influential in inspiring Fire Chief (Captain) Conrad Prag of the San Andreas Volunteers (1861-63) to purchase a fire pumper and donate it to that community. The beautifully designed, efficient pumper was brought to Mokelumne Hill—the county seat—for its first exhibition on May 29, 1862, and displayed at the Fireman's Parade and Ball, where it was the envy of all fire departments. It has been lovingly restored to its original appearance and service and is known and widely admired as "Blue Boy." In May 1987, its 125th birthday was honored. Attendees of the Calaveras Fair and Jumping Frog Jubilee eagerly await its exhibition in action on fair days each third weekend of May.

Fire calamities continued. In 1874, three-fourths of the best business area was wiped out, as Chinatown virtually was. Eagle Hook and Ladder No. 1 erected a new building in 1875 to house its equipment. It became the present Town Hall (1890).

To combat the ever-existing problem of fires, Mokelumne Volunteer Fire Department, with its modern truck, housed across from The Leger, still serves. Roger Pitto, county deputy fire warden, is completing his eighteenth year as fire chief. Michael Dell'Orto, who has served as a volunteer fireman since he was eighteen, is deputy chief. He holds the honor for longest performance of duty—twenty-three years. Meetings are announced


FIRE DEPARTMENT OF MOKELUMNE HILL.

EXEMPT CERTIFICATE.

These are to Certify. That

EXEMPT FIREMAN, and

President of Fire Department.

Secretary of Fire Department.

Fire department certificate of exemption, May 20, 1867. The certificate was made available by the Wells Fargo Bank History Room of San Francisco.

each Tuesday evening with the wailing siren—which reminds residents of the generosity of loyal volunteers and of their potential for heroism, as its sound splinters the silence and forces recollection with grateful appreciation. "It's only the fire department's crew meeting!" There have been many days and nights of display of fire-fighting heroism. The department's twenty-four members—both men and women—operate with modern fire and medical aide equipment. The latter, used by six trained medical emergency assistants, respond to calls more frequent than fire calls in a community where many elderly people reside. Among the long-time residents credited with many years of loyal service are: Frank Reed, Lowell Winkler, James Gurney, George Borchin, Joe Borchin, Stanley Chatfield, Clayton Chatfield, Joe Mathos and Cyril Winkler.

Annual fund raisings are held—notably the Valentine Ball at the Town Hall, where crowds gather to "rock and roll" to the ear-splitting music which vibrates the old walls of the long-ago home of the Eagle Hook and Ladder Company. The snowy, white-faced barn owl, golden eyes glaring, periodically emits its high-pitched, hissing snore sound from the dark cavity of the aged ailanthus tree at the hall's entry. It gives not a hoot about the fund raiser delight of the night.

Scene 7

Local Atmosphere

With Bandits, Comedies, Tragedies and Such

The most prominent revenue-producing early businesses were the gambling and drinking resorts—the fandango halls and billiard rooms—some which seemed to "house the hotels" as well as the poker tables, sawdust-lined spittoon troughs, and fancy painted ladies becoming more visible in the barrooms and made more visible on the walls. (Gas lights appeared in 1857.) Gambling businesses mined the miners.

The big day in the community was Sunday, when all the miners stopped work and gathered in town to rid their six-inch-long, twenty-five-cent buckskin pouches of gold dust and nuggets, to purchase necessities from the available cosmopolitan array of storekeepers and dispensers of services—both male and female.

The gatherings provided opportunity for sociability and entertainment. Excitement and a carnival spirit abounded! Black melodists, many made free by statehood, performed on banjo, guitar, fiddle and cornet with offerings of "Sweet Betsy," "Buffalo Gals," "O' Susanna," and "O' Dem Golden Slippers." Spanish rhythms livened the fandango halls. Gold seekers came as transients and exploiters. With little or no early evidence of government, law or religion, it was easy to disregard social and moral codes and pledges to temperance.

In 1850, about 92.5 percent of the population was male and single, with more than half in their twenties. The camp remained boisterous and exclusively masculine for a long period, and was flooded with nearly enough liquor to float both the gamblers and the gold! There was no dearth of gambling games: euchre, rouge-et-noire, vincture (vinge-et-un), roulette, brag, faro, monte. Men found French women the most appealing. They exuded both charm and novelty as they inflated their prices to equal the exposed inflations of appearance—"an ounce of gold to sit near you at the bar or gambling table. Anything more—pay a few score" ($200 to $400). In 1860, there were approximately six males to every female. In Chinatown, the proportion was twenty-seven to one. Gold camp population of women generally had increased but slightly.

The spirit of "wine, women, and song" was enjoyed further by the occasional visits of troupers of the camp's shows or those performers of the bars who brought "hellarity" to know no equal. Death by violence was common and adhered to on mere suspicion. It was said that in The Hill a man was killed every weekend for a period of seventeen weeks, with mob action prevailing as law. Swift justice was dispensed by citizens, with animosity most common toward non-whites. Eagerness to get back to mining without delay was not equated with dispensing justice. Hangings were the common practice. Feelings of revenge by the persecuted developed.

The sturdy oak called Hangman's Tree at the center of Jackson's Main Street speaks of Calaveras County's violence and injustices to 1854. During the period of 1852 to 1854, when law and order was enforced by gun and rope—when the lynch law prevailed—twelve men were hanged from the tree, many of them robbers, most non-white. It was immediately removed by the newly-formed Amador County.

Burials sometimes created problems of logistics. A clerical-appearing miner volunteered to read the burial service over his friend's grave. While he clasped his Bible and prayed with one eye open, he saw a miner pick up a nugget out of the dirt thrown from the gravesite. "Gold! Gold!" he exclaimed. "Hold on, boys! Postpone this funeral until we locate our claims." This was promptly done.

Such comical episodes occurred and some not quite so! In 1855, it is told, a man named Jack Williams was arrested in Campo Seco for killing a neighbor. He was brought to The Hill to be tried before highly-respected Judge Charles Creanor (1854-59), who sentenced him to be hanged. A Doctor Ward asked Williams if his body might be given to him after the hanging. Williams consented, and when he was dead, Dr. Ward and a fellow called Ran commenced to prepare Jack's skeleton. In the course of the work, Ran took the head a little way out of town, rigged up a big pot and put the head in to boil off the flesh. While the head was boiling, two truly "down and out" tramps happened by. Ran, feeling compassion, said, "If you care to wait a bit, I'll share some food with you." One tramp became impatient and lifted the lid of the heavily blackened pot. Shock combined with fear fleeted their feet. In town, relieved and breathless, their screams reverberated, "A cannibal is on the hill! He's boiling human flesh for his grub!"



Joaquin Murieta stories of bandidtry still abound and continue to grow.

Banditry was expected. Joaquin Murieta, the notorious California outlaw, with his partners, among them Ryers Feliz, Pedro Gonzales and Manuel Garcia, came often to The Hill to play monte bank in the barrooms, where he heard discussed the problems involved in his hoped-for capture. Their women sometimes rode with them, dressed as men. Their job was to remain in the foreign quarters and gather information about gold shipments that passed from or through The Hill. (Women prostitutes, in their laborings of "social service," also often dressed as men as they toured from camp to camp.)

During one early May evening of 1853, a young man, Lucky Jack, slightly more intoxicated than the rest, with obvious bravado in both sound and action, threw upon the gambling table of the Hotel de France a well-filled pouch and stridently wagered, "I bet five hundred dollars I could kill the scoundrel Murieta the first time I met him!" Bounding lightly atop the table and thrusting a pistol into the man's face, the unrecognized Murieta snatched up the buckskin pouch, shouting, "I'll take that bet! Murieta is before you!" Off he galloped with his new gold find and gallant followers, before his astounded and shaken-up audience could regain its breath.

Entertainment in the camps presented itself in varied forms. A sense of humor was essential to sanity and survival for making those experiences of "seein' the elephant" tolerable. But humor is of both degree and quality—with the always-assured effrontery.

Thievery, tragedies and death by violence still remain as constant possibilities in even the most tranquil of communities. Few tragedies have presented greater shock, despair, and sadness than that which occurred at Main and Centre on the bright summer's midday of July 18, 1946. The much-loved Richard (Dick) Queirolo and his ten-year-old son David, with cousin Jack, members of the long-established Italian Dave Queirolo family, accompanied by David's friendly little dog, happy for the usual daily romp, crossed the profusely weeded property (now the Community Park) enroute for the day's mail at the post office, then near the Sturges Building. As they seated themselves on the Town Bench, they noticed an old, battered throw-away—a definitely decrepit suitcase near the base of the historic Chinese ailanthus tree. Dick, noted for his curious and fun-loving nature, directed David to procure it. Off he ran, his little dog yapping in friendly chase as Dick, with sufficient impromptu, noisy drama, shouted, "Maybe there's a million dollars in it!" The interest of other mail seekers was aroused—that of David's mother, Dora, and cousin, Flossie Sabatini. An attempt at immediate opening proved difficult. Flossie, impatient, left to enter the post office.

The wired latches were finally released. Click! Boom! A shattering explosion! Screams! Cracking, flying glass! Splitting boards! All was terror and confusion! No telephone service! The exchange, until then located in the post office, had been dismantled to make way for the new dial system being installed on Lafayette Street. The special line went out in the explosion. Delays for help! Added bedlam and uncertainties! Richard and David lost their lives. Dora was injured. Jack received severe eye damage. The little dog died. The exterior of the post office was extensively damaged. There was interior damage—but no injuries were incurred within.

The families and community attempted normal existence in their state of shock and grief with added fear of a like recurrence. The "who" and "why" of the despicable bomb-planting remain unresolved, despite long, official local and federal investigations.

The tragedies of other deaths of sudden and violent nature still weigh down by their untimeliness and unexpectancy, and are not forgotten in this caring community where those personalities—very young—and not so very old—husbands and fathers—remain vibrant and remembered with deep appreciation and gratitude for pleasant associations of friendship, for generosity of community service and good will: Max Wuddell (1950), Thomas John Fischer (1959), and Earle Dell'Orto (1963).

PART IV
PERIOD OF REFINEMENT

Inchoate religious, social, and political institutions soon developed to reflect the changes of civilizing forces and thus aided in the energies of settlement. Necessity had replaced the daring and bravado of dreams. Future lives affected by shifts in environment, occupations, and aims often in contrast to ensuing activities of the carefree mining population demanded courage for establishing the true hearthsides from brush shelters, single tents and mud-chinked, dirt-floor log cabins. Many log cabins remained in use by bachelors of the camps who provided "local atmosphere" with colorful commentary as, "I've improved in all arts pertaining to man's vocation. But, I've been noted to denigrate the vocation of ladies until now that I've acquired all the skills of domesticity demanded by the deprivation of dames in these damn mining camps."

Homesteads appeared—the small farms which arose in every corner fit for cultivation—with log cabins and the simple, sawed lumber structures with raised floors suited to the few women occupants, a pleasant contrast to the original, chaotic upheaval structures of early diggin's days.

With the advent of county government in The Hill, the businesses and families—as in the metamorphosis of cocoon to butterfly, with its similarity of convolutions—a more orderly society rapidly evolved and changed the ugly to the beautiful. There effectuated a semblance of law and order; of justice to replace mob violence.

Private homes in the 1860s became more sturdy, ornate and attractive, as compared with constructions when measureless confusion reigned. House? Barn? Outhouse? Carriage house? Well house? Smokehouse? Their presence was soon to be aggravated by vying Italian and French outdoor bake ovens and Spanish *asados*, thus adding further confusion to volunteer firemen whose vigilance was concerned with the possiblity of outbreaks of fire on both structures and grass. All structural losses were catastrophic! The surrounding beckoning hills no longer spoke their silences. There were sounds—of activity—of life—of people expressing their joys, their sorrows, their angers—and of animals, barking, braying, baaing, bleeting, bellowing, lowing, neighing, mooing, and meowing. Cats had appeared to aid the mice problem.

Houses eventually were encircled with family orchards and vegetable gardens to provide the provender of daily use: the cellar and pantry store of sparkling fruit jellies and jams to add to elderberry, rose hips and mint; dried, pickled and canned fruits and vegetables.

There appeared the summer's waving, tassled corn, and beans, madly climbing hastily improvised brush poles; spinach, glossy green and red peppers, potatoes, garlic, eggplant, summer squash and tomatoes. Regal artichokes lorded with their royal purple; pungent herbs boasted of their perfumes; cucumbers, melons, pumpkins and winter squash greened and goldened vast areas with their trailings to encourage like trailings of nectar-seeking bees; solidly entrenched cabbages sat securely, making their reports to the underground of beets, onions, carrots and turnips.

Common became the chicken yards and roosts with their crowing-cock-alarms resounding at dawn to announce the birth of a new work day. Barnyards housed and curbed the sheep, goats and milk cows which provided meat, wool, milk, cream, butter, cheese, and eggs for the family or as gifts or for small payment for neighbors. The feathers and down of ducks, geese and chickens replaced the pine needles, grasses and ferns of pillows.

There were many tasks for children—some loved, some hated! Pigs aided the waste problem and stocked the larder with bacon, lard, sausage and ham. Self-sufficiency abounded. (The Jewish merchants felt the impact.)

The Hill, blessed with its warm-belt location which produced a relatively semi-tropical climate, encouraged the planting of ornamental trees and shrubs. Many brought from great distances, which long ago adorned the simple structures, are still visible to mark those homesites; the distinctive glowing mounds—as of gold—of Harrison's yellow-gold roses; the brilliantly striking Austrian copper brier flashing vermillion and yellow signals of stop and look; the great bold mound sprays of soft pink-white waving welcome to wanderers. Other decorative shrubs—lilac, mock orange, bridal wreath, smoke tree and gay garden flowers—the old-fashioned medicine providers—violets, lemon verbena, wall flower, hollyhock, goldenrod, lavender, fox glove. Mexico's blue iris

and moss rose appeared.

The Mexican contribution, too, of the Malaga grapes and sweet-tasting purple Mission figs—trees still tempting passersby are found amid the spring's billowing white of fruiting plum and pear trees, brilliant red-orange in the fall—intermingled in the gulches or on the glistening spring-green slopes with the myriads of shell-pink or the white of almond trees ecstatically abloom in mid-February.

Such wealth of beauty in The Hill, as they stand in impressive array to form the sunrise pearly-pink cloud-tinged masses about the town's hillslopes and soften, for a brief period, the ever-visible ageless, wind-battered, woodpecker-blasted black silhouettes of honey-locust suggesting their dignity as they look derelict against the sky. The locusts seem doggedly determined to continue to suffuse, in early summer, their pea-shaped white blossoms' sweet scent over their ruggedness, and over the similarly rugged terrain, everywhere mined.

Those long years of survival! In the past, the trees provided the hope for future beauty and shade for hurriedly constructed hovels and business structures as they adorned the disrupted landscapes. Those were hut structures to which time again refused to extend continuance of recognition. Little did they who planted and departed sense the immeasurable pleasures which derive from those natural signposts marking their former presence—landmarks—everywhere in the Mother Lode—of the simple endeavors of early pioneers to bring comfort and beauty to lift the spirit, unknowing, that in their agedness, the great horned owls would find a picturesquely-silhouetting place of rest on skeleton-like battered branches from which to sound their eerie calls from black of night to pewter gray of dawn. The pioneer example has been multiplied through the years in innumerable repetitions of self-plantings about The Hill.

Scene 1

Calaveras Guards

Calaveras Guards, comprised of eighty men, was allegedly the first of such militia units of the gold camps, established in order to inspire early peaceful settlement in The Hill, to preserve order and to meet emergencies. The guards, dressed in brilliantly colored uniforms, presented an impressive sight as they drilled at Mokelumne's Main and Centre streets.

In nearby Campo Seco, when an uprising developed, the guards, headed by Commander-Sergeant Pollock, an ex-soldier, responded immediately. Into the gold camp entered the contingent of marching men! Such flashy uniforms! Such stirring, beating drums and blaring bugles! The disturbing factions were so completely overwhelmed they called off the fight and joined forces to make a happy day of remembrance of the visit of the Calaveras Guards to Campo Seco, not realizing the importance of those forward marching steps! Guard members were among the first to enlist for service in the Civil War.

Scene 2

Mokelumne Hill as Third County Seat of Calaveras, 1852-1866

According to the laws of the legislative sessions of 1849-50, when the capital was still at Monterey, if a majority of voters of any county petitioned for an election for fixing the county seat, the judge might order an election on thirty days' notice.

In accordance with the proviso, such an election was held in 1850, the rival contestants for change from Double Springs being Jackson to the north of the Mokelumne River and Mokelumne Hill to the south, seven miles distant. On first count, Mokelumne was declared the winner! Officials hurried away to the government center to acknowledge the change. A subsequent count by County Judge William Fowle Smith, said to have been the embodiment of meanness, pronounced Jackson as the winner! Charges of fraud were leveled against the judge. Animosity had long prevailed between him and Colonel M. W. Collyer, county clerk, a Virginian, described in diverse manner—portly, pontifical, genial, selfish, brave and reckless, with a habit of calling everybody who crossed his will a d--- son of a ----- and threatening to tear his heart out. It is told that he pocketed all official fees, leaving the judge to collect his salary and any extras as he was able. Collyer, it is said, fared very well financially. In one day, he naturalized sixty foreigners, charging each one ounce of gold!

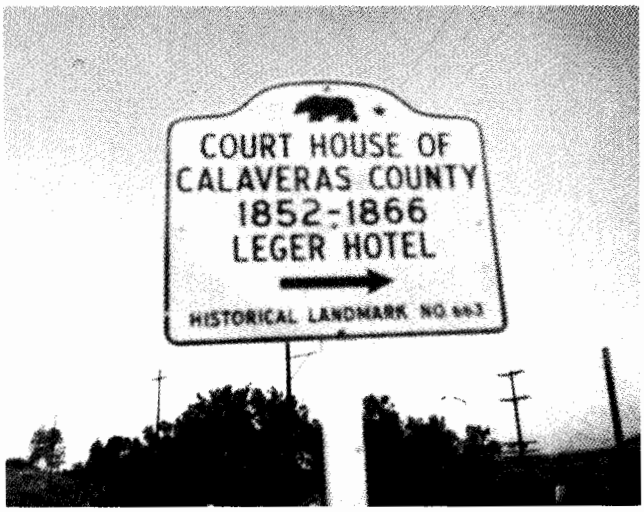
Mokelumne was determined to fight for fair treatment. But how to do business with inept officials? Stories circulated that the county treasurer, A. B. Mudge, put all money he received into his own pockets. John Hanson, sheriff, was a good guy, but too busy minding his own business. H. A. Carter, prosecuting attorney, passed the test of respectability but was so involved in efforts to administer justice that he was unobservant on the day of the happening—the event of extraordinary history when the Calaveras County Courthouse disappeared—vanished—faded out of sight—but to remain long in the minds of Mokelumne's citizens.

Colonel Collyer was fond of telling "good" stories; fonder was he of good liquor, never refusing the opportunity for either. When he eventually awakened to the fact, his portly dignity, too, vanished. He swung his cane! Swore! Vowed to make vindication for the act!

Such an act! It was born in the creative mind of none other than Calaveras' poet-editor, Charles Boynton. Capture the county seat! Steal the archives! His friend, Theo Mudge, thrived on excitement. Unique ideas! Unexpected and unsuspected strategies! With the election problem an unresolved muddle, they, the determined enemy, appeared with visible and proper decorum—all smiles and dignity imitative of proper southern demeanor—at the county seat's bar, and in most friendly fashion, as was the custom of the day, tossed down their gold dust bags and invited all officials and visitors to join in the rounds of drinks proferred.

While Clerk Collyer was thus happily engaged, his stories bubbling and flowing to keep apace with the steady flow of hard liquor, the CRACKER BOX ARCHIVES WAS LIFTED BY COHORTS AND DELIVERED TO JACKSON to be safely deposited with appropriate formalities of ceremony in a shake shanty on lower Court Street which had been prepared for the absconding. The liquor, it was remembered, was of especially fine quality, to match the success of such an unprecedented event! Thus, Jackson attained its distinction as second county seat of the great and beautiful Calaveras. Unfortunately, it soon became the site of the fatal shooting of Colonel Collyer by Judge Smith. Prosecution did not follow, but public protest forced resignation. (The judge became a successful eastern revivalist circuit preacher.)

Jackson had its courthouse. Mokelumne Hill tolerated the treachery and lived with its dream—to come true when an election, in 1852, finally brought to fruition the COURTHOUSE in MOKELUMNE HILL, and granted



Mokelumne Hill as third county seat served as "the center of civilization."

the gold camp the exalted honor of serving as the county seat in the early, exciting years of gold rush days and the added stormy years of national strife—of struggles and sorrows—days of differences and complexities created by the nation's Civil War—1852-1866.

County officers elected to serve in 1852 were Samuel Booker, district attorney; A. Laforge, treasurer; Joe Douglas, county clerk; and Benjamin Marshall, sheriff. In 1853, William Higby was elected to the position of district attorney. (He became a congressman.) Henry Eno became county judge. Serving with Democratic Governor John Bigler were Senators E. D. Sawyer and Charles Leake and Assemblymen Abner Houghtaling, Martin Bowen, W. C. Pratt and C. Daniels. Those were the trusted officials and residents whose faces soon became as familiar along the streets of Main and Centre as were their horses, buggies, carriages, and dogs. Upon them, and those to follow, fell the awesome tasks of resolution of innumerable and complex problems of the development of the County of Calaveras, then four time its present size—and of leadership for aiding the systematic growth of the community where they resided.

With serious consideration for the interests of government employees of those very early gold rush days, the first government center was housed in a liquor establishment. In 1854, the flames, eagerly savoring both wood and spirits, consumed the building. Records were lost! A stone structure served briefly, until 1855, when the government was shifted to a new, two-story rhyolite building constructed by J. C. Gebhardt at a cost of $8,100 ($4,000 in cash and the remainder a mortgage on the building), on Main Street adjacent to the Hotel de L'Europe (Hotel Leger), where it remained until its forced move.

The residual effects of its early existence, aside from the sturdy building, are still visible. Courthouse service necessitated the presence of "professionals" and semi-professionals—judges, lawyers, and other elected and appointed officials and service workers, who settled with families. It was then required that government employees reside at the seat of government. They built and improved homes and planted gardens, many in the area called Lawyer's Hill--renamed Piety Hill in 1860—along Prospect Street. Their added needs, social and cultural interests, and requests for services hastened the town's rapid economic and civic development and brought the construction of prized architectural gems such as the A. Laforge house (1852), acquired and further improved by Dr. A. H. Hoerchner (1861). Assemblyman R. M. Briggs of Amador suggested in 1857 that the state capital should be moved and settled in Mokelumne Hill since the Laforge property offered premises fit for his excellency, the next governor.

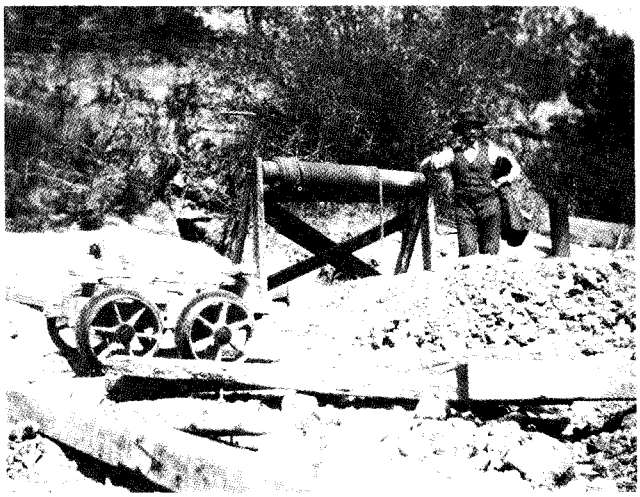
An 1859 report of the *San Andreas Independent* expressed the grandness of the abode: "attached kitchen, wash house, carriage house, larders, water closets, basement and dry cellarage, fowl house, stable and observatory as well as vine trellises." The Allen Dudley House (1856) was later purchased by William P. Peck, and the Sturges Stone House (1857) was eventually owned by Frank Wilson Peek. New and improved housing of Greek and Gothic revival styles featured Doric columns, lapped board and batten sidings, hip roofs, porticos and extensive porches, casement windows, dormers, wooden shutters, French doors, paneled doors with sidelights, turned posts, and intricate window and eave designs. Some of these features still remain.

The government center distinguished itself early with impressive and influential acts to resolve both civil and criminal as well as economic problems. The establishment of the first Code of Mining Laws, drawn and passed in December 1853, alleviated some pressing difficulties of the placer gold camp. The law stated: "A man can hold two claims provided he work a day on each claim or on either one or the other of them every week." Claims were registered for a two-dollar fee with the alcalde or justice of the peace. Jury trials by peers of miners were held. Mining districts were formed with each district determining placer claim sizes and needed rules.

The first quartz mining laws were drawn up and passed in July 1855. One hundred feet on the length of the vein and fifty feet on each side were allowed for each claim. One day's work on the property each thirty days, April



Monitor in action during hydraulic mining days in Chili Gulch.



Windlass (hoist), Chili Gulch.

through December, was demanded. Failure to meet the requirements forfeited the claim. Laws were required to be posted in the town and all claims recorded. Partnerships and withdrawals were oral and without ceremony. Mining groups varied in size and commonly numbered as many as ten.

Senator W. B. Norman of Calaveras County introduced the Norman Bill in the state legislature in 1856. It became law in 1857, serving to reconcile disputes concerning the relative rights of the miner and agriculturist.

Yet the enactment of mining laws did not alleviate or completely eradicate all of the extant problems and injustices in the hectic scramble for wealth: "Notices we put on Negro Hill last Monday had been torn down and some work done on our claim! We throwed out their tools."

Jackson had not accepted her defeat of losing the county seat with visibility of grace. Immediately, rumors were afloat, with rumblings and re-echoings from the Butte's high peak. Acrimonies and charges were afloat, too, across as well as downstream of the river, voiced by the displaced politicians and political hopefuls: Taxes are utterly wasted. The State Treasury gets no moneys. Loose women are benefiting from county funds. If you are in need of an official, begin your search at any of those half-dozen fancy, dance houses of the morally high toned town.

Such small talk led to sufficient discontent to arouse interest in the division of Calaveras (extending to Dry Creek, the northerly limit bordering El Dorado) to form a new county to be named Washington. Every Calaveras digging north of the river claimed to have found a set of candidates highly worthy of the offices—men willing to sacrifice their own interests and businesses for the public good.

On the south side of the river, likewise, residents of envious towns were mentally exercising the notion that the seat of justice might simply move from Mokelumne elsewhere to remain on Calaveras' south side. Little was said! Much was hoped! Interest in division grew!

The 1853-54 vote of the legislature at Benicia on a bill proposed by E. D. Sawyer, senator from Calaveras (later a San Francisco judge), called for a vote on the division of Calaveras to form Washington County. The name Amador was substituted and concurred by the Senate. The bill was read three times and passed the same day! Organized opposition had been expected from the "Hellians" of The Hill. They had been unwittingly over-wined and over-dined until treats superceded county seats and any and all ideas were obliterated. The bill was hurried through before sobriety ruled the day.

Competition from Mokelumne's northern communities for the location of the new county seat became fierce. Boasts, brags, denunciations, threats, and promises abounded. All towns suddenly became ambitious—perfectly willing to take charge of county government!

Ione boasted of her level land—ground for production—of watermelons, vegetables, hay and barley, available to miners and mules. A "very proper place" for dispensing justice and disbursing the people's money properly; Sutter Creek, of her picturesque amphitheater location—protection from any enemy attacks—an advantage; there was a possibility of developing quartz mines, inducing permanence; it was the town par excellence, really having high-toned moral people—no dance houses or kindred institutions as at Moke Hill to demoralize public officials. (This was also a sharp jab at Jackson, which had early

supported several of those "resorts" with 200 available women participants—and probably made with great relief when women didn't count in elections.)

Volcano gave but few reasons—the strangest being the truth: We want the county seat! Contenders commented: Volcano! It is out of its mind. It is out of the county to be created or in any possible county. It is in a deep hole! People would need hoisting to get out! Roads to nowhere except into those caves or deeper. Hell, maybe! So hot in summer! Wet and muddy in winter! River Styx overflow! But Volcano was growing rapidly into a civilized town. It had culture! Calaveras County's first library! Lectures! Debating societies! And men who do vote. Just might win! Few women, but good, smart women. Could be educated for clerical work.

Jackson boasted: We are experienced in being the county seat! We have the old jail. It can be renovated. Save the taxpayers money. We promise to deliver a comfortable courthouse in three to four months. (They were already expericnced in delivering a courthouse in one afternoon!)

All was quiet south of Mokelumne. The election was held. A majority achieved! A small one. Mokelumne was not to be taken easily. Law required returns to be sealed and transmitted to the board of supervisors. All returns from the north side had been opened! Tampered with! Consequently rejected. The matter was further investigated. Results? Returns from Mokelumne Hill had been opened and resealed. The party in power had resolved to take advantage of their own mistakes. (James T. Farley, later speaker of the Assembly, in 1856, and a U.S. senator, along with others, gave evidence.) A deputy clerk was induced to make out the certification of election! The board of commissioners previously appointed on May 11, 1854 resolved to organize the new county notwithstanding the decision of the officers! So began the first records of Amador County when the commissioners set July 3, 1854, as the official meeting, held at the house of Martin Tucker at Tucker's Ranch (known as the T Garden), and established twenty-one election precincts.

The county seat election returns: Jackson, 1,002; Volcano, 937; Sutter Creek, 539; lone, 496. Amador began her official status. Mokelumne retained her county seat! The local officials were relieved of much of their administrative burdens. There was now more time for community interests and betterment.

As promised, Jackson delivered the Amador Courthouse which still serves. Mokelumne Hill paid polite respect. Courthouse officials and citizens wagoned over to view the dedication celebration and reported in this manner: procession of band consisted of cracked drum and asthmatic clarinet; firemen in faded red shirts; garrulous, hand shaking county officers and many good citizens but some kinda wobbly. The bar was good! A politician was heard to mutter, "If I will not treat, I may as well stay at home and give it all up. Twelve hundred drinks elected me!"

As for Mokelumne Hill—the worst was yet to come. But Amador County continued to remain indebted to Calaveras at the close of 1856.

On January 27, 1857, Calaveras brought suit to meet the proviso that Amador, as a new county, should assume a just portion of the common debt. But no special method of determining the amount was provided!

Mokelumne's taxpayers, naturally allergic to taxes, were not about to forget such a matter or to be forgiving. They were remembering Amador's denigrations and accusations. The debt became the talk of bar stool and town bench. Local county officials were mentally prodded as well as physically jabbed not to forget as they were reminded of the next election. Offers of treats temporarily appeased the daily angers of the reminders.

James H. Hardy was employed as lawyer to defend the county and was allowed $1,000 as a fee for his services. On February 3, the two boards met to effect an amicable arrangement. A commission to determine the indebtedness fixed the amount at $26,517.32. A warrant was issued as Number 103, itself to become famous in the financial history of the new county, revealing the evasions, injunctions, and lawsuits. Up to 1865, $31,292.83 had been paid on the debt when J. Foot Turner, auditor, refused to pay anything further! Subsequent judgments for payments of an additional $7,566.16 were appealed. District Judge Silas W. Brockway ordered payment. The avoidance and delays incurred additional attorney's fees, swelling costs to nearly $50,000 before final settlement. Such was the early accounting of public funds—and the learning by "the experienced"—in the newly formed Amador County!

Mokelumne Hill basked in her pride as well as her sunshine, serving as the government center of perseverance in debt collection as well as in promoting promptness of fairness and justice.

If the old courthouse walls (now the walls of the Leger Theater) could re-echo the details of local color of their experiencing, that wealth of color of early county and community history, enclosed within its wrappings of humor, would be closely competitive in value to the color of those early gold finds.

The bar of "Old Calaveras" received high accolades as being made up of men of ability and wit in the forefront of

the legal profession—most of them men of integrity, genius, and generosity in commitment to labor. They displayed learning and culture acquired in the best of Eastern schools, and they reflected the added qualities of past experiences of contact and association.

Presiding in Mokelumne's courtroom were the Honorable Charles M. Creanor, serving the Fifth Judicial District until 1860—the then populous mining and agricultural counties of Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne, Stanislaus, and San Joaquin. Court was held from nine to five o'clock, and often late into the night. High personal tribute is accorded him as a man of sterling qualities—brilliant, impartial, just, courteous, yet firm and rigid in court routines. No judge, it was believed, retired with a fairer record.

The Honorable James H. Hardy followed (1860-62) as the first judge of the Sixteenth Judicial District, comprised of Amador and Calaveras. He served as the exception of admirable behavior and was removed from office. It must be presumed that the judgment was fair even though his political leanings were to the South!

The Honorable William H. Badgely of New York, who was a county judge in 1854-55 and 1861-62 and was said to have been a cultivated, polished gentleman, presided admirably as district judge from 1862 to 1864.

The Honorable Silas W. Brockway (1864-69), also a New York native, praised as an earnest laborer and skillful lawyer, served the established Eleventh District of Amador, El Dorado, and Calaveras from 1864 and carried with him to San Andreas the district records, as well as recollections of the futile efforts and final days of government service in the Mokelumne courthouse. There he presided as the first district judge in the newly established courtroom until 1869.

Mokelumne's Colonel Allen P. Dudley gained local fame as an attorney of wit. His sally of witticisms brought the knuckles of disfavor of the ired sheriff down constantly upon his desk in an effort to bring order out of courtroom chaos. Attorneys received twenty-five dollars per day for their services. Dudley's firm belief in education to serve truth and justice brought him to early public service as one of Mokelumne's first school trustees (1859).

The controversy over the location of the county seat created greater impact on Calaveras residents than did the Civil War! Interest in another election grew to action.

The *Calaveras Chronicle*, as the county's oldest newspaper, projected its wisdom in championing The Hill's cause to make good reading and improved sales. The *San Andreas Register* gave response.

In 1863, an election to move the county seat to San Andreas was held. San Andreas won. But, with the endorsement of the board of supervisors, the election was contested by approval of most of the county officials, who refused to move. The matter dragged through the courts. The new *Copperpolis Courier* (April 1863) made comment on testimony given on the "county seat question" as reported by the *San Andreas Register*: "A delegation of 'Know Nothings' from Moke Hill met at this place on Tuesday last to give testimony. Their memories were very short; in fact they 'didn't know nothing.'"

In the following year, the final legal hurdle was overcome. San Andreas received its "delayed distinction" of becoming the county seat! It has served commendably since 1866, and presently provides services from the modern Government Center.

The old courtroom in the restored Calaveras County Museum and Archives complex reminds us of those unique early days of county history. The Calaveras County Historical Society functions ably from the distinctive historic center.

Mokelumne Hill served well with honor and distinction as a seat of government exhibiting leadership and vision. Here were dispensed efforts in fairness and justice of law when greed and gold were yet foremost in the minds of many and officials were forced to meet head-on with the obvious ethnic prejudices and hatreds promulgated by social and economic changes and by a war-torn nation. Mokelumne Hill, as a community and a "center of civilization," acted responsibly to bring about the progressive accomplishments which mark her successes of official service—an enviable record—as the THIRD COUNTY SEAT OF CALAVERAS COUNTY—from 1852 to 1866.

Scene 3

Newspapers and Publications

California's first newspaper was published in August 1846. Publications and related activities began early in Mokelumne Hill and continue today in viable enterprises. The *Calaveras Weekly Chronicle* evolved northwest of the I.O.O.F. Building in October 1851, as one of the very first weekly newspapers in California. Due to a scarcity of lumber created by increased demand for housing and for construction of the state capitol building in Vallejo (1851), the office was built of left-over sheet-iron plates. By summer, it became one of the hottest plants in the Mother Lode, with equally "hottest news."

The paper, established by Henry Hamilton, Colonel James Ayres (reported to have been a participant in the Chilean acts of infamy), and H. A. DeCourcey, played an important part in the political destinies of the area. George Schuler served as editor. Since he "roasted," political candidates readily became the subjects for his "roastings"! (As gold fever was reaching its climax, political graft was born, a challenge to editors.)

In 1858, the *Chronicle* also printed, in German, the *California Stats-Zeitung*, published by Adolph Wagner, one of the early newspapers to represent immigrant and minority groups. In 1872, the *Chronicle*'s paid circulation was 16,000. In 1885, Messrs. Bruce and Day were issuing the publication's thirty-fourth volume. At the time of discontinuance, in 1908, when it was sold to the *Calaveras Prospect*, it was the oldest newspaper in the state to have been published under its original name. (John and Eleanor Peterson of Mokelumne Hill are now long-time editors and publishers of both the *Calaveras Prospect* and the *Calaveras Californian*.) The *Chronicle*'s typesetting equipment and presses made possible the publication of Charles Boynton's first numbers of the *Owl*—occasional issues of "bubbles of froth and wit" by the talented lawyer, poet-journalist which set the whole county astir. It is said that he swam the river with the edition tied to the top of his head! And that he never came to The Hill from Jackson without having a fight or two on account of the little paper! Being of a local nature, the paper recalled incidents in connection with the county seat and discussed social conditions and the political climate with fun and humor.

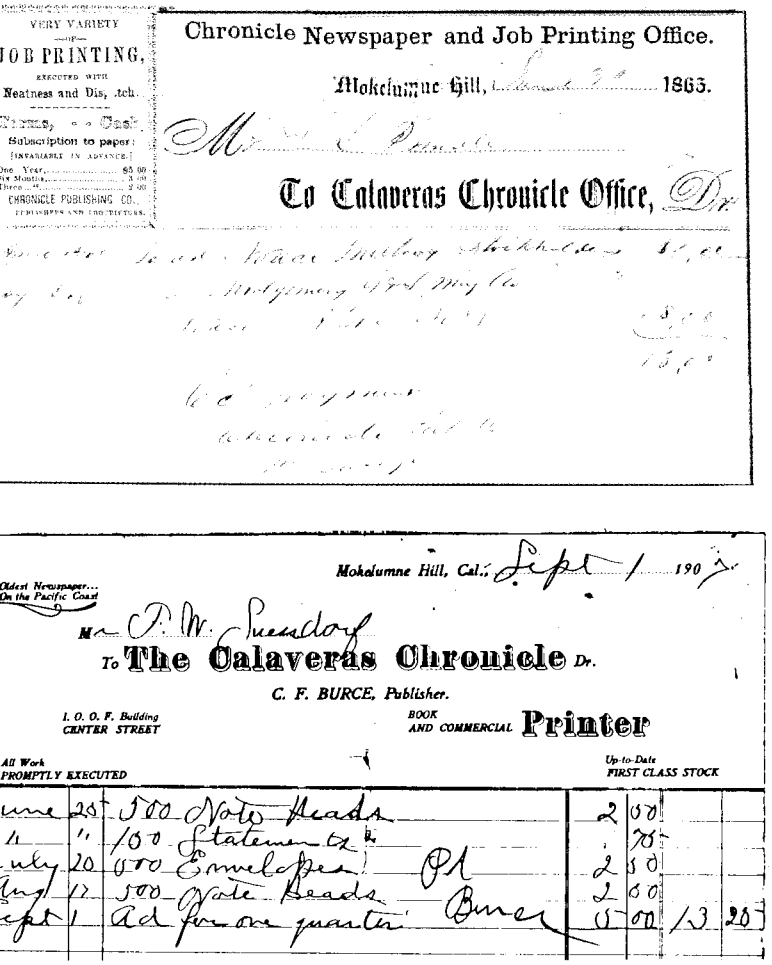
From the *Owl*, August 25, 1854—after county division:

"Let joy be unconfined
Nor part till morn—we've got the county seat
What fellow was it offered to stand treat?"

Boynton became Amador County Clerk as well as the father of the first newspaper in Amador when he published the *Sentinel*, an independent paper printed for some months on the *Calaveras Chronicle* press. It is told that the issue, being so small, was carried under his arm to Jackson to be distributed. He obtained his own press and ran the publication for some years in competition with the *Amador Ledger and Record* (1855). The *San Andreas Register* and the *Copperopolis Courier* came into being in 1863.



Sturges Building and Chronicle office before telephones and power poles.



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Chronicle Newspaper and Job Printing Office.

Mokelumne Hill, [illegible] 1865.

Mr. [illegible]

To Calaveras Chronicle Office, Dr.

[illegible]

Mokelumne Hill, Cal., Sept 1 1907

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Mr. D. W. Sweeney

To The Calaveras Chronicle Dr.

C. F. BURCE, Publisher.

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"	11	100	Statements			75	
July	20	500	Envelopes	Pd	2	50	
Aug	12	500	Note Heads		2	00	
Sept	1	Ad for one quarter		Owes	5	00	13 20

Calaveras Chronicle receipts, 1865 (top) and 1907.

J. A. Coffin owned a book and periodical depot in 1855. S. A. Guthrie, having become established in The Hill prior to 1857, sold his "Newspaper and Periodical Agency" to William A. Rosenfeld, who continued to offer the local papers and the "Latest California and Atlantic papers, Illustrations, Magazines, Steamer Novels and standard works—and Fancy Articles, best brands of cigars and tobacco."

L. M. Hillman (1859) of the Jewish community served as "Newspaper Agent for Daily California Newspapers and Atlantic and European." Pike County newcomers were long noted as avid readers of newspapers—as essential as guns and ammunition. Newspapers were prized, shared, read and re-read, even the advertising—passed around though some were two or more months old on arrival. They were prized for wallpaper, chink fillers, and wrapping, as well as toilet "tissue" in the outhouse reading rooms of everywhere. E. C. Kembles' *Alta California* (1848), a leading newspaper of San Francisco, had begun on the old hand-operated Romage Press of Mexican-Spanish history (1834) and was printing on steam presses by 1850, to continue for more than a generation. After 1864, Bret Harte served as its editor, and Mark Twain was at that time a weekly contributor.

By 1854, fifty-seven newspapers and periodicals served California's reading population. Many found their way to the gold camps and were available in The Hill. The Romage Press printed the first Mother Lode newspaper —the *Sonora Herald* (1850). It was later moved to Columbia to print the *Columbia Star*. The *Sacramento Union* and the *San Jose Mercury*—the oldest dailies (since 1851)—the first German newspaper, the *California Demokrat*, and the Italian *Voce Del Popolo* (1852) were welcome publications, as were the French *Journal des De'bats* (1850), the *Californian* and *Courrier du Pacifique*. The Chinese published a paper in San Francisco in 1854. The *Mirror of the Times* (1855) devoted itself to rights issues of blacks and news of the black community in the Bay Area. The *Pacific Appeal*, a weekly, served the minority population from 1862 to 1870. (In 1850 there was a black population of nearly one thousand in California; in 1860 of five thousand.) The *San Andreas Independent*, *San Andreas Register* (1863-68) and *Calaveras Citizen* (1871-1906) reported local news.

In 1857, interest in newspapers instigated the Pony Express of Calaveras for mail and newspaper delivery. Wililam Denig, nicknamed "Pony," was connected with the *Calaveras Chronicle*. Sensing the urgency for speeding the news, he established an express from San Andreas to the Calaveritas area to deliver newspapers and letters on the same day of arrival from Stockton to San Andreas, as well as the local papers. Regular pony express riders galloped off to the camps of the surrounding area. Extra express riders were sent out when steamers arrived at San Francisco with the latest East coast and world newspapers—especially desired and for which readers were willing to pay high prices in those pre-telephone, radio, and TV cable days. Publications continued periodically at The Hill through the years and still appear.

The *Buy & Sell Press*, established in 1972 at the historic bakery building on South Main Street by Emilio and Hazel (McMaster) Prunetti, continues to be distributed over a wide area of the Mother Lode and affirms the philosophy of The Hill's early Jewish merchants—"It pays to advertise." A true, modern-day small town success story achieved through creativity, diligence, dedication, the aid of understanding friends, and an "In the Hands of God" philosophy, surged the initial 500 copies to the present tabloid of notices of events and advertise-

ments with a circulation of 14,000. *Buy & Sell* tells everything "like it is" except the story of the inordinate thirteen years of struggle for its founders. In 1986, Craig and Donna (Baine) Murphy assumed part ownership and managing editorship. Their office provides full and part time employment and accommodating, skilled business services to the public. No survey has been conducted to show how long the effective, free issue delays the possible appearance of the advertised "for sale" items at the "yard sales" and "flea markets" so popular here and everywhere.

The press, in addition to its reminders of the American "buy and throw away" mentality, periodically had issued the *Mokelumne Hill Postscript*—a community communique and historical record of 700 copies—a midget news sheet of local interest items made available by businesses and generous citizens. The "yellow sheet" cost was listed as "2¢—if you think it's worth it." It appears that financial support dwindled to discontinuance. A July Fourth, eye-catching issue announced on its program page: Parade 1:30 P.M. Many townsfolk didn't get their "two cents worth." The parade was prompt! Colorful! Noisy! Short! It began at 1 P.M. Revenge, like Mokelumne's weeds, remains a historic constant. Several daily general and local weekly newspapers are available at the Mokelumne Hill Plaza or at the post office area's modern vending machines.

The frequent radio and television news reports have replaced the urgency of establishments of such gentlemen as Messrs. Guthrie, Rosenfeld and Hillman, early operators of Mokelumne's respected and vital newspaper and periodical agencies. It is unlikely that portion of local communication history will repeat itself. The electronic age of telecommunication speeds evermore swiftly as the narrowing span of the centuries merges and further erases memory of all who made their significant contributions to the community's enlightenment and culture.

The press of Health Research, established in 1952 and operated as a partnership by Robert and Mary Wilborn and their daughter, Dorothy, located on Lafayette Street, employs eight full-time and two part-time workers engaged in making reprints of health, occult and metaphysical materials of a wide variety available by mail to individuals, jobbers and wholesalers. The requested mailings, averaging about fifteen hundred per month, has increased the local post office volume to place it in second class rating. Book location is an additional service, and cassette tapes will soon be available.

News still virtually flies—not as from Mokelumne's depression spring-stand pipe or even from those earlier telephones—but, especially when winds are high, from the town's several bulletin boards. There, the dubious items displayed as "news," to avoid the costs of advertising, are more abundant than staples or thumbtacks and quickly become true fliers of junk news in competition with the welter of daily "junk mail" abandoned more often to the post office counter than to the available garbage container by those members of the consumer society who can't bear to throw anything away. They've paid the mailbox rental fee. Someone might need it; read it. Nostalgic rememberings? Or similarly, as in those earlier times, a sincere effort to elevate the mind—of someone else.



Mokelumne Hill after its survival of the boisterous years yet presents a view of the lush growth of its warm belt location. Orange trees glow with their abundance of fruits in winter. A pre-1940 view.

Scene 4

Temples of Worship and the Jewish Cemeteries

Methodist Episcopal Church

As the following documentary evidence shows, that "tent house" established on Mokelumne's "Church Street" became the first Protestant church in Calaveras County.

> "Know all men by these present that Isaac B. Fish, Preacher in charge of the Moquelumne Hill C.P. of the California District, Oregon and California Mission Conference of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, do hereby certify that on the 23 of November 1851, I did take possession of the lot on which the Methodist Church now stands, the same being and is situated in the town of Moquelumne Hill in the county of Calaveras and State of California, on what is known by 'Church Street' and did dedicate on said day the canvas house thereon to the worship of God, to be held and used for the benefit of said Methodist Episcopal Church, and I do hereby according to the discipline of said Church appoint the following persons Trustees, Nicholas Lewis, Wm. P. Newlen and James Guard, who with their successors are to have in trust said lot and church building for the use and benefit of said Church according to the usages and discipline of the same.
>
> Isaac B. Fish, Mokelumne Hill, Calif., April 3, 1852"

The tent was replaced by a cheap building of odd shape —twenty feet by seventy feet. The Reverend Fish, the gold camp's first preacher, it is told, was a fearless man who denounced all the popular vices of the community to win total enmity of the saloon and bawdy-house keepers. He was revered by his congregation for his talents to challenge as well as for his ministerial services and industry.

In 1854, a new Methodist-Episcopal Church was dedicated by the Rev. Martin C. Briggs, leader of the pioneers of California Methodism. He was born in 1832 in Oneida County, New York. After graduating from Concord Biblical Institute in 1850, he was commissioned to do missionary work in California. With his wife, Ellen (Green), he crossed the Isthmus of Panama and arrived aboard the steamer *Oregon*. He became officially stationed at Sacramento in the year of statehood.

His forty years of exemplary Christian service made him chief founder and first president, in 1854, of the University of the Pacific at Santa Clara. He was accorded the title "Methodist Trumpeter," as well as "Spiritual Father" by Dr. Rockwell Dennis Hunt, who was highly influenced by him at age eighteen when he attended the Methodist School of the Pastorate of Dr. Martin C. Briggs in Napa, in 1885, where the Hunt family resided after their move from Freeport.

At the time of Reverend Briggs' dedication of the local church, there were thirty-three communicants. N. Reasoner served as steward. In 1859, the Rev. Robert Killen of Nova Scotia headed the congregation. He aided in the fund drive to secure $1,500 for the building of the Methodist Church in San Andreas. Religion, accompanied by bigotry, had moved westward to influence the gold camps. The Methodist Church remained active into the 1880s.

The Reverend Fish and the pastors to follow made an impact! E Clampus Vitus' history records the membership, in the 1850s, of Bill Gardilew, a gambler who later became a Methodist preacher. Some of the successful gold camp diggin' was not for gold!

First Congregational Church

The First Congregational Church was organized on August 23, 1853, soon after its minister—benefactor of the Robert Thompsons—arrived with them. He preached in a hall to ardent worshipers. Caroline B. Thompson spurred the drive to establish a church, then referred to as "Mrs. Thompson's church."

Benefactor Rev. Benjamin D. Henry of Bangor, Maine served for two years, during which time the church



First Congregational Church before restoration. Built in 1856, it still serves as the community church.

burned. The Rev. J. S. Zelie took over the pastorate when the discouraged Reverend Henry returned home in 1855. The new building was erected in 1856 by miners after working long hours. A collection had been taken every Saturday night by Emma (Emily) Green Wells and ladies of the congregation to raise the needed $2,700. The church was dedicated by the Rev. Joseph Benton of Sacramento on March 8, 1857. The impressive white, Greek revival-style structure of board and batten, with green shuttered windows, still stands on its fitted stone pillars, serving as the Community Church, the oldest Congregational Church building in the state—California Landmark No. 262. It speaks that the gold god of the bulk of the forty-niners proved false.

Lulu Prindle's concern and leadership in the 1930s for preservation of the historic edifice led to the establishment of the local Women's Club and its sewing circle. The club's projects were actively supported by Annie Taylor, Carrie and Audrey Kuhn and Pearl White.

Periodically, melodic chime bells reverberate from within, in harmony with the non-bustle of today's peaceful, small town atmosphere. The present congregation was well-served for the past seventeen years by the Rev. Kenneth G. Thomson, assisted by his wife, Betty, and loyal ladies of the congregation such as Gwenola Beebe and Sandy Wudell—with regular Sunday and special services and programs, Bible study, and children's Christian education classes. The Rev. Michael Harper now serves the congregation.

In the Town Hall, the Foothill Evangelical Lutheran Mission, with the Rev. William Plath as pastor, provides an active program of religious services as well as aid to the needy from its Master's Closet located at the church office on Main and Centre streets.

Saint Thomas Aquinas Roman Catholic Church

The history of Mokelumne's Catholic Church appears one of excessive movement, of "ups and downs" resulting in debatable confusions as the church was formerly served

by both the San Francisco and Sacramento dioceses and clergy from Angels Camp, San Andreas, Sutter Creek and Volcano. It is now part of the Stockton Diocese.

The first services held were presumably in a canvas construction at or near the present location on Lafayette Street at Deep Gulch edge, by a French priest, Father John Bobard, in 1851. The church was named Saint Thomas Aquinas. Archbishop Jose Sadoc Alemany (1814-1888) of the San Francisco diocese, with concern for the miners of the camps, sent missionary fathers. Alemany was California's first archbishop. He was from Vich, Spain, and belonged to the order of Saint Dominic.

The fire of 1854 necessitated a new structure. The following appears:

> "May 4, 1857—I, Michael King, a Catholic priest in the village of Mokelumne Hill, for and in the name of the Most Reverend Joseph Alemany, Archbishop of San Francisco, have taken up for the purpose of building St. Peter's Church thereon, (said church being Catholic) a certain lot or tract of land lying in the eastern suburbs of said village to begin at east side of Marlette that adjoins Tynan and running thence."

The lot had been donated by Francis Snyder, Esquire.

A church was probably rebuilt shortly by the Rev. James Motter (1857-62) and dedicated with Father Motter and a Father Hodge assisting. In his interval of service, Father Motter aided California's first Chinese missionary priest, who served in the Chinatowns of the Mother Lode. Missionary Father Thomas Cian (Chan), a native of Hunan, China, arrived at Archbishop Alemany's request from the College for Chinese in Naples and ministered to the Chinese from 1854 to 1865. (Father Motter served in Stockton before becoming secretary to Archbishop Alemany.)

Father Yzquierdo of Mexico, pastor of the San Andreas parish (1863-65), left a definite record of his work—then a rare act. He established a school in San Andreas with over sixty children of all denominations. It was paid for by tuitions and pew rentals.

In 1870, Saint Peter's Church returned to or near the original site. Again, fire engulfed the building in 1874. The parishioners, undaunted, immediately planned to rebuild in the area northeast of the Suessdorf-Hemminghoffen Brewery—"up high on the hill."

On October 9, 1875, a news item appeared stating that a new church was to replace the old one, burned in the 1874 fire, and was to be built on Brewery Hill. The following week, October 16, an item reported: "The church frame is up—the church is to be 24′ x 36′ in size." On November 6, 1875, another item read, "The outside of the church is completed; the inside, to the degree that services can be held. The church bell is a fine one—cost $200 and weighs 800 pounds." (The bell is of cast steel—Patent No. 1291—manufactured by Naylor, Vickers & Company, Sheffield, in 1859. It relayed its fine melodious peal from the hill slope until nearly the close of the century, and still serves.) "The church is painted a modest shade of brown." It was reported to have been the grandest edifice on the hill, with beautiful stained-glass windows and a cupola surmounted with an elaborate cross.

About the century's close, the church once again returned to or near its earliest location on Lafayette Street and resumed its original name of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Father Michael O'Reilly was pastor. Frank Gold and Charles Bennett were the principal carpenters of what is thought to have been a church constructed with some lumber from a previous building. As the community's population dwindled, parishioners were fewer, as were the services available, and the finances.

About 1920, Saint Thomas Aquinas became a mission church served monthly from the Angels Camp parish by Pastor James O'Flanagan. He was followed by Pastor John Maguire (1932). By the late '30s, the original plain, age-darkened, beige-brown, water-stained wallpaper pasted on cheesecloth, was falling away, in twisted, turned streamers, from one-inch by nine-inch rough board walls. Rain-stained, fire-rescued lithographs, titled in both Spanish and French, imported from Paris, France —serving as the wood-framed Stations of the Cross—made the Sorrowful Mysteries inexorably mysterious. The religious print above the altar, still advertising a brand of Irish whiskey in the lower margin border in accommodation of its frame, proved unnerving to spiritual reflection at the communion rail. Unpainted, rough, uneven floor boards made sitting and kneeling from non-secured kneelers and pews a lively adventure. The simulated "stained glass" blue-grey painted windows were flaking into creations of their own non-religious, holey designs.

A pot-bellied wood stove regularly belched its greeting of smoke on cold winter mornings and forced the utterances of the spoken Word to be punctuated by coughs. Bats in the belfry made entry to use the church expanse around the sanctuary lamp as a speed flyway. An old reed pump organ in the organ loft wheezed its agedness of flatted keys to resound their excellence of atonality. The altar linens were as limited as were their linen fibers. The red velvet curtain of the confessional flaunted its lone elegance.



Saint Thomas Aquinas Catholic Church, Mokelumne Hill, in 1933. It was restored in 1947.

The few brave souls to enter earned their special grace —having survived the climb to the narrow, wooden steps over the rocky, often muddy, steep bank approach. Pallbearers found the attempt a definite challenge.

There was need for leadership and action. A fund raising three-act community play, "Seven Chances," was performed in the Town Hall in 1938 by high school students and other local youth (including Melvin Lloyd, who gave his life in honorable World War II service with the same readiness to again play his part. He is remembered by the director-writer with gratitude, since he gave himself so cooperatively to his acting part.). The financial profits shared by the youth for both churches netted $100, spent for the purchase of wall board, skillfully erected by Italian church member Jack Menchini—his labor donated —and a gracious, non-Catholic aide. The wall board remained unpainted! All else remained as was!

The writer, undaunted, in March 1947, at the Melvin and Margaret Hamby residence, brought the St. Thomas Aquinas Society into being with five equally eager parishioners and Pastor John Maguire, who was very politely informed that the future special fund raising moneys would be expended on Saint Thomas Aquinas Church. (It is not recorded that such commitment was appreciated.) In 1949, Pastor James Kenney served the parish. The Society's membershp grew to forty members. Some met monthly as a Christian Doctrine study group in members' homes. All were determined to increase church attendance and make the very much needed renovations and improvements.

With the help of willing members, cooperative husbands, and many friends—some not of the church—serious hard work to raise funds began: a "Moonlight and Roses" formal ball; a fashion show with attire from the distinctive "Brown House" of Stockton; theater parties in Calaveras Theater of San Andreas; indoor and outdoor whist parties; yearly Saint Patrick's Day corned beef dinners in the Town Hall; bingo games; turkey and ham trap shoots on Stockton Hill; raffles of such items as a hope chest of handmade linens and laces; auctions; pasties; enchilada and ice cream cone sales; "yard sales"; bake sales; "no bake sales"; soup suppers; Christmas wine tasting galas and special solicitations with comic jingles for easing the pain of giving cash. Many donations of furnishings were made, and there was much construction both outdoors and indoors with donated labor of parishioners, headed by Dan Malaspino, skilled carpenter and cabinet maker, aided by Elvin Sabatini. The tremendous visible success of the efforts makes believing in miracles easy!

With the greatly loved, humble, understanding and appreciative Monsignor Martin Starc as pastor serving from the re-established San Andreas Parish (1963), the church again resumed a most active role in meeting the needs of its congregation in regular and special services

and activities for both children and adults. Church services for a period of time were officiated on each Sunday by a cosmopolitan clergy: Pastor Edward Donohoe (Ireland), Pastor Emeritus Monsignor Martin Starc (Jugoslavia), and the Rev. George Morenco (Italy) with over fifty-two years of service. The often-overflowing congregation, under the direction of the most vocally talented Monsignor Starc, "the Pavarotti of parishes," sings with joy that Saint Thomas Aquinas Church is again fully and beautifully restored in its former glory, serving as "the grandest edifice in the gulch" with beautiful, donated stained glass windows!

And there are recent interior improvements, as well as new beauty atop! Leo McCartney, Irish senior citizen and loyal general caretaker, single-handedly repaired the high steeple in 1980 and, self-determined, changed its color from Irish green to gold to honor Monsignor Starc's Golden Jubilee of priesthood! "'Twas a most brave and gracious Irish act—of both generosity and humility, b'gorra!" And St. Thomas Aquinas Society, with Gloria (Hewitt) Godfrey as the dedicated president, has celebrated its fortieth year with "more ups than downs." The congregation held its first outdoor Mass in the town park on Saturday evening, September 8, 1984. In 1985, Pastor Oliver O'Grady of Ireland was assigned to head the parish.

The melodious peal of the historic bells of both community churches, crisscrossing the peaceful China Gulch in long dedication to spiritual communication, awakens late sleepers each Sunday morning for personal evaluation as on those boisterous Sundays so long ago when the clinking and chinking of glasses submerged the sermons! The bells remind, too, that Mrs. Wells and her church ladies' exemplary efforts in church fund raising did not dim and fade as did all that glittering Mokelumne gold.



Saint Paul's Episcopal Mission, Mokelumne Hill (1895 to early part of 1920s).

Saint Paul's Episcopal Church

Saint Paul's Episcopal Church, a former mission church on Sturges Alley, was built on land purchased in 1895 from F. W. Peek, merchant, who lived directly across in the Sturges House. The small, bolted framework structure, with its high, over-the-entry steeple, seated about thirty worshipers. It was constructed chiefly by layreader H. H. Nagle and served to about 1910. In the early 1930s, the building, having long been permanently vacated, and in disrepair, was gradually dismantled, piece by piece, to extinction, sometimes in night laborings. Modern apartments built in the 1970s are blessed to be on sacred ground. It is not known how many of those blessed boards provided warmth in the dreary depression winters or exist yet as low-cost depression repairs.

Jewish Synagogue and Cemeteries
B'Nai Israel

The inspiration and pleading of Maurice Raphael (Raphall) of earlier Fiddletown, who moved into Mokelumne in 1857 to open the People's Restaurant, led to the establishment of the area's Jewish synagogue. Dr. Julius Eckman, the first rabbi to minister in California, in 1854, had arrived in San Francisco from Mobile, Alabama. He was dissuaded from continuing on to Honan, China, to alleviate the plight of the Chinese Jews; so, soon after, he dedicated the synagogues of that city and Stockton.

Raphael had made observation. A synagogue needed to be built! He reasoned that since California was no longer a temporary home for many and there was constant arrival of Jewish families, the synagogue would aid in unifying sons of Israel, improve their religious and moral state and increase sociability. There was special concern for young Jewish males. Life was lonely for single Jewish men. Some, in desperation, cast off all religious restraint, denied their identity to become like the good guys—those miners who classed them as equals "of us good, white men." Thus, they could enjoy the rampant evils of the day. Bars were frequented—where slings, cocktails, punches, smashes, cobblers, eggnogs, toddies, sangarees could be sipped or gulped, and the company of women enjoyed. Most drank, swore, gambled, and enjoyed fast horses and fast women, both readily available.

B'nai Israel (Sons of Israel) Synagogue came into being in Jackson when a group gathered to observe the Passover on April 18, 1857. It was the first synagogue in the Mother Lode and reported as the fifth in the state—presumed to have been modeled after B'nai Israel of Sacramento (1852)—the first synagogue west of the Rockies, whose constitution, bylaws, and Rules of Order served as guide and gave spiritual nourishment to the Jewish enroute to the gold fields as did Reim Ahuvem (1855), built in Stockton on a lot contributed by Captain Charles M. Weber. (It seated 200 and was lighted by six whale oil lamps, but was often flooded!)

B'nai Israel was dedicated on the eve of the Jewish New Year 5618—September 18, 1857—presumably by Nathan Brinn, early miner and Butte City store clerk for his brother and later a merchant of Sutter Creek, who served as lay rabbi for a decade. (It is thought he was related to a rabbi.)

The area's Orthodox Jews—like others in the Mother Lode—were, in the majority, of Polish-Prussian origin and established the Polish rite—the Minhag Polin—but welcomed into membership those accustomed to other forms of worship.

Officers were elected: John Levinsky, president; D. Harris, vice president; Charles Stechler, secretary; Sam Levy, treasurer. Trustees were M. Abraham, Nathan Brinn and Moses Bruml. The following year, Maurice Raphael of Mokelumne assumed the high office of president, with Charles Stechler as treasurer.

It was the officer's duty to inform and maintain the congregation, superintend religious ceremonies and be involved with the functioning of the synagogue, burials and burial grounds, and to provide social activities.

B'nai Israel Synagogue served its local congregation of thirty-five members and thirty co-religionists of Mokelumne Hill as well as those of San Andreas and other Calaveras and Amador areas. Land situated on high ground north of the town entirely out of danger of conflagration and near the burying ground was donated by Christians—Messrs. A. C. Brown of Jackson and John Edwards of Ione Valley.

The congregation was one of affluence. Jewish peddlers had become successful businessmen. By 1855, Jewish married men had come to settle and prospered! In a two-county drive, Jews and non-Jews contributed liberally to build the elegant, impressive synagogue. The structure was a contrast to the simple homes and stores—a frame edifice measuring twenty-five feet across the front, fifty feet deep, and sixteen feet high. Its ceiling was thought arched over an original interior arrangement. There were gable-end cornices from the eaves and a rear circular window which, it is believed, displayed the "Star of David." The participation of the Jewish people of Calaveras in the synagogue ceremonies is evidenced in a "card" printed in the *Weekly Gleaner*, September 29, 1858:

> The citizens of the Jewish faith of the city of San Andreas, California beg leave to return their thanks to their co-religionists of Jackson, Amador County for the courtesy and gentlemanly manner in which they were entertained by them during their visit to that place for the purpose of celebrating with them the Day of Atonement and Yom Kippur.
>
> Larry Drandowsky, Secty.

To observe the high holy days, Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, all the Jews of Jackson and, it is assumed, most others closed their businesses. Congregation members sought to retain their orthodox identity. Many traveled to Stockton or Sacramento to be married "according to the law of Moses and Israel." Differences between north German Jews or Prussian-Posen (formerly Poland) German Jews of Bavaria and other south German states were felt to be of such intensity that intermarriage between them was disdained. Jewish men returned home for their brides. Intermarriage of cousins was common.

The Sabbath (Hebrew shavot or Shabbat, "to rest") commemorated creation and began approximately twenty minutes before sunset on Friday evening. The evening services required the recital of the Psalms. On Saturday morning, there were rituals and prayers. Sabbath and festival synagogue services, according to ancient tradition, required that no fewer than ten male worshipers

(minyan) be present, thus contributing to communal awareness. These and festival days were holy days of sanctification. In the home, candles were kindled by the mother; in her absence by the father (sometimes by German or Irish maids) to start the holy period.

In each household, abiding by prescribed law, festive meals were enjoyed as mundane meals became sacred—with solemn, religious ceremony and playful customs to appeal to children—the appropriate ablution, ceremony with wine, breaking of unleavened bread, followed by pursuit of intellectual study and relaxation. Thirty-nine major categories of prohibitions prevailed for Orthodox observance, including buying and selling, baking and cooking, traveling, abstinence from sex, and writing, as of documents. Joy and relaxation became sacred obligations (mitzwot). Sabbath and all major festival days required work stoppage -the closing of businesses.

Sacramento's B'nai Israel minister, a Mohel, came when requested to Jackson and Mokelumne to perform the ritual act of circumcision and initiate an eight-day old male into the Abrahamitic covenant. No ordained rabbis served in the region. Lay residents conducted the worship, burial, and some marriage services. Sixteen men served from Mokelumne Hill and Amador towns, as well as two from San Francisco during the 1859-73 period.

The congregation quorum (minyan) of 1857 demanded the presence of ten males over thirteen (later changed to eighteen). Women did not count in the minyan. Although the congregation was reported to be one of means, no scroll of the Torah was purchased. One was borrowed every year, it is thought from Sherith Israel in San Francisco. And no benevolent society developed at the synagogue, although congregation members dispensed charity for local and worldwide causes—giving liberally of money, time, and talent when requested or required to do so. They were active in civic affairs.

The B'nai Israel constitution for its congregation required that one be qualified in learning and piety and able to lead the worship; an admission fee of three dollars and annual dues of six dollars be collected; membership be denied to any member who married out of the faith or contrary to Jewish law; expulsion be enacted to anyone who opened his store to transact business on the high holidays. (Some Jewish men did not abide—nor did they in the requirements for the Jewish Sabbath.)

Fines were affixed for various offenses: fifty cents for member non-attendance at a meeting; two dollars for an officer. Absenting oneself without the presiding officer's permission during the meeting commanded a fine of one dollar; if the result was no quorum, five dollars was assessed. A fine, not to exceed two dollars, was assessed for disorderly conduct.

Jackson's B'nai Israel was among the few synagogues' congregations to retain certain fines after the mid-nineteenth century—a carry-over of Kahillah—congregational authority to enforce the decrees of an autonomous Jewish community as when refusal brought ostracism, house arrest, fines, ex-communication and restrictions from burial rights. Any member not attending his duty when appointed on a committee was subject to a fine of five dollars. There were strictures for non-dues payment.

All went well for the Jewish religious congregation through the Jewish community's heydays to the late 1860s. In the Jewish New Year 5628, a regular meeting was held on September 26, 1868. A resolution was passed: "Resolved that our best wishes and vote of thanks are hereby tendered to our retiring officers; also to our readers, Messrs. Zirker and Cohen of Mokelumne Hill for their able manner in officiating during the holiday. The annual election was held." (Reported by H. Harris, Secty.)

By the decade's close, the Jewish communities of all Mother Lode towns, forced by economic and social changes as well as by the natural phenomena of fire and flood, intensified the fading toward non-existence of the Jewish community. For want of worshipers, the synagogue edifice, unable to assure its minyan, removed the sacred Torah. Thus ended the exciting, exacting years of synagogue existence.

After 1869, the congregation services were conducted in the Masonic Hall of Jackson. A list of congregation officers, trustees, and members published in 1873 showed eighteen members making a valiant attempt to reorganize a faltering congregation. Some family names were identifiable with The Hill: George Newman acted as president; Joseph Samuels, vice-president; Charles Stechler, secretary; and Samuel Levy, treasurer, with Jacob Newman, Theodore Levy and Herman Goldner as trustees. Many had served as officials of public trust.

With renewed energy, they revised the 1857 constitution, bylaws and Rules of Order and had them printed in San Francisco. But they did not return to the synagogue. It was subverted to secular purposes; it is believed a school. Congregations continued in the Masonic Hall.

It is not known to what extent individuals perpetuated the Orthodox rituals and practices through this and other mining communities. It is thought that Sabbath observances were not an overriding preoccupation in the

mountain areas, but there is evidence that the gold mining communities had individuals and families who were proud of their Judaic heritage, perpetuated its practices and maintained its many orthodox traditions to inform and educate their children.

Sabbath and dietary laws (matzoth and kosher) presented problems and forced accommodation due to isolation and necessity. Rabbis sometimes arrived from large cities for performing marriage rituals although they were not essential to the ceremonies—celebrated as momentous events—as were circumcisions—often with festive Town Hall banquets and town bell ringing. (Some married in the cities and some outside the faith.) A Mohel—trained in the profession (and granted the Diploma of Practical Mohel)—was sometimes engaged to render the performance of circumcision.

In 1888, B'nai Israel was moved to a nearby lot and used as a private dwelling until it was razed in 1949, the "Centennial of the Gold Rush" and the Hebrew year 5709, when Israel became a state. The historic house of God was razed with the old Jackson Grammar School. Its site—block 5, lot 14—became a portion of the playground of the new school construction of the late 1940s. The original site is marked by the Jewish Preservation Society (1976) as California Registered Historical Landmark No. 865 and evokes good will in joint county and community religious cooperation.

The decline of the population and inability to meet the requirement of minyan brought the end of the synagogue congregation in 1902 to close a noble spiritual and communal effort of the Jewish congregation. Blessed are all those children who have enjoyed play on the hallowed grounds of a synagogue no longer remembered! Blessed are its founders for their valiant efforts! They served the gold camps not in vain.

Mokelumne Hill's Jewish Cemetery and Givoth Olom

Lest we forget the significance of the Jewish presence in Mokelumne Hill, the north edge of the Protestant Cemetery will continue to serve as the definitive reminder. It was earlier set aside with a fence enclosure to mark the land purchased by donations in 1859. It is the only Jewish cemetery in Calaveras County and served as one of the six of the gold camps of the Mother Lode. Cemeteries accommodated larger geographical regions than where located, and bodies were sometimes taken out of the area to valley points because of easier transport or to family plots elsewhere. Custom decreed that interment take place as soon as possible, and that the *kaddish* be recited at the public service by mourners of a close relative.



Protestant Cemetery (1850) with its picket fence. Chinese and Jewish cemeteries were located at the cemetery's edge.

The local cemetery, with its remaining thirteen gravesites, has survived heavy vandalism, and though no longer in a separate enclosure, was itself once nearly buried in neglect. It was rededicated with an appropriate bronze marker on June 26, 1976, which reads: "These sacred grounds are the property of the Commission for the Preservation of Pioneer Jewish Cemeteries and Landmarks—The Judah L. Magnes Memorial Museum" (Berkeley, California). The commendable effort now reveals to us the few remaining unique, weather-worn, marble, head and foot grave stones, with their Hebrew and Roman inscriptions. They induce thoughts of sympathy—of isolation from "homelands," family, and friends across the broad Atlantic; of infancy and early childhood deaths of the "we were there" children of the gold rush and Civil War period; of Rachael and Michael, husband and wife, dying in mid-life, never reaching the privileges of senior citizen status; of Isaac Lurch, traveling from far away Germany to cut his life short at Lancha Plana (Flat Boat) at age twenty-eight, possibly from a falling bank, there a common form of demise. (He was the first to be buried in the cemetery.) Isidor Sokolowski, grocer, died December 27, 1870, corresponding to the year 5631; "May his soul rest in peace." Were there perils for Pauline as his widow, regardless of the Jewish tradition of hard work and familiarity with adversity, when it is assumed she continued the family business? Melancholia evolves

as one stands before another family plot encircled with its aged iron grill fence and impressive with its tombstone of ample size. Bertha—Mother (born 1799)—wife of Moses Strouse. She died in Virginia City, Nevada, December 24, 1878, on Christmas Eve. Why there? And how did she wend her way from Sterndorf, Germany? She lies in this quiet spot of beauty. And where lies Moses? Did any family members survive the World War II Holocaust? Gracious, proud tribute in verse is inscribed: "She was a good Mother and wife, She led a virtuous, useful life." Buried by her side are two sons, Abraham Strauss and Kalman Strauss, "Sons of Moses Strauss." The Magnes Preservation Commission contributes much to the preservation of the history of conundrums!



Bertha and Moses Strouse family plot, Jewish Cemetery, Mokelumne Hill. Sons Kalman and Abraham are buried in the plot with their mother. There appears to be no information about Moses Strouse.

The headstone of Isaac Lurch is adorned by Masonic symbols. It is told he had been accorded the largest funeral ever witnessed in a mining town in the 1850s. Over five hundred persons were in the procession to the graveside. His bier was accompanied by the Masonic and Odd Fellow fraternal organizations of Amador and Calaveras, the Lancha Plana Fire Department and all the Mokelumne Hill Jewish women. A band of music—courtesy of the Masonic Order—headed the procession, unaware that instrumental music was forbidden by Jewish law and custom on such an occasion. And so there is evidence that in Mokelumne's spirit of benevolence and concern, there was unique gold camp unity—in a decent and proper 1859 burial service, with Christian, Masonic and Judaic participants.

The grave stones remind us, too, that there were problems in creating the special burial grounds. The Mayer Brothers, reported as Mokelumne's wealthiest Jews, it is written, refused to contribute their share of the cost of land purchased. They had no plan to remain permanently in the town. The cemetery was acquired without their aid.

In 1859, Frederick Mayer, age thirty, born in Apolzheim, Bavaria, was living in Mokelumne Hill with his wife, Margaret, nine years younger, also a German native. Daughter Emma had arrived in February 1858, followed by Louisa, in April 1859. There was joy in the young family. But the new year brought tragedy and grief. In May, one-year-old Louisa died suddenly. The distraught parents requested permission for burial in the Jewish Cemetery. It was refused. They arranged for burial in the Protestant Cemetery adjoining, then expressed their pleasure in the arrangement. Six months later, two-year-old Emma became seriously ill. She died on the following November day of 1860. The bereaved father made an offer of a large sum for a much desired resting place. Again, the request was denied. Emma was placed beside Louisa. Brother Mayer's only child collapsed and died shortly after.

The ill-fated events are further reminders that some graves, supposedly in Mokelumne Hill's Jewish Cemetery, are not lost. They are only misplaced.

Margaret and Frederick Mayer remained long in the community and were buried with their children; Margaret at age fifty-four in 1892 and Frederick at age sixty-five in 1894. The artistically decorated family tombstone impresses most observers with the sadness it conveys.

As in Mokelumne, nothing remains of the once thriving Jewish community in Jackson except the Eternal Hills Cemetery—Givoth Olom. Its beautiful trees, planted by the Jewish citizenry, stand among the family plots to shelter the resting places—serving as the living witnesses of those who 200 years earlier fled German persecutions and helped to build a new land in New Amsterdam in 1654. The cemetery, established in 1854, was developed on land contributed by the Jackson City Council in the newly established County of Amador.

Herman Goldner, born in 1827 in Prussia, pioneer of 1850, leader and long active citizen of the Jewish community, died in 1906 at age seventy-nine. His sons, Alfred, in 1910, and Robert, in 1924, were the last to be interred and carried with them the firsthand knowledge of the era of Mokelumne-San Andreas-Jackson Jewish economic and political influence and social contributions to the Mother Lode gold camps.

Scene 5

Schools

Mrs. Isaac Fish, wife of the Methodist Episcopal Church minister, in 1852, established Mokelumne's first school, a private one, in a church tent. Five children were enrolled, three of them black. The teacher's salary was seventy-five dollars per month. School was in session three hours a day.

The first public school followed, before 1855, near the private one on the hill slope close to the historic Church Street site. The school was probably developed by patrons —among them one who boarded the teacher in a mutual exchange of benefits arrangement. The assessor acted as county superintendent of common schools. After 1855, Robert H. Thompson served as the elected superintendent (1857-64). School districts were formed by the county board of supervisors in June 1859. Superintendent Thompson gave names to the earlier numbered districts. A survey of The Hill showed 147 children between the ages of four and eighteen. In 1861, the number increased to 220. In 1867, there were 195. One hundred children were listed in Chili Gulch. Among the teachers to serve the area were Hester A. Morse (1859), H. L. Beal (1865) and Maggie Thornton (1874).

The local two-room public school was subscribed in 1864 and dedicated January 2, 1865. H. B. Mayhew was the contractor for the $3,000 building. The *Calaveras Chronicle* reported: "Citizens of our town have great reason to congratulate themselves upon the fine, new, commodious school house which has just been erected in place of the old shell that stood so many years, a reproach to us in the mouth of every passerby. No finer looking or better school house is to be found in the mountain towns of California and a great credit is due to the Board of Trustees." As in other public schools, Chinese, Negro and Indian children were not admitted. In 1866, official segregation schools were made part of the system for Negro and Indian children. A school law of 1872 excluded Chinese from public schools. In some areas, Mexicans were assigned to special schools. The California Supreme Court decision of 1890 attempted to abolish legal segregation.

Proud trustees were J. C. Gebhart, A. P. Dudley, and James Hepburn. Staff members were John H. Allen and William Daken. W. C. Mosher was superintendent and sometimes aided education as a private tutor.

The pressing question of the early school days was: "Should the school be graded?" The Hill trustees decided not to grade according to the advancement of scholars regardless of age or sex instead of simply separating the sexes. "The fact that graded schools are infinitely better than ungraded ones, no person who had kept pace with progress of education will pretend to deny."

The opposition gave voice! "There seems to be a numerous class of people in the community who are fond of novelty and change—ever fond of trying experiments in education instead of following a plan which has worked well for years past." (Time changes nothing! Only the voices are different as beamed from both "inner" and outer space?) The school was served in the 1859 to 1874 period by J. H. Mahon, Lenna Herter, the Rev. N. L. Guthrie, and Maggie Thornton; in 1876 by Frank H. Day, age twenty-five, as upper grade teacher, and his sister, Emily Day, age twenty.

One hundred thirty pupils were in attendance. Enrollment increased in the 1880s to 200 students. Florence Moser, Maggie McCallen, and H. H. Moffitt, principal, were among the staff (1899-1911). It is remembered that discipline was maintained by the three-foot rule and the buggy whip, for which it appears Maggie acquired undying fame for her talent of abuse of use and of missing her intended victim.

A rebuilt school structure (near 1900) still stands on the original foundation and displays the original 1865 windows. The "L" room addition, bell tower, gables, gingerbread trim and curved steps were the added Victorian age improvements. A great Depression mid-thirties Federal Government Works Project Administration (WPA) endeavor of school ground leveling on the north and south sides, the areas hemmed in by rhyolite stone walls and sturdy, steel chainlink fences, contributed to further improvements and provided much-needed play space for



Frank Day, teacher, began his career at age seventeen in 1867 and continued until 1906—thirty-nine years.

fifty to sixty children of all eight grades in attendance. A level ball field at last!

In appreciation, upper grade students solicited trees and shrubs from nurseries and friends to enhance the changed environment and planted native orange-red blossoming, gray leaved succulents gathered and brought by students Elmer and Bertha Peterson from the surrounding hills of the Easyz Bird Mine of The River area to carefully place in the stone wall crevices. Their efforts still beautify, amazingly, as the succulents continue to do their "home work" in addition, division and multiplication. They despise subtraction! Marjorie Davis has beautifully restored the historic school to an attractive private home.

The town's lack of water during the early 1930s demanded that students carry water from the well on the flat near the Charles and Laura Greve Bennett residence. Attempts at supervision for sanitation of water and students' drinking cups added to the already extensive duties of the two young, female, college graduate teachers —Principal Bertha Wright (married Earle Dell'Orto) of the primary grades and the new upper division teacher (the writer), who in 1933, as in the past, were paid salaries of seventy-five dollars per month (for nine months), except that a bachelor of arts degree was state mandated for employment! Five of the dollars were earned doing janitorial duties! The school day was 8:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., with morning, noon, and recess duties of playground and lunch supervision.

The arrangement for splitting the standard monthly teacher's salary ($140-$150) was uniquely devised or approved by Charles F. Schwocrer, elected county superintendent (a political act for proving efficiency of funds?) —giving the community "two for the price of one." The savings or efficiency principles were not applicable to the job of superintendent or supervisor of instruction, an appointive position soon filled by his wife, who had quit her job at Mokelumne Hill School because "it was too hard—better for younger teachers." The superintendent held no degree—or even college training—nor did she! Gold was yet difficult for professional educators to acquire in the "diggin's" during those hard times unless one worked on or could "jump" the superintendent's claim—to self-benefiting treatment.

After the H. B. Mayhews, early day school builders, departed for San Francisco, their fond remembrances of Mokelumne Hill prompted them to invite one hundred former residents of The Hill to a reunion gathering held at their home on Golden Gate Avenue. The successful evening's guest list as reported in the *San Francisco Examiner* on April 15, 1889 included many of The Hill's



Teachers' Institute, Mokelumne Hill. Date? Frank Day, back row, left.

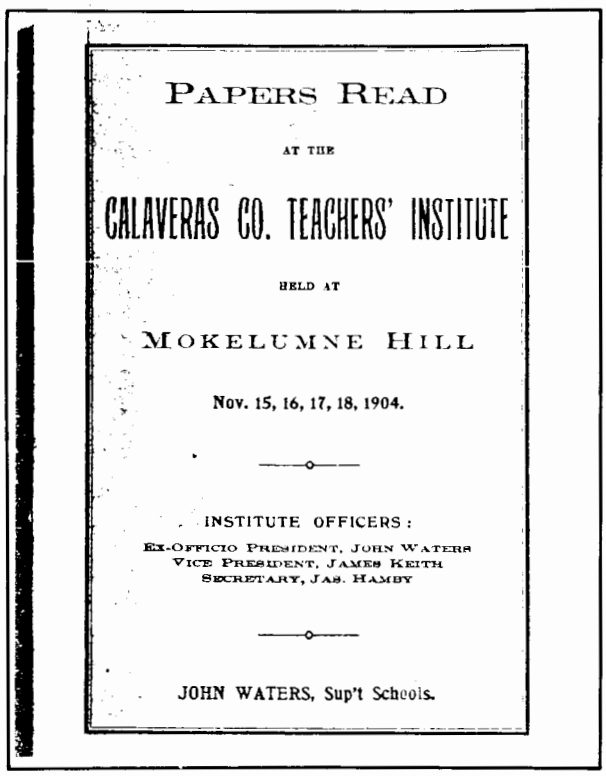
early pioneers. "The Mokelumne Hill Club" was formed for further reunions. Mrs. Samuel Foorman (chairman), Judge Robert Thompson, Mrs. Lena Manken Myers (secretary) and the host were named as the committee. Such were the joys of reviving early Mokelumne Hill friendships and restoring the pleasant memories of the early school "daze."

Among the Mayhews' distinguished guests—and those yet enroute to fame—were Judge Amos Crandall Adams and his wife, Rachel, with daughter Lillie and son, attorney Charles A. Adams, then age twenty-one. He was obviously interested in the education discussions of his birthplace and early childhood years.

Charles Adams was born in Mokelumne Hill in 1868 on West Centre Street in the house his parents then purchased from Jewish merchant Edward Weihe (now owned by John and Chris (Hagen) Molinelli). In about 1874, Charles' mother sold her dry goods Emporium Store to Charles Jacob and Marx Gradwohl. The family moved to Oakland. At age nineteen, Charles graduated from Hastings School of Law. He achieved the reported status of Dean of Practicing Attorneys in San Francisco as he championed education with intense fervor.

In 1919, he launched the California Public Schools Week program by proclamation as Grand Master of the

Teachers' Institutes provided opportunity for travel, exchanges of ideas and socialization as well as for purchasing that much needed new outfit to wear!



PAPERS READ

AT THE

CALAVERAS CO. TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

HELD AT

MOKELUMNE HILL

Nov. 15, 16, 17, 18, 1904.

INSTITUTE OFFICERS:

EX-OFFICIO PRESIDENT, JOHN WATERS
VICE PRESIDENT, JAMES KEITH
SECRETARY, JAS. HAMBY

JOHN WATERS, Sup't Schools.



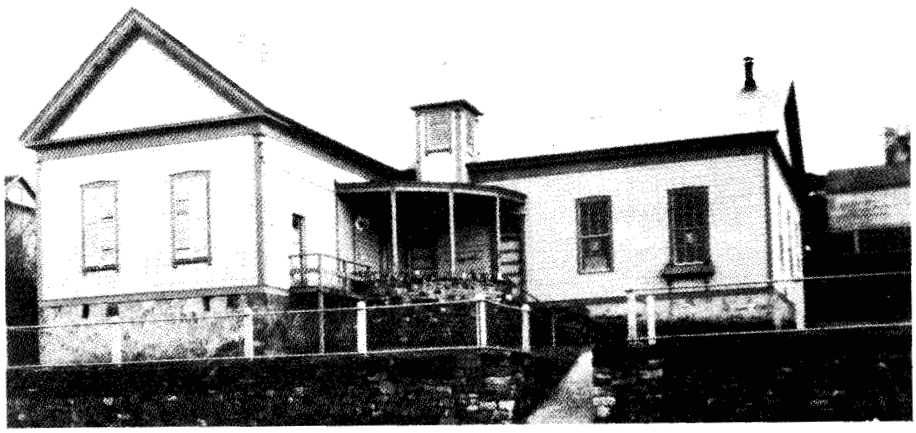
Mokelumne Hill School (circa 1920). Top left: Flora Zumwalt Dahl (Mrs. Andrew), primary teacher. Top right: Miss Edith Irvine, upper grade teacher. Edith's photo, at age twenty-two, appears in the May 1990 National Geographic *article, "The Quake of 1906." As hobbyist-photographer, she inadvertently captured sixty powerful images on glass plates as she awaited embarkation for a scheduled long sea voyage. Three fine scenes are featured, courtesy of the Brigham Young University Library. TV coverage was given.*

Masonic Order. It has been widely observed in California and many states of the nation.

From 1927 to 1931, Adams served on the State Board of Education. He held membership in San Francisco's Commonwealth Club.

On May 5, 1962, the *San Francisco Examiner* reported Charles Adams' death at age ninety-four. He died of injuries incurred from being struck down by a truck as he crossed Maiden Lane. His son, Egbert, and a daughter, Mrs. Lilli Taylor, survived Mokelumne Hill's famed champion of education.

A new school complex of portable buildings is located at the eastern edge of the town along Highway 26 and is among the smallest in the county, serving approximately



Mokelumne Hill School after the W.P.A. depression days ground improvements in the mid 1930s.

eighty students from kindergarten through grade six in four regular classrooms. There is a library. Special education classes, in addition, serve twenty-five communicatively handicapped and educationally disadvantaged. The students are bused in from nearby communities. The staff of ten certificated educators and six aides meets regular and special needs. Robert Geiszler, of San Andreas, is principal and part-time classroom teacher. His wife, Marjorie, was elected in 1982 to the position of county superintendent, the first woman to serve since 1954 and the third woman to serve since 1859. She ran unopposed in the 1986 general election. Both hold advanced degrees in education.

It is encouraging to record that much progress has been made in the quality of rural school education and in the concerns of fairness and justice to educators. The thought remains repetitive! Each school day, the historic old bell peals from its new, special outdoor stand and reminds the depression day teachers who live not distant, of their bell tolling, hard toiling days.

Scene 6
Library Service

In 1850, Calaveras County could boast of its first library when, in Volcano, Robert Beth, a merchant, bought novels and light reading and loaned the books at ten cents per volume. In 1854, a Miner's Library Association developed, assessing one dollar for admission and a twenty-five-cent membership fee. Weekly meetings were held where cultural topics of social, political and scientific nature were discussed with such talent of speakers as was available for lectures. Talent was available! Culture had moved westward—the Bible and dictionary accompanied the guns!

The library idea moved with speed to Mokelumne Hill. By 1852, there were recorded in James Kilton's letters such rental libraries in the Jewish merchants' stores, then lending mostly novels. There were lectures, too. Other books soon appeared for sale—classic literature and poetry, science, philosophy, history, rhetoric, geography, astronomy, botany, and politics. Requests were filled for special purchases. Home libraries grew. Merchant Lewis Weil made both books and cigars available for relaxation.

John Shears, early pioneer native of New York and eventual local race track owner, opened his Moquelumne Exchange and Reading Room on July 8, 1857. "The public are informed that the Reading Room will be furnished with the latest foreign and domestic newspapers and Sporting Literature of the day and other etceteras making this a FIRST CLASS SALOON." He also had available for exchange: "Literary, Political, and Scientific Texts and Volumes." Shears announced, too, that "The Library Saloon has been re-fitted with three splendid marble-bed billiard tables with Phelan's Patent combination cushions and a new set of balls and cues." Mokelumne Hill, with its noteworthy firsts, certainly had to be the leader for the idea of "Quiet" in library reading rooms.

John Shears died in San Francisco, where his remains were interred. It was written that he was a well-known mining man—one of the best in Calaveras County. It was not said how many billiard gamblers' pockets he mined as minds he elevated in bringing saloon class as well as cultural class to The Hill.

Calaveras County, after its notable beginning, finally inaugurated its free library system, the forty-seventh county to do so. The act of establishment had been preceded by years of work for library service by State Library staff workers since 1917, when Harriet G. Eddy, Galt High School teacher, visited Calaveras officials to talk about library enactment. She had founded the first county library in California at Galt and became an early library consultant. She reported that in Angels Camp she was shown a mummified frog said to be the original Dan'l Webster of Mark Twain's tale. Although this left a lively impression on her, she was unable to stir the local dignitaries' imaginations or interests in her invitation to jump frog-like onto her bandwagon! The successful special election held on August 31, 1938, with the primary, was induced by 1,200 petition signatures sought chiefly by dedicated teachers and acquired in an atmosphere of indifference and opposition. The library was overwhelmingly endorsed by a vote of 2,349 in favor and 1,088 opposed.

If Mr. Shears could reappear to visit the local county branch library established in 1939, with its serene view of the lovely community park, would he do research on race horse betting, billiards, bourbon or Ripley's "Believe It or Not"?

Scene 7

Social Organizations

The arduous and often hazardous tasks of daily life and isolation from homes and families gave impetus to the emergence of social organizations. Lodges, associations and societies emerged, many of a benevolent nature.

E Clampus Vitus

E Clampus Vitus was organized as a joke or caricature of the most solemn and mysterious orders of lodges then so popular in established eastern communities. It was founded by J. H. (Joel Henry) Zumwalt. In an article by the honorable judge, Brother J. A. Smith of Calaveras County, in the May 30, 1896 issue of the *Calaveras Prospect*, it is recorded that the first ritual of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus brought to this state was issued from the press of the *Bowling Green Journal*, Bowling Green, Pike County, Missouri, a short distance from Frankford, southward—Joel's birthplace, where he and W. C. Wright each purchased the ritual. It was carried by him in his ox-team crossing of the plains to Hangtown in 1849.

An unsuccessful attempt to organize a group there in 1850 proved fruitful in 1851 in Mokelumne—Lodge No. 1001—the first lodge of the Order of E Clampus Vitus in California. The Hill is now recognized as the titular see of the Grand Consistory. The initial meeting was held in the old Van Pelt Building on Main Street (used as a jail), where ex-Assemblyman Ned Fahey, a charter member, kept a saloon for years. Later the group met in the old district courtroom. George Schuler, editor of the *Calaveras Chronicle*; John Hanson, sheriff; Charles Clark and District Attorney Charles Spires helped in the organization. By 1855, a long list of members included Dr. A. H. Hoerchner, Deacon Peek, William Henry Harrison Briggs (who later became the founder's brother-in-law), County Judge W. W. Porter, District Judge Silas W. Brockway, Deputy County Clerk Fred Spires, District Judge William (Billy) Badgeley, George "Pink" Smith, Teat Thompson, Edwin Taylor, and Moses Ferguson.

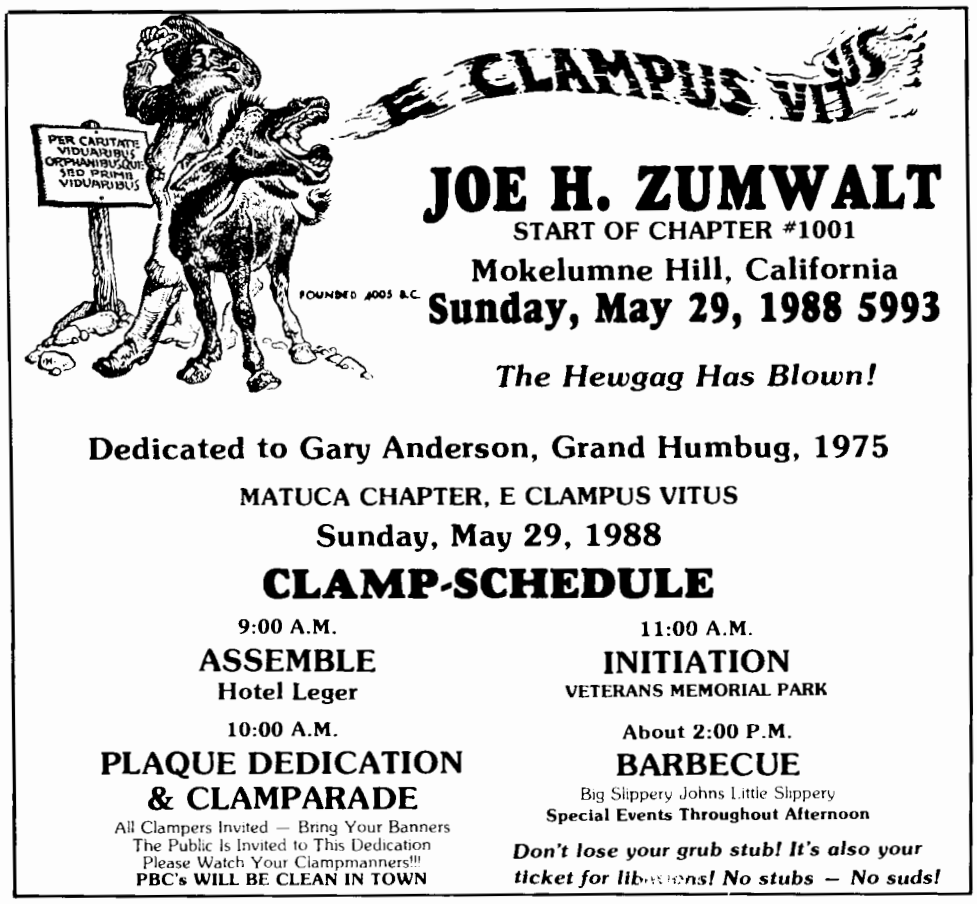
An initiation fee of five dollars was charged to experience the ritual ceremony of "taking down the pretentious, pompous and egotistic"—to make each become possessor of the great secret of seeing the self as the world sees you.

Many were induced to join. E Clampus Vitus became a virile, uproarious, fun-loving assemblage that gathered at the sound of the hewgag. Records of meetings were said to be conspicuous by their absence. Every member was made Chairman of the Most Important Committee. Every member held office of equal indignity, with the leader titled Noble Grand Humbug. A good laugh was considered the best remedy of ills. Many fund raising events provided charitable aid to widows, orphans, and anyone in need. Mining was a hazardous vocation!

In 1858, there were 500 Clampers in Mokelumne Hill, many taking their inordinately brief memberships with them as they plied their trades- many yet as disconsolate miners off to another diggin' or as traveling peddlers or tradesmen. The most active membership committee was ever watchful to build the social welfare fund! Other chapters of the organization soon developed in the Mother Lode gold camps and Nevada. Little was recorded regarding the organization.

With the decline of the gold rush, the organization gradually became non-existent, but was once again revived by Noble Grand Humbug Carl Ignatius Wheat and Clamp's Petrix Francis P. Farquhar with Clampatriarch Adam Lee Moore and William T. McSorley each serving as Grand Noble Hangman, and John McSorley and George W. Napoleon of Columbia acting as Grand Honorary Humbugs among the charter members.

It was agreed to "dine together to honor the anniversary of the discovery of gold" and "once a year to join in a Pilgrimage to invoke the spirit (yes, the spirits also) of the past." The first pilgrimage was to the Northern Diggin's of Comptonville in 1932. In 1933, the Red Room of the Bohemian Club witnessed the first of the annual dinners. It is said that James Wilson Marshall turned over in his grave three times! The second pilgrimage was to the



Mokelumne Hill is now recognized as the titular see of the Grand Consistory of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus. It is so honored for its establishment of the first lodge in the west—Lodge No. 1001—founded by Joel Henry Zumwalt.

Southern Mines Diggings—Mokelumne Hill, Volcano, Pine Grove, San Andreas, Angels Camp, Murphys, Big Trees, and Columbia. "That worthy Grand Honorary Humbug, Jack [John] McSorley did us proud!" The second dinner was held at Yerba Buena—and "a delegation from the Cow Counties joined in the induction of Poor Blind Candidates." The Order again spread rapidly throughout the state. "May your refurbished glory never again be dimmed!" So were the words of Carl I. Wheat, then ex-Noble Grand Humbug, writing in "Credo Quia Absurdum" (1949), distributed at the Amatuca Chapter, comprised of the territories of Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne and Mariposa counties. An autographed copy was presented to the founder's grandson.

Among the Knights of E Clampus Vitus at the January 19, 1952 gathering were dignitaries of note: Noble Grand Humbug Archie D. Stevenot of the illustrious family of the Carson Hill region, who was proclaimed "Mr. Mother Lode" by resolution of the 1961 session of the state legislature and more recently honored in the naming of the New Melones Bridge (1981). It was he who sounded the hewgag to call the assemblage at the Hall of Comparative Ovations at Frogtown—Calaveras Fairgrounds. He was assisted by the Honorable Jesse Mayo, Vice Noble Grand Humbug of Angels Camp, newspaper publisher of the *Calaveras Californian* and the *Calaveras Prospect*, and a state senator. The group was addressed by the Honorable J. Alec Smith, San Andreas historian and judge. Clamper Superior Court Judges Andrew R. Shottky of Mariposa and J. T. B. Warner of Sonora took their bows with sincere attempts at dignity!

E Clampus Vitus members of the many California chapters, wearing the symbolic gold rush days' garb of miners—bright red shirts and large, black felt hats—continue to meet at two Clamp gatherings each year, to keep the viable, significant organization alive. They combine the conviviality and spirit of the Days of Gold with continued charitable acts dedicated to historic preservation, made visible by their contributions of impressive bronze plaques placed throughout the Mother Lode and California, to preserve and perpetuate knowledge of California's unique history.

To carry out this pledge to historic preservation, on Saturday, March 26, 1966, the lively and active Matuca Chapter No. 1849 E.C.V. of Murphys, with Kenneth Castro, Noble Grand Humbug, as master of ceremonies, placed a bronze plaque on the Main Street wall of the Hotel Leger, long owned and operated by Myron and Eva Greve and son, Donald, to honor both Mokelumne Hill and the establishment as the place of the earliest gathering of E Clampus Vitus, in 1851. The honor of unveiling the plaque was extended to grandson Henry Alton Zumwalt (Hienie) and accepted with the same pride and appreciation as that of the Greve family.

Clamper enthusiast, the late Dr. Richard Coke Wood of Murphys' Matuca Chapter, earlier named "Mr. Mother Lode" and a highly respected educator, historian and author, replaced the titled Reverend Dr. Rockwell Dennis Hunt, holder of high educational honors for his long and distinguished service at the University of the Pacific. He had been appointed by the governor as the Honorable Mr. California. Dr. Hunt, like Joel Henry Zumwalt, was a member of the Andrew Zumwalt family. His mother was Nancy Ann (Zumwalt) Cotton Hunt, Joel's first cousin, born in 1830. Widowed enroute to California, she settled in Sacramento in 1853 to support, alone, two young children—Joel S. and Albert Cotton. Nancy married Dennis Rockwell Hunt in August 1855.

A Clamproclamation of a significant meeting of Calaveras, Amador, Tuolumne and Mariposa announced a raucous ruckus for Clampers and P.B.C.'s (Poor Blind Candidates)—at famous old Mokelumne Hill Town Hall —Hall of Comparative Ovations, for Saturday, January 14, 1950, at 4:00 p.m., with general arrangements and entertainment in the charge of local Clampers—Art Campbell, chairman, Ray Garamendi, Percy Peek, Jack Leonesio and Henry Zumwalt (and all other Clampers in Calaveras County). John Squellati, county clerk and recorder, Albert (Al) Wilson of Wilson's Insurance Agency of Angels Camp, and Frank Solinsky served on the nominating committee. Percy Peek was listed among the officers as Noble Grand Vice-Humbug for the long-remembered evening in The Hill.

But Mokelumne Hill appears now not to realize the power of regenerative opportunities at California's first home of E Clampus Vitus. Sometimes history repeats itself? It is recorded. On May 31, 1988, Noble Grand Humbug Don Snelegrove, of Sonora, gathered the Brethren of Matuca Chapter for festive, fun ceremonies in The Hill and for dedication of a plaque to the memory of founder Joel (Joe) Henry Zumwalt. The "newest atmosphere" honoring is placed in the barroom of the historic Leger Hotel, site of the original Clampers' meeting.

Ron Miller, present hotel owner, long a Clamper enthusiast, proudly displays the tribute of honor and declares: "We've done it at last! There are now thirty-two chapters in California. Three in Nevada. What say the brethren?"

Masonic Lodge #31—A Way of Life

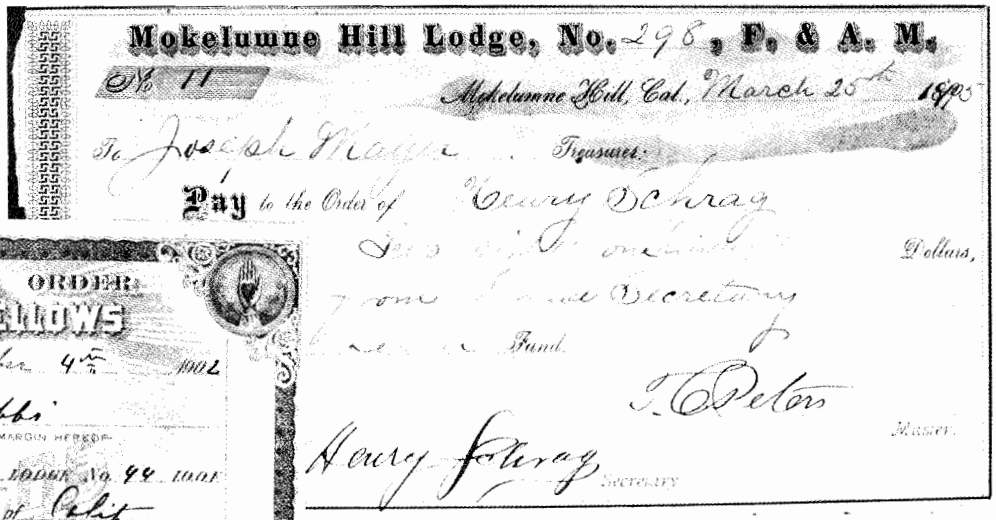
Mokelumne Hill is credited with the first Masonic Lodge to be established in Calaveras County.

Free and accepted masonry as a fraternity is the oldest and largest worldwide secret society. It traces its ancestry to skilled craftsmen—guilds of stonemasons, primarily cathedral builders of the Middle Ages. With the decline of cathedral building in the seventeenth century, some lodges of working masons began to accept honorary members to bolster membership. Thus evolved the modern symbolic, philosophical fraternity. From the Grand Lodge of 1717 established in London, England, Grand Lodges were formed in other accepting countries, among them the United States. In Baltimore, Maryland, Masonry was introduced in 1819 and moved promptly to Boston and then to California with the gold seekers.

It is recorded that Mokelumne Hill, on October 25, 1852 was granted a dispensation to form Masonic Lodge #31 on May 15, 1853. By 1855, a hall was established. The Lodge's teachings of morality, charity and obedience to the law of the land, its concern for the Golden Rule and self-improvement were strong factors in bringing refinement and culture to Mokelumne's gold camp, when rowdyism and violence held sway. Membership of males over twenty-one was attained by recommendation and acceptance.

Little information remains of the Lodge's noble efforts. Records were lost in the fires of 1855 and 1879. A decline in membership brought consolidation with Calaveras Lodge #78 of San Andreas on December 13, 1883. It had been established in 1855.

Mokelumne Hill was again granted Charter #298 to form its own lodge on October 16, 1890. But on November 13, 1919, there was a rejoining with Calaveras Lodge. Some Mokelumne Hill residents proudly hold membership in the still-active organization, which continues to perpetuate the principles of Masonry as implanted so long ago at The Hill. Mason Charles Filippini of San Andreas, generous contributor of local Masonic history, is now celebrating his sixtieth year of concerned membership in Calaveras Lodge #78.


Mokelumne Hill Lodge, No. 296, F. & A. M.

No 11 Mokelumne Hill, Cal., March 25th 1895

To Joseph Mayer, Treasurer:

Pay to the Order of Henry D. Coray Dollars,

Secretary

Henry Foleray Secretary


INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS

$7.50 September 4th 1902

This Certifies that Bro A Gobbi

WHOSE SIGNATURE APPEARS IN THE MARGIN HEREOF

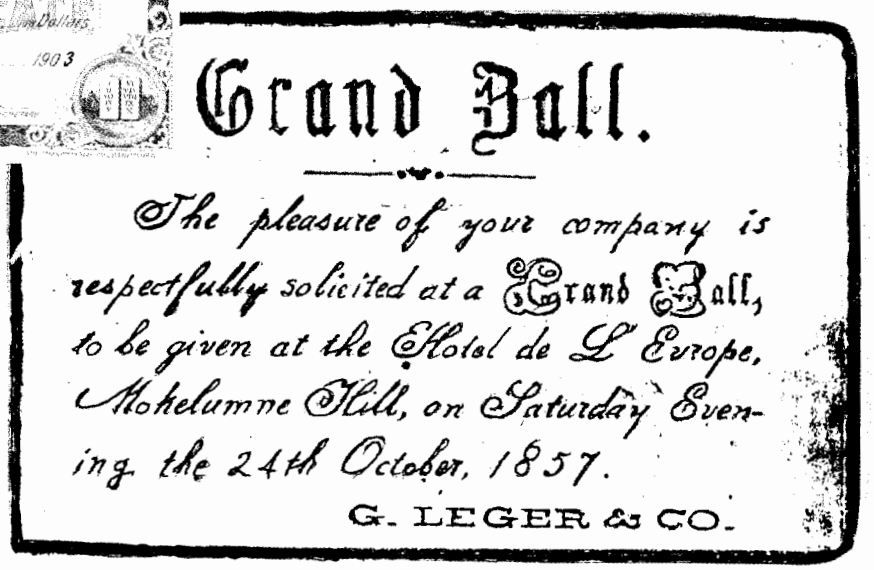
is a Member in good standing of Mokelumne Lodge No. 44 under the Jurisdiction of Calif

the sum of Seven Dollars

in full for all charges to April 1st 1903

Seal

A. A. Moser


Grand Ball.

The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at a Grand Ball, to be given at the Hotel de L'Europe, Mokelumne Hill, on Saturday Evening the 24th October, 1857.

G. LEGER & CO.

Social organizations as lodges and societies, many of a benevolent nature, emerged to bring relief from arduous and hazardous tasks of daily life and dissipate the loneliness of separation from family and friends.

The Hotel Leger ballroom served as the locale for the Grand German, Leap Year, Odds and Ends, Valentine and George Washington Balls. It was extensively refurbished in 1864; then met its demise by fire in 1879.

Mokelumne Hill Odd Fellows Organization (I.O.O.F.)

Mokelumne. Hill. Oct. 25, 1855 The following Brothers residents of Calaveras County California. met in the Masonic Hall to organize a Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd. Fellows to be known as Mokelumne Lodge. No. 44 under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the State of California Charles. W. Littler. Missouri. Moses. C. Ferguson. Kentucky, John Williamson. Texas. Thomas. S. Louttit. Louisiana Lewis Soher. Mississippi. District. Deputy. Grand. Master. Thomas. J. Frazier being present Edwin. W. Colt was Grand Master of the State of California at that time

(The preceding information was recorded in a hand-written copy presented to the writer by James Winn, born in 1868, who was serving as caretaker of the hall and of local lodge records in 1948.)

Odd Fellowship, still a viable organization, began in the United States in 1819 and enrolled white males of good moral character twenty-one or more years of age. It served as both a moral and beneficiary order, giving relief to the sick and distressed, burying the dead, relieving the widows and caring for the orphans. There were formal rituals and secret signs and passwords. A series of degrees with ribbons of five varied colors represented moral lessons attained. The degree of Rebeccahs was created in 1851 and conferred upon female members of Odd Fellow families. It was a "response to genuine demand for admitting women to greater privileges which in time may be further extended." I.O.O.F., as did the Masons, provided opportunity for self-education by making available well-stocked libraries of the best books for its members. "The literature one must read and become familiar with to

be well up in the order is immense."

The lodge, Lone Star Encampment No. 44, twenty years later, in 1875, owned the present I.O.O.F. Building, constructed in 1854 as a two-story structure and occupied by Wade and Hanson, possibly as a store. Dr. Lewis Soher, a charter member of the lodge, who appears to have been a businessman and visionary financier more than he was a doctor, in 1858 acquired the building, assessed for $4,500, and added it to his holdings: Cebriana Saloon, $800; the Mokelumne Drug Store; and the Mokelumne River-Big Bar Bridge (Soher and Company), $5,000. He leased "the house and lot" to Adams and Company for their second floor express office for gold shipments. In 1861, the third floor, the I.O.O.F. Lodge meeting hall, was added. The hall was impressive with its thirty-four-foot by thirty-eight-and-a-half-foot length. The thirteen-foot high ceiling contained three large center panels with moldings. There were canopies at each end ornamented with gilt ornamentation. The curtains were of fine damask. Pictures and engravings adorned the walls. A splendid clock added decor. The carpet was of brilliant colors. Handsome barrel style bent arm chairs of hand rubbed hickory provided seating. The hall also served Masons, Rebeccahs, Good Templars and the Jewish community as a unique setting for social gatherings—romantic with its staircases—and balconies affording a grand view overlooking Main and Centre. The town could certainly be boastful of its three-story structure!

The I.O.O.F. building is once again in private ownership, with Randy Sparks, businessman-musician, as owner. Its distinctive lamp, whose light diffused the west wall impressively, sheds no glow. There are no balconies; yet, it remains an imposing California Historical Landmark (No. 256), impressive with its row upon row of well-finished, locally quarried light-brown rhyolite tuff blocks and heavy, rusted iron doors and window shutters, surveying the once lively, boisterous village. Locked securely within is the majesty of history decreed as it stands with commanding presence, with stature and dignity—proudly. Within its walls, during the Depression, in a makeshift apartment, a baby boy was honored to be born.

Joel Henry Zumwalt, loyal I.O.O.F. member, served as custodian of the lodge hall, its properties and regalia, and regularly arranged the chairs for the meetings and social gatherings. The foresight of Margaret (Budgie) Garaventa Pearce, native, long-successful businesswoman ap-

Mokelumne Hill Art Club gathering at the Charles W. Burleson home at the turn of the century. Eugenia Fisher and daughter Harriet are seated right front; Anna Eliza Zumwalt and Emily Wells, front row left. Charles William and Stella Burleson are at the center in the back row.



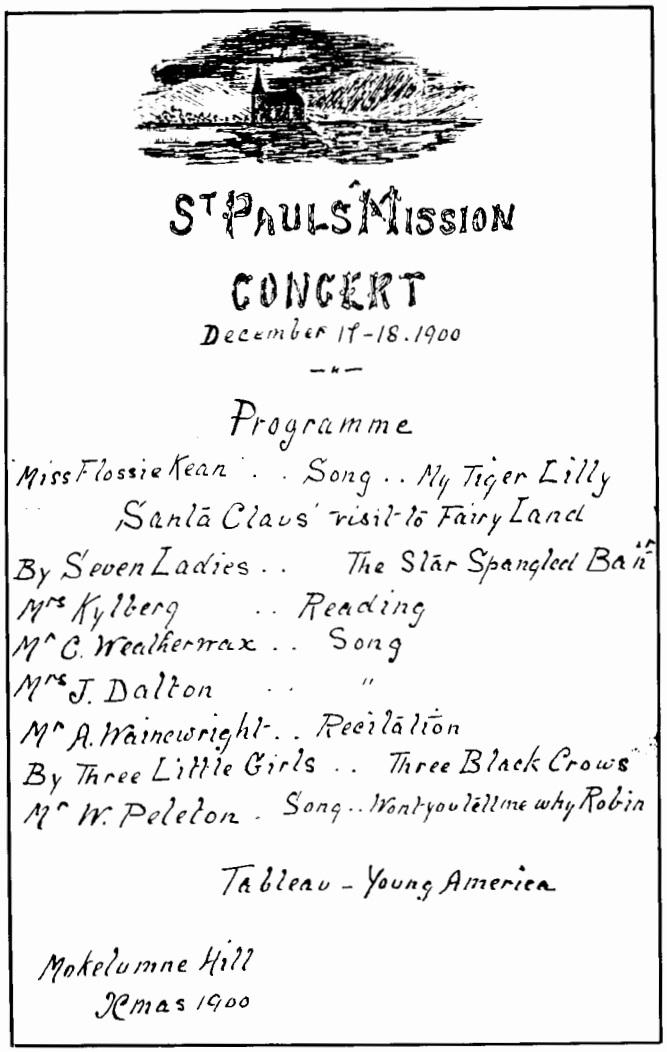


Mokelumne Hll Juvenile Band at the Jackson Hotel, Jackson, California. Ely Fisher is center front, Victor Lagomarsino on second step, right.

preciative of the town's unique history, vouchsafes that a few of the historic hickory chairs were saved from the hall's dismantling sale in the early 1950s and remain in the community. A leatherbound lodge ritual text (1869) is a proud Zumwalt family possession. It reminds that Grand Lodge events were the grand social events of the times—and of the social and community concerns for both civility and morality.

Though stripped of its grandness of furnishings, the lodge hall was again privileged to serve when on April 30, 1948, Governor's Day was celebrated at The Hill. Governor Earl Warren, while hosting the Conference of Governors of the Western States, accompanied by their spouses, other state dignitaries and press representatives, brought the contingent of public officials to visit historic Mokelumne Hill.

There was an eager welcoming committee of town businessmen and residents, both men and women—among them Ray and Mary Jane Garamendi, John and Ethel Gardella, Cyril and Lowell Winkler, Art and Hugh Campbell, John and Vera Roggenthein, George and Helene Ross, Mervin and Irma Porteous, Fred and Marian Perkins, Myron and Eva Greve, K. O. and Annie Taylor, Oscar and Bob Swanson, Frank and Laurel Reed, Percy and Ruth Peek, Pete and Dolly Morenzoni, Oswald Lombardi, Charles and Wynema Lavezzo, Archie and Laura Morgan, Charlie Danz, and Edward Norton. Some met the guests as they arrived from Jackson at the Mokelumne River Big Bar Bridge. Up the steep, circuitous, four-mile grade the parade leisurely journeyed—the governor's official entourage. But as in days of yore, gun totin' bandits were encountered at the junction of the Campo Seco Turnpike Road! The bounties demanded? Merely smiles and handshakes. The jovial, adventuresome statesmen clambered into horse-drawn wagons and carts and jogged to the additional warm welcome of the townspeople. Such high enthusiasm! To clamber out at the I.O.O.F. Building! Begin the ascent of the de-webbed, dusted and clean-swept narrow stairs to the third story improvised refreshment bar!



ST PAULS MISSION

CONCERT

December 17-18. 1900

Programme

Miss Flossie Kean . . Song . . My Tiger Lilly

Santa Claus' visit to Fairy Land

By Seven Ladies . . The Star Spangled Banner

Mrs Kylberg . . Reading

Mr C. Weatherwax . . Song

Mrs J. Dalton . . "

Mr A. Wainewright . . Recitation

By Three Little Girls . . Three Black Crows

Mr W. Pelelon . Song . . Wont you tell me why Robin

Tableau - Young America

Mokelumne Hill

Xmas 1900

Parents and friends gave enthusiastic support as attendees—and often as participants—to church programs then so popular when children were involved.

There relaxation reigned. The participants imbibed in both the spirits and the ambience, unaware of the honor of history in the making. Governor Warren would soon be appointed to begin his outstanding humane service as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States (January 1951).

The distinguished ladies enjoyed the true cordiality of Mokelumne Hill at a Centennial High Tea in the Town Hall as guests of both the Calaveras Garden Club and the long-established Mokelumne Hill Women's Club (1935-1979), with Frances (Lester) Lombardi (married widower Alex Lombardi) as representative. Beautiful antique furniture and artifacts and special floral arrangements from local gardens graced the hall. The charm of silver tea and crystal punch services, bone China cups and saucers and lace and linen embroidered tablecloths enhanced the dainty refreshments.

The eager and curious local women participants further graced the hall "all dressed up" in pre-Levi fashions, now termed the classics of the 1940s, not forgetting the girdles, garter belts, bras, lace-trimmed slips and long hose to make effective the mid-length dresses, cloches or straw hats, some wide-brimmed with flowing streamers; the high-heeled pumps or the latest—sling sandals; the matching bags (black patent leather was popular as were long pearl strands); polka dots were the "in" of print; white gloves were chic. The assigned hostesses dressed in early-day historic costumes—among them Doris Howard, Wynema Lavezzo, Helen Winkler, Ida Yale, Janet Rhoncetto and Ella Simonson, all wearing gay, fresh flower corsages. Smiles were everywhere on carefully made-up faces setting off the latest stylish, set hair-dos. Earrings were a must! Matched were lipstick and nail polish. Beauty was everywhere!

The writer (an earlier organizer and officer of the county's Garden Club) was granted the honor of making the visitors known to the colorful, crowded, enthusiastic gathering. When Nina Warren was queried as to her procedure for introduction of her esteemed guests, she responded: "I'll whisper their names to you. You tell them." Her shyness and apparent preference for one-to-one relationships were obvious, as well as her quiet and gracious manner. And what were the honored ladies wearing? NOT THEIR FINERY! Simple travel garments, no hats, and very comfortable shoes! It was a great day of both rejoicing and awakening for the ladies of a nigh asleep village!

The previous day, in retrospect, was also one of significance. Mokelumne Hill Women's Club jointly with the Calaveras Garden Club, headed by Eva Moore of Douglas Flat, had hosted a regional meeting of members of the Sixth District of Federated Garden Clubs of California, with more than eighty women present from seven neighboring counties. The day's program and colored slide show, presented in the decorated Town Hall by Adrienne Bradley of Modesto, concerned itself with the urgency of a drive for the preservation of Calaveras South Grove of Sequoia Giganteas, threatened to be milled for lumber. Lunch was enjoyed in the Peek Inn banquet room.

Inspiring, notable events—worthy of recording as high achievements for a "serene and sublime" village.

Scene 8

Farms, Ranches and Gardens

When in 1851 the opportunity to take up land claims for farms and ranches arose, there ensued an even greater impetus to bring cattle and sheep westward. By 1834, in the San Francisco Bay and valley areas, thin, black cattle had long grazed on the 4,500- to 100,000-acre rancherias —the descendants of those first animals, the Mexican longhorns, brought to California by the mission padres. The animals were adapted to walk long distances and proved themselves fierce contenders of the abundant coyotes and mountain lions. It was there the vaqueros rode the vast ranges and rounded up and branded cattle. There, too, rodeo skills were exhibited and enjoyed as Indian servants made festive celebrations possible as times of great joy.

In the Western trail migrations, great herds of cattle and sheep crossed. Practically all the immigrants brought stock with them. Herds, as early as 1850, numbered hundreds of animals.

Increased gold rush population demands for meat depleted the rancho herds. A desire for superior dairy cattle and range breeds brought importations since the demand for beef was high. Sacramento prices had risen to $300 to $500 a head. The cattle business appeared lucrative. It is unknown exactly how many cattle entered California, but the census of 1850 showed 262,000; in 1860, 1,180,000; and 3 million by 1862. Droving, in totality, despite stampedes and general travel and weather losses, proved profitable. Ranches developed quickly around Mokelumne.

Francisco Tapia acquired sixty-four acres on the North Calaveras River, three miles above the Bay State Ranch (later Donnallon) of 320 acres with 160 enclosed. In 1854, the Swiss Joseph Bernardi and Company Milk Ranch operated with forty-five cows, three calves, one wagon and two American horses. In Chili Gulch, close to town, Maria Estair managed her Milk Hunch Ranch in 1857. John Cottrell thrived on his acreage nearby. E. M. Faunce held forty acres. In Old Woman's and Spring gulches, C. W. Garland had fifty acres, George Rasner 160 and James Hill 300 acres in operation.

Enroute to Big Bar on North Centre, Henry and Margaret Tromer established Maypole House in 1856. Their dwelling and outbuildings on fifteen acres purchased by Herman Kahn in 1866 became the Maypole Ranch. In the years 1858 to 1860, Abraham Strouse and Kaufman Hexter were partners in the Washington Market. In the vicinity, the inspiration for the future Lower Gardens had taken shape in view of the serene and stately Butte Mountain panorama when in 1859, Ah Ching, Ah Bon, Lam Chu, Ah Jim, Ah Hong and Ah Horn and Company found vegetable and fruit growing more relaxing and exciting with more "pay-dirt" than prospecting until J. C. Gebhardt became owner by homesteading the productive acres.

In 1861, Joseph Halk established a slaughter house with corral serving as waiting room for the doomed animals. Later the property was owned by Adolph Adler and Hexter, followed by Hexter and Schragg, brothers-in-law (1885), town butchers of the Washington Market whose visible skills in handling suspended animal carcasses and butchering them to desired portions brought continued amazement and admiration, especially from children, when "soup bones," tripe, brains, kidneys, livers, tongues, hearts, pigs' feet, shanks, marrow bones, sweetbreads and ox tails were common fare. No animal parts were wasted. Children invariably made the meat purchase, sometimes with cash payment, but more often by "charge, please" as they trudged home, often long distances, from school.

Beef continued to be in demand. The severe weather conditions affected successes. The wild and wet winter of 1861-62, with thirty days of rain, flooded lowlands. Many head of livestock drowned or were lost. The years 1863 and 1864 brought drought. So little rain! Scarcely one-fourth of a crop was raised. Graneries were empty. Cattle starved by the thousands. Neither food nor water was available. Great losses sped the decline of the large, early California rancherias—but continued demand for both quality and quantity encouraged imports of the best of English herds and bulls from Europe to improve local

stock. There was also an increased demand for dairy products. (Dairy products were not basic to the Mexican-Spanish diet of early California. In 1850, butter packed in snow was shipped across the Sierra to California from Mormon settlements in the Carson Valley.)

Better breeds of sheep were needed! The first flock brought to Alta California by Rivera y Marcado in 1770 increased to two million on mission lands. Sheep were raised for tallow and hides. In 1838, they were valued at two dollars each. The gold rush brought renewed production interest. Four thousand animals reached the goldfields from Mexico and Arizona. They sold for sixteen dollars each. So began the cattle and sheep production of the gold camp areas. Goat herds in the early 1860s increased and aided in the clearing of land. (In the 1930s, Phoebe Wilhems was a colorful figure serving as the herder of her flocks of goats.)

Local early efforts contributed vastly to the total county agricultural and horticultural growth. Calaveras statistics of 1858 recorded: horses 1,345; mules 203; donkeys 72; horned cattle 7,500; hogs 3,020; sheep 4,588. Acres in production were listed as: wheat 676; barley 1,998; oats 562; hay 2,360; potatoes 50. Orchards were: apple trees, 8,850; peach 15,500; pear 1,020; other 2,000. Miners and madams had turned viticulturists! Many of the initial starts were brought from great distances.

Madame Cataia (Catae), it is professed, lived on the outskirts of Mokelumne Hill in the 1850s and introduced foreign grapes to her three-acre garden estate with its eventual bountiful grape arbors. Did she give both inspiration and cuttings to pioneer the local grape industry —the 25,000 wine vines in the county by 1858? If it were only as simple to unlock the mysteries to give due credit as it was to excitedly uncork those bottles of vintage wines of early plantings and enjoy the bouquets as well as the samplings, there would be the same quality of effervescence and unequivocal delight! Local viticulturists and wine imbibers, in the same gay spirit of those earlier Irish celebrants, propose a toast at the now popular wine tasting galas about The Hill in gratitude: "Here's to Madame Cataia (Catae)! Have a NICE day!"

In 1860, Frank Mercier, a gardener from France, with his wife, Euforenia, age thirty-eight, and their seventeen-year-old daughter, Victoria, assisted by seven French laborers, operated a lush, green garden establishment admired by all in Chili Gulch.

The efforts of others, through the years, show continued interest in viticulture in The Hill. In 1924, John and Anna (Garcia) Munoz, naturalized immigrants from Spain, enriched the former Gardella gardens on Center Street with continued care and concern for earlier planted vineyards and added walnut trees to keep Mokelumne an envied garden creation. (Their daughters served well publicly. Antoinette, who married George Borchin, retired as a local postal clerk, and Marian, who married John Hewett, retired as Calaveras County treasurer-tax collector.)

Though the Upper and Lower Gardens are no longer extant, thriving, successful cattle ranches still remain in operation by the Dell'Orto, Fischer, Lombardi and McSorley-Garamendi families.

Time has nearly erased the names of early established former ranches and ranchers, near and distant, whose colorful cattle drives passed regularly enroute to high country summer ranges via The Hill with a clanging bell on every cow—the cattle of ranchers Walter and Eddy Morrow of Camanche; Bert Gallagher, Bill Sowden, George and John Folsom and John Ludwig of Paloma; Fred Beale, Fred Volgelsang and Bill Ellingwood of Valley Springs; and Johnnie and Louis Lombardi of Mokelumne Hill. Their names no longer ring as did those jingling bells of their herds—all passing through each early summer to make the first day's camp at Summit Level (Swiss Ranch area). With an early morn' start, droving continued to the Ebbetts pass high elevation region of Dorrington. On the third day, homesteaded cattle camps were reached in the areas of Tamarack, Onion Valley and Bear Valley (Mount Reba). Grazing land was then both abundant and cheap, and unobstructed, with few restrictions or regulations. (The cattle of Glenn and Jackie (Sturr) Dell'Orto and Andrew Jack and Eloise (Hawver) Fischer—Herefords, Aberdeen Angus and modern breeds—are now transported to graze in the lush grassland areas.) The privilege of experiencing the early era of cattle treks remains but to a few.

No longer are visible the long drives with their familiar sounds of clopping, neighing, whinnying horses; of yapping, working collie and shepherd dogs; of mooing cows and bawling calves; of whooping, hallooing, genuine cowboys and cowgirls—the myriad sounds intermingling and competing with the jingle-jangle and clang of cowbells of varied musical pitch. All was excitedly awaited and viewed with interest as high as the highest bell sound and with an equivalent height of observer envy as each cattle drive was chivied across town. Up and down the roads, the narrow streets, the winding lanes, and across China Gulch each summer, each fall, the plodding herds came. Unlike the seasons, they will come no more.

The Upper Gardens (1860-1948) Becomes Mokelumne Hill Historic Park

It is not difficult to envision the eagerness of an eighteen-year-old Genovese lad avoiding conscription to Italy's military service as he bore his worldly possessions in his backpack and tightly clenched his ticket, purchased with a $200 loan granted by a friend in faraway Stockton. At last, he was aboard ship in Genoa, bound for California!

Andrea Lagomarsino was born in Lovi, Italy, nearby. His Panama muleback crossing in 1856 provided added excitement and adventure. Immediately upon arrival in The Hill, he outfitted himself as a miner, and with two equally "greenhorn" companions, moved onto the North Branch of the Calaveras River. With an abundance of hope, after days of interminably hard labor, the trio realized their bonanza. Thirty thousand dollars! Andrea invested a portion of his share in land on the Calaveras. With his dream of land ownership realized, and with a firm belief in luck, he departed for the Fraser River, where the excitement and flurry of the gold strike was still forging forcefully. He found more gold seekers than gold! Andrea returned with pockets bulging with disappointment and new determinations. To settle down. (He was nearing age thirty-two.) Buy more land. Become a gardener! So, in 1869, he made another purchase. Beautiful land! Eighty acres in Mokelumne Hill!

But again we must return to the Mediterranean! News of the Mother Lode gold discovery had reached the faraway island of Sardinia, 112 miles west of Italy across the blue Tyrrhenian Sea. There, Andrew Pellarano and his brother, Bernard, excited by the announcement, sensed their opportunity to use the skills of gold and silver mining provided on their island since the first recorded settlement of the Phoenicians. The island's intense, prevailing poverty added significantly as the final determinant for acceptance of the lure.

They were joined by Sardinian companions Dominic Morse and Francisco Lasquinetti. As they were all traditionally devout Catholics, it is presumed they visited the church, then bade sad farewell to family and friends—a backward, brave, dignified people with long Sardi tradition of generosity, hospitality and loyalty in friendship.

Their departure provided a homeland view—of the 150-mile-long island of high mountains with its cork oaks, chestnuts, olives and pines; its blossoming rock roses and oleanders; its rolling hills—wild flower and thyme covered—where grazed small donkeys, horses, cattle, goats, sheep and pigs. "We will be back soon, God willing."



Andrea and Angela Lagomarsino family, Mokelumne Hill. Son Victor (left) and Louis (right).

Slowly the isle faded. But never from memory.

The young Sardinians, in their mid-twenties and early thirties, arrived in Mokelumne Hill—date unknown—to become registered in the 1860 census no longer as gold seekers, but as gardeners and garden hands of eighty acres soon to be officially recorded to Andrew Pellerano, in 1865. Those acres eventually became known as the "Upper Italian Gardens."

Little is certain except that the eastern section of the town began its added beauties of transformation—much still visible—among the oak, pine and wildflower slopes where the softly lapping waters of the town reservoir offered in Sardiesque generosity, a new land "Tyrrhenian" shore line. Gardeners with horse drawn plows and thudding *soupas* began the leveling and terracing of the area—all to become enclosed by beautifully constructed walls of rock, arduously lifted and carefully placed to assure permanency. There began the colorful spread of eventual myriads of acres of vegetables. Fruit trees sought the loving touch of the sky. Grape vines shaded the bountiful earth in gratitude.



The Italian Gardens at Moke Hill. Left to right in back, John Queirolo, John Solari and Andrea Lagomarsino look on as the plowing is started.

In true Sardi tradition, cattle, horses, sheep, goats and pigs grazed and fed. Introduced were tree varieties of the homeland and the vines and methods for making celebrated red wines and famed cheeses that are still exported. As the gardens grew and expanded, interest in gardening increased locally.

In 1869, Andrew Lagomarsino succeeded in persuading Andrew Pellerano and his wife, Castanza, to sell their eighty productive acres for $750. The Sardinians, God willing, would return home?

The legal transaction as recorded is of special interest in determining that fairness and justice prevailed. The Women's Rights Convention of 1848 was having an impact. Mokelumne's justice of the peace, W. H. Leavitt, officially recorded that Castanza was allowed to express her property ownership rights, as a woman, in privacy. The Pelleranos closed the sale with each official signature recorded with an "X" on January 25, 1869.

Andrea Lagomarsino, proud garden land owner, sensed another need. He remembered a childhood sweetheart; so with money yet unspent, he departed for Lovi—about 1870. There he found her—married. But there was a beautiful, vivacious, brunette daughter. In true Italian tradition, the marriage was arranged for fourteen-year-old Angela, born in nearby Chiavari. As she locked the bridal chest—the *cassapanca*—her small wooden trunk of twenty-four-inch by twelve-inch by seven-inch dimensions—leather covered, with its ornate copper nail heads and metal trim decor, and its decorative bronze handles—she shut away the era of her childhood, family and loved friends. With husband, Andrea, she departed for the new and distant land, never to return. The still charming, visibly aged chest remains, and reminds us of Andrea and Angela's simple beginnings and of the Lagomarsino family's contributions to Mokelumne's noted history of gardening in "The Upper Italian Gardens."

By 1874, the couple were settled in the small garden house beside the barns and sheds on the property. There, son Victor was born in 1875, followed by Louis in 1876 and Joseph in 1878. Young Italian immigrants had been arriving in search of work, among them, in 1872, Giovanni Queirolo, age eighteen, who soon became a garden hand. He was impressed with Angela. She had a sister, Virginia, also age eighteen. He journeyed to Italy and married her. The couples joined in partnership and shared the living quarters until the advent of additional children created a cramped lifestyle. The Queirolos established themselves to raise their daughters Jennie, Mamie and Eva at the head of Prospect Street. Giovanni brought his brother Dave to The Hill. (After fifty years as a gardener, Giovanni died in 1933.)



The Upper Italian Garden's delivery wagon at Pope Street, San Andreas, in the 1890s.

About 1875, Giovanni Solari, a cousin, born in Italy in 1857, arrived in Mokelumne. Still a bachelor, he joined the garden duo and, in 1899, acquired partnership for $350. In 1884, he had married Celestina Garbarini, a California native of Italian parentage, born in Amador County. The Solaris settled at the head of Church Street. Six children were born, the youngest of which was son Gildo. The trio's children provided the many helping hands needed with garden tasks—as well as services in the local businesses. Gildo was a store clerk for many years at the John and Florence (Moser) Sauve Store. (The Moser home adjoined the gardens and still stands.) In 1946, Gildo married San Francisco teacher Harriet Fisher, his childhood sweetheart, granddaughter of Sam Moser, noted hydraulics operator of Chili Gulch. Gildo died in 1987 at the age of eighty-nine.

In 1880, Andrea and Angela purchased a small house on Prospect Street from C. W. (Bill) Burleson. It was built in 1852 to serve as the office of Abner Houghtaling, Middle Bar Bridge builder, and afforded both a magnificent panorama of The Butte to the north and a view eastward of the Upper Italian Gardens property. Extensions were soon added for the growing family. In 1881, daughter Rosa was born, to live a brief two years.

The historic house still serves ably as the retirement residence of grandson Norman (son of Victor) and Winnifred Mary (Connell) Lagomarsino, who shared unstintingly, with skill and deserved pride, the information of this Lagomarsino family history and granted the viewing of its innumerable historic artifacts and family treasures.

The Lagomarsino-Queirolo-Solari garden partnership made fine progress during the 1870-90 period in the beautifully terraced and tended gardens where fruits and vegetables grew profusely to perfection and a variety of superior products were made available to townfolk or peddled to distant points. Housewives, store and inn keepers gave welcome as the peddler's two faithful, sturdy farm horses pulled the high-seated, filled-to-the-rim wagon with its slatted sides, rolling its twelve-spoked wooden, iron-rimmed wheels to each squealing, creaking brake stop. Both driver and faithful dog gave greeting of "bon giorno" and friendly yap at the innumerable wayside points.

The gardener parents, as the years sped into the new century, showed grateful appreciation for opportunities in the new land with their dawn to dusk labor, as they placed trust and hope in the schools and teachers. The Lagomarsinos, as parents, gave concern for broad education and culture. Their son Louis' learning is evidenced in the beautifully recorded notations of ledger record keeping as he assisted in the gardens as family bookkeeper and served as store clerk and water bill collector. Louis' scholarly efforts are not only valued historical contributions, but are reminders that his early physical and mental efforts proved beneficial. Upon leaving for San Francisco, he experienced careers in restaurant and bakery ownership; later in management and sales. He married Beatrice (Gianelli) of Stockton. Louis died at age 101 in 1977.

His ledger record keeping as a teenager in the period of the 1880s and 1890s presses mental faculties to restructure that period before electricity, cars, planes, plastics, polyester, supermarket plazas, credit cards and computers; when a long day's work for a short day's pay and quality service were the expected. Ledger jottings inform us of Upper Garden prices in 1893:

1 sk. onions, 75¢. 1 sk. beans, $3.00. 1 box grapes, 37¢. 100 lb. sack potatoes, $1.50. 1 gal. wine, 35¢. 1 gal. vinegar, 24¢. 1 doz. eggs, 40¢. Sour crout, 25¢ or 10¢.

Costs for feed for animals: 1 sk. wheat, $2.50. 1 sk. barley, $2.00. 1 sk. bran, $1.75.

Costs of business operation as billed to Mr. A. Lago-

marsino from S. H. Krim, successor to T. S. Louttit—General Blacksmithing—April 1898: sharpen harrower teeth, $1.75; repair 2 wheels, $7.50; 1 neck yoke, 60¢; single tree, 75¢; replace 2 single tree, $6.00; 4 shus, $1.50; 1 sappo, $1.25.

The records kept while serving as clerk of Sam Davidson's General Merchandise Store reveal availability of merchandise to satisfy life styles. On March 14, 1890, T. Jacobs purchased: 6 yds. velvet, $6.00; 5 yds. cashmere, $5.00; ½ doz. handkerchiefs, $1.50; spool of thread, 5¢; 10 yds. muslin, $2.50; Linen, 20¢ per yard; Calico, 12½¢ per yard.

Josie Costa purchased: 3 rolls butter, $1.10; 1 bbl. flour, $5.00; 1 sk. flour, $5.00; 10 lb. sugar, $1.00; 4 lbs. cheese, 50¢.

Annie McSorley purchased: 1 box candles, $3.00; 1 doz. cans salmon, $3.00; 1 box soap, $3.00; 1 pr. shoes, $3.00.

Other items available: 1 sk. potatoes, $1.75; 1 can oysters, 25¢; 1 gal. whiskey, $5.00.

Men's clothing costs: 1 overalls, 75¢; 1 pr. boots, $5.00; 1 hat, $5.00.

Prices for furnishings for the home, to satisfy the range of economic status: kitchen stove, $12.00; table, $3.00; kitchen chair, 75¢; teakettle, $1.00; bedroom set, $30.00; hair mattress, $12.00; child's crib, $6.00; black walnut tete-a-tete, $30.00; rosewood tete-a-tete, $40.00; wash stand, $2.50; cane chair, $1.75; parlor set, $75.00; hall stand, $6.00; sofa table, $15.00; corner stand, $5.00; mental clock, $5.00; sofa, $45.00; piano stool, $7.00; mahogany bureau, $25.00; set of enameled furniture, $75.00.

In 1889, Louis, at age thirteen, had collected the household water bill payments of one dollar per residence for the Mokelumne Hill-Camp Seco Canal Company service. Among the water users were A. Chappito, W. Cook, M. Disbrow, J. Louttit, H. Veith, D. Asbury, W. Fahey, G. Duryea, J. Moser, C. Burce, O. Schlund and T. M. McSorley.

A reminder of the determination of immigrant parents to educate their children is indicated in the costs incurred to enroll son Victor in Heald's Business College of San Francisco (1891): suit, $17.00; hat and shirt, $5.00; overcoat, $12.00; shoes, $2.00; trip to Mokelumne Hill,

Upper Italian Gardens and house. Giacomo Solari, right, and Giacome Queirolo at the plow.



$10.00; shirt, $1.00; suspenders, 50¢; necktie, 50¢; book, $6.75.

An examination of a collection of school texts and library books displayed at the historic family residence gives proof of the difficulties of mastery of content to become fluent in English for those students from homes where only the native tongue was spoken.

Angela and Andrea provided further opportunity for culture at an early age with lessons in music. Sons Louis and Victor were members of the Mokelumne Hill Juvenile Brass Band, which performed in attractive uniforms at local and Jackson events in the 1880s.

The closing years of the century brought both joy and tragedy. In 1896, son Victor married and son Joseph died at the age of eighteen. Angela's tenacity to bear her trials of sorrow was fully tested shortly thereafter when on an overnight delivery stop to West Point, Andrea, in his successful endeavor to rescue his faithful horses from their smoke-filled, burning-barn shelter, injured his lungs. Death came to him at the age of sixty-two in 1900. His body was laid to rest in the Catholic Cemetery.

It is thought that, during the time of Andrea's illness, Angela brought Vincenzo Marredda to America to serve as a garden hand. He, in turn, persuaded his cousin, Augostino Campana, also a Sardinian, to join him. They shared the house on the property. Both spoke Sardinian and Italian.

Angela, widowed and alone at the age of forty-four, continued her role as a businesswoman in the partnership. In 1906, she married handsome, Swiss-born Severino Gobbi, single, age sixty-two. The owner of the Rocco Ranch (Paloma area) where the Black Meadow Mine was developing, he was considered wealthy. He owned "The Oasis" and later "The Club" gambling saloons on Main Street. But the marriage ended in 1913 with Severino's death. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery. Angela remained in her home. The loneliness was eased by the awaited visits of sons and grandchildren.

The gardening projects continued, though partnership and societal changes made their impact as the years sped by. In 1917, Marredda owned an interest in the gardens. Three years later, he was sole owner when partner Solari retired at the age of sixty-three. (Death came in 1936.)

Only a few details of Vincenzo Marredda have been learned. He was born in 1875 and came to America at the close of the century. Rinaldo Cuneo of The Hill, enjoying his mid-eighties, pays him great respect. "I worked for him when I was a kid. He was most generous and kind. Gave me my breakfast. We enjoyed mid-day snacks—cheese, bread, wine—in the cellar. He never kept me working late. Mrs. Marredda would fix my supper earlier than sundown when my work day was over. She, too, was a kind lady. Sunday was not a work day. I earned about fifteen dollars a month. The Lower Gardens' partnerships produced more fruits and vegetables. Had more wagons —going mostly to Jackson. But they did not treat the workers so kindly. Sunday work for a half day was the custom. Had to get the fruits and vegetables ready for early Monday delivery."

Marredda is remembered as quiet and reserved. He was of medium height and sturdy of stature, tawny skinned with dark hair and mustache. Work was his greatest pleasure. With his cousin, he attended the Saint Thomas Aquinas Church, where they remained standing at the rear throughout the service.

Vincent Tiscornia of San Andreas, nearing his eighties, recalls him pleasantly as a San Andreas area vegetable peddler. "He always called me Vincenzo. I thought his first name was Marredda! How proud he was of his service in the Sardinian unit of the army when under Italian rule. And my mother[Grace Gnecchi Tiscornia], a native of Jesus Maria, told us of the sad happening as she spoke of the character of Marredda."

Marredda had married widow Giovana (Cavanna) Jelmini Milles of Mokelumne Hill—formerly of Jesus Maria—a Californian born in 1860, daughter of Stefano and Maria Cavanna of Italy. When eighteen, she entered into what became a tragic marriage to Eugene Jelmini, native of Switzerland, also of the area. During the years 1879 to 1888, three children arrived. The incessant drunkenness and violent abuse of the husband-father brought about the death of the oldest child, Mary, age sixteen. Jelmini was sentenced to San Quentin prison. His behavior, probably, contributed to the eventual suicide of son James at age twenty-seven. Son Louis, both physically and mentally disabled, lived at the gardens where he helped as garden aide until Marredda's illness and death. (Louis became a ward of the county. He died in 1955.)

In March 1932, Giovana died. She is buried with her children in the Catholic Cemetery. Widower Marredda, Campana, still a bachelor, and Angela each maintained their households with mutual friendships of caring and sharing meals and interest in card playing—a popular pastime, until Angela's death at age eighty-six in 1942. She was buried in the Protestant Cemetery beside both husbands. (Husband Andrea's body was earlier disinterred and removed there when assertive, determined Angela disagreed in a dispute with the Catholic clergy

regarding the removal of the local church's sanctuary lamp to Angels Camp.)

Augostino continued his concerns for the aging cousin Vincenzo while he gardened on a small scale at his Centre Street residence. He is still remembered for his sturdy form and rosy complexion, piercing black eyes, black mustache, and large, black felt hat which topped his jet black hair—but most of all for his generosity with his vegetable products—the "extras"—granted with quiet dignity of hospitality reflective of Sardi national pride. "If a Sardi is your friend, he is your friend for life." Campana, as he became known, was friend to friends and neighbors, especially those garden lovers who lived across the street —the Andrew Dahls and "Uncle" Jim Sorenson, native of Denmark. In 1947, Campana preceded his benefactor in death.

Vincnzo Marredda, alone, financially successful, with a sense of achievement and gratitude for opportunity in America as well as awareness of life's close, had arranged with Pastor John Maguire of Angels Camp's Saint Patrick's Parish that his properties be conferred to the Roman Catholic Church to be developed in the interest of children with special needs. He suggested a boys' school on the garden site. Death came to him in 1948. The Bishop of the Sacramento Diocese, financially unable to accede to the request, rejected the offer. The executor of the estate transferred the land gift to the County of Calaveras.

In 1985, under the visionary and able leadership of Raymond V. Garamendi, the Mokelumne Hill Trust was formed with the hope of acquiring and developing the Marredda Gardens property. Mokelumne Hill Lions Club, high community interest, and the generosity, cooperation and efforts of many individuals made the project become a reality. The Mokelumne Hill Veterans Memorial Board was granted title and undertook its management.

The extensive undertaking was dedicated on July 4, 1986, as the "Mokelumne Hill Historic Park," with its Charles Hobb's ball playing field, picnic areas, tennis courts and equestrian riding ring. There are future plans for an amphitheater, nature trails, bird preserve and community gardening areas. Historic work tools—of mines, ranches and gardens—will be featured as impressive park decor.

The garden site and Marredda Lane pay well-deserved tribute for the benificence of the humble, hardworking, publicly concerned immigrant who died at age seventy-three to close the colorful and exciting nearly ninety-year era of the "Upper Italian Gardens." The rock wall terraces, still visible, and planting remnants pay honor to all who made contribution.

Vincenzo Marredda rests in a simply marked grave beside Cousin Augustino in the Catholic Cemetery amid the majesty of the ever-verdant cypress of his beloved Mediterranean. They murmur with their exclamation points of form of Vincenzo's Sardinian gratitude and spirit of generosity and of his loyalty in friendship:

"Angela (Solari) Lagomarsino Gobbi made the Mokelumne Hill Historic Park possible! I command that you not forget! Give attention!" Angela's grave remains unmarked.

Scene 9

Pop's Place for Ninety Years

The discovery of a crystal clear, fresh flowing spring on Mokelumne's east side by early-day gold miners compelled Henry J. Newman and a Mr. Drake, in 1858, to utilize the superb water. They established the first soda works—"a house with a stable adjoining the Root's residence." In 1861, Drake sold his interest to a Mr. Allen. It was revealed in the new advertisement of "Ginger Pop —for sale." The business thrived, but on February 28, 1874, the year of the great fire loss, the *Calaveras Chronicle* reported, "Soda Factory for sale on Lafayette —Newman's Soda Factory. To anyone wishing to engage in the manufacture of soda, a splendid opportunity is offered. Machinery included—all in good working order." A news item of May 23 further enlightened: "H. J.

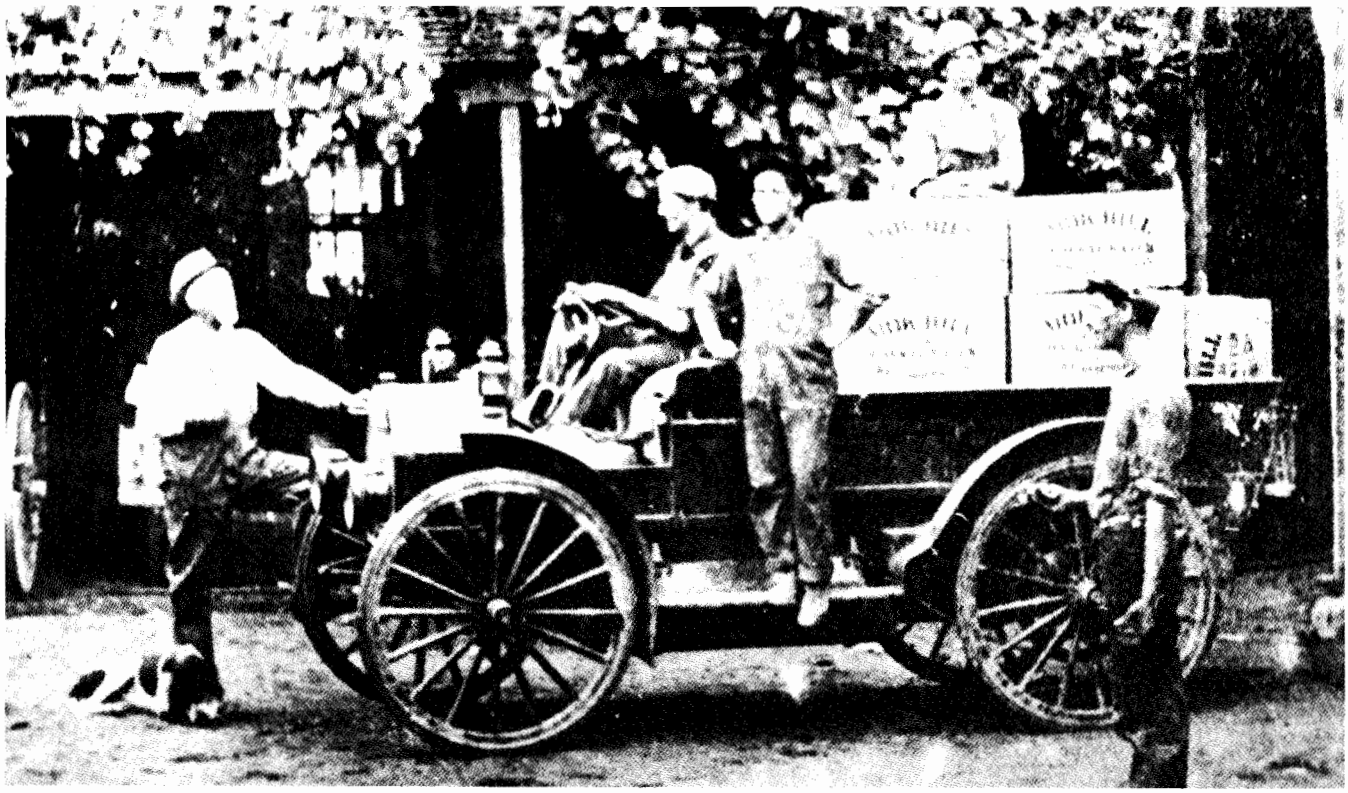


Werle family, Mokelumne Hill. Front row: Charles, Herbert and Emily Werle. Standing: William, Frank, Lee and Rosalia.

Newman has disposed of his soda factory to Messers Werle and Albright." It became the "Pioneer Soda Factory," recorded on April 30, 1876.

Joshua Albright was born in Canada in January 1830 of Canadian parents. Little is known, but during the partnership, he is registered by a census taker of 1900 as a "saloon keeper" where it is surmised the bowlegged and backbent—those Italian and Swiss miners, farmers, ranchers, and gardeners, among them Nicolo Costa, Joseph Ratto, O. Cuneo, John Gnecco, Giovanni Danz, Tobias Juri, Giacomo Trabucco and Attilio Lombardi with his cowboy and blacksmith sons, Amelio, Alexander, John, Louis and Willie reined in from the Esperanza and Calaveras River ranches and the Upper and Lower Gardens for light or heavy refreshments at Josh's Spa—a central point—where they exchanged civilities in "passing the word." The news was hot! The ice was cold! And no one laid claim to purity as pure as the water! Josh served the factory as night watchman as he probably served all the weary, wayside travelers—their horses, mule teams and dogs—all in need of rest and refreshments.

The factory provided both high quality sodas and mineral water for thirty-five years from both its old and new bottling works and the ice plant located across from



Mok Hill Mineral Water delivery truck.

the residence. Charles Werle's grandson, Norman Lagomarsino, blessed with a keen mind and memory for details at age eighty-seven, recalls grandmother Emily Rosalia's concern and talent for product quality. Petite, chubby Emily remained ever cheerful as she kept busy carefully mulling, mixing and steeping the soda syrup concoctions for the superb, distinctive flavors of lemon, orange, creme and sarsaparilla (root beer) on the back porch of the family residence. Some of the ingredients were imported.

The handsome early bottles proudly carried the family name, "C. A. Werle-Moke Hill." They were manufactured by Pacific Glass Company of San Francisco and were washed on the porch. A later imprint reads: "Mokelumne Hill Bottling Works" with the letter "W" imprinted in the base. The lovely blue and lavender aged bottles—hand blown are treasured possessions.

The ice house manufactured six to eight blocks of ice nine feet in length. The ammonia tank and pipe line served as the freezing system. In 1876, the Soda Factory was producing approximately fifty thousand bottles of soda per month. Soda, ice and mineral water were delivered by carts and wagons locally and over a county-wide area. The saw and ice tongs helped to satisfy customers in the economic period when a dime or a quarter adequately sufficed to purchase the needs of the convenience of refrigeration. Cellars, pantry coolers, window ledges, springs, wells and even mine tunnels had long served in the pre-icebox and ice chest era.

About 1904, the ice plant was used for pasteurization of beer. Victor Lagomarsino, son-in-law, brought his business down from the Hemminghofen-Suessdorf Brewery location. The 600-pound kegs, purchased from Wielands of San Francisco, provided beer bottled in elegant, tall, amber bottles imprinted "V. Lagomarsino, Mokelumne Hill Brewery." Beer traveled proudly and competitively until 1909 with the super sodas of the family's production.

The September 27, 1909 exchange of properties took the Charles Werles to Oakland. Herman and Dorothy Maasberg arrived with their family to take ownership. The soda works remained a viable, thriving enterprise for sixteen additional years, through the World War I period —with the advent of the automobile making an impressive impact. Maasberg products could boast of machine travel! (In 1921, sons Arthur and Richard operated the Maasberg Bros. Mok. Hill Garage. They advertised "Maxwell Trucks and Touring Cars—Tires– Tubes and Overhauls"—and could ably demonstrate their automobiles with superiority of both class and speed on the only stretch of county paved road nearby.)

On March 24, 1925, the soda works again was transferred to the new owners of "its water rights, house, bottling plant, and ice house" the Zumwalt Brothers—



Werle Soda Works and residence, Lafayette Street, Mokelumne Hill, late 1890s.

Orison Hymen and Robert Roy—both single, ages twenty-six and eighteen. The prolonged illness and death of Robert three years later, followed by the stock market debacle and extended family crises, forced the sale of the business. Louis Walkmeister of Sutter Creek, personable and accommodating, became the new owner. Joe Canepa of Angels Camp, granted the honorable name of "Ticklewater Joe," served as able assistant. But the prolonged economic difficulties of the long depression and added problems of World War II—in about 1950 ended the impressive era of the manufacture of "tantalizing tickle" —ninety years of soda pop production in "Mok. Hill"!

The ice house and bottling works, like the exceptional sodas, stir reminiscences for but a few. The Werle Victorian house still stands with unquestionable Frank Gold grace of design and skill of craftsmanship to remind us of its builder and of the many former owner-occupants and their efforts in fruitful labor in the days of the unique industry. A recent real estate advertisement invites conjecture: "Fourplex for sale—on Lafayette Street—much historic interest—$145,000." A find of a bottle of classic, well-preserved soda water produced at the site, like a bottle of premium vintage wine, might command the same price! So much for history!

Scene 10

Righting the Wrongs 1864-1865

Mokelumne Hill's unit of California Militia, for a time, served as a social activity rather than a military obligation. Hiram Ashley Messenger, a pioneer of Mokelumne in 1852, is credited with forming a company of volunteers for the Union cause using his own funds to equip the members in 1864.

Messenger was born in Peru, Massachusetts in July 1832, of early English emigrants and of New England lineage, one of nine children. His grandfather and father had served in the militia. Upon arriving in The Hill, he engaged in placer mining and worked for the Mokelumne Hill-Camp Seco Canal and Mining Company. He drove teams for Andrew and Cadwaller, lumber suppliers; sold lumber for two years; worked on the water ditches; and promoted sales.

In 1857, he married Harriet Wilkins of New Hampshire and settled at Campo Seco with his family of five children, to pursue his varied and interesting career of farmer-rancher of famed "Casa Blanca" ranch, legislator, Wallace-Valley Springs train-roadbed builder, and postmaster, boarding house operator, and supply master of the Gwin Mine. He also organized the famed and popular yearly picnics and dances for the general public held on his property in the 1880s which attracted great crowds arriving on horseback and in wagons and carriages from near and far.

Captain Messenger's interests and personal efforts were among Calaveras County's principal contributions to Union efforts during the Civil War. (There were sympathizers on both sides, with those inclined to the North predominant.) At the age of thirty-two, he rallied 128 men to his call, in November 1864. Captain Coolidge and Lieutenant Thomas Hunter of the U.S. Army arrived to enlist the patriotic volunteers—motley appearing and "very green"—more hopeful of adventure than battle—adventure greater than the life offered in these hills where women were only 30 percent of the population. The men were trained briefly at Campo Seco's "Drill Hill." Eighty-four volunteers were retained, representing a dozen countries of Europe and six states of America with ages ranging from fifteen to forty-four, the average age being thirty-three.

Of Mokelumne's enlistees, there were twenty privates, nearly all single, who listed their occupations chiefly as: miners, laborers, farmers, hostlers, machinists, shoemakers and carpenters. Other trades represented in the company were: butcher, baker, drover, sailor, clerk, cabinet maker, engineer, painter and printer.

The Hill regretfully admits to its ignominious position of having one of the three enlistees who deserted prior to arriving at the Presidio in San Francisco. Sirilpio Mejia of Pueblo, Mexico, age thirty, after reconsidering for fifty miles his enlistment six days prior in The Hill, took his marching feet to parts unknown as he passed through Captain Weber's soggy Tuleburgh. (Mokelumne, both a caring and curious community, is still optimistic that

Captain Hiram Messenger of Company E of the Seventh Regiment of Infantry of the Civil War.



President Ronald Reagan's C.I.A. will provide the clue to the fate of its long deserter.)

On December 5, twelve local men were among those discharged — aged twenty-one to forty-four (average age thirty-six) and mostly miners. Samuel Pearsall, miner, of New York, New York, age forty-two, who had arrived with Stevenson's regiment unit in November 1848 and remained to have a street now named in his honor, was one of the twelve. The men were released for: no knowledge of English; being underage or overage; or for reasons obvious to the recruiting officer, surgeon or both. Eighty-one were retained in the company. They were sent to the Arizona Territory upon completion of training, their only active service being garrison duty—keeping rebel sympathizers from stirring up the Indians. The successful conclusion of the Civil War brought the men back to the Presidio to be mustered out—the Mokelumne contingent glad to be back "home" in spite of greenbacks paid worth only forty cents to the dollar.

The title of captain of Company E of the Seventh Regiment of Infantry was bestowed on its leader for his services in the Arizona Campaign by Governor Frederick F. Low.

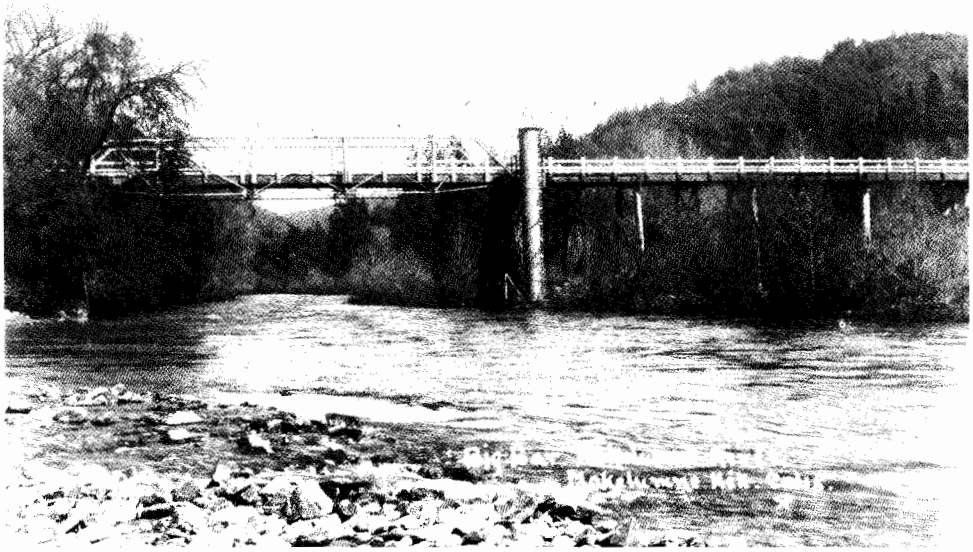
Captain Messenger, upon his death at Campo Seco on October 16, 1910, at the age of seventy-eight, was buried in his Civil War uniform—mourned in the area by Mokelumne's old residents and impressing its new and young. An old Civil War veteran-soldier and dedicated citizen had died! He left an empty place reserved in the annual Fourth of July parade for marching veterans.

Scene 11

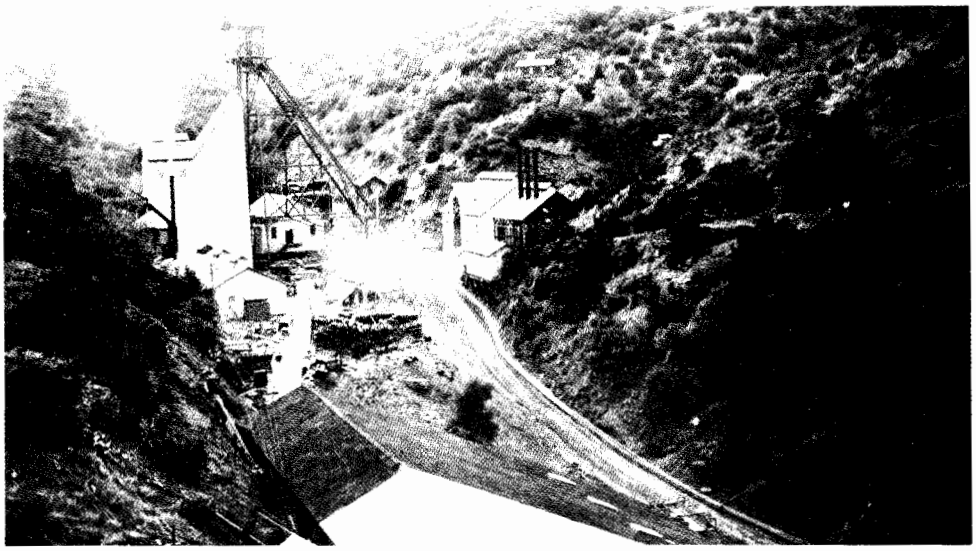
Gold 'N' Telephones— The Gwin Mine

The Gwin Mine on the Mother Lode, located five miles southwest of The Hill in lower Rich Gulch just below Paloma, was a big producer operating at intervals to provide jobs to local miners in the decades of the 1850s to 1908. It was recorded as first mined in 1851 with an inclined shaft of 200 feet. Only free gold was taken. Hugh Huger Toland, famed Bay Area surgeon, was an owner (1850-53). In 1867, former Senator William M. Gwin (1850) of Mississippi became the owner and worked the quartz mine as a family operation with his son, William, Jr. Reports were made that in 1873, it paid nearly $1,000 per day, part of the $6,000,000 of its total production. There were two mills with sixty stamps in all. The south shaft reached a 1,530-foot depth. A big employer, it eventually boasted its own post office—"Gwinmine." Then the Raggio horsedrawn stage line pulled up daily enroute from Jackson to Valley Springs, threw out the mail sacks, discharged passengers clad in dusters buttoned to their chins, and unloaded their dusty bags and baggage.

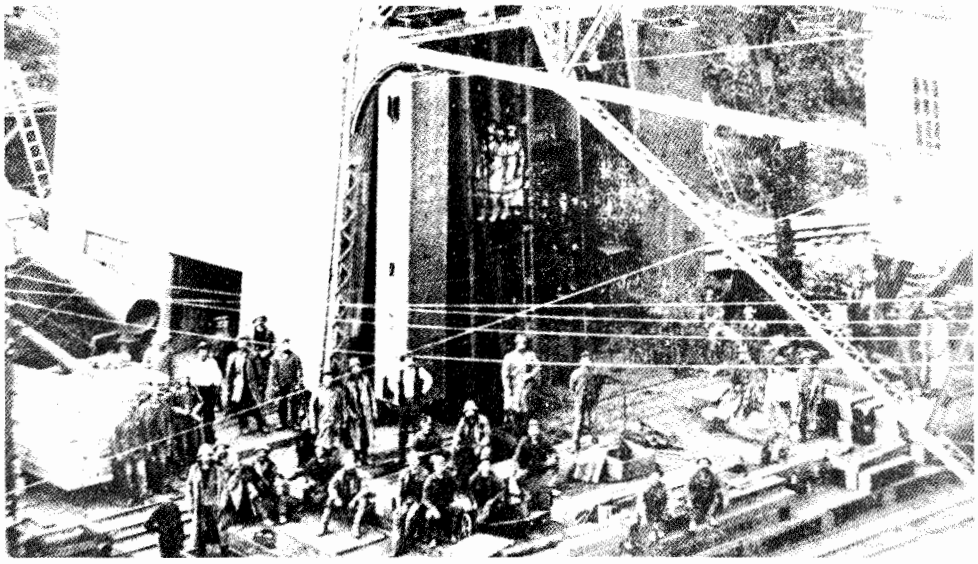
The ravine "town," in its decades, boasted the Gwin mansion, a large roomery and boarding establishment, a number of cabins up and down the gulch and many mine buildings. There was much hustle and bustle and noise with an overabundance of traffic moving precariously along the very narrow Middle Bar Road that skirts the Mokelumne, there to cross by bridge or ferry; the endless teams hauling supplies for the mine and boarding house; the coming and going of workers afoot or on horseback meeting the schedules of the day and night shifts; plus eventual added noise and confusion of the new traction engine used in hauling the heavy freight from the railroad at Valley Springs! The great engine wheezed, puffed and snorted up Paloma Road—hauling Oregon pine timbers



Site of the earliest gold camp settlement by the Oregonians on the Mokelumne and the last wooden bridge at Big Bar, Highway 49.



Gwin Mine, Paloma (1905), a big gold producer.



An afternoon shift change at Gwin Mine. Note double-decked cages.

for the stoping and shoring up of the mine excavations and adits. A horseback rider, astride a very courageous horse, cleared the way for the slow-moving mechanical monster as it startled both man and beast!

In 1894, after replacing fire-devastated and worn-out equipment, the Gwin reopened with a new shaft and forty-stamp mill. (It had closed in 1882.) By 1897, the main shaft reached the 1,400-foot level, with others at 450 feet. The mill grew to 100 stamps! The mine was worked to 2,850 feet.

The Gwin attained an enviable record of gold production under Frederick F. Thomas and David McClure as it achieved other notable firsts. It was here the Plattner chlorination process of receiving metals from sulphide concentrates was first used successfully in California. The success of the operation kept David McClure, armed to the teeth in a two-horse buggy, speeding regularly and with the greatest rapidity allowed by road conditions of dust-hidden chuck holes or deep holes of mud. He was accompanied by armed guards on horseback two outriders some distance ahead as well as behind—so as to make the necessary safe journey of Gwin bullion to Wells Fargo Express of Valley Springs.

Progressive innovation of operation brought the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers on a field trip visit through the mine and new mill, where a well-attended banquet was held and where Frank J. Solinsky, Calaveras attorney (1899) was the after-dinner speaker. It is likely that the speaker did remind his audience proudly of the Gwin's early contribution to safety and communication.

It was here in the Gwin that Calaveras County's first telephone system operated in 1878—two years after its invention patented by Alexander Bell. Mr. J. B. Terrill, having previously demonstrated the telephone at The Hill and known for his electrical expertise, secured a contract for installing three telephones in the Gwin in December 1878, for eliminating the necessity of shaft travel for mine-surface communication. "Insulated wire will be used so there will be no annoying breaks in message delivery." Glowing reports appeared in the *Calaveras Chronicle*: Johnny Terrill, telephonist, put four Bell telephones into the Gwin—from the fourteen hundred foot station to Gwin's residence, the office of the superintendent and to the mouth of the shaft. The telephone was used for signals for the guidance of the hoisting engineers. "Phones work first rate—wire was laid in the air shaft to keep it dry and protect it from injury."

The mine closure in 1882 brought neglect to the telephone business. A few private lines went into use by ranchers and mines, but the county was again isolated except by telegraph! The Sunset Telephone-Telegraph Company, a Bell subsidiary, brought renewed interest in 1889. On February 2, 1895, after the Gwin reopening, Mr. Oscar Pfortner of San Andreas was granted a contract for a telephone line between Mokelumne Hill and the Gwin. A week later, the line was working and in direct communication with Jackson across the river. (The Chichizola Store acquired the first phone.) By June 1896, poles were going up through Rich Gulch (Glencoe) and Rail Road Flat to West Point. (The rate to West Point was thirty cents per message.) And a line was run from the Calaveras Chronicle Building—soon changed to Peter's Drug Store—to the first residence, that of Dr. F. E. Blaisdell on East Centre Street.

By February, the West Point line connected to Pine Grove and Volcano. In 1899, there was a Valley Springs exchange connected from the Gwin. Six early subcribers, with private and farmers' lines, hooked in. Such was Mokelumne's contribution to Calaveras and Amador communication via Alexander Bell's telephones and Mr. J. B. Terrill's line of determination! The *Calaveras Chronicle*, with high interest and pride in reportorial efficiency, as well as in the community, and with high humor, on November 30, 1878, had informed: "If Mokelumne Hill doesn't absolutely lead the van of progress, it at least holds a position well up front. The only thing that the town lacked previously to be abreast of any other place in



Crest of Nigger Hill. Over $3,500,000 in gold nuggets was taken out in a space of five acres.

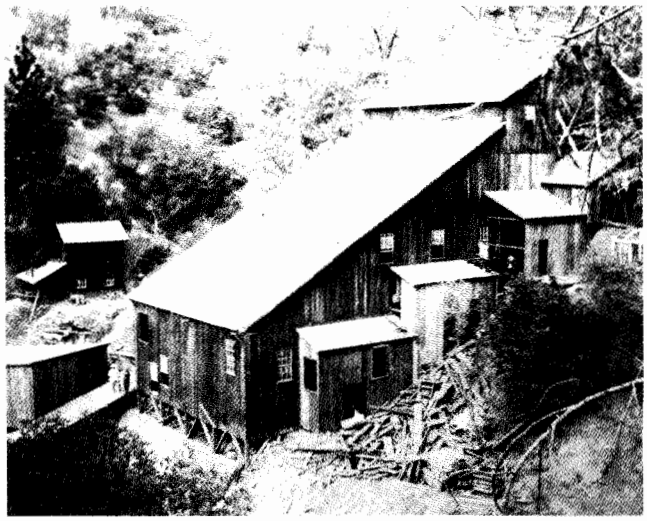


Barney McFadden at the portal of the outlet tunnel, Chili Gulch.

the world was a telephone, and now that need has been supplied. Johnny Terrill, our enterprising telegraph operator, just determined that Mokelumne Hill should lack nothing in the electric line that any other town could boast of—not if he could help it—and so he got a couple of Bell telephones, put up a line between the telegraph office and Leger's Hotel and set half of the folks in town to talking through them. The line works first rate! It is remarkable how clear and distinct the sound is when a gentleman at The Leger end of the line softly whispers, 'Come up and take a drink!'—Call at Terrill and Peters (Drug Store) and behold the wonder of the telephone."



John Burton at Chili Gulch hydraulic pit (McSorley-Garamendi Ranch).



Easyz Bird Mill (1906).

In 1897, Washington Meat Market's butcher owner, L. (Louis) Hexter, placed a telephone box in his place of business with a telephone (Main 63) to his slaughter house (Main 36) one and one-half miles away!

In 1898, with the reopening of the Mokelumne exchange on July 23 with thirty-five "stations," there were listed in the "Mokelumne Hill Directory-1899" phones for three residences, four saloons, two doctors, one blacksmith-wheelwright, three general merchandise stores, two livery stables and twenty businesses or mine operations. By 1904, there were forty-nine telephones in use, but by 1920 only eight were connected. The resurgence of mining in the depression years (The Boston and The Easyz Bird) increased the number—only to fall to the low point of nineteen by 1940.

A Pacific Telephone Dial System exchange building is now located at School and Lafayette streets—placed there in 1946—THE FIRST DIAL SYSTEM IN THE COUNTY. Mokelumne Hill's Johnny Terrill would have been pleased—but perhaps not with the seven-digit numbers.

The gold and luster of the Gwin—of telephone and bullion fame—vanished suddenly! The telephone of the Gwin Mine Office in 1908 carried its bitter irony—the message of doom, the dire and blunt official message from headquarters—"Shut 'er down!"

A shortage of water from the ditch system had curtailed milling operations to impair the financial condition and thus further enlarge and delay payment of indebtedness to the water company. A filled waste dump space was an additional aggravation. The unexpected closure brought equal unexpected hardship to families of Paloma and Mokelumne Hill.

Nine years later in the World War I years—1917-18, the surface plant of the famous mine was dismantled; its mansion moved to Campo Seco. The king-sized mill and numerous lesser buildings ceased their grasp of and clinging to the steep, rocky slopes.

Gone is the roaring rumble of noise re-echoing from those hills! Visible are only the massive concrete foundation of its hoist of the North Shaft—and rusting iron—hiding their abject humiliation of non-entity beneath the Terrill-like determined Boston ivy wanderings fed by underground springs. There, deer from the nature-healed dumps of the north and south shafts once again appear. Jays and woodpeckers' raucous calls break the deathly silence of the place to stir the sense of continuity—of connection and awareness—of contrast to those exciting, progressive "Gwinmine" days. In disbelief, one travels slowly over the eerie, lonely, narrow, paved Middle Bar Road serving as the worn, black-satin-tie-ribbon of mourning, linking past to present—symbol of the death of the impressive, colorful era of gold mining.

Scene 12

Power to the People

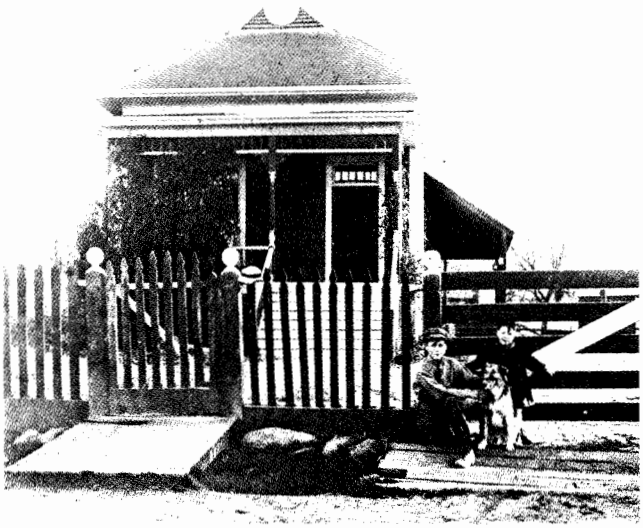
Among the many illustrious visitors to register at The Leger was Prince Andre Poniatowski. Though born in Paris, on January 24, 1864, he descended of true Polish nobility and was reared in the Polish Imperial Court. After extensive and disciplined scholarly pursuits, he earned respect in banking and finance, gold mining and engineering, as well as in his skilled performances as yachtsman and big game hunter in both Russia and South Africa.

In 1892, at age twenty-eight, he arrived in the United States, where he met Elizabeth Sperry of the Sperry Flour Mills family of Stockton, and niece of Sperry Hotel owner of Calaveras Big Trees. As an added bonus, William H. Croker, high financeer, was her brother-in-law. Elizabeth and Prince Andre married in 1894. All appears to have proceeded well. He promoted Calaveras mines and the Sierra Railway Company, which he sold to Crocker. Crocker had an interest in twenty Amador and Calaveras mines. Since 1887, he had considered the feasibility of sending Blue Lakes water via pipeline to Oakland.

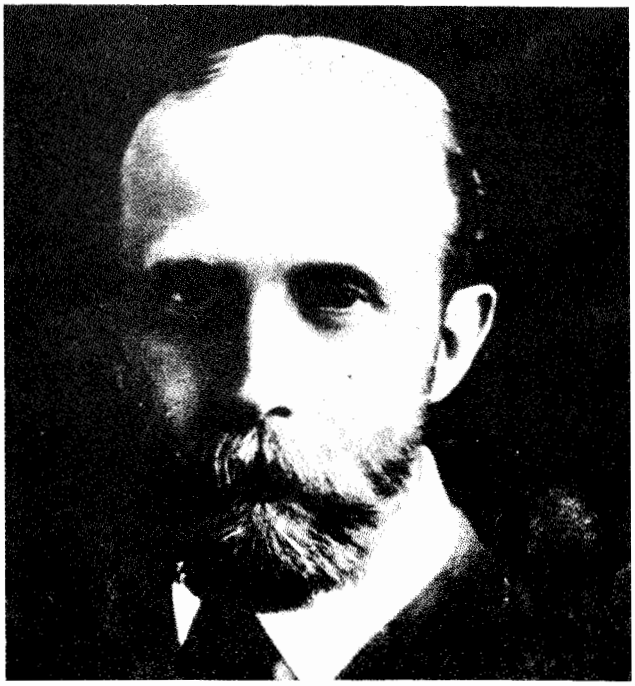
Shortly, Prince Poniatowski arrived at The Hill and registered at The Leger. He noted the force of the swift-flowing Mokelumne at Big Bar. His keen mind and imaginative, creative powers flowed as swiftly and clearly as those waters. His ingenuity, combined with Crocker finance, soon pioneered commercial development of hydroelectricity to flow through Calaveras.

October 1897 saw the creation of the Blue Lakes Powerhouse a mile upstream on the Amador side of Big Bar Bridge, with water dropped 1,040 feet from an old miners' canal—the Amador Canal and Butte Ditch. It provided the power for lighting local mines and industries, and for the first public electricity display in Calaveras County.

Prince Andre's Blue Lakes Project success at age



Original office building of California Exploration Limited (1898) in San Andreas where Electra Power on the Mokelumne River was designed. It became the Charles Joy family residence.



Prince Andre Poniatowski, or as the local populace jocularly referred to him, "Prince Pint O'Whiskey," pioneered the commercial development of hydroelectricity in the Southern Mines. With Poniatowski ingenuity and Wm. H. Crocker money, the Electra powerhouse was built in 1902, later becoming one of the leading components of the P.G. & E. Company.

Receipt to Leger Hotel for early electric power service. Cost for sixty-four lights was only nineteen dollars.

2529

$ 19 00 — Blue Lakes City, Cal., AUG 31 1902

Leger Hotel — Dr.

TO THE STANDARD ELECTRIC CO. OF CALIFORNIA

Nineteen — DOLLA

Light Account for Month of AUG [illegible] 1902 — No. of Lights 64

Service $ ____
Supplies $ ____
Street $ ____
Total $ ____

$19 00

July

Received Payment,

For The Standard Electric Co. of Cal

thirty-four brought added fame and control of the Blue Lakes Water Company as well as added inspiration to begin another four-year project. It was opened on May 6, 1902—Electra Power House—constructed two miles upstream from the earlier powerhouse site. Another first in electricity was achieved with a 60,000-volt transmission line to San Francisco.

In 1902, the Standard Electric Company billing of Blue Lakes City for the Hotel Leger was nineteen dollars for sixty-four lights. There were no meters. A. L. Suessdorf Brewery of The Hill became one of the earliest users of electricity for commercial, non-mine purposes. In September of the same year, it paid $1.60 for four lights. The Crocker-Poniatowski interests were sold to become a leading component of the future Pacific Gas and Electric Company (1905), which sent the initial hydroelectric power to San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose as well as to more distant Mother Lode mines. (In 1920, Charles Joy of P.G. & E. receipted a bill to Myron Greve for Hotel Leger electricity—629 watt hours, the minimum charge—$1.38. Those were the good old days—when electric charges could happily be dealt with lightly.

The Electra System served until 1948—a fifty-year period with Charles Joy as superintendent until his retirement and move to The Hill from the San Andreas business headquarters which had earlier served Prince Poniatowski's California Exploration Company (1898). Then New Electra emerged. It is still in operation, with Blue Lakes servicing five powerhouses.

Prince Poniatowski returned to France with his success stories on the Mokelumne River at Big Bar and with his princess and young family. Mokelumne's story of a flour mill girl "clothed" by Sperry Flour sacks, not in them, who married a prince charming, had its happy ending for the prince and princess, and, likewise, for The Hill, as it still sheds its golden luster as was shed in those first glowing electric bulbs nearly ninety years ago.

The project proved to be the inspiration for teenager Frank Peek, Jr., reaffirmed by his historic photo of the original Blue Lakes Powerhouse. His subsequent, keen interest in high voltage electricity brought him international fame in his lifelong career and brought honor to him, his family and The Hill—all because electricity came to Mokelumne in such princely fashion.

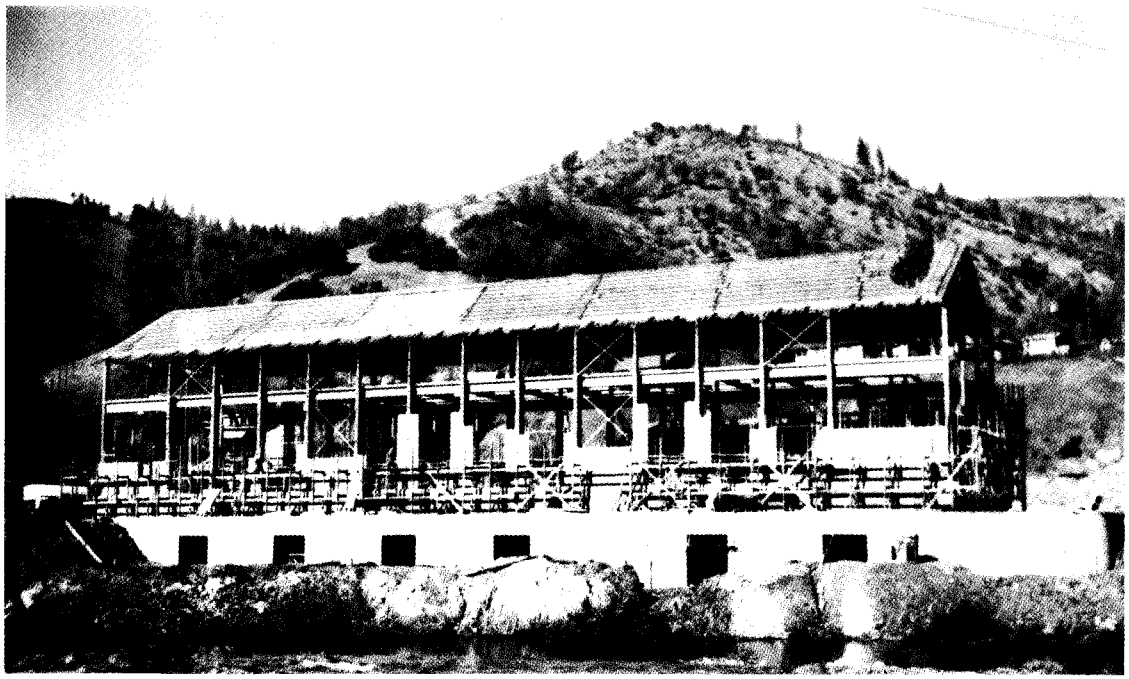
Sound and Light Show—1898

It came, on October 18, 1898, a truly momentous night at The Hill. There occurred that most singular event! A sound and light show! At The Leger! Performed outside along the town's Main Street. The news had spread like wildfire—from bars, benches and buggies—from wells, wagons and wire, to foretell the great happening ahead. A large crowd gathered and jostled for the best view—the illustrious, and yet to become so, mingled with the town's general population, all equal in curiosity.

Everyone offered to assist in stringing out, with minute care and precision, the strange, very special, pointed glass objects with a thin wire filament enclosed, in front of the prestigious Leger lobby to create the evening's spectacular. Connection! Illumination! Sound! The excitement of "Let there be light" reverberated over the entire building complex as the hostelry glowed—the FIRST TOWN



Blue Lakes Powerhouse, 1897. Photo taken by Frank Peek, Jr., teenager of Mokelumne Hill who became a prominent electrical engineer with the General Electric Company.



New Electra Power Plant on the Mokelumne River (1950).

BUILDING IN THE COUNTY TO EXPERIENCE ELECTRIC LIGHTING. The joyous residents glowed in like response their excitement of both mental illumination and pride. Electric lights! Lights had come to Mokelumne Hill. Soon there was added the sound of digging. Electric poles and wires! Street lights were born!

But by 1982, interest in street lights waned sharply, despite television reports of an increase in crime. In contrast to the earlier enthusiasm, the local citizenry affirmed in a special vote by mail ballot their refusal to pay a miniscule additional county tax for revenue to maintain the present complex of street lights, still provided by the region's historic, significant Pacific Gas and Electric Company. They preferred the brief "flash" of gold—of extra money in the wallet—to the flashy gold of lights to brighten the narrow, crooked streets and rambling lanes. They had experienced unexpected and excessive hikes in utility rates. In income taxes. High inflation and increasing unemployment from the closure of the cement plant bore down heavily. And there were still opportunities to get rich quick with extra money. Board the bus! Gamble in Nevada! Play Bingo? The Safeway! Mokelumne Hill might yet be the most suitable place to hide in the dark - in the kiotas and tunnels—from all those San Andreas courthouse tax collectors.

The Board of Supervisors of San Andreas, not yet having found a way to illumine the minds of the town's citizens, has probably laid the matter on the table for permanent rest, sensing the act might possibly be one of Mokelumne's long standing revenge.

There has been little light on the subject. At the time of this writing, there are no reports of minor or major tragedies—of horses, dogs, bicycles, motorcycles, vehicles or pedestrians falling off the dark, narrow, precarious Lafayette Street ledge into the ever-flowing and sometimes heavily rain-swollen spring water ditch or into the brambles of the China Gulch of Centre Street. However, new signs of the times have appeared on the Town Bulletin Boards. SIGN UP FOR FIRST AID CLASSES. Signs of the times still enlighten us—when read by daylight.

Scene 13

Golden Gleanings of Personalities

In the atmosphere of Mokelumne Hill's early development of political and economic enterprises and social and cultural organizations, many predecessors of the town's present long-established families were both observers and participants: the Pierre Vandelles, Joel Henry Zumwalts, James Kiltons, Samuel Prindles, George Hutchinsons, William Peeks, Martin Fischers, Andrew McQuades, Samuel Mosers, Andrea Lagomarsinos, Terrence McSorleys, John F. Greves, Otto Michael Werles, Joseph Dell'Ortos and Attilio Lombardis. What a wealth of stories those early pioneers could relate of those who, like themselves, came and stayed; of those associates who departed. The kaleidoscopic dashing, crashing bits of "local color" intensify to shades of gray in further fast fallings and fadings into the past—to leave but scant memories of the exuberance of that emblazoned era of the gold rush days of Mokelumne Hill and of their impact. It has been written that history is the essence of personalities who enlarge our understanding of human experiences in the past.

So, humbly recorded are these small yet shiny filings—mere particles gleaned from those treasured nuggets of golden personalities.

Golden Personalities

Pierre Clement and
Julie Adele (Lamy) Vandelle
John Frederick and
Mary Eliza (Dillon) Greve
John Hosley
Joel Henry and
Ann Elizabeth (Briggs) Zumwalt
Samuel Green and Nancy (Wallace) Briggs
James and Sally (Ford) Kilton (Kelton)
Edward and Grace (Kilton) Hutchinson
William Pratt and Sarah (Allen) Peak (Peek)
Samuel Linus and Annie (Newhall) Prindle
Diary of Samuel Prindle (excerpts)
Samuel Louis Davidson
Thomas S. and Jessie (Bell) Louttit
Henry and Elizabeth (Knapp) Eno
George and Louisa (Wilkins) Leger
George Muths
Robert and Caroline (Batchelder) Thompson
Henry Atwood
Samuel Charter and Emily (Fitzgerald) Peek
Francis T. and Josephine (?) Day
Kaufman and Fanny (Mayer) Hexter
Bertha Strouse
Michael and
Mary Rosalie (Baumgarten) Werle
Martin and
Marie Katherine (Schneider) Fischer
Andrew and Bridget (McSorley) McQuade
Martin Daniel and
Roseann (McQuade) Fischer
Terrence and Mary Francis (Colgan) McSorley
Samuel and Almena (Harrington) Moser
Attilio and Mary (Scosso) Lombardi
Joseph and Alice (Prindle) Dell'Orto
Edward H. Hanford
Edward V. Norton

Pierre Clement and Julie (Lamy) Vandelle (Vandel)

Pierre Clement Vandelle (Vandel) gives authenticity to the French connection of Mokelumne Hill in its very early history as a French settlement, the French having arrived at Sandy Bar in the early 1840s. Pierre was born in Bois D'Amont, France, the son of Joseph Celestin and Anna Marie Cretin Vandelle. There he married Julie Adele Lamy, daughter of Joseph Lucien and Marie Zelie Lamy. Three children were born. Inspired and excited by the gold discoveries on Spanish Bar reported by his French trapper and fur trader cousins—the Cretin brothers—Pierre, and others, departed from France to try for luck on the Mokelumne River before the gold rush. Instant success induced the opening of a store to serve the French in Happy Valley.

In 1857, Pierre sold the property to Elsie Golinelli and returned to his home in France to bring back his family, in the early 1860s—Madame Julie Adele and the children, sons Ernest and Leon and two-year-old daughter Valentin, who died shortly after arrival. In 1871, Pierre became an American citizen. The family had both cultural and commercial interests. Ernest and Leon were instructed in music and performed in an early California Miners' Band organization. In 1877, Pierre purchased Job Strange's barley mill, which he operated. The mill property, near the old French Fort site, is still a Vandelle family possession. Pierre died in 1894. His body rests in the Catholic Cemetery.

The early French gold discoveries were kept secret until unwittingly revealed to John F. Greve in his San Francisco store. The French miners were unaware of Greve's bilingual expertise! He too headed to The Hill to eventually create the Vandelle-Greve ties.

Son Ernest Vandelle married Laura Greve. (She later married skilled carpenter Charles Bennett.) There were two children: Wanda (Morris) and Cecille Vandelle MacMillian, who before her death in Bakersfield, recorded her family and town history, in correspondence with W. J. Fuller, editor of the Calaveras Historical Society's "Las Calaveras." She wrote many articles which appeared in local papers under the heading "Romance of Mokelumne Hill." She contributed vastly to the preservation of the community's past.

Son Leon had four children—Emil, Ernest, Walter and Alice. Alice became the wife of the late Aloyius (Allie) Fischer, miner, cattle rancher and long-time town constable. She and their children, Ila Mae (Laurence), Leland, Marilyn (Lynch), Wesley, and Alfred, and their families, still reside in the town or nearby area—proud representatives of this period of very early French contributions—a history exceeding its 140th year.

John Frederick Wilhelm and Mary (Dillon) Greve

John Frederick Wilhelm Greve was born in Hanover, Germany, about 1820, of noble family. He was to become known in Calaveras County as Fred Greve, Sr.—"Potato King of Blue Mountain."

Following a classic, scholarly education, he was enrolled in military school by parents who aspired a military career for him. His natural interest in agriculture and predilection to revolt against German restrictiveness resulted in frequent run-aways. In desperation, his parents shipped him off to America to fend for himself, without his rights to inheritance. He arrived in 1840 and never returned. He could acquire his title in the new land.

In Baltimore, after unsuccessful efforts to farm there and in other nearby areas, he moved southward to New Orleans, where he married Mary Eliza Dillon of New York. There, son Fred was born. (The family grew to nine—six sons and three daughters.) The Greves moved to San Francisco, where Frederick began one of the early pre-gold rush stores. He was a fluent linguist, and the store soon served as a rendezvous for Frenchmen. It was there that Fred inadvertently learned of the French gold discovery on the Mokelumne. He sold his store and rushed off to Middle Bar, where he remained to seek his fortune at the thriving gold camp. In the period of 1855 to 1871, he constructed one of the first quartz mills in the area, which became known as the Vance Mine (Norwich). He also ranched (the McCarty Ranch property) and operated businesses in a nearby area.

In 1871, a final move took him to the Blue Mountain Ranch near West Point, where, amid the scenic beauty, he remained with his enlarged family, which included two sets of twins—among them Harry Randolph Greve, whose family was associated for sixty years with Mokelumne's Hotel Leger.

John Frederick, at last, at Blue Mountain, experienced his intense love of ranching and farming—growing exceptionally fine potatoes until his death and thus acquiring the title in which he took great pride, "Potato King of Blue Mountain."

Frederick took an active part in all affairs he deemed were for the welfare of the county and set an example for his progeny. He imparted his interest in and love of music to them. Some were trained and showed great skill in

piano, guitar, violin, and voice, often to provide the musical entertainment of the times.

Mokelumne Hill became the home or place of frequent visits of several members of this pioneer family who made noteworthy contributions to the economic and social well-being of the community: Harry, Charles, Mary (Ham), Lillie, Laura (Vandelle-Bennett), and Fred.

John Hosley

John Hosley, native of Yorkshire, England, was born June 14, 1825. When he was about ten years old, his family migrated to Canada, then southward to Vermont, from where John joined the western cavalcade in 1849, to arrive in Mokelumne in time to provide the first ferry boat established on the Mokelumne—a dugout dubbed "The Whale Boat Ferry." He soon enlarged it to a plank boat able to carry three or four passengers. The crossing fee was one dollar. In a brief interval, he amassed all the money he wanted; so he sold out to Dr. L. Soher (with Parrish) for $12,000. (They later expended $30,000 to build the Big Bar Bridge of 1853.)

Hosley boasted that he was present at the birth of Mokelumne Hill—knew its crooked streets as well as its crooked habits; knew all the defaulting treasurers, sheriffs and tax collectors and served as yarn teller of their doings, most not wanting to be recorded. John, an uncanny, knowledgeable miner, made many rich discoveries in both placer and quartz. A firm believer that money was for spending and that whatever of it he had belonged to ALL of his friends, he had friends whose number was legion. When the free, flush times of the Days of '49 were no longer possible, he retreated to the mountains to become the toll road manager from his Antelope Springs residence station of the Amador Wagon Road leased to him in 1868—the over-the-mountain road to Kirkwood's. He amused passers-by with Mokelumne's heyday tales.

Everyone knew John—rough, brave, kind and generous. He is said to have played more jokes, said more pithy things, spent and given away more money than any other man in Calaveras or Amador, if not in the state. It is also said that his good jokes and saying would have filled a book of interesting reading. Love of fun was his character. He was excellently skillful in the art and was still telling the stories of the frenetic, fun days of The Hill in 1881 to those who visited at his home nine miles east of Volcano. It must be assumed that in the same period many of those who left remembered John Hosley fondly.

Joel Henry Zumwalt (1831-1906)

Founder of E Clampus Vitus in Mokelumne Hill, 1851

Ann Elizabeth (Briggs) Zumwalt (1840-1931)

Samuel Green Briggs (1799-1875) — Nancy (Wallace) Briggs (1808-1875)

Joel Henry Zumwalt (1831-1906), early pioneer of Mokelumne Hill, it is thought, joined the 4,000 "Pikers" to hit the trail from Independence, Missouri, to arrive in California in 1849—to move westward as the Zumwalts had done for more than a century. Early forebear Andrew Zumwalt (Zomwald) (1698-1764) left Schleswig-Holstein, Germany, at age thirty-nine with his brother Balthazar, to sail from Rotterdam, The Netherlands, on the ship *Virtuous*, commanded by John Bukk. They made port at Baltimore on September 24, 1737. Andrew met and married Mary (last name unknown). Sons Henry and George were born, followed by three daughters—Delia, Elizabeth and Margaret. Andrew and Balthazar took the oath of allegiance to their new country in Philadelphia, then moved westward to settle on a small farm at Little York, Pennsylvania. Mary died about 1749.

Andrew quickly fulfilled his need for another good wife, marrying Anna Regina (last name unknown), "a lada from Zwitzerland." More children were born: sons Christopher, Jacob, Adam, John, Andrew, and daughter Catherine, for a total of seven sons and four daughters—farmer Andrew's greatest wealth. But the family again found itself on the move, to arrive in Frederick County, Virginia, near the Potomac. Better medical attention was needed. Andrew had become a victim of cancer. Death came in 1764 at age sixty-six. His will, probated 6 March 1765 after twenty-seven years in Colonial America, and the advertisement of his son Andrew's wealth in the mid-nineteenth century, suggest the early Zumwalt beginnings of family concern, self-sufficiency and resourcefulness.

Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt, in his article "The Frontiersman" in the *Oakland Tribune* (February 19, 1961), called them "the real heroes of the Western frontier who found themselves brave wives who knew how to get along with little and get things done in addition to bringing up the children and making garments. The heroes displayed the attributes of self reliance, personal initiative and love of personal freedom as they practiced self-sufficiency through industry and thrift." Such was the heritage cherished by succeeding Zumwalt generations.

Copy of Will of Andrew Zomwald, Dated October 20, 1764

In the Name of God, Amen:—I. Andrew Zomwald in the County of Frederick and Colony of Virginia, being weak in body but sound of memory. (Blessed be God) do this 20th day of October ANNO Domini One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Four, make and publish this my last will and testament in manner following, that is to say:

First, I recommend and give my body to the ground and my soul to God. Secondly, I give to my wife, Ann Regina Zomwald for her share a third part of all my estate as well deserved for all her trouble she has had with me in all my sickness and children got with my first wife as well as *hern*. I say she is to have a third of all my land, cattles, household stuff etc.

Thirdly, The two parts or thirds left, Is to be divided in euqal shares amongst the children one as much as the other.

Fourthly, I make my wife, Ann Regina sole Executrix and ordain her for that, in trust for the intents, purposes in this will contained, as a mother ought to do to my children got by my first wife as well as them got with her.

Fifth, If any of the children should be fit and grown up for to learn a trade such as the like the _____ shall be put to it with the will of their mother.

In witness whereof, I Andrew Zomwald set my hand and seal the day and year above mentioned.

Andrew Zomwald

Signed, sealed and delivered as my last will and testament in the presence of George Weaver, Peter Speer, and Martin Blake; at a Court continued and held for Frederick County the 6th day of March, 1765.

There appears no further information of Ann Regina, mother of George (3), son of Jacob (2),—father of Joel Henry Zumwalt of Mokelumne Hill, the "hero" of this narration. At the end of the third generation, there were ninety progeny.

There are documented records to show that four of the five sons of Anna Regina Zumwalt served in the Revolutionary War. All seven sons of Andrew lived in Virginia during that time. In the post-revolutionary period of movement of pioneer American families, they blazed and marked the trails of the Appalachian Mountain wilderness as they followed in the footsteps of earlier frontiersmen and Daniel Boone (1734-1820)—Pennsylvanian frontiersman-scout, surveyor, trapper-hunter and Indian fighter in the period of "going west expansionism." They shaped and secured the nation. With them went the Boone essentials of "a good gun, a good horse and a good wife." Needed, too, were good health, good luck, an ax and salt—the only preservative for food.

By 1778, the Zumwalts had settled in Shenandoah County of Virginia. Sons Jacob, Adam, Christopher and John served in Captain John McCoy's Augusta, Virginia militia. The family, increased in number through marriages, had followed the rocky pass of the eastern edge of the Appalachias of Pennsylvania on trails incised by Indians and animals and leading southwesterly along lines of the Appalachias eventually to break into Kentucky and Tennessee at Cumberland Gap—a natural gap of 1,665-foot elevation—point of the Wilderness Road blazed earlier (1775) by Boone and thirty woodsmen from eastern Tennessee which extended 300 miles to end at the Ohio River at Louisville. The Zumwalts arrived in 1783.



Pamela Zumwalt and cousin Marnell Spence at Cumberland Gap in 1958 unaware that Zumwalts were there 175 years before. Samuel Wallace, road-builder father of Nancy Briggs, helped to build the Tennessee portion to the gap.

Not until 1795 was the road fit for wagons, but by 1790. 100,000 pioneers had crossed to Tennessee and Kentucky. (By 1820, the population of the United States had doubled, to 4,896,605.) The only primitive obstacles remaining to the extension of civilization as viewed by most frontiersmen were the Indians. A small minority did not share the view. After settling about Harrison County (later Bourbon) on land acquired through grants for military service and purchases as land dealers (160 to 1,000 acres), they became farmers and orchardists, grist mill operators, distillers, and militia men involved in quelling disturbances by Indians feeling the usurpation of their farm lands and hunting grounds.

In 1778, Jacob, grandfather of Joel Henry, married Catherine (Quenti) Miller, age twenty-six. Their three sons, ranging in age from four to infancy, began their settled lives in Lexington (Fayette County) in 1783, where Jacob had acquired a town lot. Son George (father of Joel Henry) was born in 1785, in Kentucky's region yet a county of Virginia, the year his Uncle Adam was serving as a militiaman with General Rogers Clark on the Ohio River from Fort Pitt (now Pittsburgh) to frighten Indians with the firing of two cannon.

Uncle Adam was a skilled hunter and scout who had served in Virginia as a volunteer Indian fighter and at age eighteen had enlisted to serve in the War of Revolution to fight both the British and the Indians under General Andrew Lewis, with experiences he deemed worse than any of those he had as a frontiersman. At Lexington's Fort settlement, he aided as hunter, bringing in the meat —eleven bison on one day. But again he found himself involved with Indians—in three uprisings, as against Chief Cornstalk and his thousand warriors. He became a private scout with Daniel Boone in Captain McConnel's Company of Volunteers. Upon a return from a special scouting assignment, he learned of the Kentuckians' worst defeat in an Indian skirmish, brought about by a renegade white man's betrayal in which Boone was the dubious participant. The distraught Adam assisted in burying the eighty friends and comrades, including Daniel Boone's son.

As the century closed, the constant cry had become, "The game is gone! Go West!" In the decade of 1796 to 1806, six of the sons of Andrew Zumwalt—the second generation—left the Lexington area shortly after Kentucky acquired statehood into the Union (1792) to cross the great Mississippi into Upper Spanish Louisiana (later the Missouri Territory). Son George remained, to go to Ohio.

The urge to move westward caused sons Jacob and Christopher, with their families, to load their wagons and head westward. Land had been opened near Saint Charles, Saint Charles County, a short distance west of Saint Louis. The momentous year was 1796. They crossed the great river! Andrew arrived, to operate a grist mill. A small settlement of about ten families began to emerge. In 1798, Jacob and his stalwart sons, Andrew, age nineteen, Henry, seventeen, Jacob, fifteen, and George, thirteen, each able to do a man's work, completed their Pennsylvania German style log house. This proved to be an achievement of historic significance. From a news article of the *St. Louis Dispatch* (June 25, 1936), "Missouri Daughters of 1812 Will Seek to Restore the Fort," by Mary Profilet:

> "The home became full of interest and rich legend not only becaue it was the first hewn log home erected north of the Missouri River but because of its establishment as a frontier post at what was at that time one of the remotest edges of civilization in the United States. Its story is also founded on other uses to which it has been put and concerns men and women who have lived useful and eventful lives under its roof."

As reported in *Pioneer Families of Missour* by Bryant and Rose, "the house with huge fireplaces was made of white oak and roofed with clapboards of the same wood. The main part consisted of two ground floor rooms duplicated to form a second story. A one-story wing to the east and another to the south, each with a loft, completed the structure. The split oak floors, worn away, reveal the primitive method of fastening logs together with pegs instead of nails. The house is on the brink of a low hill at the foot of which runs a spring. The wings of the house have been torn down and the remaining part has gradually succumbed to time and the elements. The portholes in the upper part which were used in repelling Indian raids may still be seen although the stockade which surrounded the house disappeared long ago. A small private cemetery, shaded by ancient cedar trees in which a mockingbird sings, gives a touch of pathos to the present scene as voices of the past seem to whisper around the old fort. As many as ten famililes found refuge at times of Indian unrest.

> "In 1807, the house was used for church services by Reverend James Walker and later by Reverend John Travis, Missouri's first Methodist preacher, who held services there. From this gathering was organized the Mount Zion Methodist Church."

The completed structure soon became known as Fort Zumwalt. It has been honored with a monument and is now a Missouri State Park.

But tragedy moved stealthily into the newly-built home. Jacob's wife, Catherine, died the year after completion. She was the first Zumwalt family member to be buried in the Zumwalt family plot on the property, which was used until 1820—"Stony Point Cemetery."

Jacob, at age forty-eight, remarried—Francis Price—at Saint Charles Borromeo Church in 1800, and presided over the home and farmland with his hound dogs and the assurance of his ever-ready musket to provide family security and welcome, warmth and safety to all in need as prospects of Indian troubles soon increased.

Uncle Adam arrived to settle on Dardene Creek. He had sold his Kentucky farm and dug a canoe sixty feet long and wide enough to lay four wagon wheels down in the bottom, loaded his goods and whiskey stills (he was a trained distiller), hired hands, and descended the Licking River to the Ohio, then went down the Mississippi and onto the Missouri and a small stream to arrive at the new settlement. He set up his stills on Flint Hill and operated a tavern for seven years. Bourbon had moved west with the Bible!

Indian women, it is told, liked Adam's whiskey better than that of the French. It did not take so much to make them a little tight! Trade was good. Chief Black Hawk came, too. (Adam's trading with the Indians helped him become financially comfortable and able to retire in 1810.)

In the environs of Saint Charles, the Zumwalt family became enmeshed in its activities. Excitement was high in 1804 as Captains Merriwether Lewis (secretary to President Thomas Jefferson) and William Clark (brother of General George Rogers Clark, with whom Adam had served) planned and executed their military expedition of the Northwest Territories, which began at nearby Saint Louis. Their journey to the Pacific lasted for eighteen months—equivalent to this era's moon landing—a move into an undefended empire embracing the whole watershed of the Mississippi—one-third of America—the Louisiana Territory acquired from Napoleon in 1803 for $16 million, an increase of 140 percent of United States territory to become thirteen states where then but a few fur trading posts, garrisons, and settlers existed.

Saint Charles, named by the French, at this time was a settlement of about four hundred fifty inhabitants, chiefly French-Canadian descendants, who subsisted by hunting and trading with the Indians, and confined their culture to gardening, in which they excelled. It was situated on the north bank of the Missouri, about twenty-one miles from its confluence with the Mississippi River. Its principal street, about a mile in length and running parallel with the river, divided the town of nearly one hundred small, rough hewn wooden houses and a chapel. (Members of the George and Bud Spence family of Angels Camp-Altaville had settled there.)

The Lewis and Clark expedition, having passed the winter near Saint Louis at the mouth of the DuBois River, left camp to ascend the Missouri. On May 15, 1804, they arrived at Saint Charles, where they remained for six days to bring to the little settlement, which still bears its original name, such unexpected and theretofore unforeseen excitement. It was there that Captain Meriwether Lewis, detained by business at Fort Louis, overtook the expedition.

Upon completion of the successful journey, having reached the Pacific in November, they departed homeward in March 1806, to salute with heartfelt joy the village of Saint Charles, on Sunday, September 21. On landing, they once again were treated with great hospitality and kindness by all the inhabitants. The civility detained the travelers until ten o'clock the next morning, when they began their descent of the Mississippi. Upon approaching Saint Louis the following day, with great joy in their safe return, they eagerly fired a salute to the awaiting, welcoming families and villagers.

Such was the good fortune of experiences vividly remembered and recounted by early settlers of Saint Charles—among them George Zumwalt, impressionable teenager of nineteen years, who was destined to become the father of Joel Henry Zumwalt, later honored in far distant Mokelumne Hill.

Such was the spirit at Fort Zumwalt with its eighty-seven-acre tract of rich farmland and deep woods. (Christopher held the adjoining tract.) There, about 1808, son George at age twenty-three married Mary Elizabeth Killebrew, also a Virginian, born in 1792. They lived nearby. In 1809, son Ivy Jason arrived, followed by several brothers and sisters. Life as a farmer-orchardist's wife and a mother was difficult for Mary Elizabeth, with added fears of Indians and loneliness of the long winters. But the activities about the fort family home added interest.

Daniel Boone, coonskin-cap clad, with his ever-ready musket, visited grandfather Jacob frequently, sharing in the grace and simple meal of ash cake, fried squirrel and honey, as life's problems were discussed.

Chief Black Hawk came to parley. He was born at Sauk Sautenuk (1767-1838), now Rockford, Illinois, and became the leader of Sauk and Fox Indians, defiant of a government order to vacate tribal villages and fertile fields. He was welcomed there in the hope of building friendship. Antagonistic to whites settling in tribal territory not surrendered, Black Hawk joined the British in the War of 1812. United States support of rival Chief Keokuk further incensed Black Hawk to cooperate with the British. Ill treatment of tribal members brought him to leadership. He had contested the 1804 disposition of fifty million acres of tribal land supposedly granted to the United States in that year by the government's spokesman of the tribe. Black Hawk desired only to till his lands in peace. He was met by a militia and army troops which decimated more than a thousand Indians including old men, women and children, to fewer than one hundred fifty survivors. The tribes, including the Winnebago, as a condition of peace, were dispossessed of lands, forcing further movement west. The Indian spirit was cowed. Virtually all the Northwest Territory was left to white man.

In the interest of carrying the Christian message of peace and love, the fort home was used as the Methodist

Church. Thus had passed the Zumwalt years of striving—twenty years "across the Mississippi."

But the unrest of Indians soon forced Jacob's home to become enclosed by a stockade. There were fears, but as the stories are related, there was hope. As Jacob's wife reportedly said to Mr. Boone when he was an overnight guest, 'It may not be so bad, for Chief Black Hawk comes at times and seems friendly. He brought the little children a little pet coon. Helped them to make bows and arrows. Showed them how to shoot. He liked my cooking, for he was hungry. I gave him a big gourd of stew.

"We will have other families here during the winter. There are four large rooms with the loft over two—much room for many other people. We are safe at this place. While we have always been friendly to any Indians that came about, we never know what may happen. The spring is not far distant. One can watch from the port holes. When Black Hawk comes we can all give him a true welcome at Zumwalt Fort. He will know that our hearts are kind, our walls are strong and sure, but our guns are ready and our aim is true."

There came a third stirring—for the third generation of Zumwalts to move on. Land was opening up north and northeast of Saint Charles County. Land! Land! Almost empty! Rich soils! Abundant water and timber teeming with game and fish. Practically free land grants. The combination was irresistible to frontiersmen. The area became the two Pike Counties of the region—of Illinois and Missouri—straddling the Mississippi River at Louisiana settlement not distant from the region nearby of what became "Mark Twain Country"—about Paris, Florida and Hannibal. There the Samuel Briggs, John Marshal Clemens, and Zumwalt family members did settle, their children growing up as contemporaries in the rural area.

Jacob's son Henry, known as "The Miller," had moved to farm across the river on Bay Creek, later Pleasant Hill Township of Pike County, Illinois, where he built and operated the first water mill. He used limestone burrs four feet across and weighing 300 pounds. The Henry Zumwalt Mill was located on top of Hutton Hill (Nebo), where he was buried in 1845; son Andrew established Cold Run Farm and colony settlement nearby, where he died in 1855. An inventory of the Andrew Zumwalt Estate which was representative of household goods of mid-nineteenth century rural homes in modest circumstances, one hundred items, was published:

Inventory of Good, Chattels, Personal and Real Estate

"7 head sheep, 3 stacks hay, 2 sorrel mares, 12 large hogs, 3 sow and 14 pigs, 1 yearling calf, speckle cow, 1 white cow, 1 muley calf; Kitchen ware: 1 frying pan, 2 ovens, 4 stone jars, 1 wooden bucket, 1 stone churn, wash tub, 2 potts, washboard, jar, stone pitcher, wooden bowl, cooking stove, 2 flower (?) barrell, one-half bbl. vinegar, one half bbl. of whiskey; Work tools: 1 rake, hatchet, 1 small pair steelyards, tin can, small box, 2 old barrels, half bushell measure *(sic)*, large box, lot of carpet, drawing knife, scalding tub, lots of hames and chains, 1 adds and iron square, lot old iron, 1 weaving loom and append, 1 crout barrel, 1 lot of old barrels, 1 reel, 2 big wheels, 1 little wheel, 1 ax, iron wedge, 2 old barrels; Furnishings: 3 pictures in frames, 1 trunk, clothes press, lot of bed clothing, oil cloth, paling leaf table, lot of copper, coffee (?), 2 fire shovels, pr. andirons, looking glass, brass clock, trundle bedstead, 4 large beds and bedding, 4 fancy bedsteads, 2 large buerearow, 1 small buerarow, 1 candle stand, 1 square table, 1 cupboard, 1 lot Queensware, 14 chairs, 1 lot of plank, 2 bee stands of honey, 5 bee gums." Such was the advertisement for heirs in 1855.

So, when son George Zumwalt, father of Joel Henry, in 1817, at age thirty-three, accepted 160 acres of land on Peno Creek, not distant from the Mississippi, again the farm wagons were loaded with their simple possessions, their animals herded or led by family members walking or riding in the wagons or astride their animals. They bade farewell to Saint Charles and headed northward to their new home—Frankford, a short distance south of Hannibal. With them went grandfather Jacob and his wife, Frances. They had sold Fort Zumwalt to disabled War of 1812 veteran, Major Nathan Heald. (The Heald family held it for one hundred years. It served as the place of organization in 1909 of the Rebecca Heald Chapter, Missouri Daughters of 1812. There, for many years, the group held its meetings.) In true tradition, grandfather would live out his days with his son and grandchildren. (More were born in Frankford to George and Mary Catherine, to total ten which included Joel Henry, born in 1831.) Mary's brothers had moved with them—William and preacher Laurence Killebrew, who organized the Methodist Church of Frankford and presumably presided at the burial service of Jacob in 1820. He died at age sixty-eight. His body was laid to rest in the orchard of the family farm. The year 1844 brought double sadness with the death of daughter Lethia, who left a husband of a four-year marriage and their two children, and the death of George at age fifty-nine. His more than thirty years as farmer-orchardist had closed. Joel was thirteen. His

widowed mother, with her concerns for her large family, church, friends, and community, faced her ordeal bravely for twenty-five years until her death in 1869, at age seventy-seven. She had earned her respected, long remembered (into the 1930s), honorable and distinguished title, "Aunt Polly." The deceased Zumwalt family members, including oldest son Ivy Jason (1809-1884) were buried in the family plot. But, in the interest of progress, after the land left the family about 1870, the grave stones were eventually plowed under and thrown into a ditch.

With such a significant family history, with its wealth of exciting tales of adventure and travel, it was not difficult for Joel Henry Zumwalt to feel the stirring—the urge to again move westward, as the fourth generation. (Zumwalts had entered Oregon in 1846, 109 years after forebear Andrew Zumwalt had reached America's shores.)

When eighteen years old, Joel began his momentous ox-cart travel experiences on the California Trail crossing, termed "a year of madness." The colorful "Pikers" (a few other Zumwalts among them), carrying their overabundance of government offered cheap rifles and double-barreled shotguns (fifteen dollars), revolvers (eighteen dollars), pistols, Bowie knives and gunpowder, typified the rugged individualism as expressed by Ralph Waldo Emerson in his *Self Reliance*. They evidenced the courage, initiative and vision of both the adventurous and the enterprising, and the determined Yankee character of the covered wagon immigrants. For most, ahead lay opportunity for glorious adventure and golden wealth! Little did each traveler realize the magnitude of the movement being undertaken or portend the pressing problems to be resolved enroute by the contingent, which had grown in number to 22,000 pioneers—including a few black slaves with their masters. Ninety-five percent were male. All thought themselves ready to cross Indian Territory! They traveled with 6,000 wagons and 60,000 draft animals: oxen, mules, horses, bulls and a few milk cows. They created and carved a mere trail into a roadway forty feet wide, which presented nearly insurmountable, devastating terrain and equally challenging weather on prairies, swampy bogs, deserts, steep mountains; they traveled through deep, rugged ravines and along and across swift rivers, in their long journey of forced togetherness, as they slowly advanced against the invisible enemy of time.

The challenges encompassed both the physical and human spirit, resolved in the finality of passing the supreme test of manhood and womanhood. Six thousand crossed the formidable high Sierra Kit Carson route! Over the terrain of the Old Emigrant Road (1848-63), which looped around Silver Lake to 9,640 feet at one point, they wearily traversed as they formed the road to be used by thousands. (It was superceded by the Amador Wagon Road, which became the Sierra's scenic Kit Carson Pass Highway.) Onward they moved to Hangtown. Onward to Volcano! They arrived—with very few possessions—unwashed, ragged, weather-beaten and alkali- and dung-dust-smitten; malnourished, haggard, yet hopeful, and it is assumed with gratitude for Volcano's natural serenity, solitude and gentleness.

Again Joel's journey continued. Onward to Mokelumne Hill! There gold was being found in abundance! He arrived—a travel-worn, wiser young man—living proof of man's ability to adapt, survive and retain his sense of fun and humor.

After experiencing gold camp life in and about Mokelumne and Hangtown (1850), where a Zumwalt Camp is named on the Carson Emigrant Trail, the valley, and northern gold camps, where other Zumwalt relatives mined or settled (Colusa, Sacramento, Downieville, Rich Bar, and Tulare), and having achieved social success at The Hill in 1851 (E Clampus Vitus), rather than financial success by picking up gold by the shovelfuls, he was rescued from the envisioned doom of bachelorhood when there were six men to every woman. To start the new year right, on December 30, 1859, he married at age twenty-eight, at the residence of the bride's parents in nearby West Point, with the Reverend Robert Killen, Methodist minister of Mokelumne, officiating.

The young, nineteen-year-old petite bride, Ann Elizabeth Briggs, born in Paris, Missouri, namesake of her aunt (wife of Robert M. Briggs, attorney), also had early American beginnings. She was a member of the Robert and Mary Landon Bridges family of Fifeshire, Scotland. Little is known of them. However, four sons were born, among them Ann's great grandfather, William Robert Briggs, born in 1725. The sons were engaged in law and farming, manufacturing and trading in the linen industry.

William Robert, after learning the trade of combmaker, with his two brothers, arrived in 1760 in America to settle for a brief time in Virginia, where he married Judith Wroe, a native of the state. Westward they moved —to Bardstown, Kentucky. There, William served as a militiaman and as a soldier in the War of the Revolution, as well as with General George Rogers Clark in 1780. They acquired large land holdings (some through military service)—and twelve children—both sons and daughters.

Among them was son Ebenezer (1770-1851), born in Culpeper County, Virginia—Ann's grandfather—who

Samuel Green Briggs (1799-1876) established the first school in West Point, Calaveras County in 1853 and served as Amador County's superintendent of schools from 1861 to 1875.



Nancy Wallace Briggs (1808-1875).



journeyed westward to California before the gold rush. He had married Phoebe Gilkey (1777-1836). A move took them to Morganfield, Kentucky, where he served as its first postmaster. After Phoebe's death, he married Hannah Beasley with Presbyterian minister son Samuel Green officiating. They moved to Scotland County, Missouri, from where he made his early trail crossing, possibly with two sons or relatives, as shown in Briggs genealogy—the Cooks and Jones—who were early forty-niner pioneers into Volcano.

After their return home, Ebenezer is again recorded in the 1850 census in California as a miner in El Dorado—doing well, earning five dollars per day. He died the same year at age eighty. The obituary read: "on the couch with a smile on his face," and as his great-granddaughter Jane Sieber, Briggs family historian, of Minneapolis, adds, "I'll bet with his boots on." Ebenezer Briggs was buried at Weaver Creek.

Hannah was left in her faraway home, widowed at age seventy. But there were thirteen children—and two made an impact on the histories of five California counties—Calaveras, Amador, Alpine, Mono and San Benito—and the State of Nevada: sons Samuel Green Briggs and Robert Marshall Briggs.

Following Ebenezer's death, the sons were prompted to move with their families to California, in 1852. One son, the Reverend Samuel Briggs (1799-1875), born in Mor-

William Harrison Briggs, son of Nancy and Samuel Green Briggs, is credited as founder of the California Botanical Society. He was engaged in the manufacture and sale of Fig Tonic with the historic Woods family members at Melones on the Stanislaus River.



ganfield, Kentucky, had married eighteen-year-old Nancy Wallace in 1826, also of his birthplace. They experienced the California Trail with their six children: Ebenezer, age twenty-five, Robert Marshall, seventeen, William Henry Harrison and Ann Elizabeth, twelve-year-old twins, and Elizabeth Jane, seven. Mary Catherine, their nineteen-year-old daughter, and her husband, Anderson Johnson, accompanied the travelers and presented the first grandson—born May 16, 1852, near Fort Kearney, Nebraska. The welcomed fort was honored in the child's naming—Thomas Kearney Johnson.

The family had joined the Hope Wagon Train, with, it appears, other relatives who arrived the same year into Calaveras, at the then-thriving lively "Piker" trade settlement of Fiddletown. In 1852, it was recorded there was a "large accession to the population as several families of the highest respectability had located in and around the town. Among them were those of Robert M. Briggs, the distinguished lawyer, and La Grave (later Amador County treasurer) whose wife was also a Scott." (Their sister was soon the first bride of Fiddletown. She married E. R. Yates; sister Lizzie married Mr. Button of Ione.)

Although Samuel had remembered to be "demitted" from the hometown Masonic Lodge on March 5 prior to



Fiddletown, a Calaveras County Missourian settlement in 1849, is reputed to have received its name because the inhabitants were always "fiddlin'." It was the scene of Bret Harte's story "An Episode of Fiddletown." At one time, Chinese houses and tents lined both sides of the street for over a mile to create a large community. Shown is Dr. Yee's medical office building, an old adobe and wood structure built in 1851 and restored in 1988. Photo courtesy of Motorland, April 1949.

leaving, his exact whereabouts after arrival remain uncertain—possibly Volcano. Shortly afterwards they were recorded at their new home in West Point. There, Anna Eliza's father, with A. M. Hope, established the community's first school in 1853 and served as its first school board member. Mr. M. M. Collier was appointed as upper grade teacher; Miss L. J. Hope as primary instructor. Education continued for the young Briggs children—as well as for the Johnson children. The family was still there in 1868, with Thomas Kearney—plains crosser at birth, graduating from the grade school established by his grandfather—as did other grandchildren. (Sister Sarah Ann had arrived in 1865.) The family moved to San Luis Obispo in the early 1870s to develop a watermelon farm.

The families, like others, came not to seek gold but for the wealth of opportunities available as reported in the then-popular *Hunt's Merchants Magazine* (1852).

Opportunities presented themselves to the newcomer family members. Samuel served as hotel keeper as well as Presbyterian minister; son Robert M. as clerk. (He later moved to White Pines County, Nevada, where he became a senator in the Nevada legislature.) Ebenezer worked as a miner in Plymouth in 1853, where he became superintendent of the Buddler Mine and Mill (1863). He still lived there in 1880, when he was a patron of the publication of J. D. Mason's *The History of Amador County*. William Henry founded the California Botanical Society in 1878. Nancy's father, Samuel Wallace, gave public service in Calaveras as assessor, road overseer, and deputy sheriff (1869).

For the extensive talents of Samuel's brother—Anna's uncle—Robert M. (Marshall) Briggs, opportunities were unlimited. Of them he truly availed himself! Born on February 15, 1814, near Morganfield, like his brother fifteen years older, he studied law, then married Ann Elizabeth Jones, who died in 1849. In the year of 1850, at the age of thirty-six, he married Mary Ellen Scott, daughter of Mary and James Scott, sixteen years younger than he. With their family, they lived in Grant County, Wisconsin, where Robert served as assemblyman in 1851.

On arrival in Calaveras, he immediately distinguished himself, making an impression with his intelligence, wit, and ability as a lawyer, politician, orator of distinction, publisher and talented editor. He opened a law office in Jackson in 1854 when Amador County was formed and served as state assemblyman in 1857. In 1862, he was instrumental in obtaining, with several others, a $25,000, 12 percent interest bearing loan, from the legislature, to assist in the franchise granted to build the Amador Wagon Road over Kit Carson Pass to Carson Valley and the Big Trees Road Junction. Briggs served as district attorney of Amador County (1863-67 and 1871-78). During the interval, he was affiliated with ownership of the *Amador Ledger* with J. A. Eagon, attorney, and was publisher of the *Amador Sentinel* for a time, until he sold it in 1875. He was famed for his sense of humor and political speeches and writings, often published in the eastern United States, as well as for his editorials. He was appointed as registrar of the General Land Office of Independence, Mono County. In the 1880s he served as superior court judge at Bodie, Nevada. Judge Robert Marshall Briggs died in Bridgeport in 1886 at the age of seventy-two. Such was his record of thirty-four years of commendable service in meeting his challenges of opportunities in the West. His wife, Mary, died in 1891.

Judge Briggs' son, Nash Corwith, "who preferred serious study to pastimes offered in the camps," followed admirably in the footsteps of his illustrious father—early "Piker" pioneer of Calaveras and Amador. He was born in Hannibal, Missouri in 1838, and experienced crossing the plains at age fourteen. He studied law and became a co-partner in his father's law office in Jackson. Soon, he distinguished himself as the first district attorney of the newly established Alpine County (1864-68). In 1869, he was admitted to the California State Supreme Court. A move to Hollister with his wife, Ann (Barton), a Jackson native, and their children made him the first district attorney of the newly formed San Benito County (1874-78). Nash's serious study had brought rewards.

The Briggs brothers' families had united at Jackson, where in 1865 Anna Eliza Zumwalt's father, the Reverend Samuel Green Briggs (S. G.) was elected superintendent of the Amador County Schools. As recorded in *The History of Amador County*: "Tho' a man of limited education, his integrity and devotion to the interests of schools enabled him to accomplish a great deal toward elevating them to their present high standard." In the 1866-71 period, male teachers' salaries increased from seventy dollars to eighty-two dollars; female teachers' salaries decreased an equal amount, from sixty-two dollars to fifty dollars. The requirements of school boards and their concerns for high educational levels and equity for teachers equalled the low pecuniary remuneration. In 1871, Superintendent Briggs made an extensive, now highly-valued, statistical report—in the interest of improvement—on the status of the twenty-eight grade schools of Amador County.

In 1872, he was privileged to introduce the *McGuffey Readers*, which remained in use for a long time; then a controversial state text which cost $200,000; "a southern education reader (Virginia) containing fossils of defunct ideas; the engravings one commendable quality—there were but few in the book." The controversy brought about the loss of position for State Superintendent of Schools O. P. Fitzgerald. Civil War feelings were still forceful and effective.

Superintendent Briggs died in office "beloved by all the teachers and pupils of the county," "one of the oldest, best loved and respected members of the community," on June 26, 1875, at age seventy-six. He is buried there in the Protestant Cemetery. His early influence as minister-educator is visibly reflected in his family. Nancy Briggs died five months later at age sixty-seven.

During those early years of daughter Ann Elizabeth and Joel Zumwalt's married life, they shared the joys and struggles as they would for forty-eight years. After mining along the Mokelumne River, where the two eldest children were born, they settled at Spring Gulch, a small gulch east of Chili Gulch, in the mid-sixties, to ranch, mine, and provide "room and board" for hydraulic miners, it is thought, and in the Zumwalt tradition, established an orchard. There, they reared their young family of three Civil War babies: George Edward (1861-1931)—"Uncle Ed," who remained a colorful bachelor-prospector-miner-farmer on the ranch; Mary Lethia, born in 1863, to whom death came at age fifteen, and Iviel (Ivy) Henry—his name is representative of older brothers Ivy, Eli, and Levi—(1864-1917), born in Mokelumne, who became the father of five sons and one daughter—the Zumwalts of Mokelumne Hill. (There are no grandsons to carry on the family name.)

"On the old ranch," as Joel and Anna Eliza's children and grandchildren referred to it, customs and traditions of the southern mountains prevailed—those of self-sufficiency, hospitality, generosity, trust and kindness, as Joel combined small scale farming and ranching with mining and milling. The children and grandchildren learned the many farm and ranch tasks and necessary tool skills to become effective "jacks of all trades."

They were uncommonly ingenious. They learned early to trap or hunt small game for food and furs—game birds, rabbit, cottontail, squirrel, fox, coyote and skunks. Tanned deer hides became mittens and gloves, shoes, boots, and whiplashes. Fur pelts provided caps and collars; cow horns became combs. They were encouraged to become skilled woodsmen, hunters and fly fishermen of the wily rainbow trout of the nearby streams and rivers.

Respect was taught for general knowledge and learning, with added respect for both books and honest labor. Samuel G. Briggs, as sole male grandparent role model, gave guidance and encouragement for education and for Christian child rearing, which appeared to have made a significant impact. Grandson Ivy, evidence shows, excelled in reading and mathematics at an early age. Great-granddaughter Flora served as a teacher.

Great-grandson Henry Alton sought knowledge. At an early age he developed a love for and interest in books, newspapers and magazines, as well as for nature, rising early to read before his work day. His early knowledge of the nature world was extensive, and later he acquired much more in outdoor experiences in lumbering and trail and road building in the Pacific northwestern states and California forest service. He became an expert ornithologist of birds of the Mokelumne area through observation and study since childhood. Birds were a true concern and love of his.

After grade school graduation at the local school, he walked each weekend to Jackson to further his education —to graduate from Jackson High School. During the week he was kindly hosted by the greatly appreciated and respected Aunt "Mag" Margaret (Haley) and Uncle George Kirkwood. They were then the owners of the historic Kirkwood Inn and Meadows—the cattle range established in 1864 by Zachary Kirkwood (California Landmark 40)—now the famed Kirkwood Ski area. There he spent summers working outdoors at the historic Plasse's nearby on Silver Lake.

His graduation yearbook of 1924 gives recognition to him as class wit (a Briggs-Zumwalt heritage), sportsman of excellence in basketball and baseball—a pitcher of exceptionally fine talent—and a member of the first football team playing center and photographed in what appears as their team's football underwear uniforms without headgear. His interest in geology led to varied mining experiences—among those most cherished with Malcom Laughead of the Mokelumne area who with his brother Allen invented the Lockhead brakes to initiate development of the Lockheed corporation. (They were bilked of the patent.) Hienie served as millman of the Easyz Bird, prior to service for twenty-seven years as electrician-foreman of the Calaveras Cement Company.

Always eagerly awaited was world travel, experienced extensively through the years in Africa, Asia, Europe, South and North America. Zumwalt great-granddaughters continued the love of learning traditions. Jeanne,

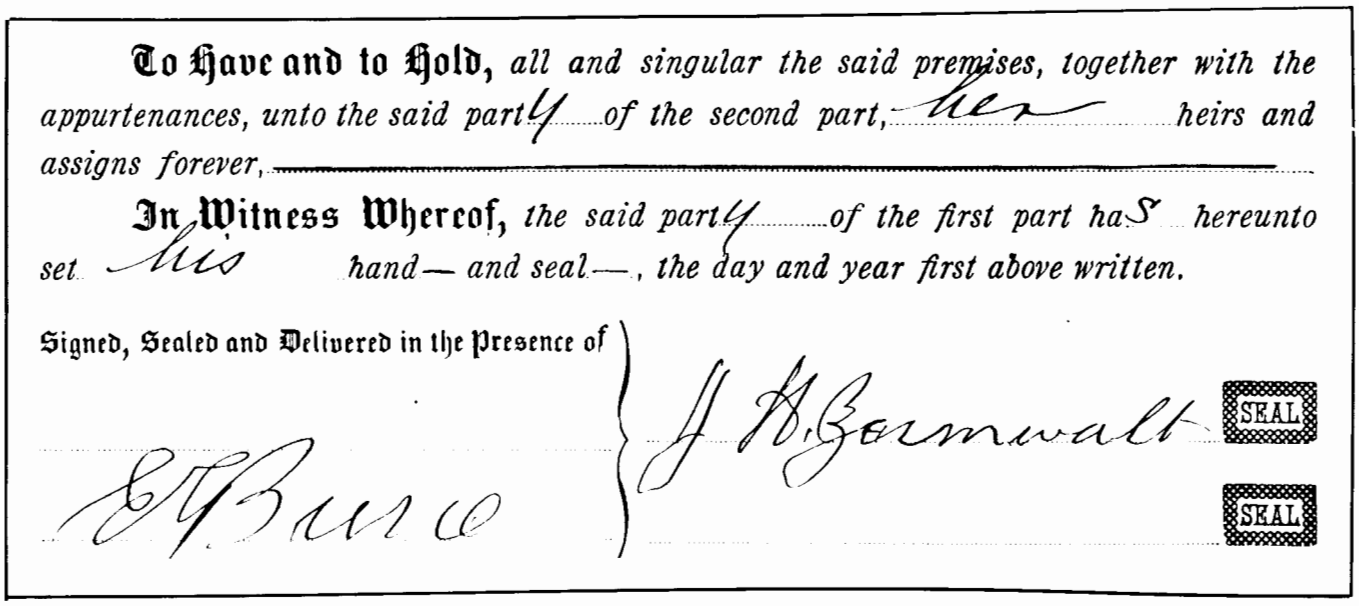
daughter of Orison, (married Scott Gilkey), received her bachelor of arts degree from the University of California at Berkeley, and Pamela Henrietta, daughter of Henry Alton, a like degree and a master's degree in social work from the University of Chicago. They, too, have traveled worldwide.

Soon after the completion of the transcontinental railroad, Joel Zumwalt journeyed homeward to his birthplace to visit family members. His mother was aged and ill. Upon his return, he brought trees for ranch and orchard planting—sumac, persimmon, pecan, hickory (for ax handles, hoops, barrels, tubs, buckets, brooms, wagon wheels and tongues)—and sassafras (the source of spring tonic, gumbo seasoning, tea and sarsaparilla/root beer). The ancient hickory at the approach to Spring Gulch, glorious in its autumnal color, was felled in a windstorm in the late 1960s. It is said that Joel also introduced the first Washington navel oranges now so abundant and beautiful in The Hill.

Still visible "on the old ranch" site are some trees from the original Missouri and Kentucky plantings, aglow with fiery color in autumn, still marking the Zumwalt effort of useful toil as they experienced their homely joys with destiny obscure. Each spring, daffodils are reminders of the days of golden glory—of the wealth extracted from the Spring Gulch hydraulics—as they enrich the hillside terrain beneath the aging, but still bearing, orange trees which mark the early-day water ditch location. The gigantic incense cedar from where the robin sings stands sentinel-like over the recently gravel-mined and much deserted, lonely place where the new pioneer blue heron reflects its impressive image in the water hole adjacent to the wild blackberry patch as if seeking companionship.

The ranch home provided a welcome of warmth for the extended family after Joel's death, in 1906, at the age of seventy-five, and the final closing of the Gwin Mine in 1908. Son Ivy, jobless, returned from Paloma, where he had labored for long hours and miniscule pay as millman, with his wife, Etta Flora (Haley), a native of Lockeford, and their six children, ranging in ages from nine to infancy. Ivy continued to work in local mine operations as jobs were available in the depressed economy. Nine years later, death came to him during the World War I flu epidemic of 1917. He was fifty-three. A *Calaveras Prospect* article of February 24, 1917, paid high compliment to him as a citizen: "... his parents being well known and respected pioneers.... The Odd Fellows all over the county knew and loved Iva (Ivy) Zumwalt for he was always ready to assist in every good work, and to give his intelligent advice and help in times of need. He was a millman by vocation and has given faithful service in some of the largest mills in this and Amador County. Skilled in work,and faithful to his employers, he was held in the highest esteem in mining circles."

Signature of Joel Henry Zumwalt for transfer of Spring Gulch property to his wife in 1906. The transfer fee of ten dollars was paid in gold coins. J. S. Jack was county recorder.


To Have and to Hold, all and singular the said premises, together with the appurtenances, unto the said party of the second part, her heirs and assigns forever,

In Witness Whereof, the said party of the first part has hereunto set his hand— and seal—, the day and year first above written.

Signed, Sealed and Delivered in the Presence of

J. H. Zumwalt SEAL

SEAL

History test paper, April 5, 1878, Ivy Zumwalt, Mokelumne Hill School.

History.
Ivy Zumwalt.

I.

Out of what did the first three wars between the French and English grow? The first three wars grew out of disputes on Europe. But the last war grew out of the American question.

II

What great question was the last war to settle? The question was which would be supreme, the French or English on the American Continent.

III

What was the grand design of the French? The French had made a grand design. It was to found an Empire on the most terrible scale by the St. Lawrence river, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi River. Thus confine the English to the narrow strip of land along the Atlantic Ocean.



Iviel Zumwalt.



Joel Henry Zumwalt, 4th generation



Iviel Henry Zumwalt, 5th generation



Henry Alton Zumwalt, 6th generation

Representatives of

Andrew Henry Zumwalt

generations in Mokelumne

Hill since 1849.



Pamela Henrietta Zumwalt, 7th generation



William Andrew Dahl, 8th generation



Carol Gilkey Lin, 8th generation



Katherine Zumwalt Lin, 9th generation

"The impressive burial service on Tuesday (February 20, 1917) under the auspices of the Mokelumne Lodge No. 44 of I.O.O.F. was held in the hall and at the cemetery. He had served as Past Grand and Past Chief Patriarch of Star Encampment No. 10 and was also an active supporter of Calaveras Rebekah Lodge No. 88."

The small-scale ranch operation soon proved insufficient. The bereaved, widowed mother was forced to support the young children. She became a town seamstress and highly respected midwife and practical nurse. There were childhood remembrances of truly experienced hard times. "I hated milking cows and peddling milk to town over the dark, long and lonely, steep 'short cut' trails in the wet and cold of winter dressed in clothing of inadequate warmth. And there never seemed to be enough food to go around."

The eventual lack of a steady supply of water from the ditch forced Anna Elizabeth's abandonment of the ranch and orchard enterprise and a move of the family into Mokelumne Hill. (Son George remained as a bachelor.) There she lived—widowed for twenty-four years—to age ninety-one. She was a Daughter of the American Revolution (a D.A.R. pin exists), an active Rebekah for fifty years, and an Eastern Star member. She served as Matron in 1914. Tatting lace was a talent she enjoyed. An added pleasure to her was to see her only granddaughter, Flora (married Andrew Dahl), succeed in her many roles as a teacher, wife, mother, telephone exchange operator, and Mokelumne's first woman postmaster (1926-46)—a career woman, homemaker and garden enthusiast whose efforts in terracing and tree-planting mark her former residence on Centre Street. Flora is still remembered lovingly for her many skills, genial personality, generosity and gracious and ever-accommodating service to the public. Son Ivy, a World War II veteran, immediately followed his mother as postmaster and served until his retirement in 1976. He resides in The Hill with his wife Gladys (Brady) and teenage son, William Andrew, who is presently serving in the U.S. Army.

Zumwalt family members served admirably with their "jacks of all trades" skills in many jobs and services in the community and area—in business (they owned and operated the Mokelumne Hill Soda Works) and industries—as carpenters, store clerks, miners, millmen, lumbermen, forest trail and road builders (the Winton Road), timber cruisers, delivery service men, electricians, and as mill superintendents.

But the years presented their difficulties with hard economic times, job uncertainties, prolonged family illnesses, and a succession of five deaths in a seven-year period (1928-35). Leading was the shock of the untimely death of most promising, personable, and talented Robert at age twenty-one; of serious, hard working Bill at age thirty-one; of elderly Eliza at age ninety-one and son George Edward at age seventy-two; of Etta Flora, dedicated, widowed mother, at age fifty-three. Daughter Flora Dahl died suddenly of a stroke in 1946 at age forty-six; Orison of a prolonged, pain-filled, undiagnosed illness in 1962 at age sixty-four. Ralph, the lone, individualistic survivor, handicapped from early childhood by an improperly set broken arm, still lives, with his treasured family memories, while confined, blind, to a local convalescent hospital. (His talented wife, Georgia (Sandy), a professional pianist, died in 1980.)

Few family possessions exist to tell the story of the Joel Henry Zumwalts. (The ranch home burned. The property is part of the McSorley-Garamendi cattle ranch.) But there remains Joel's unique honoring statewide by E Clampus Vitus; their signatures, lodge and organization regalia; volumes of classics and poetry; Ivy's miniature, name-inscribed Constitution text and carefully handwritten grade school test papers on foolscap paper (he graduated from ninth grade in 1880, at age sixteen); his marriage photo of 1897 showing his beloved bride, sixteen years younger than he; the Paloma home; and a few family photos. Simple possessions, reflecting significant values.

But Nature's kindness, as through the decades, continues to pay tribute in Spring Gulch to this adventurous, resolute, pioneer family as they, in their efforts to enhance their lives and be of service, bore its viscissitudes as they blazed, like their forebears, their rugged, obstructed trails bravely, ever with hope, in the rough wilderness of life.

Mokelumne Hill has paid tribute in its naming of Zumwalt Street, unaware that the grandson of the founder of E Clampus Vitus, Henry Alton Zumwalt (Hienie), met the newest, young, depression days, upper grade teacher during her first week in town (September 1933) enroute to school one bright early morning at the exact spot where the street marker was placed for Zumwalt and Centre streets in the early 1970s by the then-active Community Club with Roxie (Pearce) Hertzig (married John Hertzig) of the Italian Garaventa family as president. After much heated debate, many streets and lanes were renamed from their former alphabetical listings to reflect The Hill's history. A street map was published and streets were marked with attractive redwood markers. Then Hienie quipped with his usual witticism, "If the

street were much shorter, we might not have made it."

The Henry Zumwalts, following their marriage in 1942, five years later established their home and extensive natural park-like garden and bird preserve on the hill slope above the street sign, in sight of the ever-changing vistas of the beloved Butte where geese wing and turkey buzzards glide. They continued to plant trees, shrubs and daffodils in great variety and abundance, including daffodils and trees from the original southern plantings on the old ranch, as they engaged in their more than thirty years of bird watching, recording the garden visitors. Following Hienie's sudden death at age seventy (December 2, 1975), duplicates of his garden favorites of trees and shrubs were especially selected from Beecher's Nursery of Stockton, for continual seasonal interest of foliage color and bloom, and were purchased from memorial funds made available by most generous family members, friends and organizations. They were contributed to become the first plantings of the town's first Community Park, then near completion. Beloved friend, Nova Beecher Leech, noted California horticulturist, supervised the plantings. The park was formally dedicated on Memorial Day of 1976 by the Community Club, with Hazel (Lloyd) Yokom (married James E. Yokom) presiding at the historic event.

The act was one of grateful appreciation to the community as well as one of the continuance of a Joel Henry Zumwalt family tradition. The beautiful and charming park with its rhyolite-tuff stone walls encircling the historic Chinese ailanthus tree, its lawn, benches, levels, children's play area and performance stairs, and its wisteria-covered pergola serving as an entry walkway, was designed by the late John Greenfield Grace (1985), Oxford, England graduate-architect of Mokelumne, and constructed by a California Employment and Training Administrative (CETA) crew of both men and women. The park's beauty speaks of the town's pride and the Zumwalt family's "thank you" for the highly esteemed honor of Zumwalt Street.

The Families of James and Sally (Ford) Kilton (Kelton) Edward and Grace (Kilton) Hutchinson, William and Sarah (Allen) Peek

The Kelton (Kilton) family is long associated and intertwined with Mokelumne history. Genealogy records show the Kiltons in America, at Boston, in the 1660s. James M. Kilton (1798-1855) married Sally Ford (1806-1885) in 1826 at Kilton Mills (later Grafton), New Hampshire, where they established a 200-acre farm, saw mill, and grist mill. To them were born twelve children. All progressed well until 1849, when excessive financial obligations were incurred from an unsuccessful construction contract for the building of a section of railroad from Grafton to White Junction. The responsibilities of a wife and children, ranging in ages from twenty-two to two, incited James M. Kilton to join the rush to California to search for gold "with which to pay my debts." While awaiting the long-delayed sailing of the *Sweden*—

A Letter From Boston—"Feb 26th 49—

"My Dear Wife, . . . the wind is wrong—I am sorry to learn that time passes slowly and sadly with you, I want you to feel resigned to your lot tho hard and assume your wonted cheerfulness Hoping and trusting that all will work for good, I want you should be very careful of your health Should you get sick, what would become of the family no one can tell—I wish you and the family well what ever becomes of me . . . I called upon Mr. Ruggles at his shop and found him very generous and polite—He has shown me about the city, the Museum, Theater, etc.—gave me a neat Pocket Bible for all of which I am very thankful—and for all of which you will not be forgetful, I have left a small present with him for which if you don't like, may do to please the children . . . I received a line from Gov. Williams—I herein enclose the 10 Dollar Bill sent me from George—I will now say a few words to the children—and first be kind and obedient to your mother, obey her in all things, follow her advice she will not advise you wrong, try to lighten her cares in all possible ways, Be industrious, Honest & Frugal abstain from Bad Company, and Bad Habits & you will be Respectable and Respected, To the Boys I say have no quarrels & Difficulties among yourselves, let the younger obey the older and all try to do their part willingly to get the work along and live in peace, again I say Be kind to & obey your Mother—From your Loving Father J. M. Kilton."

From a Log of his Journey around Cape Horn—

". . . all was gay and cheerful until we entered the broad Atlantic when the sea became rough from an approaching storm. A great part of the passengers (200 aboard with only three women) were sea sick—many uttered groans and lamentations—the terrible grandeur of the sea was impossible to contemplate—This is not a desireable trip so far. We have had too much monotony, sameness, no new scenery, nothing to excite, and no news from the inhabited world."

A five-month journey! No sight of land for seventy days! Such were the realities of ocean travel.

"We anchored in San Francisco August 3 at 7 o'clock—the scene changed as if by magic, all was life and animation, the shore on each side was alive with various water fowl and the distant hills were teeming with herds of cattle and horses and although we were heartily sick and disappointed from the monotony of the voyage, when we came to see these shores with all the sublimity and grandeur of the scenery enlivened by the flight of geese, ducks, and other fowl we thought our trip worth all the great sacrifice."

After a six-month stay in the Rockies, James Kilton returned home for a brief interval, then after interesting his three sons—George, twenty-two, Sheeler, twenty, and Volney, sixteen—together they endured the difficult and dangerous crossing of the Isthmus of Panama. This time, he spent two years on the pristine Mokelumne River Big Bar working his claims. He returned to New Hampshire wearing a chamois vest containing six large pockets, all filled with gold dust, which redeemed his property from mortgages. He regained his community status as a man of principle and honor.

Excerpts from his letters to his wife during his second absence reflect his experiences and his character, suggesting its influence—the humanistic qualities later perceived in family members.

A Letter From Mokelumne Hill—"Dec 22d 51—

"My Dear Wife"—chides Sally for her attitude toward Lovell, his brother and sister-in-law. Her apparent display of religious intolerance, acquired pledge to temperance, and rejection of card playing needed his "you know it has always been my policy to cultivate friendly feelings in the Neighborhood as far as is consistent—a mother like yourself wields a great influence in her family for good or evil—but evil sometimes may come from good intentions for Right too rigid may harden into wrong . . . the Rogue and fool by fits are fair and wise AND the best sometimes are what they despise. . . . I like to take a glass occasionally"—followed by lengthy, polite dissertation with appropriate Bible comments and challenges: "I Have said more upon this Subject perhaps than you think its merits require But it dont cost much so I think I will fill the Book, —Finally, may God grant that "we if right Still in the right may Stay, if wrong Be shown that Better way—From your ever loving husband. J. M. Kilton."

From Mokelumne River Camp, Big Bar—Feb 25th 52.

"Yours of 22 Dec was Rec'd by last weeks mail—George also received one from Jane [a younger sister]—enjoying good health and the Best of earthly Blessings & some of minor importance We have no lack of the necessities of life and can obtain almost any of the luxuries that we desire By paying for them Our Cities and Villages are furnished with almost every article in trade to be found—But as to Comforts of life they are not here except our winter which is as pleasant as your April and May—The vegetation is springing up rapidly, I Have seen grass 12 inches high already—I am pleased to learn that you have the means of getting money to help yourself and family to pay all Bills—You have not told me whether you have to lie alone or have a Bed fellow, in your cold winter, that is a consideration of some importance, for if two lie together they have heat but how can one be warm alone, But you have probably thought about that, I learn that Grand sire has, like David of old sought out a fair Damsel to warm him up in his old age and found one able and willing, so I shall not look for him here—We remain about the same—I have been down at Hunt's Gulch most of the time for the last week, I find it much harder work but pays better than this Bar. It is very dry now that the Gulch dont furnish more than half water enough, we have had not snow at all and no rain for first 8 weeks & the Hill with 10 or 15 hundred inhabitants have to Buy all their water at ninepence the Bucket, It is very healthy here and I think generally in California, I think this mountain region one of the most healthy in the world Our local news is not very interesting the Cal Legislature have passed a law to suppress gambling which if enforced (and I think it will be) will save millions yearly to the miners in the State Gambling has taken more money from the miners probably than they have expended for all other purposes put together, miners here go on the Hill Sunday and generally come Back dead Broke at Monte—among them a man I paid the past season several hundred dollars in weekly payments of 20-25 Dollars—a man of steady temperate habits and a good worker. The're are thousands that do likewise.

(In reply)—"Wheeler has read considerable such Books as we get here mostly novels and Volney has wrote some —very little leisure time except evenings and Sundays—Wheeler has been engaged in cooking a good deal, well there must be some washing, mending, repairing & purchasing tools some hunting, etc.—I have not been so fortunate here as many, and more so than many, but perhaps I ought not to complain I never expected to be very rich nor do I desire it, But I wished to pay my Debts and that is taking longer than I had hoped it might seeing I had to go so far from home to get the wherewith.—I remain your ever loving husband—J. M. Kilton." He returned safely, to die three years later in 1855.



James Kelton home at the south of Big Bar Bridge, Mokelumne River, 1903. Son Clarence Kelton is on the porch.

Having gone back with his father, son George, on September 28, 1854, at age twenty-five, married Mary Anne Foss of Grafton, also twenty-five. They were married in nearby Canaan (where his sister lived) at the Reverend Colman Tyler's residence. In November, George and his bride left on his second voyage to California. They took first cabin on the steamer from New York, paying $600, and journeyed around the Cape to establish their home on the south approach of the Big Bar Bridge. They never returned! Their lives became involved to be creditably recorded in the history of Big Bar and The Hill.

Arriving at the fast flowing Mokelumne in the spring of 1855, in time to view the first of the flyway migrations of the loved geese as they soared and shifted positions over the not-distant Butte, the George Keltons established their home, where four children were born to them: Austin, Ida A., Grace, and Clarence, and carried on as best they could the family life and traditions of their families so far away.

The years sped by quickly with involvement in mining,

Remains of James Kelton home on Big Bar (1940s) with its cork oak, locust and cedar trees.



Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hutchinson, natives of Mokelumne Hill, at the time of their golden wedding anniversary celebration in September 1939.



Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hutchinson, natives of Mokelumne Hill, who will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary at their home in the mountain community Sunday. Friends are invited to their open house.

farming, ranching, and child-rearing. The watering trough—a hollowed log, mossy-green and dripping its cool, clear spring water—served as a wayside welcome for all mankind and beast. Mary Anne took great pleasure in escorting the Miwok Indians, to whom access was discouraged or denied, across the bridge and would pay the toll (ten cents), collected on the Amador side of the river. The children walked the steep trails to the public school in town and helped with home and farm tasks.

Grace, born April 26, 1883, decided at age twenty-eight to "get tied." The lucky groom-to-be, Edward R. Hutchinson of Chili Gulch, was the local violinist, artist and jig dancer, as well as a skilled carpenter, general repairman and jack-of-all-trades! He later created the painted backdrop scenery long in use for the Town Hall stage. The date for the wedding was set. The place was to be the family home with its orchards and gardens and the serene river affording ripples of soothing melodies. But no minister was available! A plea to a judge from Stockton achieved success with stipulation: "I will come to perform the ceremony but official business necessitates an immediate departure." With appropriate and proper ceremonies, accompanied by Kelton conviviality, Grace became Mrs. Edward R. Hutchinson. The judge stayed three days! Such was the hospitality of the generous and gracious Keltons which reappeared at The Hill and still continues with family members. It has never left as did the gold of the once rich Bar.

Mary Anne Kelton died at the age of sixty-five in 1884; George Kelton at age eighty-two in 1911. Upon George's passing, a local paper reported, "George was a man of sterling character—big-hearted in his association; broad-minded in all community affairs."

The Hutchinsons, still residing in Mokelumne to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary, lived long and commendably, winning respect and admiration as concerned citizens, good neighbors and friends to everyone.

Ed was born in Chili Gulch, April 15, 1855. His mother, Ernestine H. (Wilkens) Hutchinson (1830-1888) was born in Konisberg, Prussia. With her mother and sister Louise, three years younger, she left the homeland. With stamina and fortitude, the women braved the hazards of the Panama crossing and arrived in Mokelumne Hill in the early 1850s. Dame Fortune decreed that enroute Louise would meet George Leger. She became his wife and the mother of their three children—her remembered qualities most assuredly factors of the hotel's early success and fame. Ernestina's motherly influence, in spite of her husband's disloyalty and the travails of rearing the children when their father gave more attention to his saloons, can be seen in the respect and accomplishment of son Ed and Grace and their children—Meta (Mrs. Gordon McKenzie), Fayette, and Ruth (Mrs. Percy Peek).

The impressive Victorian home built by Ed which stands as a Calaveras Historical Society award-winning landmark, adjacent to the Town Hall on Main Street, served as a gathering place for their children, relatives,



Tiddle Lee, the last Chinese on Big Bar, died about 1910. He was lovingly remembered by Grace Kelton Hutchinson and family members.

friends, and grandchildren. Bobbie McKenzie's visits from far away added extra pleasure. Holidays were festive! Everyone called to visit in the parlor or sing around the grand piano. Clarence played the harmonica! Ed fiddled or danced the jig! Clarence, with his jolly smile and twinkling blue eyes, played Santa Claus as he served family and community Christmas events. His "bootleg whiskey," distilled in an abandoned mine tunnel on the Mokelumne, kept the supply of high spirits continuous during the Prohibition days.

"Grandma," as she became affectionately known to everyone, unlike her grandmother, played cards—pedro, pinochle, and cribbage—when she wasn't exercising her frugality and perseverance—saving string and bags, or sorting the shelled walnuts as to color for her super baked products. Her delicate, golden Valentine hearts were unforgettable. Despite added sorrows—the death of brother Clarence at age seventy-nine and of beautiful Ruth (1949) and charming, witty granddaughter Patsy at age twenty-seven, in 1955, both victims of cancer—she continued to play her Mokelumne Hill role as a most revered, cordial, kind, and generous lady. Her devoted and respected husband had died in 1947 at age ninety-two. She followed in 1958 at age ninety-five. The town sensed its deep loss.

A recent finding among the families' historic treasures was a report made by Meta Hutchinson McKenzie, who died at age ninety-five in July 1987. Her handwritten recollections of childhood experiences reads:

"This might be of interest—about the last Chinaman on Big Bar. His name was Tiddle Lee. He lived in a cabin just below the Kilton place. He was very old. Had lived there for many years and the Kilton family always looked after him. When we were children, my brother, sister, and self would go down to visit him when we went to our grandfather's. He raised a few chickens and had a little vegetable garden in his front yard. It was neat as could be. His yard and cabin were always swept clean as a pin. He had a long glass tube or jar hanging by the door which he called 'Bug Juice.' He would say, 'Make me heap strong—good medicine.' He always would give us a stick of Chinese sugar which he kept in a can on the shelf. He cooked over an open fire inside the cabin.

"As he grew older, he became more and more crippled. He smoked the weed, and was often without money to buy it. My mother, on several occasions, loaned him money to buy it as he needed it.

"He was finally taken to the hospital in Jackson. Before he died, one of his friends telephoned my mother that he was not expected to live and he wanted them to tell 'Glace' (He always called her 'Glace' as he had known her since she was a little girl) that he hadn't forgotten he owed her some money, and that his friend would pay her. Mother told them to tell him that it was all paid as it had been a gift to him.

"He couldn't go to his final resting place without knowing he had paid all his debts.

"He died in 1909 or 1910—the last Chinaman to live at Big Bar—Tiddle Lee."

The grandchild's memories are impressive as they reinforce our knowledge of the acts of kindness and generosity of the George Kilton family on Big Bar—since 1851. Kilton Mills, so far away, knew not its significance.

William Pratt Peek

William Pratt Peek (Peak) (1828-1900) was privileged to view Mokelumne and Big Bar's emergent history. Born of English-Irish parents on a farm in Bethel, Vermont, one of eight children, he began his westward movement at the early age of nine, to Council Bluffs, Iowa, then onward in April 1852, at age twenty-four, to California, arriving in Mokelumne as an argonaut of good fortune in September, his Irish wit and humor intact as he reported, "SAFE JOURNEY!"

It is unknown if he journeyed as a wagon proprietor, a teamster or worker, a single pack walker, a pusher of handcart or wheelbarrow, or as a "long distance hiker" with knapsack, canteen and money. But it is known that 1852 was somewhat like '49 and '50—a very trail-crowded year of migration of both people and animals. He was among those 52,000 men, women and children bringing 100,000 cattle and sheep to the west, with Fort Kearney recording the early travels of ducks, guinea fowl, a few turkeys and a lone hog. There were more ox teams (oxen cost twenty-five dollars, mules seventy-five dollars), more women (13 percent) and children (17 percent)—all moving, moving westward at the somewhat speeded rate of two to four miles per hour. Passage conditions had improved: there were more ferries and toll bridges as well as trading posts operated by experienced Mormons as well as the astute and by now enterprising friendly Sioux, or discouraged travelers who had a sufficiency of "seein' the elephant." Widened trail turns eased the going for larger ox teams and shortened the journey for some travelers to seventy-two to eighty-five days, compared to one hundred thirty-six in 1846. The weather proved favorable. Grass was generally available.

Yet, there was privation, suffering, sadness, and sorrow. The everyday problems of travel—with heat, sand-dung dust and campfire smoke of buffalo chips. Fears of cholera! (Many graves were added alongside the trails.) Dangers of "wild and woolly" Paiutes! And of white men turned renegade—who, it is told, were more desperate and committed more depradations then the Indians. Temptations—both moral and physical—lurked: those "trail widows" ready to accept some other man who wished to assume the added responsibilities of husband, sometimes father, plus ox driver; the "brave" single women (non-Hollywood style)—afraid—having given up the comforts of loved ones they might never see again after they left their states, and afraid of the Indians; the liberated, covered wagon ladies—up to date, wearing the highly controversial "bloomers" which feminist Amelia Bloomer had begun to advocate in 1849—in contrast to those pretty young Indians—females adorned as nature designed for them to be—beautiful and lovely without the stays and padding fashions of the day. And "that day of temptations enroute to remember"—the Glorious Union Day with fiddlin', flutin', stompin', drinkin', shootin'—and eatin' that homemade ice cream flavored with wild peppermint! That Fourth of July Celebration of 1852—a whale of a trail day! Traditions moved westward as did William P. Peek, who proved his stamina, independence, and adaptability!

He was not "captured enroute." He survived to arrive in Calaveras County, stopping at Volcano—weary—single and hopeful. Onward he moved to Mokelumne Hill to begin dreaming—and teaming—from Stockton to Bakersfield. This proved to be a short-lived job. After that year, he opened the Wm. P. Peek Livery Stable (1854) with one horse and teamed from The Hill. Business grew and by 1858 he had achieved his El Dorado—the stable renamed El Dorado Stable. Also, he had found time to return to Illinois—to marry his schooldays' sweetheart, Sarah Allen, a native of Ireland. In 1855, the newly married had returned to The Hill, where they raised their seven children. He became involved politically and served District I on the board of supervisors in 1865. In 1872, he represented the district in the California legislature, to remain until 1885. The livery stable business thrived for thirty years, until 1884, and continued an additional fourteen years, until 1897, in Jackson. Death came to William Peek in 1900.

Among the children born to the William Peeks was Frank Wilson, who arrived in 1857. He was educated in the local schools. In 1874, at age seventeen, he was appointed deputy postmaster, a position he held for eleven years. In 1880, he married May Lillie Stedman of San Francisco. Four children were born: Frank William Peek, Jr., Lillie (married Elbert Solinsky), Jeanette (married Frank Solinsky II)—the daughters married brothers—and Percy Stedman Peek (1887-1966).

In 1880, the year of his marriage, Frank operated a small variety store—a four-room complex, with living quarters at the rear—in the former Calaveras Chronicle print shop across from the I.O.O.F. Building. May displayed her talents and business acumen in the millinery department, where she decorated hats with feathers, flowers, and ribbons. Business prospered, necessitating a move to the Sturges Building and house. The "Frank W. Peek General Merchandise" operation continued to serve the town and surrounding area for forty-six years, until his death. (It also had served as post office since Frank was engaged in the dual role of merchant and postmaster until 1885.) He was an active member of local civic organizations as well as Masons, Republicans, I.O.O.F., and American Legion of Honor. He died in 1926 at the age of sixty-nine. Mokelumne paid him full honor.

Members of the Peek family, in imitation, continued to be active contributors and participants in all civic affairs, giving local service and support to the county as well as to the community.

Son Percy Peek married personable and gracious Ruth Yetiva Hutchinson. With their children, Presley and Patsy, they held "open house" continuously at the long-established family residence on Sturges Alley. Percy had graduated from Stockton Business College, then served as store keeper of the family general store (which closed in the mid-1930s), postmaster, World War I overseas soldier, and Calaveras County treasurer and tax collector (1938-1966). A casual meeting of the couple in an "exchange of civilities" or even a brief visit to their home was to experience cordiality and generosity intermingled with moments of memorable humor—Percy's ever evolving Irish wit and jollity. All combined with his constant concern to be of service in all community affairs, especially to serve those in need—and to the veterans. He was a most active member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion, whose regular meetings he would arrange in the Town Hall. The historic Peek family house reflects those days of gracious living—the small town sociability of WELCOME—of warmth, kindness, and civility.

Daughter Jeanette and husband, Frank Solinsky II (whose father served as county attorney in 1899), residents of Berkeley, with their large family—Helen (married Orison Zumwalt), Winifred (married John Ransome), Frank III, Barbara (married Walter Hansen), and Dean—spent many holidays in Mokelumne. Frank had become involved in assessing the lumber industry potential of the county and succeeded in interesting Michigan associates to develop the Calaveras Land and Timber Corporation, which he long served as board chairman. A commemorative memorial plaque at the West Point area pays tribute to his contribution to the local industry and preservation of timber resources. The development and success of other institutions: Mark Twain Hospital, Calaveras Public Utility District, and the Mokelumne Hill Sanitation District were projects of his deep concern and influence.

The Solinskys, after their return to The Hill, soon became engaged in the construction of their new home—a modern, architectural gem overlooking Butte Mountain with a view to the glorious sunsets. Frank's untimely death shortly after they occupied the house in 1950 shocked and saddened the community. But Jeanette remained at The Hill to share the home with her family, the many grandchildren, and friends. The house, constructed of a variety of woods specially selected by Frank, with its brick and tile features, extensive plantings of orange and other choice ornamental trees and shrubs, proved the ideal family environment until it was sold when Jeanette moved to be with her family members until her death in 1970.

Good fortune in 1960 had brought long-time occupants and eventual owners—attorney Richard and Sally Tuttle and their five children—who continued to develop and give appreciative and respectful care and further share "the Solinsky house" most generously with an ever-widening circle of professional and business associates (Calaveras Title Company) and friends from near and far acquired as the passing years brought intervals of absence when Dick's interests and professional talents engaged him in positions of note. In 1963, he served in San Francisco as chief counsel for the California State Public Utilities Commission. Shortly, there followed an engagement in the turbulent period of the civil rights struggle, as chief counsel for the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights under Law in Jackson, Mississippi; then, a period in Boston as a Fellow at the Kennedy Institute of Politics at Harvard's School of Government. In 1976, he was appointed judge of Sacramento County Superior Court. The Tuttle family, for five generations—since 1849—have given public service and have served as attorneys or judges of the Mother Lode—earlier in Nevada and Placer counties. (The Honorable Charles Tuttle was a presidential elector of the Republican Party in 1860.) Son Jeffrey continues this esteemed professional family tradition in his present role as county counsel of Calaveras.

The Tuttle residence was also shared, with great frequency, with numerous social and political organizations in their activities and fund raisings; among them the American Association of University Women, the Calaveras Democratic Committee, and American Field Service. Sally's annual volunteer Red Cross swim instruction and life saving classes in the pool adjoining the spacious guest house continued to carry the early pioneer family messages—of sharing—of public concern and good will for many years. Mokelumne Hill recognizes its added good fortune of 1960 with gratitude.

Son Frank W. Peek, Jr. (1881-1931), after attending local schools, was prepared by his mother for entrance to, and graduation as an electrical engineer from Leland Stanford Junior University in 1905. He became associated with General Electric Company in Schnectady, New York, where he met and married Merle Bell. In 1909, he joined the company's newly established department of consulting engineers, headed by Karl August Rudolf Steinmetz (Charles Proteus Steinmetz, 1865-1923)—hunchbacked German Socialist, political refugee and



Frank W. Peek, Jr., front row, second from left, with August Rudolph Steinmetz, seated at the driver's left, and General Electric associates at the Pittsfield Works.

humanist interested in education and the handicapped who became one of the world's foremost electrical engineers—developer of the fundamental ideas of the alternating current system and electrical mathematics calculus systems. In 1911, Frank, Jr. received his M.A. degree from Union College in Schnectady, where Steinmetz taught for ten years, received an honorary doctorate, lectured, and published.

In 1915, at the age of thirty-four, Frank invented a lightning generator. (*Literary Digest* and leading scientific magazines told of the feat.) The highest voltage the world had ever known, increased to two million volts in 1926! In 1916, the Steinmetz associate was promoted to serve in charge of the transformer engineering department of its major operation—General Electric of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. There, he was involved with research in connection with corona, voltage of real lightning regarding its effects on high voltage transmission and oil tanks, dielectric line insulation and current transmission. He was awarded the Thomas Fitch Rowland Prize for 1923 by the American Society of Civil Engineers and the Louis Edward Levy Gold Medal by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia in recognition of his paper on "High Voltage Phenomena." His book, *Dielectric Phenomena in High Voltage Engineering*, became a standard textbook in technical schools, and his research papers were translated into foreign languages. An impressive photo of Frank and Steinmetz with associates taken at the General Electric plant in and around their high fashion auto of the era is a family photo of great interest and worth. Steinmetz, unfortunately, did not sit comfortably. His legs could not reach the floor.

The "small town boy who made good" while following in the footsteps of Charles P. Steinmetz, though deeply entrenched in matters of practical aspects of electrical engineering, remained solicitous and concerned with his Mokelumne Hill "roots." It was there he viewed the first electric powerhouse and the town's first lighting at age seventeen! On a visit to the family home, his wanderings took him into a dilapidated shack in the deserted deep gulch nearby where he discovered a strange contraption—a wooden structure painted with Chinese colors and designs and inscribed in Chinese calligraphy. Its owner consented to his having the "piece of junk." Off it accompanied him, as memorabilia of Mokelumne Hill. The find proved to be a CHINA GULCH JOSS HOUSE ALTAR. There Chinese had expressed their concerns—kowtowed to intone prayers, punctuating words with



Chest made by Frank Peek, Jr. and wife Merle from Mokelumne Hill Chinese Joss House altar boards.

bells and cymbals—with sobbing and sighing and wailing! It had cradled the joss sticks! the burning incense! the floral offerings! Its glowing candles reflected its dragon-like temple designs and colors—the Chinese red of happiness, the blue and green of skies; the yellow of the products of the earth! Its column of verifiable and authentically deciphered calligraphy credited the donors of the temple! The "junkboards" became a highly prized, treasured chest.

Unique photos, equally prized, were taken by Presley (Pep) Peek and his wife, Florence (Flo) Genochio, in 1981 at Pittsfield shortly before Merle Peek's death at age ninety-four. They serve as mementos of Mokelumne's "once upon a time" Chinatown people, reflecting their values and Mokelumne's decidedly successful, caring citizen, Frank Peek, Jr., whose untimely death at Port Daniels, Quebec, in a train-car collision at the age of fifty-one on July 26, 1933, was widely mourned.

PEEK CIRCLE—a Mokelumne Hill family street name encircling the former Frank Peek residence—is admirably representative of the wreath-like intertwining and linking of The Hill's early families. It symbolizes the linkage of past and present; when history appears as moments ago in the challenge of those long years when continuous public services and pleasures were afforded this small community by its earlier citizens' deeds and acts which instill present community pride. It recalls, too, the many individuals who were privileged to be drawn in to share, within that most singular circle, those memorable experiences of "SAFE JOURNEY" in a very special town.

Assurance abides that the newest family members, Jason Christopher (June 1983) and sister Alyssa Ann Peek (September 1987), will have been recorded as having walked their first steps with father Christopher Peek around Peek Circle as proud representatives of the seventh generation; mother Joyce (of the Lombardi family), grandparents Flo and Pep, with Aunt Karen Peek Turrini as having given Peek support for everlasting continuance of the self-same "SAFE JOURNEY."

Annie Newhall Prindle Samuel Linus Prindle Diary (Excerpts)

Samuel Linus Prindle (1823-1889), Mokelumne Hill's able and informative forty-niner diarist of the gold camp's earliest days, was a member of the William Prindle family whose genealogy is recorded in the publication "The Prindle Genealogy," authored by Franklin C. Prindle, U.S. Navy rear admiral, retired, published in 1906 by Grafton Press, New York. The Scotch-German Prindles departed from the distant European shore to make arrival in America at West Haven, Connecticut in 1654, William Prindle having initiated the extant ten generations of the Prindle family. Though but few details of the earliest generations are known. Linus Prindle, Samuel's grandfather (1777-1844) and grandmother, as well as parents, are buried in the cemetery of Girard, Ohio, the furthermost point of their westward movement. It was in that community of Trumbull County that Samuel was born on June 7, 1823, to Horatio Nelson and Lydia (Everett) Prindle. His mother was a member of the prominent Everett family of Everett, Ohio, pioneer settlers with extensive land holdings.

After Sam's early and visibly serious schooling, he journeyed eastward to Philadelphia, where he became employed as a clerk. The excitement of the possibility of adventurous travel—stirred by the announcement of California's Coloma gold discovery—became, as for thousands, a lure for Sam. At age twenty-six, he bade farewell to his family and respected friends. With his limited savings and meager possessions weighing as heavy with books as hope, he departed for New York to go West where "gold glitters in the soil and awaits us to make our future." Shortly, he began to record his adventure—skillfully, vividly and often eloquently—relating details of his travel via Nicaragua and Panama, where, after a twenty-five-day wait and twenty days journeying by sea, six months of worrisome travails, finally he reached bustling, rapidly transforming San Francisco, the gateway to his destination—Mokelumne Hill—120 miles distant, on

August 18, 1849. Following arrival and settlement, amid both the stir and froth of frenzied excitement of the birthing of the gold camp, for an additional six months to March 3, 1850, he recorded his successes and disappointments as an active, hard working, inexperienced gold miner, ever hopeful. He never returned home but remained to engage his innumerable strengths of character as well as talents to the needed refinement of a community spirited and rarin' to grow!

Diary of Samuel Linus Prindle

As Traveler
New York (February 20, 1849)
to California (August 18, 1849)
Via Nicaragua - Panama - San Francisco - Stockton
As Miner
Stockton - Mokelumne Hill
August 24, 1849-March 24, 1850

On February 20, 1849, Samuel Linus Prindle sailed from New York enroute to the gold fields of California and recorded the momentous events of the year. Excerpts follow.

Sunday, March 11, 1849—On Brig Mary of Southport, England, Capt. K. Hayes—Caribbean sea—at seven a.m. came in sight of coast central America—twenty north of San Juan—four o'clock—entered the harbor and anchored—given permission to land. Nearly all went ashore to procure fresh provisions and drinkables and a few got most gloriously drunk returned to brig which was half mile from shore about ten after feasting on bananas and sweet breads.

Monday, March 12th—commenced discharging. Came ashore during forenoon. Had Dinner with a party of sixteen in San Juan—situated on a small but safe harbor—level sandy ground—inhabited by people of mixed race—descendants of Indians, Spaniards and Negroes, very indolent. Their wants are few—climate quite warm at all times—rather healthy, but one death in two years—an American. It is a port for trading. Provisions and vegetables brought from interior—down the San Juan, no roads can be found—almost impossible to penetrate for more than a half mile—underbrush and swamp. Exports are Logwood, Indigo and hides. Tropical fruits—are brought from the interior. The town is in possession of British—houses mere reed huts—inhabitants good natured—nearly destitute of clothing—

Tuesday, March 13th Took my baggage ashore—swung hammock in a tent. Slept for the first time in a tent very well. Showery. My lameness annoys—did not go about much.

Wednesday, March 14th—Stood guard eight hours out of twenty-four—Not able to get enough to eat from the association—in the evening went into a hut occupied by two black and indian women—got three boiled eggs for a meal and cup of chocolate for a medio and a small roll—chickens sell at fifty cents, milk—almost impossible to obtain.

Thursday, March 15th 49—Clear—warm at twelve o'clock. Logan, Egner and myself got a canoe with intention of going up the S. Juan to the Lagune,—surf broke over us—half filled the boat with water—hired native to take us around. A more singular place I never saw—the passage of river to the lake—deep jungle and trees with their green foliage.

Friday, March 16th—Very warm—engaged in writing. Constant perspiration—but blessed with sea breezes—A party of us hired a house at fifty cts. a day—moved baggage into it. Some of the boys this evening having their sport at the expense of Mrs. G. by playing and singing national airs in the streets, because she spoke disrespectful of and refused to make an American flag.

Saturday, March 17th, 1849—Sea roared tremendous—exploring party set out in two boats up the San Juan—10 persons—flower of the palm in bud—greatest curiosity I have seen—Logan an I caught a fine mess of cat fish—stood guard this night—frequent showers.

Sunday, March 18th—Engaged in writing letters by the Eudora. Could see nothing with the residents like religious worship. They regard it as a day of recreation—gambling and dancing—during evening—heard there would be a small fandango. Evey and I went down—only waltzing of sailors of the Mary—Girls—the spectators were blacks, whites, natives and indians drinking and smoking—

Monday, March 19th—mornings—hottest part of the day—Spent day cleaning my rifle and running balls. A Jamaican trader arrived—brought a Grenada merchant—a creole—as fine a looking man as I have ever seen—good valuable information concerning our route. The PLUTUS launched amid the cheers of the company—American colors flying.

Tuesday, March 20, 1849—The town—lively—arrival of several Paraugua from Grenada for the merchandise of Mr. Thomas who does a business of 200,000 dolls a year. Some of the party got tight, made considerable noise.

Wednesday-21st—Nothing of Interest, lay about—reading. Stood guard. Nights are beautiful—

Thursday, March 22nd—Fine, beautiful day. Lehman

and I entered the woods—in scrambling about three hours and cutting our way through. We reached the cocoa nut grove—obtained a few ripe ones by shooting off the stems.

Friday, March 23rd—Spent the day writing letters to send by the Mary tomorrow. The departure of Capt. Hayes is regretted—much esteemed. For two or three nights some of the men have been getting most gloriously tight at the Frenchman's—impossible to sleep. Several bongos started up the river laden with merchandise. The Musquito King arrived in the bay this night.

Saturday, March 24th—The weather continues warm and clear—When I first saw the sails of the Mary, already outside of the bar, the first feeling of regret came over me since I left N. York—The Musquito King came ashore and was rec'd by the Customs' officers. He was dressed in white linen cloth, cap with gilt band. He is but sixteen—black as the ace of spades. Speaks the English language fluently—educated at Jamaica. Is a mere boy—insignificant personage for a King—A letter was rec'd from Mr. Dale by Mr. Gordon—considerable excitement—in his refusing to read it to the passengers, a committee was appointed—to see whether Mr. Gordon would be willing to have four or five persons associated with him in facilitating our progress through to the Pacific. He did not consent. Less drinking—more excitement than usual. An English surveyor arrived—to make a survey and erect public buildings.

Sunday, March 25th—In the morn and afternoon Divine service was held by a Moravian. It appears the Musquito Government owed Capt. Shephd 150,000$.—they agreed. In this manner did the British obtain authority here.

Monday, March 26th—An effort was made to try the Plutus—the boiler is leaking—she could not get sufficient steam. Spent the day in reading, playing whist and pitching quoits. Evening considerable hilarity in our mess.

Tuesday, March 27th—British steamer Midway arrived—from channos—reports the Crescent City took back to New York 250 passengers who were unable to go through to California. Wrote to John Watson p. Steamer.

Wednesday, March 28th—Steam was put on the Plutus—moved better—room for improvement yet. Some—brought in a barrel of Salt water clams—great luxury. Our party is getting very impatient at the delay. The steamboat might have been completed in one week and here we are three if Mr. Gordon had treated the men properly.

Thursday, March 29—Beautiful day—five of us rowed about five miles.—The exercise was truly beautiful—so much in need of it. Along the shore we observed several curious productions—a tree whose roots and branches started from the trunk at the same height from the ground. Game is not abundant, birds are large—nearly all of crane species. Fish are plenty. One was bought from the natives weiging 75 lbs. for 1.25 cts. This night was the loveliest I ever saw, the wind had subsided, and all was calm and quiet as if nature was in repose. The moon rode high and reflected a bright still light in harmony with the quietness of earth. It was just such a night as to make one meditative and think of his friend, past events, and indulge in future hopes. After my companions had retired I read a chapter or two of Douglas Jerrola, valuable work of the History of St. Giles and St. James.

Friday, March 30th—This morn, Logan and I rose with the sun—took a luxurious bath in the lagune. Our turn as stewards for the mess commenced for three days about which we all share. The boiler of the steamboat was condemned unfit—the Plutus will now have long side oars and rowed up by sixty or seventy men. The balance will go up on Bongos hired at 150$ by Mr. Gordon. So after spending three weeks we are very little further advanced.—Our mess has hired a canoe with four rowers to take us and our baggage to Grenada. A letter was rec'd from Mr. Dale who has reached Fort Carlos which is encouraging to our arrangements although difficulties may be expected in crossing the rapids.

Saturday, March 31st—Men are engaged in getting the boat ready—probably leave on Monday.

Sunday, April 1st, 1849—Spent the day reading—Evening a little disturbance—English Police officer came off second best.

Monday, April 2d—Great bustle and preparation—When nearly ready we found our boat to small. Mr. Doors and Wallace then left to go in the Plutus. That caused a difficulty in regard to price. Threats and hard language appeared effecting negotiation—the consequence—delay. Day of great excitement. Bongo sailors refused to carry amount of freight agreed—I can scarcely say—to evade the contract or fear of shallowness of the stream.

Tuesday, April 3rd—At six o'clock this morning, six of us went aboard a canoe for Grenada—a canoe of cedar—thirty feet long—12-15 miles per day is all we can make—manned by three rowers and a steersman. The river is serpentine quite—trees and grass grow down into the water—render banks inaccessible—after about five miles

—banks began to rise—trees larger—scenery interesting —palms, cocoa, vines—plants of singular appearance. My limited knowledge of botany prevents my describing them or even ascertaining their names. Birds of beautiful plumage flying about.—nests of hanging birds two feet long—numerous islets of most novel character. At five we ran in and took supper—other boats coming—all encamped for the night on a sandbank.

Started at six o'clock—more elevated, uneven country —trees of larger dimension—some noble specimens of nature's production. At eleven came to the Colorado branching to the left—four times as wide as the San Juan—reminded me of the Susquehannah. Twelve to fifteen miles a day is all we can make, rowing and sailing. Such is the rapidity of the current. The three boats camped together—never did men spend a more disagreeable night on account of the mosquitoes. Mosquito bars were no bars to them. I gave up at one o'clock and walked about the balance of the night.

At daybreak, the woods resounded with songs—cawing and hooting of birds, wild animals howled and cried about us —most loud—the Baboon resembled the growl of a lion. At eleven we entered the Grenada River — passed an old fort—saw a great many parrots and guano running on branches of trees—saw four Baboons walking on the branches of the highest trees. Current is getting stronger as we ascend—encamped on sandbank—thank heaven not annoyed by mosquitos.

The next two days of passage were of early risings— "before sunrise"—"at three"—of lovely stream—wild uncultivated country, bold shore very deep—no landing— so were obligated to sleep on the boat in the stream—At the Machuca rapids—luck prevailed—and we with daring assistance—without which we never could have passed —I saw for the first time reed cane growing sixty to seventy feet long—Arrived at "Old Castle Rapids"— longest and most difficult—falling four feet in less than a hundred. Immediately—is Castillon Fort—the only inhabitation. I cannot pass by this place without a memorandum to the credit of Massario—Padroon of one of the Bongos who assisted us over the rapids. He is a Creole, but a man in every sense of the word and was admired by all our men for his dignified manner, beautiful form and herculean strength. Chaco our guide is his Grand Father.

[The journey continued anxiously through the perilous waters to reach Fort Carlos, where they anchored.] Egner and I slept on the bow of a bongo in a space little over three feet square. We landed—made ready for night inspection. San Carlos is situated where Lake Nicaragua empties into and forms San Juan.—Habitations are of reed, citizens a better class than those I have met in San Juan. Deep Bramble lies in close proximity—tiger and small game may at all times be found. The day was occupied in cooking for the voyage across the lake.— Some of our mess crossed in bongos, for the others the canoe was exchanged for a sail boat in which Evey, Cowperthwaite and myself embarked to pass San Miguel.

[From April 12, the journey continued with reports of the environs—its changing landscapes—of savannahs and small towns. There follows an extensive assessment of Grenados.]—population 15,000—principally Creoles. Religion mostly bigoted Catholics, the habits very indolent, a necessary consequence of cheapness of living. Beef from one to two cents a lb., fowl ten cents a piece— The whole town and character and customs of the people is three hundred years behind the age. The place is in a state of revolution. I took lodging at the American Hotel fitted up expressly for our accommodation at one dollar a day with excellent living—formerly a convent nearly three hundred feet long. There are eight churches —bells are rung every hour in the day commencing at three in the morning with so much violence that you would imagine the town was to be taken by assault and they were calling the people to its defense. There are daily processions of the priests and people with all the paraphanalia of the bigoted order. The priest is carried in a small coach on the shoulders of four men. As he passes, everybody is expected to kneel and bow with reverence. I and two friends like to have got into difficulty by refusing to comply. Saw a gentleman riding out with his lady, had her on the horse before him; the custom in this country.

Sunday, April 15th—This is a day of recreation and amusement, billiard rooms are all open. Went to a cockfight—affords no amusement for me—these people bet large sums—even priests. [Other commentary elicited— the experiences of treatment of foreigners.] The whole proceedings were rascally, contemptible and small— Attended a funeral—conducted with the ceremony peculiar to Catholic countries— [followed by details] —A choir of instrumental and vocal musicians and citizens. The music was solemn but the manner of the people showed little grief or concern. [After observation of a stabbing about cooking—] Attended church this morning and witnessed their tomfoolery, in the afternoon went to a tight rope performance, quite a crowd of both sexes—and they seemed highly amused with the antics of the clown. It certainly was quite as sensible as the movements and ceremony of the church. One thing pleased me, the

general cleanliness and neatness in which the females were attired. They marry at thirteen and I saw girls at ten with the developments of sixteen at the north.

Monday, April 16th—Mr. Gordon arrived—our prospect for a speedy departure is again dampened.

Tuesday, April 17th—Nothing of importance.

Wednesday, April 18th—Time robs with rapid pace—we ought to be in or near San Francisco—we are waiting with lax patience in Grenada—half way place for the Plutus. This is the cause to travelers who go with expeditions where they have no interest in its designs.

Thursday, April 19th—moved back to the hotel.

Monday, April 23rd-27th—The monotony—The Plutus is still chugging along the San Juan—our party scattered all along to Realejo. Mr. Dale arrived with the ladies which was a great relief to the mind of Mr. Gordon much alarmed for their safety. Have regular routine of eating, sleeping and drinking—nothing else to do, the warmth of the climate makes us almost too lazy to do that.—The Plutus arrived—cheering to have the party together. They were twenty-two days in the passage—subsisted principally on game shot monkey soup, guano, shark, alligator chowder—

Saturday, April 28th—Most of company set forward on foot, myself and three others hired, mules and guide at $250 a piece to go to Managua. On to Leon—thc only thing of interest—

Sunday, April 29th—Left Grenada—took mulepath through forest—steep hills—gullies worn down by mules traveling for ages in one path—so deep in places—sides of path higher than our heads when mounted. Deer, turkeys and monkeys—arrived at Messiah—large town inhabited by indians who cultivate tropical fruits—after leaving travelled over lava of volcanic irruption—miles in extent—six or eight feet deep—dusty. At eight—stopped at house of Senor Don Pedro Blanco.

Monday, April 30th—Called on Doctor Collins—English Creole—horses procured at 350$ a ps. including guide to Chinandago. Started forward at four o'clock—dust, mountainous road. ARrived at Matiaras—town of few reed huts—stopped at ranch for the night—had tortillas, eggs, coffee—Whole expense including lodging one dime.

Tuesday, May 1st—Started at five—level road, half distance on beach of the lake. Country appears nearly burnt up—excessive droughts. At eight came to Nagarote—breakfasted—poor miserable town—1000 population—route over quite level country—uncultivated—intensely hot—absence of foliage. Very unpleasant. Reached Puebla Nueva at three—for style, order, neatness surpasses all the towns. Each house has an enclosure surrounded by a species of cactus—some fifteen feet high—exceedingly beautiful and picturesque. Set forth at five—monotonous—beautiful moonlight—travelling more agreeable. Arrived in Leon at eleven—much fatigued. The Cathedral—a glorious structure—reminded me of Girard College—it is the finest bldg. in Central America. Called on Dr. Livingston, the American Consul, who received us very kindly. I also met Mr. White here, an American sent out to examine into the expedience of building a canal.

Started for Chinandago—road dusty and ascending—people assembled before altar beautifully ornamented with flowers and illuminated with burning candles—one of the females sang the "Te Deum" and solemn songs, and the whole company joined in the chorus which sounded beautiful and was quite a treat to the dull of tiring of us poor weary travelers—Next—met a band of tambora players returning from a fandango—we alighted—Logan and I had a few turns at the polka in the street, Wallace sang the "Old Uncle Ned" and "Old Pedee"; we then moved on. Beautiful moonlight—arrived Chinandago about one. Found several of our company.

May 2nd—Leon, population 40,000—on a small stream—the lake twenty-four miles distant—nearest point at Nagarote.—Only thing of interest—the Cathedral.

Thursday, May 3d—Some of our company arriving—dirtyer looking set as seldom seen—streets sandy, burning sun—population 5000—more of indian mixture—very stupid and homely. There are one or two mercantile houses conducted by foreigners.—There is a running stream—springs gushing—whole town resorts to bathing and washing—men and women indiscriminately at the same time—water three feet in deepest place—all huddle—we very dirty—modesty of Americans made it delicate to perform their ablutions but its like everything else when you are use to it.

Friday, May 4th—Carts arrived with the baggage in good order—loaded till balance of party come—vessel engaged. Heaven only knows when that will be—living is cheap—

Saturday, May 5th—Started with four others on foot to Realejo—poor miserable town—five hundred inhabitants—reed huts—once a place of considerable note—ruins remain. Destroyed by bucanneers in seventeenth century. Rio Largo passes by the town—tide rises four to six feet—bongos pass with freight—ships anchored four miles below. Hired canoes—rowed to anchorage—went

aboard the Nymph—small sloop—seventeen tons—chartered by party of twenty to Sutter's Fort for 3000 dolls—no conveniences—their sufferings will be incalcuable. We have now been from Ocean to Ocean and passed over the whole length of Nicaragua; so I shall be satisfied to rest until our embarcation.

Sunday, May 6th—A company of soldiers arrived from Leon who present a very unmilitary appearance. One American and two dogs could frighten the whole crowd. —Trying to buy a small brigantine.—beginning of rainy season.

Tuesday, May 8th—This day a perfect blank.

Friday, May 11th, 1849—Rode over to Viejo three miles distant—fine wagon road—fine plantations—man rooting up the ground with a plough of the most primitive style. Called at a hacienda of one of the first citizens—enjoyed the hospitality of his sideboard. Smoked a good cigar—spoke all the Spanish we knew.

Saturday, May 12th to 19th—Played a game of ball in the plaza. Should think it the first game ever played here from the interest they took in our amusement. Gordon went to Port La Union, on the success of this trip depends our fate for the present. This may be regarded as the crisis of this expedition.

Sunday, May 20th—This is the Feast of Ascencion—they are celebrating it with all kind of nonsense—ringing of bells, firing rockets, processions with harlequins in mask and fancifully decorated keeping time to the music. The affair reminds me of the carnival scene of Monte Chricto. [There is a long dissertation on funerals, friendship and the stupidity and credulity of the people.]—satisfied with things as they exist without making effort toward improvement.—The time is not far distant when they will be recognized or improved by the introduction of a foreign population.

Monday, May 21st—I started in a party of thirteen to visit the volcano.—[They experienced three carefully detailed days of harrowing events.]—lost the way—horses stumbled—threw their riders—cut way through the thicket—climbed the ascent—burning sun—found ourselves on the wrong mountain—our supply of water gave out—Yet in sublimity and beauty it surpassed everything I ever witnessed in mountain scenery. We returned very glad to enjoy repose once more.

Saturday, May 26th—No excitement—dull and quiet. Exceedingly warm weather.

Sunday, May 27th—Evening wind favorable—heard the roar of the Pacific for the first time.

Monday, May 28th—Time rolls on with a dull and monotonous sound. Evening, some of the boys got a little drunk on—Mr. Gordon has chartered a vessel for eight thousand dollars. There are some contingencies.

Wednesday, May 30th—the evening, drank claret wine rather freely—Reading Lolla Rookh. Mr. Gordon returned, things remain in *Status Quo*.

Saturday, May 26—No excitement—dull and quiet. Exceedingly warm weather.

Sunday, June 3rd—Great preparations making in the plaza, and town for a religious festival. In the afternoon went to an exhibition of wandering performers of Gymnastics, dancing, Pantomime, and slack rope walking by a female. One thing struck me as novel; the ladies entered the arena and joined the tumblers, turning somersets with more ease and power than the males.

Wednesday, June 6th—Mr. Gordon called a meeting—2250 dolls must be raised by passengers. In the evening—a second meeting—it was agreed each man should pay twenty dolls to secure the Sabina.

Thursday, June 7th Engaged in writing letters. Great festival throughout the ocuntry. Several thousand persons assembled in the plaza.

Wednesday, June 13th—Spent the day reading Dana's "Two Years before the Mast." Evening rain. At night suffered from pain in the bowels.

Thursday, June 14th—This is the second week, and one of the great days of the feast of Corpus Christi.

Friday, June 15th—Saw two pentient men doing penance for their sins—walking blindfolded—carrying a wooden cross, they were bound with a strip of hide, with the end they chastised themselves.

Saturday, June 16-17th—J. E. Priest, Engineer of Plutus returned to New York—ill health. Vessel coming.

Monday, June 18th—No news of the vessel Sabina. Oh this suspense is awful to a man's feelings when there is probability of the only chance failing, which will convey us from this buy place of the world to our destination, countryman and probably fortune.—Reports of attacks and plunder on the town—took precaution—loaded firearms.

Wednesday, June 20th—The Sabina did not sail—til the 15th so she may be expected soon. Thus does hope relieve what has almost become despair. Leon threatened with attack.

Thursday, June 21st—Logan, Evey, Haight and myself moved from Chinandago and exchanged passage for Panama on the Brig Esmeralda, with Capt. Ballen de Cueaman at 30 dolls a piece.

Friday, June 22d—Weighed anchor at daybreak and

drifted slowly down the bay—bade adieu to the last of Geo. Gordon Association—The Esmeralda has a cargo of Provisions for Panama. Three Spanish Passengers, and Supercargo, besides ourselves. She has eight sailors, Spanish, English, Irish and Dutch—her tonnage 130. At ten the wind continued favorable—at night blew—almost a gale, so that in 24 hours we had made 200 miles.

Saturday, June 23rd—During the night our vessel sprung a leak—and her rapid progress through the high seas forced the waters over her bows and kept her decks in a flood of water. Very sick today. Vomit everything up. In the afternoon the wind slacked and by four o'clock a calm succeeded which lasted all night. This evening witnessed what I had almost concluded a great stretch of imagination by many writers, that is, the beauties of a summer sunset at sea in a tropical climate. But imagination can never give the picture color enough. [There follows an eloquent, lengthy description of colors and imaginings.] The beholder is lost in words—and as I lay on the cabin deck with my face turned to the changing beauties of the glowing west, my thoughts naturally wandered to my distant home and friends and familiar scenes long past to curious speculations of the future. While indulging in these pleasant recollections and anticipations, the First Mate on his watch seated on the starboard quarter alone, in the stillness of the night sang several Spanish songs in keeping with my reflections untill my eyes closed in sleep with the starry heavens for a canopy and the undulating waters of the Pacific to rock the ship on her course. Thus I slept till morning, hope still dreaming.

Sunday, June 24th—Had a cup of cafe at seven, the Spanish custom, and at nine went into the cabin for the first time to breakfast. First course chicken soup, second, Beef, eggs and plantain, third roast chicken, afterward tea.—Feel much better and dined with rest at four o'clock—The whole washed down by three bottles of excellent Claret.—Our Captain ran up his colors of Ecuador. At dark a high wind, little rain much vivid lightning—a calm soon succeeded. Could not sleep below—too warm and close, at twelve with my gumcoat on and blanket lay down on a coil of rope and cord and slept till morning.

Monday, June 25th—Land in sight, off Costa Rica—course generally 40 to 60 miles from shore. Yesterday did not run over 12 miles. Quiet calm today. A great many dolphins about—some caught. Excellent eating. Ran 35 miles this day.

Tuesday, June 26th—clear and bright—refreshing breeze. About ten, a school of Porpoices numbering thousands crossed our track—their rising and diving, running movement and springing sometimes 10 or 12 feet in the air had a novel and pleasing effect—seems as if the finny tribe had taken advantage of "Old Ocean's" sleep to come up and play on his surface with impunity. Sharks swam—rock fish in immense numbers—dolphin glided—with the speed of an arrow.—In color they rival the rainbow—Our sailors also caught three large Turtles with their hands—In the evening, as we sat together on the quarter deck in the bright moonlight, a fine bird weary with flight blew against the main sail where I caught it. I retained it until morning, when having recovered from its fatigue, it set forth with a light wing over the briny element. Made 80 miles.

Wednesday, June 27th—Our Captain is twenty years old today. Gave us a fine dinner to which we did ample justice and drank six bottles of Claret (Lively party that). It rained—I therefore spread my bed on the wood under the awning. Slept badly.

Thursday, June 28—At night a hard shower. The leaky condition of the boat and melting of sugar in the hold produces a stench so offensive it is impossible to sleep in the cabin.

Friday, June 29th—Passed the Island of Quicara—the smell of the bilge water is enough to produce cholera, its vapor gives everything it touches a leaden hue, even gold tarnishes.

Saturday, June 30th—Yesterday made 126 miles—today 142 miles from Panama.—Expect to be in Panama tomorrow. The gulf is 150 miles across.

Sunday, July 1, 1849—Fine day,—night clear, beautiful moonlight. Spread my hammock on the quarter deck, but my thoughts were to active and wandering between hope and fear in regard to our passage to California to permit sleep till after one o'clock.

Monday, July 2d—Caught in dead calm this morning—20 miles from Panama—which lasted till four o'clock. Not a breath of air stirring—sun sending down burning rays—hump back whales quite near today. Pelicans and large sea birds by thousands flying over the bay. At eight but six miles from Panama—a squall came up—the wind dead ahead—tacked several times till midnight—anchor was cast not having accomplished anything.

Tuesday, July 3d—Sunrise—hoisted anchor—little breeze—after several tacks we reached the port at one o'clock. The Captain, Logan and Haight went ashore—returned in three hours with papers from the states of various dates. From them it would seem as if the whole world was convulsed in disturbances and agitation. Rus-

sians defeated by Hungarians, French expelled the Eternal City, the whole continent of Europe is a state of ezcitement—dreaded cholera raging in the states. A world of news for a man shut out from civilization since the 20th Feb. Ten days ago twenty-five deaths from cholera in Panama. Now one or two a day. A probability of our remaining here 15 or 20 days before we caught passage to California. Gold glitters in the soil abundant as ever and awaits us to remove its courser alloy and make our fortune.

Wednesday, July 4th, 1849—Went ashore, about one hundred Americans from Panama. Celebrating Independence by processions and dinner. Panama has 3,000 inhabitants, but differently built from Central American towns. Houses three stories high. Provisions dear with but $75 in my pocket and passage unpaid on the Esmerelda. My spirits dejected and despondent feelings at the gloomy prospect before me. Passage high.—Slept about the ship.

Thursday, July 5th—Sold clothing enough to pay my passage from Realejo and will not despair while I am in possession of an extra shirt. California is the landmark for which I shall steer if health permits.—

Friday, July 6th—Cleaned my clothes, and arranged my baggage.—Four vessels up for San Francisco. Passage in one is 100 dolls, so the prospect in one is more flattering.

Saturday, July 7th—[Sad commentary follows on the pitiful beggars through the streets.]—"should think cholera death to them would be a blessing—The Cathedral is a fine specimen of Spanish architecture—spires decorated with shells and green running vines climb up till they clasp the cross. Original cost 80,000 built by a black man who afterward became Bishop—In the evening, had a walk with Captain Ballin. A most generous noble hearted man—

Domingo, July 8th—An unaccountable melancholy and lonely sense pervaded my feelings today which neither reading nor conversation could disperse. It must proceed from impatience or tedium of this long vexatious and constant delay.—

Lunes, Julio 9th—This morning Mr. Evey and I walked to the burying grounds—the graves of the unfortunate Americans who died of cholera—way from kindred and home.—I felt a melancholy interest for them as they were Americans. Our companion B. S. Haight left for Chagres on his return home to New York.

Tuesday, July 10th—Close and very warm—my sleep for a week has been broken and restless.

Wednesday, July 11th—"Panama" arrived late in the night from San Francisco. Her news not yet received. A great influx of passengers may be expected soon in Panama.

Thursday, July 12—One Hundred passengers from California. Geo. F Thomas of Phil amongst the number. Their accounts of the mines are not flattering as could desire although they bring considerable gold with them.

Friday, July 13—Passengers arriving and departing for Cruces today. The ordinary price of a mule is twelve dolls, but now the damned scoundrels take advantage of strangers and refuse to go for less than twenty. Such is an example of the swindling exactions forced upon men by every route to California.—Another robbery last night.

Saturday, July 14th—Passengers continue coming from Chagres—They say misery loves company—

Sunday, July 15th—This morning had the extreme pleasure of meeting Jarvin D. Watson Enroute for California.—Yet it was to be embittered—Sadness of death of his brother—my respected friend and fellow clerk John Watson.—Hale and hearty on parting—Surely in the midst of life we are in death. John, Poor fellow, I would rather have grasped his hand than that of any acquaintance living, Kind, generous, noble-hearted; deceit and malice were not his; a friend to all and all friends to him. Many a tear will fall on the recollections of his frankness and candor—

Monday, July 16th—Went to American circus within the walls of a roofless church.—Much of the scenery was of nature's own making—the thousand lights of the heavens looked in with mild and shining rays.—The riding was tolerable, but the novelty of the place took my fancy more than anything else.

Tuesday, July 17th—Passengers still coming; one today arrived in male attire astride of the mule. Some little excitement—

Wednesday, July 18th—Warm and close.—Evening saw Monte played.—

Saturday, July 21st—Two Americans died—one of cholera, the other of relapse fever. Steamer "Oregon" arrived with sixty passengers.

Sunday, July 22nd—Preaching by the Rev. Mr. McIntyre in the dining room of the Hotel America. Rain today.

Monday, July 23rd—British Steamer New Grenada arrived from Valparaiso.

Tuesday, July 24th—Balloting for chances to buy tickets in the Steamer Panama. The scale has turned, fortune favors us this time. We were successful in obtain-

ing tickets. E. R. Evey very generously lends me 100$ so alls right.

Wednesday, July 25th—Seven tons of silver brought by the English steamer was sent off on mules to Chagres. It is said to be a small cargo.

Thursday, July 26th—Attended the funeral of a Mr. Hallock of Wisconsin, his brother died a week ago,—buried in the sands of the sea shore.

Friday, July 27th—Packed my baggage preparatory for a start.

Saturday, July 28th—Went aboard steamship Panama with my baggage. A regular rush amongst passengers. Have a steerage passage, Logan and I in same berth. Hot and close.

Sunday, July 29th—About one o'clock hoisted anchor; fired a gun—moved off with 250 passengers. Stopped at Taboga—passed on to sea. Our living is hard, not even eating utensils furnished. At night took a blanket and lay on a bench on the after cabin.

Monday, July 30th—For breakfast had mush and molasses which if boiled would have been very good, also black coffee and boiled salt beef and Pork, with coarse sea biscuit. Our living is damned hard, more like hogs, then men, yes worse not even troughs provided for us.

Wednesday, August 1st, 1849—A court instituted on the forecastle trying a man accused of stealing. Prisoner discharged. Further quarrel grew out of it by others—a challenge given and accepted to fight a duel with rifles in San Francisco.

Thursday, Aug. 2d—Near Gulf of Tehuantepec—lost sight of land. Had beans and bugs for dinner. The officers are cursed hogs, and the ship in most filthy condition. If a man dies when he has eaten a peck of dirt, the most of us may look for our exit soon.

Monday, Aug. 6th—Nothing of interest has occurred for the few days past.—Mexican coast visible—presenting continuous mountain chain—A row amongst the cooks—one nearly amputated the ear of the other with a cleaver. Arrived at outside of Acapulco at 8:00 P.M.—two or three hours in finding the entrance—mail taken ashore—were forbid landing on anchoring—quarantine regulations.

Tuesday, Aug. 7th — Remained on deck all night through the rain in preference to going below—wind favorable—progress rapid.

Thursday, Aug. 9—Arrived at San Blas—took in fresh provisions—thirty passengers came aboard. Sailed at sunset.

Friday, Aug. 10th—Mountainous character is somewhat disappearing as we approach Mazatlan—reached at ten o'clock A.M. The California came in soon after from San Francisco with a million of gold. As the Panama gun was fired for starting, a canoe came along side with a passenger who proved to be James Smithey of Gordon's Company—who left Realejo in the iron boat 21 June. They abandoned the boat—were out of money. We threw a rope to Smithey—hauled him in—Captain Bailey gave him free passage—about sixty dollars were raised for his comfort and necessities. No man could be more overjoyed—rescued from a bad situation.

Saturday, Aug. 11th—Passed Cape San Lucas—180 m. from Mazatlan.—Soon after spoke the Grey Eagle from San Francisco 31st July bound for Mazatlan with 200 Mexicans. She is a beautiful model, sets on the water like a duck and had every stitch of canvass set.—

Sunday, August 12th—At sunrise passed Margarito Island. We are now quite out of the rainy season.—Wind blows constantly down the coast toward the topmasts—took all the yards down that our progress might not be retarded by the wind.

Monday, Aug. 13—This morning woolen clothes came out of their long hiding places and then it blows, (Jehu?)—to far out to sea to see much land.

Thursday, August 16th—Before daybreak stopped off San Diego—as soon as light appeared entered the harbor—the landing two or three miles from the town on which are six wooden barn like buildings used for storehouses. Forty passengers came aboard—who had arrived from various parts—Texas and round the Horn, and the suffering of some have been almost incredible. Twas amusing to see the hurry and bustle on shore for fear of being left—at report of steamer's gun—they mounted horses and came with all the speed they could get out of the poor beasts, thundering down the road one after the other as if the devil was in chase.—passed quite near the barren and mountain Island of Catalina.

Friday, Aug. 17th—Ever since—San Lucas,—weather growing colder—this morning considerable fog obscured the vision—cold piercing wind—off Point Conception—running full ten knots—land in sight—high and bold shore.

Saturday, Aug. 18—Awakened at break of day—by Panama's gun—responded to gun from the fort on shore. Monterey was in full sight—disappointed in the place—expectations too high—it surpassed all other California Ports south—fine harbor—population 2000. Hills covered with fine looking timber principally Cypress—At six

o'clock left—destination ninety miles distant—At three o'clock we dropped anchor in the harbor of San Francisco. Here a sight met bewildered vision, unequalled by any spot in the world of any age. Two hundred ships at anchor, and a city of 10,000 inhabitants with its frame and canvass houses dotting the hillside, and its moving bustling population seemed like a work of enchantment where two years ago a dozen houses were all the habitations. It is regular October weather, cold piercing wind and heavy warm clothing is absolutely necessary. We were landed on the beach just at dark after considerable time we succeeded in finding a place to sleep by paying a dollar a night and find our own beds. We had to turn porter, and I thought I should break my back before I got all my baggage up the hill. I made my bed under the table, and enjoyed a fine sleep.

Sunday, Aug. 19th—Rose at seven, got a common kind of breakfast for one dollar, then took a ramble about town, The beach and streets were crowded with piles of goods, groceries &c as storage cannot be procured—mornings pleasant—in afternoon wind blows cold and clouds of sand fill the air.

Monday, Aug. 20th—The stir and bustle in the streets equals New York. Goods are sold by the cargo at auction, everything is cheap except labor.—reports from the mines are as unsatisfactory as ever—the only way to find the truth is by going to see them.

Tuesday, August 21—Did not receive a line from any one at home—in the worst of humor.

Wednesday, Aug. 22—Took our things aboard the Schooner Favorite—39 tons bound for Stockton. Ran aground soon after dark in the bay—compelled to wait for the tide.—The next day—entered the San Joaquin and never was I so deceived in a river and the aspect of a country. The river for the greater part of the distance was not much wider than a canal, and so crooked the water can just follow the channel. The land from the river's bank of both sides, for twelve miles or more consists of tule marsh, thickly covered with tule fogs. Our vessel drew seven feet water, and we grounded several times, laying by at night half eat up by mosquitos till

Friday, Aug. 24th—When we arrived at our destination, Stockton is situated on a slough and the country is an extended plain with little timber, and life and business here also keeps pace with the golden scheme which has overrun this new country. We pitched a tent and commenced boarding ourselves, and our living was better then—in San Francisco. Building lots lease for fifty dollars a month—everything corresponds in price. The accounts from the mines are not so flattering, but by hard work and good luck we may realize a good salary. Our company now amounts to nine persons, and on the evening of

Sunday, Aug. 26th—We put our things on our wagon at twenty dollars a hundred and set forth for the upper bar of the Mekelumne (Mokelumne) travelling ten miles by moonlight, when we stopped for the night at a spring—spread our blankets on the ground and slept soundly till morning.

Monday, Aug. 27—drank a cup of tea—started in advance of the team to the next ranch twelve miles distant where we found excellent water, a spring in the now dry bed of the Calaveras.—Received intelligence—wagon had broken down—the Padroon had returned to Stockton for another. There was a fix, no provisions, no cooking utensils, no blankets, not even a coat to sleep on. —concluded to take one meal at the ranch consisting of ham & chocolate, damn badly cooked which cost only one dollar and a half and I could get a meal 500 percent better in Phil for one shilling. At night we lay on the bare ground with heaven and the branches of an oak for a covering, and wolves prowling and barking around us all night.- -

Tuesday, Aug. 28th—Our wagon came up—moved to next watering place three off. Where the oxen were watered not having had any since Sunday noon. —Cooked our breakfast - lay buy during heat—Oxen strayed off—not found till

Wednesday, Aug. 29- -went as far as the double Spring twenty miles.

Thursday, Aug. 30—We have about twelve miles to the Mokelumne mines, and our route lay over hill after mountain after hill, and some so steep to prevent the wagon from upsetting we hitched ropes to the body and held on at the upper point of the declivity. At noon we stood on the high mountain overlooking the bar of the river where the golden sands are deposited. The place appeared pretty much dug over, we pitched our tent house and shall make attempt somewhere.

Friday, Aug. 31—Brought a rocker and made preparations for a commencement in an old pit. The labor is very hard more like working in a stone quarry than digging in earth. Smithey is discouraged and returns in the morning without striking a blow.

Saturday, Sept. 1st—Five of us are working together. Our first selection was not likely to prove a lucrative one; so we abandoned it and commenced another. At night we had half an ounce for the first days operation.

Sunday, Sept. 2d—This is washing and prospecting day with the miners. In the afternoon religious exercises were held at the foot of the hill. The miners on this bar are a steady, sober, industrious class of men and order is as much respected as in any other community.

Sunday, Sept. 9th—One week's work in the mines accomplished. Hard laborious work—but I stood the fatigues of labor much better than I had expected and flatter myself that I can endure it without suffering, minus the comforts of life. Our earnings for the five amounted to seventeen ounces or 272 dolls.

Sunday, Sept. 16—We occupied two days in moving two and a half miles up the river, carrying the luggage on our backs; so the time lost has diminished our income for the week. Nevertheless we obtained sixteen ounces. Our companions on the bar are a mixed multitude. Native Indians with their bows and arrows slung to their backs are panning out the dust in our midst, but every man attends to his own business so difficulties seldom arise and when they do, the offender is dealt with in a prompt and summary manner.

Sunday, Sept. 23d—The hole sunk by us not likely to prove rich—continued to work till Friday noon when Logan and Hillegas concluded to leave the party and commence trading. We have dug in the three weeks forty-six ounces—out of my share I paid Logan two and half ounces in full for borrowed money and E. R. Evey four ounces which has diminished my indebedness to 2¼ ounces which I hope soon to cancel. Evey, Murray and I will continue mining. Went to the big bar for provisions and found Watson sick with dysentery, in charge of Mr. Taggert; so he will be well provided for.

Sunday, Sept. 30th—Continued mining the old hole for the week—did not produce more than four ounces. Miserable remuneration for labor. Friday we spent in prospecting "dry diggings"—had hard route to travel—saw few deer roaming over the mountains—Saw Watson and found him much worse. When I took his hand, he said, "I think this is my last" and sure enough it was.—his inanimate form—was wrapped in his green blankets and buried on a slope by the side of the Mokelumne.—Three weeks ago poor Jervis told me of the death of John and now I chronicle his own.

Sunday, Oct. 7—Worse and worse. This week gold enough has not been obtained to meet expences 18 30/100 is the sum total. Tomorrow we shall commence in a gulch.

Sunday, Oct. 14th—This week—encamped in romantic and retired spot, a deep and solitary gulch—expectations not realized—1 oz. 18 cwt. being the whole amount of the weeks labor. The place almost inaccessible for a mule and our provisions and traps were packed by us six miles. Thus after having made jackasses of ourselves. —what is our reward. Miserable—Miserable—Vamose I say, vamose, strike higher up, better diggings about somewhere; so lets away and hunt them out and not despair in a golden country where perseverance and industry will always find its reward.

Sunday, Oct. 21st—Showers—forerunner of winter season and illy prepared are we. On the sixteenth—moved into gulch of the Calaveras five miles distant—making pack mules of ourselves by making two trips. Never was I so fatigued—stiffness and pain in my limbs. Our luck is no better and have located amongst some of the lowest specimens of civilization. Drunken brawls and uncouth language disturb our repose nightly. Some difficulty with the indians one was shot in our camp for drawing his bow on a white man—Saw Stillwell who informs of the arrival of Gordon's Company—also of Baker and Dale whose sufferings were almost incredible.

Sunday, Oct. 28th (written over Nov. 4th)—Paid Evey sixteen dollars the balance due him. So after two months hard labor have cleared myself of debt with nothing left but my industry and a poor prospect of applying it to any lucrative purpose—Cowperthwaite made his appearance at our tent today—with much pleasure did I hail him once more. He will work with us in future. This day I have laid bye for the first day of repose since my arrival in the mines.

Sunday, Nov. 4th—Moved Bal. of traps from the river. Rains interfere with our labor—I fear they are the beginning of the rainy seasons.

Sunday, Nov. 11th—Had three days of rain—forced us to lay in our tent with worms, bugs, spider, etc. that sought shelter. Still Murray and I together cleared eight ounces for the week. Our friend Evey leaves the mines. Cowperthwaite takes his place tomorrow.—

Sunday, Nov. 18th—On Tuesday an election for Governor.—Wednesday struck a pocket containing ten ounces. Weeks work amounted to $220. Provisions very high. Pork and flour, dollar each per pound and a scarcity in the mines—unless the rains cease for a time so as to permit mules to travel, we shall be forced to leave.

Sunday, Nov. 25—Week of rain—clearing—sun shining days—cold nights—ground covered with frost. On Friday joined two men in throwing up earth to wash when we can procure water. Evey sent us my gumcoat and a pair of boots of great consequence to me when boots are worth fifty dollars and I barefooted in November.

Sunday, Dec. 2d—finished throwing up earth on Thursday—commenced winter quarters taking Mr. Bomeister in our party. This day we worked without cessation to finish our cabin and moved into it.

Sunday, Dec. 9th—Weather beautiful and clear—frosty, cold nights forming ice half-inch in thickness. B. and I took out two hundred dollars—C. and M. worked at our casa—we have now comfortable winter quarters—Deer very abundant—five came within eighty yards of us. Had no rifles.

Sunday, December 16th—A dull week—three days rain—high wind. Snow—large flakes—covered ground—soon disappeared. We have now comfortable quarters but no provisions—as disappointment threw us out. Fear we shall have to vamose. Klein returned—brought no letters—Carajo—

Sunday, Dec. 23d—Much rain—preventing work in the gulch—from quantity of water running in it—washed earth thrown up before yielded 7 ounces apiece. Walked to lower bar and back, twenty-five miles. Purchased two hundred of flour for 150$ and paid twenty dollars for freighting it up.

Sunday, Dec. 30th—Fine week—clear weather—mist and fog—no rain. Spent most of the time in sinking a trench to carry off the water from a hole we are sinking twelve to fifteen feet deep. Two of us worked part of the time in another place and made 305 dolls, 150 recd yesterday. Our prospects are more flattering than ever. Recd letters from Mssrs. Logan and Evey who give discouraging accts from San Francisco—much sickness and no employment for those destitute of funds. Our Christmas dinner consisted of cold fried beef and bread eaten by our work in the warm sun.

January 6th, 1850—The New Year came in stormy. For dinner we had plum duff, the only luxury we could raise. Our receipts amounted for the week to three hundred dollars. Latest news from the Calaveras is three Chileans have been shot. Others cropped and heads shaved, all ordered to quit the mines under penalty of death.

Sunday, Jan. 13, 1850—The past week—constant rain—weather like April of the States—grass starting—birds singing—every indication of Spring. Although it cannot be yet, 150 dolls taken from mud and water is the sum of the weeks work. Saw the Tribune of Nov. 13 the excitement in regard to this country as great as ever. Thousands rushing here to their sorrow, to be humbugged.

Sunday, Jan. 20th—Received letters from Phila and Ohio of Oct. which afforded me greater pleasure than any I have experienced since leaving home—Another friend G. W. Markley has been called to his long home—Dined with Mr. Diehl who returns to Phila.—write letters to my friends.

Sunday, Jan. 27, 1850—Constant rain and snow—to depth of eight inches—soon dissipated. We had but 2½ days work and obtained 22 oz. The dull monotony was relieved by reading "Jack Hinton," whose description of Irish life devilment and witticisms highly amused us. "Oh, tha Haythen, the Turks."

Sunday, Feb. 3, 1850—Delightful weather—well rewarded for our toils. Over eight hundred dollars was taken by us from the ground and brought to light and circulation. The reports of a few parties successful mining spread far and wide and brought over two hundred people into the gulch. But for them there was no chance, so they are leaving again and believe themselves hoaxed. In the month of January we made four hundred dollars apiece notwithstanding the prevailing rains. Good—May it come again.

Sunday, Feb. 10—Fine weather—obtained fifty dollars apiece. Received a letter from S. Everett of Dec. 11th. All else dull and uninteresting.

Sunday, Feb. 17th—Delightful weather—no place to work—On Wednesday, went to the forks of the Mokelumne. Hills and gulches very steep and scenery truly grand and sublime, large quantities of snow visible in the distance. Attended a meeting this morning called by the newcomers to make rules for mining and preservation of order in the gulch. Conflicting with those of the Alcalde. The Alcalde is determining to carry out his own. Resistance I fear will be offered. If so, serious work may be expected. Even demonstrations this morning showed it. Received a letter from Doc. H. Everett of July 17.

Monday, Feb. 18, 1850—This morning with six others started on a prospecting cruise and look for the "Kanaka"—supposed to be in good diggins. Crossed the Calaveras—ascended its almost perpendicular mountains—came to a beautiful flat and some fine gulches. Here we recovered a pan from an Indian, stolen from us some weeks ago. Struck a trail running N.E. which we followed for ten miles—brought us in patches of snow four inches deep.

[A detailed account follows of the long day of difficult journeying to the Calaveras.]—to descend to the river which we followed, clambering over rocks—through bushes. We now commenced the ascent of the mountain—accomplished in about an hour—a beautiful prospect—the sun fast declining—we were far north of home—the Calaveras had been crossed above the forks and the other

branch must now be passed over—no blankets and no provisions. Determined to push on—down the precipitous sides—stones rolling afrom our feet and crashing beneath. It was truly frightful. Reached the bottom in safety—crossed a bold ridge—arrived at an Indian Camp. They put us on a trail—so we could ascend to the headland by an easier route. Reached our home long after dark—prepared our frugal meal to which we did ample justice. Fatigued and nearly exhausted this as was performed one of the hardest tramps I ever made. Deer were quite numerous and country looks favorable for gold.

Sunday, Feb. 24th—Nothing done the past week by us. Made nothing. Worked little—suffered damnably from toothache and ear ache. Reports of new diggins twelve miles beyond the Calaveras.

Sunday, March 3rd—Least Sunday Bomeister and I started for McKinney's New Diggins, fifteen miles off. Missed the trail and did not reach camp till dark. Made a claim and returned on Monday. Tuesday started back with orders to have our traps brought over same day. Reached our new location about noon and set to work diggin a ditch. Next day we worked in a snow storm and at night roasted our Beef on the coals and eat it with a little hard bread in the wet and the sleeping was awful. It was the most unpleasant and disagreeable week I ever spent. On Saturday—changed our quarters to Dr. Whitmore's tent—enjoyed comparative comfort. Cowperthwaite left for San Francisco on Wednesday.

Sunday, March 10th—Our things did not arrive so on Monday I returned—on Tuesday brought one mule load with Murray. Now we are here ready for work and like the others find ourselves humbugged. The diggins do not appear worth anything. The weather unpropitious. Prospecting parties—in all directions—report unfavorable and too much water in the large ravine, so we have concluded to vamose as we have not made one cent for two weeks—and this very day I shall go to San Antoine six miles distant to have a look around and see whether King Humbug lives there, also.

Sunday, March 17th, 1850—On Monday, we moved to Camp San Antone leaving Bomeister behind—suffering from a bad diarhea. We had scarcely pitched our tent when a violent rain storm set in—continued throughout the whole week—our situation even worse than last week. Took dinner at a Mexican Tent—charged only 1.50 apiece. Dinner I have written, it was degrading to the word lunch, and if any one in the States had charged more than a ("fi/2) for the same, I should have been tempted to throw the whole at them and left the place in disgust. But we ate it, like half starved and half drowned rats, and paid for it without a murmur, and then took a glass of cognac at 50 cts. Such is California, and so goes the money.

Sunday, March 24th—brought the balance of our things from Rich Gulch. Cowperthwaite returned from San Francisco—fixed up our tent ship shape—prepared to live comfortable once more. The Spring Campign is now open for mining and tomorrowe we shall commence operations by digging a drain from our claim to carry off the water to the river.

Monday, April 1st—The river has been so high from melting snow as to prevent our working on it, so we have done very little. On Saturday after dinner Bomeister and I put our blankets on McMullen's mules and set off on foot for Stockton. Made seventeen miles—slept under the canopy of heaven. Yesterday—travelled forty two miles. My legs suffered so severely—almost impossible to move or stand for the last five miles. Rested pretty well, and came into Stockton (ten miles) this forenoon. Stockton has improved since last August. It is not much larger but closer and built with more permanency. Some very fine frame buildings, dwellings, hotels and stores and fitted up very prettily—and considerable business doing—Spring commences six weeks earlier here. The ground—a carpet of richest colors—with the bloom and variegated hues of nameless kinds and shades of beautiful flowers. No flower garden equals it and Fremont's most glowing description falls short of the reality. Four o'clock just returned from store ship Susana in the Western Slough. Found my truck and contents, damaged, my best clothing ruined—tomorrow I will try and save some of them if the weather is favorable. Today, the first election for country officers takes place, and they are not very particular where a man belongs—considerable spirit showed by the rival candidate and their friends to secure votes.

* * * * *

The diary of Samuel Linus Prindle ends with four pages blank followed by a few mathematical notations. Prindle Road in Mokelumne Hill gives well deserved honor.

It is assumed Sam continued to mine until 1859 at which time he was appointed collector for the Mokelumne Hill-Camp Seco Canal and Mining Company, a position from which he speedily advanced to manager in 1862 and eventual part owner, holding nearly half of the stock.

It was in that year that Annie M. Newhall arrived in The Hill, presumably with her widowed mother. Sam was nearing age forty. He met Annie, thirteen years younger,

born in 1837 in Washington, Maine. She was the daughter of William and Abigail Macdowell Newhall, with family connections, it is written, to George Peabody (1795-1869), American mercantilist-philanthropist-money broker of Danvers (Peabody), Massachusetts, the District of Columbia and London, who promoted education and dwellings for the working class poor. He received recognition from Queen Victoria and the American Congress. Annie impressed Sam! He willingly parted from bachelorhood! They married in 1863 in The Hill.

A home was built on the slope of the knoll adjacent to the water company office at the town's south edge skirting entry to the San Andreas Road. Son Charles Everett was born in 1864, followed by sons William Newhall and Ira Nelson, and finally by a daughter, Alice Augusta, born in 1870. Grandmother Newhall was privileged to share in the child rearing until her death and burial in the Protestant Cemetery in 1881 at age seventy-seven.

Sam and Annie's life style gives assurance that Sam's expressed hopes and dreams of riches were somewhat achieved.

There were evidences of periods of feeling affluence: stock certificates of various promising mines; Annie's frequent travels to San Francisco's Rush Hotel; her extravagant purchases receipted for luxury items such as a leather travel trunk and a gold watch. Antique heirloom furniture shipped around the Horn—Sam's walnut bed and massive solid cherry-mahogany desk, marble-topped tables and a rare museum-quality Abraham Lincoln rocker, as well as a once vast collection of books—many of a religious nature—are the Prindle family treasures. There was Ah Han, twenty-four-year-old Chinese cook; receipted tags for Chinese wash and maid service to make "women's work" less odious than that experienced by most women of the gold camp.

Sam, a member of I.O.O.F. and a concerned parent and active businessman, was elected to the Calaveras County Board of Supervisors in 1870 where he attempted to steer the county away from bankruptcy. In April 1871, while serving as board secretary, he was chosen by the members to head a committee with William Wells, M. G. Lewis, Alexander Wylie, and B. R. Prince to select business managers and with them to conduct a LOTTERY to sell 200,000 tickets at $2.50 each to relieve the county debt. The grand prize was $20,000 in gold coin, with 6,558 prizes—one to every thirty chances.

Before the drawing, which was to be held on November 13, all the business managers were arrested! But before the scheduled trial, the state legislature came to the rescue to relieve $220,500 of county indebtedness with aid. A special tax was levied to resolve the problems, much to the relief of Sam, deemed an honorable, decent fellow—Mokelumne's government official who remembered nostalgically the county's former location and reputation and preferred lotteries to taxes, suggesting his ability to be visionary. Lottery legality in California more than a hundred years later is a vindication of Mokelumne's leadership as proven by Sam's sincere efforts in 1871! On May 4, 1872, Sam was re-elected to the school board. He secured every vote of the seventy-six votes cast—a significant, complimentary honor.

Sam continued his management of the Mokelumne Hill Water Company. He is credited with the development of 165 miles of water ditch pipeline. Being both dedicated, progressive and proud of The Hill's telephone history, the water company installed a private telephone line with a crank phone to the head of the ditch several miles distant. Each early morning without fail, manager Sam would crank up to keep in touch with ditch tender Ed Yale. It is still remembered: "Family members next door did not appreciate being awakened by Sam's sunrise telephone shouts. He needed no phone!"

Sam lived to see his children reach adulthood. In January 1889, death came swiftly by apoplexy at age sixty-five, as he sat relaxing at his fireside. Son Charles Everett, who had received a Stockton Business College education, at the age of twenty-five took over the water company management. Remaining a bachelor, he served for twenty-eight years until his death in 1917. His obituary reported: Known for his big-hearted kindness, among the many mourners at the funeral service were an aged Miwok Indian and his companion who stopped for a final look at one who had been kind to them. The Indian man gazed in stoic silence; the aged woman, overcome by her grief. Tears rolled down her weathered, wrinkled cheeks. Mourners present, in respect of their visible grief, passed around them and quietly departed.

Brother William Prindle and his wife, Lulu (Reddick), returned from the Orcas Islands of Washington, where he had been engaged in the lumber industry, to take over the water business. The family home accommodated their five sons and one daughter: Linus, William Reddick, Viviar Arthur, Everett, Ivan, and Naomi. An additional residence in Stockton made further educational pursuits and visits possible.

Bill's management position ended with the forced and reluctant abandonment of the water enterprise. He died at The Hill in 1938. Lulu resided in Stockton or with family

members until her death in 1966. Their bodies rest in the Protestant Cemetery with other family members. So closed the era of pioneer Sam Prindle's influence in public service for seventy years of Mokelumne Hill's early history. And as Sam himself ably recorded: "Perseverance and industry always finds its reward," as in this belated and humble tribute of golden gleanings recognition.

In a June 1985 interview in the writer's home with grandsons of William and Lulu Prindle—William Roscoe Prindle of Painted Post, New York, and Robert Orville Prindle—and their mother, Dr. V. A. Prindle of Piedmont, California, who had come to The Hill to once again retrace the footsteps of forebears, the writer queried, "How did Sam appear to have influenced his children?" The immediate joint response was, "They wouldn't touch liquor. Sam really liked to drink! And unfortunately, his wit and humor as conveyed in the diary does not appear to have been commuted to his great grandchildren. We Prindles are all too serious."

Serious, it seems, the progeny have been, with a panoply of Prindle students and scholars holding degrees from such prestigious institutions as the University of California at Berkeley and the University of Chicago, in professions as diverse as law, dentistry, anthropology, geology, and ceramic engineering—all graduates granting due respect to Samuel Linus Prindle for his concern for intellectual pursuits.

Samuel Prindle's body rests beside son Charles and his wife, Annie, whose life appears virtually unrecorded though she was widowed for thirty-two years. After Sam's death, Annie appears to have been an outdoor woman. She bought the Buena Vista ranch of one hundred acres at Rich Gulch, where she resided as farmer-stock rancher-viticulturist-orchardist. Death came to her at the home of her daughter, Alice Dell'Orto, at age eighty-four following a hip injury. She had resided in the community for fifty-nine years. If Annie had but kept a diary!

Samuel Louis Davidson

Samuel Louis Davidson, youthful peddler-pioneer Jewish merchant, opened his "Jew Shop" in a tent in 1850. In the great fire on August 24, 1864, which broke out in Levenson's Store—a canvas structure on Centre Street—it is said that Sam lost everything except his faith in the future. The day's two o'clock, hot stage jostled and bounced him over the dusty, winding roads to Sacramento in search of merchandise. The next day, Sam was back in town—in a new tent—conducting business as usual with his fresh stock on his old refuse-cleared site.

In 1866, he accepted a partner—S. C. Peek—for an extended business operation in a well-stocked general store, until 1892. Davidson continued until 1918. He served for a time as postmaster and friend to everyone, "in friendly service," it is told. And it is yet rumored: Sam did not just "tend to business." There was a love relationship with Corrine, and a daughter, Hortense.

Thomas S. and Jessie (Bell) Louttit

Thomas S. Loutttit, son of Thomas and Mary Sinclair Louttit, was born in Scotland, July 4, 1821. His uncle, Thomas Sinclair, served as lieutenant governor of British Columbia and president of the Hudson's Bay Company, with distinction.

In 1847, at age twenty-six, Thomas arrived in New Orleans. There he married Jessie Ann Bell, a Scot of Orkney Island, three years older than he. She was the daughter of Jessie and Alexander Bell, a Scotch Covenantor. Jessie had arrived in America at an early age.

A son, James Alec, was born to the Louttits in 1848. In 1849, the family joined the gold rush to California, crossing over the southern route to arrive in Stockton. The year 1850 found them settled to mine in Mokelumne Hill, where they remained to gain distinction as revered citizens.

Thomas Louttit, like many, soon gave up gold mining —to serve as a blacksmith. Four other children were born: Mary (1850), Belle (1855), Thomas (1858), and William (1859). A blacksmith shop was established with John Cottrell and offered wagon work, horseshoeing and pick manufacturing—"all kinds of blacksmithing done promptly and warranted." The relationship ended when Cottrell was murdered.

Jessie, as wife and mother, busied herself with the care of the home and the children, and the children's education. Together, the parents participated in the formation of the I.O.O.F. and Rebeccah Lodges and remained staunch, loyal supporters. They soon became leading citizens of the town, acting with generosity and kindness. The years brought family successes and joys, and an overabundance of disappointments and tragedies.

In 1861, the *Calaveras Chronicle* reported, "Messers Louttit and Todd have turned out some splendid wagons this past summer. The wagons are mostly for heavy work and are highly finished and substantial as any which come into town. We are glad to see these evidences of our prosperity. Everything of domestic production should be encouraged."

In 1864, son James Alec, with the help of a private tutor, the Reverend W. C. Mosher, at age sixteen entered State Normal School. He graduated in 1869 with first honors. He taught at Brooklyn High School in Oakland, the first high school in California outside San Francisco. He studied law in his spare time and entered law practice in 1871. He served as city attorney of Stockton, where he established an extensive personal law library which he shared with others in the profession.

Daughter Mary, too, began service as a teacher in Mokelumne Hill. She died suddenly during her first year's experience at age twenty upon her return from a teachers' seminar gathering, in 1870. She was a member of the Lodge of Good Templars.

In 1874, daughter Belle, at age nineteen, became a teacher at The Hill for the generous remuneration of sixty dollars per month.

In 1876, death struck again when son Thomas died at the age of nineteen.

By 1875, with an increase in his business, blacksmith Louttit had found it necessary to enlarge his shop on Lafayette Street. "A handsome wing was erected to serve as warehouse, offices, etc., with a main feature -an apartment elegantly fitted as a withdrawing room for the accommodation of patrons. Louttit's customers can now recline on plush covered lounges while wagon work is being done," was a *Chronicle* report.

So the years sped by in their adopted town for the early Louttit pioncers. Joy reappeared when lawyer son James Alcc was elected Republican member of the House of Representatives in 1884. His noteworthy success was the extension of free mail delivery service, which in eight months extended to 142 cities, including Stockton.

Thomas Louttit continued to serve the community in his considerate, business-like manner until his death at his residence in June 1895 at age seventy-three. He was respected as "firm and honest in his convictions—the lone remaining charter member of Mokelumne's Lodge #44 I.O.O.F. under whose auspices the remains were borne to rest in the Protestant Cemetery." The funeral was reported as the largest seen in years—many paying their respects to the pioneer smithy-wagon builder with gratitude.

Two years later, while Jessie was still mourning her husband's death, son William met accidental death at age thirty-eight. He had been an expert accountant and served as state treasurer. He had also served as purser on the colorful river boats traveling the San Joaquin River runs of Stockton-San Francisco. While on a hunting expedition with a friend he was visiting, near the Gwin mine, he shot himself fatally when his gun became entangled in the barbed wire fencing as he climbed through.

Bearing her extended burdens of sadness, a year later, in 1898, Jessie Louttit passed away at age eighty at her daughter Belle Chestnutwood's home in Stockton. Funeral services were held from The Hill residence with Rebeccah Lodge officiating for "a true Christian woman, loving mother, kind neighbor and true friend." Thus closed the era of the Thomas Louttit family's exemplary contributions, over a forty-eight-year period, to Mokelumne's early history of transportation, education, and social and political services of note.

Henry and Elizabeth (Knapp) Eno

Henry Eno, pioneer gold seeker of Mokelumne Hill, was among the few whose detailed self-chronicles- -letters to family members—reveal a valiant lifetime struggle with hope and optimism for success.

An enigmatic figure—courageous, persevering, knowledgeable, talented and opinionated—Eno was a keen observer of life as he served as attorney, judge, businessman, politician, lecturer, gold seeker and articulate journalist, while endeavoring to maintain independence. His philosophy of eternal hope served as a balm for the acceptance of life's constancy of misfortunes.

Henry's poignant commentary, recorded sometimes with exaggeration but often with creativity and humor, supports his aphorism that "men do more harm to themselves than the devil could possibly do for them."

Born in New York in 1798 to an American Revolution era family—attorney Stephen and Mary (Denton) Eno—Henry was the eldest of three sons. His brothers were William and infant Edward. His father, though reared in dire poverty, educated himself to become a successful, respected attorney.

When Henry was nine, his mother died at age thirty-eight. His father, determined to educate his sons, engaged tutors and sent the boys to distant boarding homes where exceedingly demanding schools were available.

Through rigid discipline and training, Henry Eno became a learned lawyer—and an enigma. He did not achieve great success in New York since he had a greater interest in collecting law books than money, and because his excessive use of alcohol plagued him to near destruction.

In 1836, Henry moved westward—to developing Fort Madison, Iowa. There he could improve financially! Charge high fees! Speculate in land! Live a backwoods

lifestyle! Black Hawk, not far distant, had his wickiup! Henry was of the opinion that there was no more danger from Indians than from the Dutch.

Soon, there was new adventure. In March, 1838, with equanimity of misgivings and hope, Henry married Elizabeth Knapp, sixteen years younger and visibly frail. Her father, General John A. Knapp, had laid out the town. Eno wrote to brother William: "It will be like publishing a new edition of life—of correcting the first edition." In 1847, he aided in organizing a unit of "Iowa Sons of Temperance." He served as both officer and lecturer.

In 1849, Henry, at age fifty, destiny-driven, after long deliberation, endured with Elizabeth six months of hardship and uncertainty of travel westward as gold seekers. From Salt Lake, they continued the wearisome trip over the Southern route opened by Jedediah Smith in 1826—across the Mojave Desert to Los Angeles. Gold lured with dedication to disappointments.

Henry's travails encompassed both travel and Elizabeth's ever-recurring health problems. A letter to his family in December 1848 gave explanation: "... the illness Elizabeth is afflicted with is one, which I much fear, will in the course of a few years, produce imbecility of mind if it does not terminate in idiocy. The idea is to me a horrible one. I am determined to do all in my power to prevent it." Such dogged commitment curtailed choices along the assured rugged paths ahead.

In 1851, Henry revealed their new location, "Mokelumne Hill—a circular amphitheater—located in a flat with high hills in the East and West—the population, a sprinkling of all nations—the saloons decorated splendidly in San Francisco style.

"The Indians roam about—slightly superior to those of the north, bearing more money from mining—wearing stray articles of clothing—gamble at monte tables."

Eno opined that the Indians' presence was incompatible to a civilized community. When there was no longer reason for them, they must move off to make way for the better.

Henry's discerning observations and journalistic talents preserve the essence of the identity of the local area gold seeking Pikers. With his unlimited skill, he presents an admixture of factual detail, humor and exaggeration. The prevalent, high fashion of miners held no interest for them. Their physical natures limited improvement?

Eno noted Pikers to be chiefly long, gaunt, narrow chested and round shouldered. Their light, long, straight, dried up looking hair framed small, thin, sallow faces scant of beards and moustaches. Perceptive, small, grey, sunken eyes betrayed childish astonishment and anxiety in the presence of large groups.

Piker dress implied intent? They seemed to wear the same plains crossing clothes they planned to wear on the homeward journey—old and greasy. Homespun were the pantaloons hitched up with snuffy brown cotton suspenders over equally dull shirts. Short waisted, tight, long skirted surtouts of blue frieze provided cover. Accessories created distinction: the battered brown felt hat; near treadless boots; and wooden-handled bowie knives sheathed in worn leather riveted with leaden nails.

Pikers might have lost their clothing packs enroute westward? "They lost none of their talents and skills to use the axe or five foot barrel rifle with impressive ingenuity," Henry reported.

The Enos settled down among the town's sprinkling of peoples in a story and a half house built of as frail materials as would possibly hold together, with a canvas roof—"Our bedroom has two planks in it for floor, about 15 inches wide each, the balance ground floor—the two planks being a piece of extravagance. The bedstead I made myself.—We have kept a sort of boarding house. The words 'Temperance House' neatly painted by myself are over the door." The *Calaveras Chronicle* of November 8, 1851 ran an advertisement: "Henry Eno—Edward Gates law office at Temperance House —"good boarding and lodging and a quiet house can be found—Main and Stockton."

In 1852, Henry wrote, "In truth we live well and don't complain." To bolster his income, Henry entered politics. A Whig among Democrats, to his surprise he was elected Calaveras County judge. The salary was $4,000. He would earn it. He sentenced five horse thieves to state prison. The Vigilance Committee was grateful for his strong support. He was elected president of the Mokelumne Hill Canal Company.

The Hill's 1854 fire, which broke out in John Ward's Restaurant on Main, totally destroyed Temperance House. The Enos moved—to Campo Seco—"a town settled by Mexicans with a sprinkling of forty different nationalities." Henry would oversee the completion of the water company's project contracted with John Andrews and Allen Cadwaller.

Elizabeth, though chronically ill, in 1851 experienced motherhood. Henry, then fifty-seven, was overjoyed with daughter Carrie. But the financial pinch of the 1854-57 period became pressing and unbearable. He had made bad investments. There resulted no recorded communication with his family from 1858 to 1865, though Eno served

briefly as a judge in The Hill in 1862. He failed to be re-elected.

In the blank, bleak interval, a letter of reply written on April 11, 1865 by G. J. Phelan, M.D., a Sacramento County physician, to Eno's brother, Edward, revealed: "Judge Henry Eno was in the hospital for some time and left—to edit—the *Alpine Chronicle*.—The death of his wife and only child caused him much affliction and sadness."

Again in 1859 fire had raged and rapidly leveled Campo Seco. It was said that Elizabeth and little Carrie were dead. Yet, no facts could be confirmed. What happened to them? Were they victims of an earlier pestilence outbreak? Camp violence? Fire? Or did Elizabeth finally break—from physical and mental strains, economic reverses and disappointments? The "ghosts" of Campo Seco's old adobe remain silent.

Eno's stint as a reporter in Alpine County was brief. To assure himself of a $1,500 yearly income, he ran for the office of judge, and won. For four years, he enjoyed a simple life style and wrote articles of his impressions of the Alpine and Nevada areas. He lectured—on temperance and libraries.

Still the optimist and dreamer, at age seventy-two, in 1869, Henry Eno departed to once more wander the Death Valley region to find its hidden wealth. Agedness and illness forced dependence.

"My health will not permit—to stay here is to die. It can't be worse to go. I hope not to be an encumbrance—shall earnestly try to help myself."

He rejoined his nephew's family on Broad Valley Farm, Duchess County, New York, to live to age eighty-four—reviewing those experiences of grand schemes for fame and wealth made buoyant by his naivete and irresponsibility. Life's realities—its economics and social pressures—did not allow the wheel of fortune to stop before him.

Henry Eno, keen of mind, accepted life's vicissitudes calmly, aware of his own generous contributions to the truth of his earlier expressed aphorism: "Men do more harm to themselves than the devil could possibly do for them."

George and Louisa (Wilkins) Leger

George Leger, of French nationality, owner-operator of the still famed landmark Hotel Leger, was born in 1815 and arrived in Mokelumne Hill from Hesse Kassel, Prussia. He bought the establishment in 1853. Two years later, he married Louisa Wilkins, age twenty-two, eighteen years younger than he. She was Prussian. In 1856, son Albert was born. Two daughters followed: Matilda in 1858 and Louisa in 1860, named for her mother, who died at the early age of twenty-seven, it is presumed in the birthing, leaving George a widower, then age forty-five, with the responsibility of rearing three very young offspring. He operated the lively, distinctive hotel for an additional nineteen years—a total of twenty-six years of highly successful management. During that time, he served as a board member of the French Hospital.

George Leger died at age sixty-four in 1879. He had lived to see his progeny grow to attend Mokelumne's first public school and become young adults. The daughters married. In 1881, Louise Leger Edwards sold her interest in the hotel to George Muffs for $4,500. Little else appears recorded—but it is most plausible that the Leger children experienced a lifestyle presenting unique, memorable discourse of happenings—remembered by them as those days "at home" in the creditable hostelry managed with style, flair, and grace by their progressive father.

George Muths

George Muths, a native of Germany, arrived in Mokelumne Hill in the early 1850s, soon to become engaged as a shoemaker in the village, a trade which he followed until 1879. After the death of George Leger, in 1881, Muths became the proprietor of the Grand Hotel and operated the hostelry for sixteen years, until his retirement in 1897. Death came two years later to this pioneer, deemed a gentleman of sterling qualities, honorable and upright, who served his community for nearly half a century. Mokelumne Hill Lodge No. 44 I.O.O.F. officiated at the burial.

Robert and Caroline (Batchelder) Thompson

Robert Thompson—miner, businessman, educator and attorney—influencer of Mokelumne's past—was born to a farming family in Montville, Maine in 1822. He worked at odd jobs while attending Philipps Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, with hopes of becoming a lawyer.

In 1849 he married the spirited Caroline Batchelder before he departed, alone, as a gold seeker aboard the *Thomas Walters*. He journeyed to California via Tampico, Mexico, overland to San Blas and aboard the *Colony* to San Francisco. The trip challenged his ability to endure as it diluted his ability to hope.

Onward he progressed to Sacramento and the Northern area gold camps, where simple and creative trading

and business ventures proved immediately lucrative. In 1851, with his brother Alvo, he arrived at Big Bar. The duo supplied milk, much in demand. Robert moved to The Hill, where once more he involved himself in "law and order" as foreman of "the jury"—serving as a do-gooder who recorded: "Every member of the Grand Jury was also a member of that sensible and determined vigilance committee." (1851-52)

In June 1852, Robert Thompson went home via the Isthmus of Panama. His wife, Caroline B., a "California widow," a niece, and two Andover classmates accompanied him in the return to Mokelumne Hill aboard *The Whirlwind* around the Horn. Caroline recorded: "Tossed by storms—cabin flooded—entertained by sea birds—Mother Carey's chickens (stormy petrel), boobies and the albatross with ten foot wingspread; entranced by sunsets; studied Spanish; jumped rope [possibly for both exercise and agility as the drunken captain exercised himself in strange antics when both drunk and sober]." Robert noted: "The clipper ship principle leads me to believe the shipping world is to be remodeled by the gain of increased speed; the whales, fish, phosphorescent light and night's sky provide continuous study."—"Cape Horn once was quite enough for a lifetime."

In the 1852-64 interval, the Thompson brothers, with Sam Bright, were involved in a dairy, hog raising and a butcher shop. Robert mined, studied law and served as justice of the peace. Caroline promoted the establishment of the Congregational Church. In 1856, son Edward B. was born. In 1857, "Judge" Thompson was elected superintendent of public instruction, to serve two terms. Daughter Carrie B. arrived in 1858, followed by Augusta B. in 1863. (The initial "B" supported mother Caroline's interest in keeping her maiden name significant.) The year 1859 brought the long-desired title—Attorney Robert Thompson.

The Hill's doom of the closing of the courthouse in 1864 lessened opportunities. The Thompsons departed by team to the newly-formed Alpine County where Robert practiced law in Silver Mountain. The family enjoyed the good life of the silver strike boom days until 1867, when they departed for Stockton's river boat to San Francisco. There followed thirty-five years of financial success in law as a bankruptcy specialist.

The Thompsons devoted their lives to charitable work with concerns for temperance in "The International Order of Good Templars" and its children's class, "The Band of Hope," as well as to the children's orphanage at Vallejo, dedicated in 1869. Caroline B. died in 1889. Robert, a widower for nineteen years, lived with daughter Augusta B. (Warren) until his death in 1908 at the age of eighty-five. He was buried in Mt. View Cemetery, Oakland.

Henry Atwood

Henry Atwood, born in 1819, purchased a ship, the *Colonel Taylor*, with eleven others, and with a hired captain and crew, sailed around the Horn from Boston, to reach California as an early pioneer. In 1856, he arrived in Mokelumne to take advantage of the west's golden opportunities and soon to involve himself in business. In June 1857, he bought a one-third interest from Wm. H. Whipple in the Gass Works (recently patented by B. M. Hoover) and "the right to supply and light the town with gass." (The enterprise burned with a bang in 1859.) He became the owner of the three-story, stone Union Hotel in 1860, purchasing it from a Mr. Rabb for $2,000. Ownership of the Big Trees Hotel (1872-76) and the Sperry Hotel (1876-81) followed. For four years, he operated the Holbrook Hotel at Grass Valley. He was also involved in the operation of a transportation system to West Point.

For fifty years, bachelor Henry Atwood made his home in Mokelumne. He died at his residence on June 30, 1906, at age eighty-seven. The community mourned the passing of a long-time resident and respected operator of the historically notable Mother Lode area hostelries.

Samuel Charter and Emily (Fitzgerald) Peek

Samuel Charter Peek was born in 1825 in Vermont. His family moved westward to Illinois, where they lived on a farm. There, Samuel received his early education. He became a traveling salesman and collector for the Grand Detour Plow Company of Grand Detour, Illinois, established as a joint partnership by John Deere, a smithy, and Major Leonard Andrus, which pioneered the development of a successful steel plow. When John Deere moved to Moline in 1847 to establish his own company, the original Grand Detour Plow Company continued. John Deere & Co., Inc. (1860) became the present world's largest manufacturer of farm implements and machinery. Samuel Charter Peek would indeed be proud of his faith in and contribution to the success of the early enterprise of his determined and talented boss, John Deere.

In 1859, when he was thirty-four, Samuel decided to move westward. He crossed the Isthmus of Panama and arrived at Mokelumne Hill. For seven years he served as liveryman and then joined in partnership in the large mercantile establishment of highly esteemed, long-time

Jewish merchant, Sam L. Davidson—the Davidson and S. C. Peek Store, which became engaged in handling supplies for the Gwin Mine and in its management of the payroll and operation of the boarding house until its 1882 closing. The partnership continued for an additional ten years.

In 1867, having reached his forty-second birthday, merchant Sam married. The bride was eighteen-year-old Emily Fitzgerald, born in Baltimore, Maryland in 1849. Her maternal grandfather, Dr. Bloch, was a learned rabbi who had translated the Jewish Talmud into German. He had served as a printer in the king's office. But Emily's mother, Jane, born in Hanover in 1819, left both marriages and the Jewish faith. She was active in local Protestant churches until her death in Mokelumne Hill in 1877 (Jane Wagg).

The Samuel Charter Peeks raised their six children in Mokelumne Hill—Charter S., Ella, Katherine, Addie C., George F., and Allen H. Members of the pioneer family still visit.

Francis T. and Josephine Day

Francis T. Day, born in 1811 in Belfast, France, and his wife, Josephine, born in 1830, were of French nationality. They were married in 1846. Their son, Frank H., was born in 1851 in New York. The Days, incited by gold rush opportunities, came to California, where daughter Emily was born in 1856, followed by John and Mary. In 1860, the family resided in Mokelumne Hill, where they remained as long-time settlers and community contributors to education and local government service.

Frank H. served as Mokelumne Hill School's teacher-principal from 1867 to 1906. He married Etta Peek in 1884. Emily is recorded as the teacher of Whiskey Slide School (Negro Gulch) in the 1874-76 period. She also served as a primary teacher of the Mokelumne Hill School. John enjoyed the "hay days" as a non-unionized teamster.

The turn of the century brought death to the respected French residents. Francis died at the age of eighty-six in 1897; Josephine at seventy-four in 1904.

Kaufman and Fanny (Mayer) Hexter

Among the long established residents of Mokelumne's Jewish community—the largest of such settlements in Calaveras County in its gold rush boom days—was Kaufman Hexter, born in Dormstadt, Prussia in 1826. Lured by the opportunities in a new land, he joined the emigrants. In 1851, he married Fanny Mayer. They are recorded as residents of The Hill in 1860 with their daughters—Sarah, born in 1852, and Lena, in 1856. Kaufman operated a guaranteed successful enterprise—a saloon. His estate was valued at $4,000. There was money for further business involvement and enthusiasm for an enlarged family. Amelia arrived in 1860 and Louis in 1861, followed by Abraham, Aaron, Lilli and Charles.

On November 9, 1861, the Hexters purchased the Washington Meat Market from partner Abraham Strouse, butcher, who was planning his move to take advantage of the surging population growth of Virginia City, brought about by the Comstock silver and gold discoveries. In 1873, their butcher shop operated from "Sturges old store"—where "feed, bacon, lard, ham, etc." were sold "wholesale and retail." In 1874, Adolph Adler rejoined in partnership. Later, son Louis Hexter became engaged in the business.

About 1885, Louis married Josephine Weil, born in 1864 (who, it is thought, was the daughter of the Lebanon Weils). Daughter Edith arrived in 1890.

Amelia Hexter, too, had married—in 1885. Her husband, Henry Schrag, born of German-Jewish parents in 1856 in Pennsylvania, united with brother-in-law Louis to continue the meat market operation into the new century. Three children were born to the Schrags: son George in 1886 and daughters Irma (1888) and Ruth (1890). They were among Mokelumne's now "a century ago" infants and toddlers.

Lena Hexter served as a teacher in the 1875-1900 era. The Hexter residence, built in 1882, was purchased in June 1909 by Louise and Antone Cazaretto and remains a family possession. Unaware of the house's history, there was constant puzzlement in their garden project unearthings. "So many bones!" The flowers of daughters Alma and Flossie grow and glow profusely!

How delighted Fanny and Kaufman Hexter would be to once again relive the leisurely stroll of the narrow lane (Hoerchner) and view the results of their soup bone contributions to The Hill's madly muttering bees in their greedy pursuits, the myriads of fleeting monarch and west tiger swallowtail butterflies, and the irridescent, swilling jabbers in miraculous motion—the Anna hummingbirds.

"Ach—it was so nice when—so nice!"

Fanny died in San Francisco in May 1890.

Bertha Strouse

The impressive gravesite of the Strouse family in Mokelumne Hill's Jewish Cemetery of historic distinction invites extensive reflections. Challenges for new

learnings have been stirred by revelations of those personal rushes for wealth during California and Nevada's boom and bust eras.

Since the Strouse name allows innovative inconsistencies in spelling, confusions are heightened when first names are often identical. It is believed Abraham Strouse, born in Sterndorf, Germany, in 1831, son of Bertha and Moses Strouse, whose children numbered ten, emigrated before age twenty to California and was transacting business in Mokelumne Hill in 1851.

The arrival dates of Abraham's parents and family members, Kalman, Mark and Susan, are uncertain, but all probably reached Mokelumne Hill before December 1860. (Information regarding Moses' presence has not yet revealed itself.)

In 1861, Abraham sold his partnership in the Washington Market to depart for greater profits from the Comstock Lode discovery of 1859—the two-and-one-half-mile-long world's richest gold and silver lode. It produced $300 million—spectacular Virginia City with the first elevator west of Chicago to San Francisco—brought statehood to Nevada in 1864, and support for the Union cause as it flourished for twenty years to 1880. Then, the mines went dead—to leave only the richness of related history.

Strouse family members continued to and experienced the boom days of both Mokelumne Hill and Virginia City. By 1863, Abraham was established as the butcher of his Center Market, a speedily growing enterprise. Sister Sarah, in March of the same year, married Lebanon Weil, a merchant of Mokelumne since 1855. So began the early chapters of the story of the Strouse family, whose gravestones disclose no clues to life's exigencies so far from the homeland.

Mark, the youngest, was born in Lauderbach, Germany, in May 1845. At age thirteen, he departed for Butzlock. Two years later, he emigrated to America, accompanied by a sister. After two days in New York, "he obtained a situation in a wholesale house." He stayed with this firm for three months. A move westward to California brought them to Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras County.

For two and a half years, Mark engaged in mining and the mercantile and butcher business. He owned a promising claim for which he was offered $10,000, but after a brief interval as a miner, he abandoned it. In June 1863, the enterprising Mark, at age eighteen, drove 5,500 sheep and lambs over the Sierra Nevada, often camping in the snow as he advanced on his tedious journey to join Abraham. He established a hog ranch, operated a butcher's stall, and kept a set of books at the same time.

All appears to have progressed well for the Strouse family until Kalman drowned in a slough in Stockton. He was buried in the Jewish Cemetery of Mokelumne Hill on May 23, 1865.

In 1866, Mark joined in partnership with Abraham to establish the largest butchering business in Nevada, housed in a building four stories high, one hundred twenty feet long and twenty-six feet wide. Mark owned a 500-acre stock ranch in Honey Lake, California.

Then death appeared again. On October 24, 1868, the *Territorial Enterprise* announced: "Death of an old citizen—Abraham Strouse, age 37. An old resident of this city—well-known and highly esteemed in this state and California, died about 8 o'clock after a short but severe illness. He was a brother of Mark Strouse, present Chief of Police, long engaged as principal proprietor of the well-known Central Market. He was a member of the Young America Engine Co. . . . . He leaves a host of warm friends to mourn his death—deeply regretted, being in the prime of life and usefulness."

Funeral services were held in the Virginia City Masonic Hall on October 25, 1868. (A memorial service appears to have been held on October 31.) Abraham was laid to rest beside brother Kalman in Mokelumne Hill on November 7, 1868. The family had lost its leader.

Mark, at age twenty-three, continued the management of the business alone. He had been elected chief of police and he served as foreman of Company No. 1 of the volunteer fire department, for an eventual commitment of seven years. Mother Bertha indubitably watched with pride Mark's careful treading of Abraham's footsteps to success.

Virginia City had grown to a population of 30,000; Mark Strouse to recognition. He was elected city treasurer in 1873. His Central Market, No. 15 South C Street, spurted successfully, advertising: "At this Market can be found the choicest of fresh meat—smoked ham and bacon of our own cure—also prime lard, wholesale and retail. Rendered tallow for mill and mining purposes constantly kept on hand."

The successful politician-butcher, robust, handsome, moustached and suave, in 1874 at age twenty-nine served his second term in office and began a new role, as husband of Lillie B. Edgington, a native of Illinois, age seventeen. Bishop Whitaker performed the lavish Episcopal service. The *Journals of Alfred Doten* (1849-1903) recorded the momentous happening:

"Gold Hill—Jan. 14, 1874. at 6 1/2 P.M. started with

wife and Harrison Gray and wife in one of Mundell's carriages with driver to go to wedding of Mark Strouse and Lillie Edgington—Drove to St. Paul's church—so crowded inside and out that we staid in carriage and watched the motions—when crowd came out we drove up to Edgington Mansion on B Street to reception—Grand affair—big crowd—whole house thrown open—plenty of waiters—band of music—Big time—plenty of cake & wine—dancing, etc. . . . "

On January 15, the *Enterprise* added, "We acknowledge the receipt of an ample supply of champagne and the newly mated have our best wishes and our blessing. We hope their years on the Comstock range may be as many and as full of joys as their troops of friends could wish." Mark had climbed another rung of success in America.

On November 14, 1874, the newspaper reported, "Born —to the wife of Mark Strouse—a daughter" [B. Strouse].

The devastating conflagration of the city in 1875 effected the printing of an unusual item in the same daily —a "card"—on November 2, 1875, signed by Mark Strouse. It was an effort to defend himself against a spurious, maligning attack printed in the local *Chronicle* —an accusation that "Mark's mother and sister were living at the slaughter house in a state of destitution."

Mark, "to inform those who know me and will not believe, and those who do not know me," stated: "On the day of the fire, I took my mother [Bertha Strouse], my brother-in-law and his family to my home. My brother-in-law has been an unfortunate pensioner for five years on my bounty. Both myself and all my household tried our best to make them comfortable. They preferred plainer quarters—my mother is a German woman who speaks hardly a word of English and cannot converse with my wife. They were determined to leave. I tried to get as good a house as is left in Virginia. They declined, asserting preference for their present quarters. I tried to get my mother to consent to go to Carson, to an old friend; begged her to let me take her to a sister in San Francisco. All my efforts were joined by my wife, all were unheeded. I bought—supplied everything money could buy—that could be found in the market. My wife attended daily to their wants with ingenuity.

"In those quarters they are entirely comfortable. Anyone can verify these facts by visiting them. I believe I never said 'no' to any call for help from strangers. I have tried all my life to make my kindred comfortable. I thought this was understood in Virginia City. But, at last, I found myself advertised as a man willing to starve his mother and find the statement endorsed by a committee of men whom I have held as honorable gentlemen and my personal friends. I am glad my old mother cannot read English—for the slander would grieve her to death. There is not much satisfaction in publishing this card, and I hereby offer any member of that committee money enough to support his own mother handsomely for a month, if he will say to me personally what the committee have caused to be published in a skulking way."

The year 1876 was anticipated with deserved joy by Mark and Lillie. On May 13 another daughter was born. She lived but four months. The funeral took place from the family residence. A year later, on September 7, the hoped for son made his arrival. He died the same day. Ill fortune for the young family appeared to know no bounds. The aging grandmother experienced difficulties for expression of consolation.

The August 15, 1878 *Enterprise* headline "Segregations and Consolidations" revealed that Mark Strouse was "granted a decree of divorce from Lillie Strouse yesterday afternoon in the District Court; and last evening J. C. Janes and Lillie Strouse were married in Reno—at Chamberlain's Hotel by Rev. Mr. Lucas."

Four months later, on Christmas Day of 1878, the newspaper announced: "Bertha Strouse, born in Hesse, Darmstadt—mother of Mark Strouse—died last evening (Dec. 24th about 7 o'clock) at the advanced age of seventy-nine. The old lady had been a resident of this city for many years, and her venerable face was well known to all settlers."

Bertha Strouse had requested that her body be returned for burial in the family plot of Mokelumne Hill, so far away. Her impressive tombstone discloses minutely its family story—details of the earliest chapters—its successes and failures—the existence of pride of fatherhood of Moses and dedication to motherhood of Bertha, whose rewards were the love and gratitude as shown by her hard working, determined, caring children. Her experiences of life's joys and sorrows were those of a venerable faced, German-Jewish immigrant woman who neither spoke nor read hardly a word of the language of her adopted, strange land.

Michael and Mary (Baumgarten) Werle

Among the representative pioneer German Catholic families of The Hill was that of Michael Werle. Born in Paris in 1827, he emigrated to Buffalo, New York, with his parents when he was six months old. There he met and married Mary Rosalia Baumgarten of Scotch ancestry. She was born in Alsace Lorraine in 1825. Son Charles

Armand arrived in 1848. Michael decided to join the gold seekers. Sufficient success sent him homeward. In 1855, the Werles moved West. They embarked on a clipper ship to travel via The Horn. Charles remembered the journey more vividly than most seven-year-olds. In a child-like tussle with an older, rough lad, he narrowly missed being thrown overboard. There was much gratitude for the alert deck-hand as well as for "Land ahead!"

After a period as teamster on the Stockton-Bakersfield run, the family settled in 1860, to ranch not distant from The Hill in Chili Gulch. Soon they, too, mined—The Buffalo—which proved a financially successful venture. Michael accepted teaming bids.

The family grew—with daughters arriving—Estella in 1861 and Mary, born in 1864. All hands were kept busy, yet Mother Werle needed household help. Emma (Emily) Rosalia Frye was hired at age fourteen in 1868. (Emily's mother operated a store in nearby Petersburg where Joaquin Murieta frequently made purchases.) Emily convinced Charles of her skills and talents. They were married in 1872. Their first child, Rosalia, was born in 1874. (She became the bride of Victor Lagomarsino in 1896.)

But the year 1874 also brought sadness. Michael Werle died of pneumonia incurred in the experience of teaming on the Kern River. Mary, widowed at age forty-seven, was left with two teenage daughters.

Charles accepted the opportunity to go into business. He was twenty-six. The young family moved to Lafayette Street where it was ordained that they, with their additional five children—Robert, Frank, Lee, William, Elma (who died at a young age) and Herbert—would live in the "new" soda works house—the beautiful Victorian built by Frank Gold (1826-96), skilled carpenter. The east side, for a time, housed the family's "Pioneer Soda Factory." (The business partnership was acquired from Henry Jacob Newman, active in the Jewish community. George Newman, Esquire, in 1873, served as president of the Jackson Synagogue Congregation. He and his wife still resided in Sutter Creek in 1877. Their infant child is buried in Givoth Olom.)

The impressive, two-story home provided ideal accommodation for the large, growing family for over thirty years, to 1909. The move to Oakland assured better opportunities for education and administration of San Francisco apartments purchased with the profits of the Buffalo Mine sale. Family members remained in the Bay Area. Charles Werle died in 1922; his wife, Emily, in 1930.

Estella Werle, among the first students educated at the local new public school during the 1865-80 period, began her career with honor as Mokelumne's first telephone exchange operator—the first to serve the county. However, her service was brief. She died at age twenty-six in 1887. Daughter Mary married Allen McCarty, grocery store operator, whose family were long esteemed residents.

Mary Rosalia Werle, having experienced the exhilarations and tribulations of motherhood as well as forty years of lonely widowhood, died in 1915 at age eighty-seven, respected and revered in the community. She is buried beside her husband and Estella in the family plot of the Catholic Cemetery.

Note: Refer to Scene 9 for photo of Charles Werle family.

Martin and Marie Katherine (Schneider) Fischer

Martin Fischer (1820-1910) was born in Germany. Although little has been recorded of his early life, it was noted that his well-rounded, early education and seven years as apprentice butcher served him well after departure in the 1840s to seek a better economic livelihood in America.

By 1850, Martin had moved westward to Saint Louis, Missouri, where he served his trade. There in 1852, he married Marie Katherine Schneider (1822-87), also German born. Soon there were children: son George, followed by daughters Elizabeth and Mary. Exciting news of "golden opportunities" prompted Martin and Katherine to go farther westward. They made their covered wagon crossing over the Sonora Pass into the San Joaquin Valley to settle in the bustling, emerging city of Stockton about 1856. Though the journey was long, presenting the usual trail crossing hardships accentuated by Marie's pregnancy and the necessitated attentions of three demanding young ones, Marie, undaunted, completed her white, star-patterned, hand crocheted squares and two dissimilar but equally lovely wide border edgings (one served as pillow cover) for a full-sized bedspread. All was assembled with tiny hand-sewn stitches to create the yet beautiful, treasured, family heirloom which suggests Marie's interest in beauty and refinement as well as her independence, determination and fortitude.

The westward move showed immediate gains. Another daughter—Katherine—had arrived along the trail route to further grace and enliven the newly established house-

hold. Martin soon found opportunity to open a butcher shop. But the lure of gold yet plagued him as a means to satisfy his increasing desire to operate and manage business enterprises—to utilize his pressing interest and talents in mathematics and bookkeeping. He was not eager to spend his life in a butcher shop! Too, a higher, dry altitude might be beneficial to Marie's asthmatic condition.

But Marie Katherine was enjoying city life! It was not easy to convince her that they should move again for "better opportunities." However, after Martin's promise of a "wagon full of gold," their schooner wagon, heavily loaded, began to slowly roll the Fischer family and their meager worldly possessions from low country through the high hills of Calaveras at an even slower pace. Following several difficult days of journeying via Mokelumne and Happy Valley, they reached their destination —Jesus Maria—in 1858 still a thriving, challenging, cosmopolitan mining community of French, Italians, Mexicans, Jews, and Chileans—all with hope to strike it rich. They settled in their simple abode on the knoll near the cemetery where on June 7, 1859, son Martin Daniel was born.

The next six years—to the Civil War's close—are best summarized by Marie Katherine: "Martin promised a wagon full of gold. I got a wagon full of work!" Gold for them there was not. Martin was again forced to open a butcher shop. Greater piles of debts grew than money! But there were many helpful friends bearing the names of Gnecco, Sauve, Leon, Cavanna, Blais, Hughes, Moffitt, Courtmarsh, Gadaux, Beffa, Dotta and Craig.

For six years the family struggled for survival. But in 1865, a long overdue debt payment was made. Three hundred twenty acres of land were acquired three miles south of Jesus Maria. At last, Martin could establish his desired business of teaming—be in management, hauling freight from Stockton to West Point and other Mother Lode areas, and of a meat delivery service. Martin moved his family to the new property and began his financial deals. He purchased two schooner wagons and the needed horses and extras for the eight- to ten-animal teams for the jerkline operations and the acquired meat delivery wagons. The Fischer Ranch emerged to the sounds of "gee" and "haw, "whoa" and "giddap" amidst the neighing, whinnying, mooing and bawling. Ranch life presented new excitement to the young children! Forty to fifty horses and seventy-five cattle soon grazed on the ranges—Scottish Ayrshires—the red and white specialty raised for both meat and dairy products—the initial attempt of the Fischer family in a cattle ranch enterprise.

Oats and barley were planted, and some wheat. A thresher was acquired. A natural spring provided water. As ranch needs developed, hired hands were engaged to resolve the problems—of needed ranch buildings, a granary, water supply and water troughs, land clearing and fencing with the newly patented barbwire. Oxen were engaged by bid contracts for removing tree stumps. There was concern for both animal care and wagons.

Workers of varied skills—carpenters, blacksmiths, harness makers, drovers, butchers, ferriers, hostlers, teamsters were ever needed and present. They boarded and roomed on the premises. Summers were occupied with teaming; the long days of autumn and winter with the tasks of slaughtering and meat preservation—smoking, salting, brining and bundling hides for shipment to the east and south. The Fischer meat delivery wagons were soon visible on regular schedule, carrying the superior Fischer Ranch products to distant camps and communities—southward to Angels Camp and northeastward to West Point, Railroad Flat, Sheep Ranch, and Murphys. Strings of famed Fischer spicy, white and smoked German sausages jostled and jiggled as the special wagons traveled the long miles of often treacherous, troubling terrains.

The ranch grew to 560 acres. (Mineral rights are still owned.) Martin, with the help of his hardworking sons, kept himself happily engaged with management and the ever present financial challenges. Marie Katherine and her daughters kept themselves busily occupied with the never-ending household tasks of "women's work," greatly increased by the family enterprises.

In his early teaming experiences, Martin, fired with zeal to succeed, worked hard to please his clients and with German exactness and precision in the practice of frugality, eliminated all unnecessary costs. The system of bidding for teaming contracts was extremely competitive. Teamsters goaded him constantly about his operative methods for securing low bids. The medium-statured, sturdy, stout, moustached German, with feet as firmly planted on the ground as had become his methods in his mind, gave the usual agitated, clipped response: "Board mit the hotel! Sleep mit the gulch! Pay my bills and mind my own damn business!"

Such was the self-reliant and resolute Martin Fischer. His freight carrying wagons thundered and rumbled over the narrow, twisting roads with their unending offers of danger and excitement from high country to low and with the same offers in the return journeys, as the mule-teamed, heavily-loaded wagons carried the innumerable

tons of supplies for delivery to merchants and mines, often located in nearly inaccessible river canyon sites. The trip to the valley took one and one half days; the return, two or more days. The wagon served often as the night's place of sometimes stressful and uneasy lodging. Robberies were forever possibilities. (With the advent of the railroad station at Milton in 1871, runs were made to that point, often with deliveries of gold bullion.) Both sons—George in 1867 and Martin in 1873—began teaming for their father at age fourteen. The business grew to three teams.

The meat delivery business, likewise, grew. Drovers were continuously engaged to herd hogs—numbering five hundred or more—from the lower country area of Bellota—a forty mile distance—to become the added array of products—the distinctive tasty hams and bacons, pickled pigs feet, head cheese, and pork and blood sausages. Cattle were located in like manner and driven to the ranch for slaughter. There was "beef in the pickle" (corned beef). Fischer Ranch products were the gourmet foods of the times.

Life in the Jesus Maria country had acquired a pleasantness of routine. The children were tutored. Friendships had developed, so there were social exchanges of visits; traditional family celebrations, dances, weddings and chivarees; assemblages for sports hunting of deer, birds, and small game. As the years sped by, intermittently there were Fischer family weddings. Son George married Amelia Radcliffe and settled on an independent George Fischer Ranch in the area. Elizabeth married Henry Reinking of Valley Springs, and Mary married John Meyers of Jenny Lind. Katherine moved to Stockton as the wife of Henry Rabb.

Although Mary Katherine spent her life in the west in the rugged hill country of Jesus Maria, she succeeded in attaining for her family a desired, somewhat distinctive, citified life style in an adobe and wood house painted white, with lace-curtained, green-shuttered windows. Inside, there was running water. A fireplace, too. Some furnishings were stylishly Victorian—horsehair-stuffed and padded. Marble-topped black walnut furniture pieces provided elegance. The decorative china commode gave added decor. She counted her blessings each fall as she anxiously watched the Washoe Indians arrive—some with ponies—to make encampment on the ranch acreage to gather their store of acorns and pine nuts and depart on their wearisome, return trek over the high Sierra Nevada.

After her many long years of suffering her respiratory ailment, death came to Marie Katherine at age sixty-five in 1887. Son Martin Daniel and Roseann (McQuade) arrived shortly afterwards, as newlyweds, to make the ranch their residence for a brief period. Martin Daniel had taken up a homestead of his own nearby.

Martin Fischer, upon retirement, continued residence on the ranch for twenty-three years as a widower. There he died in 1910 at age ninety, to close the colorful, unique and impressive history of a successful German immigrant cattle rancher and businessman of Calaveras whose impact continues with visible force. The respected Fischer name, unlike his once loudly-sounding cowbells of the early open range herds, resounds continuously in the Mokelumne area, where many Fischer progeny reside. A statement, too, rings with regularity: "Be careful what you speak. Everyone about here is in some way related to a Fischer!" That seems to bespeak a decided advantage.

Andrew and Bridget (McSorley) McQuade and Martin Daniel and Roseann (McQuade) Fischer

Andrew McQuade (1830-1915) was among the many Irish who immigrated from the Emerald Isle in the latter half of the 1840s happy to leave behind its deprivations and the never-forgotten abuses of the English—indignities not only of huntsmen galloping and hallooing over their lands but of the hounds yelping and rampaging through their small garden plantings and ravaging through their modest cottage kitchens.

McQuade had sailed from County Tyrone to arrive at Lowell, Massachusetts. There he labored in the smoke-belching factories of the rapidly growing seaport, once again to suffer the servile immigrant abuses of debilitating work conditions with the usual, piteously meager remuneration. But there he met Irish colleen Bridget McSorley (1832-1906), older sister of Terrence McSorley. She had arrived in America in deep sadness to leave her mother, having pleaded with her to come along. Meeting Andrew brought wanted joy and prospects of a good life. So they were married—about 1855. Shortly, there were four children.

Son Edward was born in 1856, followed by Alec in 1858. John James arrived—to die in infancy. Then appeared the only daughter, in 1860—tiny, blue-eyed Roseann, much adored and much unaware that nearly a hundred years later she would gain distinction far away—bear a most respected title "Grandma Fischer," Mokelumne Hill's grand little old lady of nearby Happy Valley.

Andrew, having heard of the great opportunities available in California to rear a young family, agreed to

accompany his brother, Barney, and their O'Neil cousins and go see for himself. The group arrived about 1861 and settled at Junction—the merging point of wagon roads of San Andreas, Chili Gulch and Valley Springs (the area of the Beale Ranch). Andrew mined with sufficient success to send for his wife and children. In 1863, Bridget eagerly prepared the young family, ages seven to three, for the long journey and bravely boarded a ship to sail around The Horn, sadly aware that she was distancing herself even farther from her homeland. (Although Bridget's mother later reached family members in Lowell, she was not privileged to reach her family members 3,000 miles westward.) The much-wearied travelers arrived safely. Andrew continued to mine, and soon, with difficult laboring, acquired the needed gold to purchase eighty acres, in 1864, on the Calaveras River three miles distant from Chili Gulch and to settle down "in this beautiful place" never to go home again.

More sons were born—Andrew, Jr., in 1864, and Arthur in 1867. John James, the youngest, arrived in 1871 and was named to honor the son lost earlier. Honor was doubly granted since to most relatives and friends he became fondly known throughout his long life as "Uncle Jack"—and was remembered for his generosity, kindness and other exceptionally nice qualities—"a Saint on earth."

By 1870, the McQuade family had become intensely involved in all farming and ranching activities needed for survival. Andrew had purchased his homestead right of 160 acres, also on the Calaveras. Self-sufficiency was the goal. A home, with a cellar, two large barns, smokehouse, and necessary sheds and corrals had been constructed. This was the era of open range grazing (1866-1890s). Areas needed to be fenced. A few Holstein cattle and goats for both meat and dairy products were purchased. Sheep soon grazed. Land was cleared. Goats were herded to rid the land of manzanita, chaparral and live oak. A ditch from the Calaveras River supplied water. There were vegetables planted and an orchard of apples and pears. Soon peaches, plums, and quince thrived—the quince still displaying arrays of pink-white blossoming beauty each spring and a glow of aromatic, pear-shaped golden fruits and leaves each fall. (Its mucilaginous seeds were used for medicinal purposes and by the women to set their hair curls.)

The government opened land to bid. It was possible to buy adjoining land for two dollars per acre, including the mineral rights. Alec also took up an adjoining homestead. The ranch grew to 900 acres. Feed for cattle was planted.

The family tasks and enterprises demanded that all members keep physically fit and be jacks of all trades in this period of hand labor and self-reliance for the usual ranch tasks in addition to bringing in the fifty tons of hay—of oats, barley and natural grasses yearly. Swift moving cradle scythes swung steadily from sturdy, strong arms and sang the songs of the once wind-swept sighing grasses. Moving pitchforks struck the glowing gold aground in slow, marked rhythm, to become the heavenward surges of haystacks of the bountiful harvest. All was lifted into twelve- by fourteen-foot hand-constructed horsedrawn sleds with sloping, slatted sides, and soon after pitched into awaiting barns in the hellish hot season of ingathering to bulge the soon again barren barns depleted in the loathsome days of chill winds at winter feedings in the stanchions.

The children attended both the Chili Gulch and Mokelumne Hill schools, riding their donkeys and horses enroute over the rugged trails. Roseann boarded with her cousins, the O'Neils, who lived in town where Joe O'Neil was employed as a teamster. Rose's faithful horse assured safety in her side-saddle trips to and from the river canyon home each weekend.

As the years sped, the ranch development progressed well. Older sons, keeping the spirit of the growing cattle industry reflective of local Spanish and Mexican vaqueros who early mastered and displayed the art of handling cattle on horseback, like them, acquired the tools of the trade—the horse, rope, saddle, spurs, and branding irons, and the distinctive cowboy dress—the never to be washed, genuine riveted Levis, the fancy hats of felt, big or small, wide or narrow brimmed, and shaped skillfully to suit the personality beneath; the gay neckerchiefs and bandana handkerchiefs; the high heeled, pointed-toe boots and the chaps of leather or mohair designed by creative harness makers. Braided leather served as lariat. The era of the Calaveras cowboy, as elsewhere, unfolded as the Irish McQuade cowboys experienced their home life on the range, along the Calaveras River.

In 1876, Andrew McQuade sensed another opportunity. He rented an acreage at Forest Creek, ten miles east of West Point in the Blue Mountain area. The McQuades drove the family herd, then increased to seventy-five animals, to feed on the lush grasses available for summer range. Inspired by their experiences, sons Arthur and John, in the early 1900s, each took up a homestead and built the required cabins. Three hundred twenty acres! With their youngest sons, Arthur and Jack, Bridget and Andrew wagoned to their mountain home to celebrate Thanksgiving with thankful appreciation and thoughts of

the homeland left so long ago.

Once more, the summer's verdant green of Erin—without Englishmen or hounds! Only bear and lion and deer! No sounds of hunting horns! Only the sounds of rat-a-tat-tat of the large and colorful pileated woodpeckers sending loud rings of doing their thing through the tall soughing Douglas and white firs; the majestic, murmuring sugar and yellow pines, and incense cedars, as robins and evening grosbeaks criss-crossed their harmonic messages at each day's close. In the blackness of the night, hoot owls made company. An additional eighty acres acquired from an abandoned mining claim extended the range. Gravity flow of two miners' ditches brought water from Forest Creek.

Each summer, since this initial acceptance of "opportunity in the West," the McQuade-Fischer family cattle—for a 108-year period—have grazed the range—the herd now numbering nearly a thousand head—feeding on additional rented, private timber range and ecologically controlled grassland areas of the United States Forest Lands totaling 45,000 acres. The cattle operation comprises stock from family members' cattle ranches in Farmington, Amador County, Paloma and the Calaveras River property where the original McQuade Ranch is still a family possession. (The land is being sought by buyers willing to pay $500 per acre.)

Some cattle are taken farther, to the high altitude Ebbetts Pass country of Lake Alpine. But the early times one full day, local round-up followed by the long, hard day of cattle driving is no more. It is best remembered in its association with those early pioneers whose influence and contributions have made today's cattle ranching singularly impressive as a contrast of a life style of simplicity in an age of constant and rapid technological changes.

So, in tribute, we return to the Calaveras, where Bridget and Andrew began their cattle ranching enterprise and where the bachelor sons remained. Roseann assisted with the house chores. At age eighteen, after her graduation from Mokelumne Hill School, her father presented her with a gift of a sewing machine. (Elias Howe, machinist of her birthplace, had patented the machine in 1846.) She had long displayed her talent for sewing by making the blue jean cloth men's wear prized as family presents. Her exceptional skills brought her a sewing job in The Hill as an assistant to a Mrs. Adams, town seamstress and deserted, self-supporting mother of a young son. Her talent provided The Hill's elite ladies with the needed fashionable dresses and gowns of the day and, it is thought, the Jackson "ladies" with the gowns of the night.

In 1887, equal proportions of joy and sorrow came to the Calaveras River home. Roseann married at age twenty-seven and left an empty place in the hearts of her bachelor brothers, who deeply sensed the absence of their dutiful, loving, often amusing, soft spoken sister. For the parents, loneliness, agedness and illnesses made appearances with Bridget preceding Andrew in death in 1906, at age seventy-four. Andrew died in 1915, at age eighty-five. Both respected pioneers are buried in the St. Thomas Aquinas Cemetery.

The bachelor sons—the McQuade cowboys—continued developing the Calaveras River ranch enterprise until aging forced eventual moves.

(Family misfortune had been experienced. Son Andrew, in 1897 at age thirty-three, was killed when he fell from a tree while performing a ranch task.) Edward ranched as well as served as a skilled miner of the McSorley Crystal Mine. He died in his seventies during the Depression years. Alec, after extended service as able stockman, moved to The Hill, where death came at age eighty-eight. A distinctive gentleman with a long, white, flowing beard made him a colorful, still remembered "Santa Claus" figure as he trudged the lanes of the town or rested on its benches.

"Uncle Jack"—John James—continued his extended life span as the family's most distinguished cattleman—knowledgeable and experienced, with ability to make the necessary quality judgments for ranch success. He served, too, as trusted herdsman and talented, productive vegetable gardener. Through his long life, he never experienced illness. His Irish rosy cheeked complexion, sparkling blue eyes, ever friendly smile, and agility at old age were impressive.

Sister Roseann had married at the family home in 1887. The lucky groom was none other than Martin Daniel Fischer, teamster of Knob Hill Farm. He had entered the family business at an early age. At age twenty-eight, he was considered "a good catch." Had two teams! Fourteen years of teaming and business experience! Excitement was high at the river abode. There were weeks of wedding preparation. Family sheep, hogs, and cattle were slaughtered. Geese, ducks, turkeys, chickens and guinea fowl, too! There was baking of pies, cakes, breads, and the special fruit- and nut-filled wedding cake. All was busyness. Relatives, neighbors, and special friends needed to be invited by personal visits or in writing. The sewing machine treadle moved swiftly. Everyone wanted new

garments.

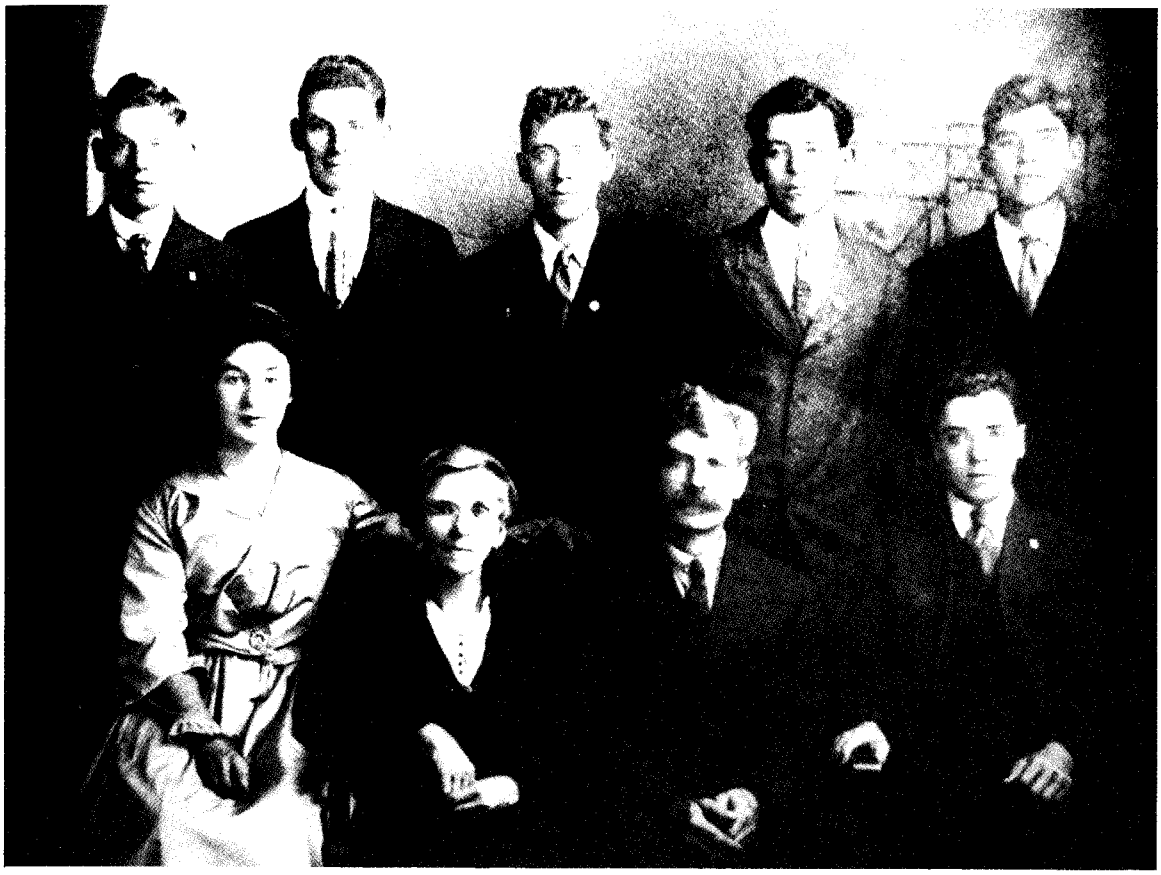
The momentous day arrived! The petite brunette, modest and shy in demeanor, with coif carefully curled, charmed the wedding guests in her self-styled, hand sewn bridal gown of fashionable fabric of brown color. A Catholic priest officiated. It was a day for all to long remember—the feasting, toast drinking, story telling, singing and dancing of the Irish-German festivity. The guests had journeyed from afar—from the San Francisco Bay area via river boat to Stockton to join with other invited relatives and guests there, and wagon to the Calaveras home.

Amidst such exuberance of well-wishing, the newly-weds climbed aboard their buggy and trotted off happily to honeymoon at The Leger and then to settle at the Fischer Ranch. After a brief stay, they moved to their newly acquired homestead—with Knob Hill Farm but one and one-half miles distant.

Martin Daniel and Roseann were blessed with nine children (two sons died at birth): Martin James (1888-1936), Walter Aloysius (1890-1980), Andrew Vivian (1892-1966), and Katherine Mary, the lone daughter, born in 1894, who died in 1939 at age forty-five. The youngest sons—John Edward, born in 1897, Joseph Dewey, in 1898, and Frederick Vincent, in 1900, are still active, hard working, mentally alert, socially concerned gentlemen who enjoy their good ranch life styles in their very late eighties. (John and Dewey graciously granted the honor of the oral interview for this family history.)

Martin Daniel continued teaming to Stockton from Knob Hill Farm for a period of twenty years as he serviced the deep quartz mines of the Mokelumne area with needed materials and timber—the Rindge, Zelie, Gwin, Blue Jay, Easyz Bird, Argonaut, and Kennedy. Roseann worked hard to meet the needs of their large family—giving motherly guidance and counsel and setting religious example. Daughter Katherine proved herself an exemplary helper and, together, they established a long, mutually caring relationship until her death.

In 1907, Martin decided to move to a more advan-



The family of Martin Daniel and Roseann (McQuade) Fischer (circa 1915). Standing, right to left: Joseph Dewey, Martin James, Walter Aloysius, John Edward and Andrew Vivian. Seated, right to left: Frederick Vincent, Martin Daniel, Roseann and Katherine Mary.

tageous point for the still competitive teaming business. He rented a twenty-five-acre property in Happy Valley along the West Point Road for a two-year period. The school age children enrolled in the Mokelumne Hill School. Family members were able to participate in Saint Thomas Aquinas Church services regularly. In 1909, they purchased the two-story, sturdily constructed house and adjoining acres and became permanent residents. The house was built by carpenter George Emerson for Ernest Leavitt, then involved in hydraulic mining. It continues to serve Dewey and Bertha (Sifers) Fischer and their many family members as it did when Martin and Roseann brought the seven children—ages nineteen to seven—to their new residence—the Happy Valley Ranch.

In 1920, Martin sold his last much-prized mules he had purchased at the San Francisco Panama Pacific Exposition (1915). The mules were shipped by river boat to Stockton. From there, the arriving sons and Rabb hostelry relatives gave assistance to get the ornery critters to Happy Valley Ranch. After three years of skillful, consistent training, they were judged by Martin to be ready for teaming operations! And as son John still tells, with intense pride, "There was no better horseman around anywhere." In 1920, the mules were purchased by the Manuel Brothers of Murphys for their lumber operations. Thus was completed Martin D. Fischer's forty-seven years as a teamster. The advent of the automobile had impacted rural life! Having followed in the footsteps of his father, who had begun in 1866, the progressive Martin modernized his business with trucks—Ford and Moreland models—and with some help from John, heartily welcomed the first county paved road, the Paloma Road, a distance of about six miles. He continued the hauling service for ten additional years until illness from cancer forced his retirement. At age seventy-seven, death came to the enterprising, reliable and respected pioneer businessman in 1936.

Roseann's forty-nine-year marriage, unfortunately fell short of the golden wedding celebration anticipated. She remained on the Happy Valley Ranch for twenty-two additional years, bearing her sorrows of widowhood bravely as she continued to work hard without labor-saving devices. There was still the lighting of lanterns! Not until the 1940s did electricity come to the ranch. She had become super-skilled in her "plain" cooking and baking of bread in the wood stove, washing in the wooden tubs aided by the washboard, and ironing with the flat irons. Her decided sense of humor continued to be as active as was the foot treadle of her sewing machine. Often the kind, unassuming, gentle little lady would retell amusing stories still vivid in her memory. When, in her soft-spoken manner she told of disagreements Martin had with her views, she would add, "He got a little bit sassy." She never failed to remind with pride, "I came around The Horn." The companionship of "Uncle Jack," who had come to live at the ranch in 1920, was enjoyed. Together they shared the kindnesses and the experiences of the extended Fischer family.

All members had married. Careers were pursued in cattle ranching, mining, road construction, P.G. & E. operations, and public service. There were many grandchildren to love. At age eighty-three, Grandma Fischer moved "up the ranch lane" to the home of son John and Mabel (Lombardi) Fischer, where she resided for fifteen years. At age eighty-eight, she was a proud parade participant, as fancy carriage occupant, in the July Fourth Centennial Celebration. Honored as its oldest citizen! She continued her high interest with great pride in her family, church and community until her death ten years later at age ninety-eight. Mokelumne Hill sensed its rare privilege and its loss.

"Uncle Jack" remained at the Happy Valley Ranch family home, where he died in 1967 at age ninety-six. So closed the interesting era of Fischer-McQuade history—of Mokelumne's pioneer contributors to ranching, teaming, trucking, and T.V. cowboys. It is of significance to note that the family has extended to so many grandchildren, great grandchildren, and great-great grandchildren, all proud to hold the McQuade-Fischer family relationship, that the exact count remains uncertain.

Terrence and Mary Frances (Colgan) McSorley

The turbulence of the sea—as violent as the turbulence of political and religious strife extant in the days of the Great Famine of the 1840s—fiercely rocked, rolled, and pitched the ship's crowded steerage passengers, in 1847, as they proceeded to make their escape to a new land. Among them were the families of Hugh and Katherine Martin McSorley and their six children traveling with their friends, Richard and Anne McElroy Colgan, and their four young ones. "America was promises," as Carl Sandburg later wrote; so with great hope, they had left Trillick, County Tyrone, Ireland.

All survived the six weeks' devastating, ship-wrecked journey except the infants, Tom and John, who had been earlier buried at sea. The dejected travelers, forced to disembark at Halifax, Nova Scotia, continued their travel

to Lowell, Massachusetts to become settlers on Middle Street with other "far downers"—North Irelanders—not with money or possessions but yet with the same hope to find work in the bustling, rapidly growing, smoke filled industrial city. Son Terrence (1836-1891), at an early age had found a job in a foundry as cannon maker for the impending Civil War. But his mind was on the West! Glowing reports had been written from the Calaveras area by earlier emigrants—brother Arthur and brother-in-law Andrew McQuade, husband of older sister Bridget. (The eventual marriage of their daughter, Rose, to Martin Fischer of Jesus Maria began the McSorley-Fischer relationship and the extended family of "Grandma" Roseann Fischer of Mokelumne Hill.)

Mary Frances Colgan (1842-1919), one of the surviving daughters, had begun laboring in the sweat-shop textile mills of Lowell where factory jobs were earlier made available to women. Young Terrence McSorley persuaded her to give up her experiences of drudgery and exploitation in unhealthy surroundings, with long hours of miniscule pay, and accept his proposal of marriage. The wedding took place on October 17, 1860, the bride, age eighteen; the groom, twenty-four. A son, Hugh Joseph, was born in 1861. It was time to go West.

The young couple and infant sailed to the Isthmus of Panama. They crossed by lumbering carreta. A steamship carried them to San Francisco; a slow, paddle wheel river boat to Stockton; a swaying, bouncing, jarring stagecoach to The Hill. Such was the wearisome, three months-journey. Ned Fahey, local saloon-keeper, jovial with saloon-keeper friendliness, greeted and welcomed the latest Irish arrivals, but it is not recorded if the drinks of Irish whiskey were "on the house." It is recorded that it did not take the newcomers long to determine that here, in this "beautiful little place" they would settle. Off they wagoned to a vacancy—a small, ramshackled miner's cabin in Chili Gulch where began the era of the now five generations of the Terrence McSorley family.

There were some immediate feelings of security. Massachusetts families—the Gleasons and O'Neils—lived nearby. The proprietor and innumerable visitors of the Hodgekin's Store and the Coleman Hotel (later the Lantanier Hotel and Boarding House) added daily interest, assistance and information needed for adjustment to a new environment. H. A. Hodgden, Chili Gulch's friendly postmaster (1865), informed when letters from home arrived. Terrence began his mining career at the nearby Bob Paul mine (still providing a water source for the family). Mary Frances, to supplement the uncertain family income, baked her bread specialty (Irish soda bread) in competition with the Gulch's Labeau Bakery. (Among her many customers was miner Tom Smith, later to become the father of the Honorable James Alexander Smith of Calaveras, who became its noted historian.) Terrence, soon after, joined the work force of the Gwin Mine. He walked the nearly five miles of distance to labor a ten-hour day for two and a half dollars.

Terrence McSorley (1836-1890), emigre of Ireland, settled with his wife, Mary Frances, and infant son, Hugh, in Chili Gulch, to ranch and mine in 1861.



In 1868, the McSorleys moved to their newly constructed cabin adjoining their initial and developing mine project. Soon arose necessity for further additions to accommodate the rapidly growing family. (The house still appears as the old family home.) Richard Vincent had arrived in 1864; Alexander Francis (1866); John Joseph (1868). With additional mouths to feed, there began the raising of goats to clear the chaparral covered hills, provide the family's meat and milk, and the much needed supplementary income. The McSorley boys became "the young goat herders of Chili Gulch."

The family continued to grow. Arthur Ignatius arrived

in 1870; Thomas Edward (1872), and finally a girl, Annie Catherine, in 1878. A very much needed little sister, Minnie, was born in 1880. But as our Maker giveth, so He taketh. The same year brought deep despair in the death of Alexander at age fourteen.

As the family increased in number, so increased the goats! The chores of herding kept the goat herders from enrolling in school until eight years of age, Hugh, to first attend at Chili Gulch School. Eventually, all enrolled at Mokelumne Hill, then said to be "the finest school to be found anywhere"—and were thereafter followed by nearly all of the family's ranch residents. They walked the distance to attend nine grades. There was no high school.

In 1876, Frenchman Frank Mercier offered his placer claim for sale for $500. Terrence and a Vermont gentleman, Charles Lafayette Brown (C. L. F. Brown), who had served as state assemblyman in 1863-71, became partners of the Green Mountain Placer Mine—a mine to attain a long and interesting history. Their arduous efforts brought paydirt stamped out noisily with an old eight stamp mill behind the family residence. High quality fine gold! Mint value twenty dollars! It was sold to jeweler Charles Schlund of Mokelumne at $18.75 per ounce. Brown built a home on the hill behind the ranch. In 1882, he became a candidate for the state senate. Mokelumne's association gains significance in the realization that Bret Harte's poem "Society on the Stanislaus" deals with C. L. F. Brown of the poem.

In the late 1880s, eldest son Hugh and Joseph O'Neil joined the partnership. In 1866-87 interesting diamond-like crystal finds were reported! Following graduation, Hugh had studied the blacksmith's trade in San Francisco and later pursued a career in Tuscon, Arizona. Mining served as a supplementary source of income. Combined with a love of the sea, he utilized his interests and skills in serving as sailor, to travel world-wide areas in search of the earth's mineral treasures.

The year 1893 took him to Australia and New Guinea to experience not mining success but cannibals! In Samoa, on the island of Upolu, there grew a mutually enjoyed friendship with Robert Louis Stevenson as they shared the whiskey as well as the tales of far away and sometimes lonely environments as Stevenson tried to regain his health from tuberculosis while writing his impressions included in *In the South Seas* before his death in 1894. That same year, while Hugh was pursuing his blacksmithing career in Honolulu, he found himself unwillingly drafted to participate in the American-led revolution to overthrow Queen Liliuokalani.

Death, having come to his father three years earlier at age fifty-five, forced Hugh and the other sons and young daughters to help their mother operate the ranch and assume greater responsibility for the developing ranch projects where prize-winning Durham cattle had replaced the goat herds ("Prince Edward" won the blue ribbon at the first Amador County Fair in Ione). Sheep grazed in the cleared land.

Progeny of the Terrence McSorleys: Annie (Cooke), Thomas, Richard and John.



The McSorley family home (circa 1900) with family members, left to right: (Judge) Arthur I. McSorley, John McSorley, Hugh McSorley, Nellie (Mrs. Arthur) McSorley, Tom McSorley, Mary Frances (Mrs. Terrence) McSorley and Annie McSorley Cooke.



Tom, after graduation, in 1891, was encouraged to go to San Francisco to study the electrical trade. San Francisco, before the turn of the century, proved challenging to the young Irish lad from the hills. Portsmouth Square! The ships and bulging docks! The crowded Market Street with trolleys! Those clanging cable cars and magnificent mansions of the "Big Four" atop Nob Hill! Chinatown with its beautiful Saint Mary's Cathedral! The Barbary Coast! The excitement of Fisherman's Wharf! The beach! And the available entertainment! "Count of Monte Cristo"—his first theatrical! All so unlike Chili Gulch and Mokelumne Hill.

Yet the ranch won over! Family responsibility ties were strong. He returned to become active in mining the family Green Mountain Placer, the Sam Moser hydraulics of Spring Gulch, the North Star, and Easyz Bird. Life truly began with those combined experiences creating a lure for both far away places and far away treasures—minerals—deep, precious, and waiting everywhere to be found.

So it was not difficult for Tom, in 1905, to join forces with Hugh, the experienced traveler, to set out for the gold fields of Alaska to explore the Yukon River to Nome. The trip was unsuccessful except for the learning experiences of its ordeals as well as of the pristine beauty of the wild and lonely land of the aurora borealis with its abundance of plants and unique animals, great wide valleys, rushing clear streams and rivers, and innumerable sparkling lakes. They were impressed with the friendliness and kindness of the Indians who gave the needed help when their gas powered boat failed them in the remote Land of the Midnight Sun.

For a turnabout of scenery, Hugh (later joined by Tom and John) chose the barren desert regions of Nevada—Tonopah, Round Mountain, and Virginia City areas where the McSorley brothers were intensely involved in varied mineral searches and work operations. There were both successes and failures.

Such were the adventurous days for reminiscence when Hugh eventually returned to the ranch, despite bouts with malaria and pneumonia and an unsuccessful try at marriage, to serve as blacksmith and in the unexpected role of nursemaid for his most beloved nieces—Mary Jane and Anne. Death came to him in 1938. His stories—of his worldly wisdom—are locked away but the privilege of recollection of a daring, knowledgeable, soft spoken, unassuming gentleman did remain to all who had the good fortune to encounter him on any of their travels of life.

John, too, mined at an early age. He gained expertise from family operations to become skilled in all requirements of mining, and became most proficient in investigating properties, bringing in partners and incorporating, sometimes working with either Tom or Hugh, or both. He became adept at opening shafts, working mines, superintending and promoting. Projects pursued included the buying of water rights to be used for the mines and for hydraulic purposes and for supplying timber and power to mines and sawmills as well as for domestic purposes and fire protection.

The McSorley brothers and associates with quartz crystals at Green Mountain Mine, Chili Gulch (1897). Left to right: Mr. Maguire, John McSorley, Tom McSorley (on horse), John Burton and Hugh McSorley.



In 1896, a find of enormous quartz crystals extracted from the tunnel of the Green Mountain Placer operation of the ranch property brought the curious and disbelieving John E. Burton—wealthy educator and iron maker of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin —a man of many pursuits with a focus on mineral collections—to the Leger Hotel. He was in search of the reported crystal find—to see for himself and a business partner. Their interest was of a scientific nature—the possibility of construction of lenses. He was directed to the McSorley Ranch mine—one and one-half miles distant to shortly be impressed. He immediately contacted Tiffany Jewelers of New York City as the probable market for quartz crystals "as pure as distilled water."

A favorable reply prompted Mr. Burton, with his partner, Gage E. Tarbell of New York, to seek a partnership with Tom and John. The partnership evolved—to reopen the previously successful gold mine of their father,

Hugh, and Frenchman Arsone Berthet; the Gilmore Tunnel of Green Mountain Mine. Twelve tons of crystals designated the Burton crystals were shipped to New York in 1897. Burton personally accompanied the shipment and remained in the Tiffany warehouse for three weeks to arrange, classify, and number them. The establishment created from them such costly items as lenses, jewelry, crystal spheres, watch charms, and celery dishes. George F. Kunz engaged a Mr. Dreyer, Bohemian crystal specialist of world renown, to cut twenty-two crystal balls—one of absolute clarity and pureness five and nine-sixteenths inches in diameter. It was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum for $3,400. (The crystal balls ranged from two and one-half to eleven inches.)

In 1898, many fine crystals were placed on exhibition at the Semi-Centennial Jubilee at San Francisco—one weighing 168 pounds. In the same year, Tom removed the largest crystal yet found—a cluster of seven—2,200 pounds in weight! The tunnel had to be chamfered in many places for removal. The crystal cluster, too, reached Tiffany's to be placed for a year's display as the WORLD'S GIANT CRYSTAL—Mokelumne's non-gold, yet highly prized, glistening gem of sufficient interest to attract for that long period at Broadway and Fifteenth, now New York City's Tiffany Jewelers of Fifth Avenue—the establishment of elegance.

Other crystals became and still remain part of California's permanent mineral exhibit at the San Francisco Ferry Building. (Consideration is being given to return the display to Mariposa, in the Mother Lode.)

The crystals were not considered for scientific purposes again until 1926 when the U.S. Government sensed a need for an American supply at its Naval Research Laboratory at Bellevue Anacostia, Washington, D.C.; Commander Oberlin contacted Mr. Burton. Once more, the McSorleys became involved—with the John Burton-McSorley Placer Mine Co.—for the eventual shipment of fifty tons of crystal at a minimum purchase of four to five dollars per pound. The old tunnel (Rough Diamond) was repaired. The crystals were to be in use for radio focus—oscillators to aid in sinking fleets and in the intercommunication of submarines.

Chili Gulch crystals are also immortalized in more recent American naval history. A brief reopening during World War II to satisfy electronic purposes ended the famous crystal search of the once illustrious mine. Its tunnel remains too dangerous to enter. And, ironically, a present day search to find any historic crystals about The Hill is equated to finding a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow! The China Gulch cypress still murmur with perceptible verity—"All must die and pass away!"

Such was John's involvement with mines. Yet, he took time off in the year of the exceptional crystal find to be married again. The bride was Nettie Porteous of the William Porteous family of West Point. The personable, gracious, kind lady proved to be a woman of courage and daring who braved unique adventures as she accompanied and served as able partner-assistant to her husband in the wild, rough mining camps of Nevada and Durango, Mexico.

With John Burton, the McSorley miners hydrauliced the Green Mountain Mine area with water supplied by the Mokelumne Ditch along the hillslope above—the ditch dug by Chinese labor. A derrick lifted the gigantic boulders. The red clay mud and water flowed through a flume and into the tunnel below the residence, carrying the heavy silt into Chili Gulch. Tailings are still visible. The operation ended when the state forced the closing of such ecologically destructive mining operations.

John, though settled at the ranch, continued to promote mines or maintain an active interest—The Boundary Cone, Flume House, What Cheer, Rooney, and North Star. A constant flow of people sought his expertise—visitors from near and far.

In 1916, ill fortune struck! On a wet January night, after rescuing a lost lamb which he carried securely under his arm as he trudged in the deeper-darkening night along the slippery hydrauliced red clay terrain, he fell from a seventy-five-foot bank and broke both legs—one badly shattered. No local hospitals were available! For thirteen months, he recuperated at Stockton's Dameron Hospital fifty miles distant. He remained permanently crippled.

But his interest in ranching and mining continued at high level. Quartz mining and dredging had replaced placer and hydraulic; so big, noisy dredge equipment arrived at the ranch—this time, below the family residence in Chili Gulch—to rework the tailings as far down as the gravel plant presently there. When Hogan Dam was constructed, John and Tom joined in partnership with the City of Stockton to place dredgers in operation.

John, in his lifetime, experienced "the twice-told tales" of fabulous opportunities of those gold mining days—days of difficult and dangerous work, of taking risks, when worthless stock certificate issues and abandoned surface mine machinery could have refilled all the shafts and tunnels opened in the ventures—when dreams of striking it rich were stronger than the rock jackhammered and dynamited. John learned all the tales and kept

his marvelous sense of humor, to earn for himself the title of "fabulous story teller of Mokelumne Hill" as he carried on the tradition of the Emerald Isle Irish in an illimitable style of joviality—with his sparkling, bright eyes, his humor and wit often enlivened by his acts of generosity—of a shared bottle of first rate Irish whiskey and some not so first rate—that of the "bootleg" era. There were many first-rate stories! Many drinks! And there were many grateful miners and friends who mourned his passing in 1949, as they sensed the magnanimity of his contribution to the golden era of mining.

Son Arthur became a leading attorney-at-law of Calaveras bar (1900-1913). A quote from the *Echo*, a local newspaper, on May 28, 1900, described him as "ambitious, sober and industrious." After teaching in various school districts and combining law study, he became district attorney. His pay was $1,400 per year ($116.73 per month) and $25 for every conviction not to exceed $500.

In 1902 and again in 1908, he was elected superior court judge. Upon his untimely death of a stroke at age forty-three, the *Calaveras Prospect* stated: "most distinguished upon the bench in the trial cases coming before him. He had a clear head, well-trained and well-filled with knowledge of the law and human experience. Rarely did the higher courts disagree with his conclusions." His mein—tall, straight—and his bright red beard commanded attention as did his small, loving children, Hugh, Marie, Edward, and Minnie, who often clung to his coat-tails as he walked to his office. His widow, Nellie (Ladrigan), moved the family from San Andreas. They were frequent ranch visitors. No members survive. There are no heirs.

Daughter Annie, Irish colleen, furthered her education in shorthand and business for a ten-year period as stenographer and court reporter (1900-1906) prior to marriage and became an early role model as a Calaveras career woman. She had moved to San Andreas where she lived with brother Arthur. There she served also as legal secretary for attorney Will Dower (later district attorney and state assemblyman). A woman of charm and grace yet evidenced in her late years, reminded that on several occasions she had represented "Liberty" on the Fourth of July celebration parade floats. She joined her brothers in Tonopah to work as court reporter for Judge O'Brien. There she met and married attorney Herman Richard Cooke in 1910 and with him reared their two sons, Richard, Jr. and Thomas Arthur, until their move to Reno in 1920. There, Tom pursued his father's career, and Dick, a Harvard graduate, possibly in imitation of hsi uncles' interests and quests for travel, pursued a career in the geological profession world-wide. Annie McSorley Cooke died in 1956 at age seventy-eight.

Vivacious and beautiful Minnie McSorley, youngest member of the family, brought sudden, unexpected grief and unremitting sadness to the family and the community when, in 1899, she died at age nineteen in Oakland of meningitis. She was the wife of Dr. John Pickering who was then practicing in The Hill.

Richard McSorley (Dick) spent his boyhood helping on the ranch and eventually, the summers, running cattle on an acreage of land near West Point. At the early age of ten, he demonstrated a tendency to bravery when he dashed into Mokelumne's burning Catholic Church of the 1874 conflagration and carried the lithographed Stations of the Cross to their safety. For nearly seventy-five years, those Stations were in use! (They still exist.)

Dick did not choose to pursue mining. He attended Heald's Business College in Stockton, then married Catherine Casey, a young San Andreas school teacher. They moved to Oakland, where Dick evidenced his bravery further in the Oakland Police Department as patrolman from 1898 to 1926, when he retired as captain of inspectors. During that period, he was absent from duty six hours—a truly dedicated public servant.

In the years following retirement, he built a small residence in Chili Gulch where, with his wife, sons and grandchildren, he would spend the summers and where he resided in his last years until death at age eighty-four. (His wife and son Bill had preceded him; son Sterling died in 1973 leaving his son Richard and the two grandsons solely to carry the McSorley name.)

To have known Dick in his later years was to recall his straight, robust figure, sparkling blue-grey eyes, happy, glowing face and abundant white hair. Keen of mind and memory, he invariably quoted Mark Twain and Bret Harte. His added loves were those early acquired among Mokelumne friends—cribbage, pedro, and chewing tobacco! His ranch visits were treasured.

Thomas Edward McSorley (Tom) lived exemplarily in the family home on the Chili Gulch McSorley Ranch to win recognition as a citizen of stature. His high intelligence and broad interests in learning, his determination and hard work brought success in his chosen fields of electrical engineering, mining, and ranching. His natural curiosity took him to the world of books and far away lands. He prized even his brief personal encounters with men of letters—Jack London, Peter B. Kyne, and Rex Beach, the noted authors of the times. His rich and full experiences in mining, where he viewed world problems

—uprisings and near revolutions—injustices and inhumane acts—brought deep respect for law, fairness, justice and compassion. His was a unique life with luck in varying degrees as he pursued his personal search for survival with sufficient "wealth" for a personal life of simplicity and service.

In 1909, after experiencing mining in Mexico, he was invited by his friend and partner of the Nevada Gold Hill mining days, Harry Huston, to London, to become a member of Herbert Hoover's mining firm with interests in a copper mine in Siberia. There, Harry was to serve as superintendent. Tom needed no prodding! He boarded the British liner *Lusitania* (later sunk by German U boats on May 9, 1915, off the Irish coast, bringing death to 1,198 passengers and enciting World War I) and met with Harry and Mr. Hoover in London to be briefed for the long journey to the Albasar Copper Fields in southwest Siberia, 300 miles north of Tashkent, Turkestan. The contract was for a three-year period.

After crossing the English Channel, he proceeded by wood-burning train to Berlin, Warsaw, Saint Petersburg (Leningrad) and Moscow (where his daughter, Mary Jane, and the writer were privileged to retrace his steps in the latter Russian cities in a Citizens' Exchange Program) viewing the pre-1914 old world in its sunset days. He continued onward to Tashkent. At that place began the vigorous journey by camel caravan--300 miles in nine days. There were six wagons, each drawn by four animals, to carry the weary travelers to the mining camp of Dej Kazan where would live a total of fifteen American and English and 300 Kirghiz—native tribesmen.

Tom assisted Superintendent Huston as manager of the copper mine and of an added coal operation 100 miles distant. The barren and treeless plains of rolling hills, hot dry summers and forty-degree-below-zero winters in addition to a strange culture presented unforeseen experiences. There are unbelievably beautiful sepia photographs of supportive evidence, taken and developed by Tom.

Upon completion of the three-year Dej-Kazan contract, when winds of the Russian revolution and the overthrow of the Romanov Czar foretold World War I, the enterprise was ended. A newly constructed road brought the foreigners out, not as they had gone in, but in style—in a company Daimler automobile, Germany's pride in high speed auto racing which later led to the development of the Daimler-Benz.

Tom, in high spirits, feeling his joy of affluence and eager to reach home speedily and safely, purchased a ticket for the maiden voyage of the *Titanic*, to sail from South Hampton, the port most readily reached by him via the Black and Mediterranean seas and Italy. An outbreak of bubonic plague forced a change of plans—a need to retrace his arrival route. He missed the sailing date! The unsinkable *Titanic* sank on April 15, 1912! The story is yet being told. He returned on the *Caronia*, prayerful and grateful for safe passage. He visited relatives in Lowell, Massachusetts, enroute home, then settled on the ranch to live with his mother and pursue ranching on a larger scale. Hereford cattle soon carried the McSorley brand and more sheep grazed in the cleared properties. (Later Black Angus became the foremost breed.) Yet he mined in the Duryea hydraulic to 1916 when the Caminetti Act, a state mandate, eliminated all hydraulic operations.

By 1919, wanderlust had ebbed sufficiently to engage in a different adventure—to finally marry. The bride, lovely and young, twenty-five years his junior--Kathryn Margaret Pitto—had served as nurse-housekeeper for his mother prior to her death. They were married in the old family home by the Reverend James Flanagan, pastor of Angels Camp parish.



Tom McSorley on supervisory duty at Herbert Hoover's copper and coal mining firm in Dej Kazan, Southwest Siberia, where he supervised 300 Kirghis native tribesmen workers.

In 1921, daughter Mary Jane blessed the marriage. There followed, a year and two days later, a baby sister, Teresa Ann. In December 1923, the happy family eagerly anticipated the arrival of Christmas—Santa, with a very special gift—a new baby—perhaps a little brother to carry on the McSorley name. Only grief in abundance arrived! The death of the young mother preceded by the death of the longed-for son!

Stricken with sadness, disappointment and insurmountable loneliness, Tom felt unprepared for the then non-traditional role of single parenting, although his adventures had been varied and numerous. The awesome responsibility for rearing alone two very young daughters! However, his willingness to learn and to adapt; his high sense of fun, humor and understanding combined with the aid of innumerable housekeepers who arrived and departed, offering a surfeit of advice wide in range of quality corresponding with their skills of housekeeping; the consistent, loving aid and care supplied by "nursemaid" Uncle Hugh—all brought the non-argumentative visible success. Had their dad but kept a diary! The "girls" thrived admirably! Early years' bedtime stories included those to challenge the mind—to invite questions of true experiences of far away places, people and things. (Daddy and Uncle Hugh became Irish storytellers, too!) The local schools found "the girls" exceptional students. Mary Jane continued—to graduate from the University of Nevada with a bachelor of arts degree—and Anne from Mumson's Business School after two years at the University of California.

With mining, ranching, and fathering predominant, Tom yet found time to be a true public servant, with intense interest in progressive community development, serving well with fair mindedness and non-parochial views. His activities were as numerous as were his acts of generosity of time and money. He served as one of the first directors of the Central Bank of Calaveras in San Andreas, the Chamber of Commerce, Calaveras Fair (now served by his grandson, Tom Garamendi, following also in his father's footsteps), the Cattlemen's Association, Grange, Democratic Central Committee, Knights of Columbus, and Calaveras Public Utility District, and gave twenty-one years of service to the Calaveras High School as a board of trustees member. He was in regular attendance and was a strong supporter of both Saint Andrew's and Saint Thomas' Catholic Churches. A firm believer in "using your hat as well as your head so as never to be caught short," he always carried a very tightly rolled twenty-dollar bill under his hat band. Collection baskets benefited!

Tom again married—Eletha Potter—a former Oregonian, widowed earlier by the death of her assayer husband. Life continued at the ranch, where the work load lessened when Mary Jane and husband, Ray Garamendi of the Basque Sam and Maria (Osa) Garamendi family of Ely, Nevada, returned from World War II army service at Blanding, Florida. They had met at the University of Nevada and married after graduation. Ray had entered as second lieutenant and served as captain and major. They returned at the war's end with young sons Tom and John, to make their home on the ranch site. As the years passed, Grandfather lived to know and enjoy four of their additional five children—Mary Anne, Sam, Bob, Celeste, and Debbie.

Visits to the ranch by daughter Anne and her husband, Jack Murphy, formerly of San Andreas, and children Kathleen, Dennis, and Teresa, brought continued pleasure in the waning years of the ever-active, alert grandparent, as well as the opportunity for further comparison in child rearing!

In 1957, at age eighty-four, death due to cancer brought an end to the life of a long-treasured personal friend and distinctive citizen of Chili Gulch and Mokelumne Hill. To have known him was to know a man of success—of integrity, courage, humility, quality judgment and dedication. His influence is evidenced in his progeny and their personal commitments to good citizenship and service. Grandson John Garamendi, former state assemblyman presently serving as state senator (majority leader), was a candidate for governor of California in the 1982 election. It is anticipated that his dedicated commitment, leadership, ability, and social stature—reflections of his personal family membership—will bring future higher political successes. Grandfather Tom must be pridefully watchful! And Uncle John is unfailingly telling those "fabulous Irish stories," no longer of mines but of the non-goat herder McSorleys—the fourth and fifth generation of the McSorley clan of Chili Gulch as they carry on in admirable manner as did their forebear role models.

In finality, there is the closing of the story of Mary Frances (Colgan) McSorley. Widowed in 1891, at age forty-nine, undaunted, she kept her family of eight together, remembering "America is promises" and as in the spirit of Robert Frost "and there are promises to keep before I sleep," accepted her challenges. Opportunities demanded sacrifices and hard work—the daily "women's work" with added responsibilities—of operation of the ranch and mining businesses and of providing education



Mary Frances McSorley with her daughter, Annie Cooke, and grandson, Richard Cooke—photographed shortly before her death in 1919.

and study, encouragement and advice, loving warmth and spiritual guidance essential for a caring and sharing family—for twenty-eight years—as she met both its successes and disappointments, exulting in the joys and enduring the pains.

Death of old age came swiftly in 1919, at seventy-seven, in the home where she had resided for fifty-seven years. Newspaper correspondents paid high respect. The *Monitor*: "a woman of rare intelligence. She took an active part in educational, social, and charitable work. A devout and consistent Catholic, she exemplified in her daily life the fruitful teachings and influence of her Faith"; the *Calaveras Prospect*: "a woman of noble character; of most kind-hearted nature willing to lend a helping hand to the needy. No one was ever turned away from her door in hunger or in want." The article continued: "In the funeral procession we noticed several old, early-day characters, each who had been a beneficiary of the beloved lady's hospitality—noticeably Mariano Cordova, Louis Munier, and Sing Lee. Louis Munier walked from San Andreas to Mokelumne Hill leaving the former place at two o'clock (a cold March morning) so as to arrive in time for the early morning's Requiem High Mass Service. The Chinaman traveled nearly as far to pay his last respects to his friend." Could greater tribute be paid than that exemplified by those old "atmosphere" friends who experienced the true love and friendship of a courageous, gentile, pioneer woman—mother of a distinguished family of Chili Gulch—Mary Frances (Colgan) McSorley, emigre of the Emerald Isle?

Samuel S. and Almena (Harrington) Moser

Among Mokelumne Hill's long respected pioneer residents was Samuel S. Moser. In 1861 he arrived, travel-weary and without means, but with his stated ambition "to get on in the world." As in the game of chess, he had daringly completed his first move.

Sam's early German-English ancestors were pre-revolution Lutheran settlers of Lehigh, Pennsylvania. His father, Daniel Moser (1793-1874), married Susan Everett, born in 1799 to the distinguished Everett family—townsfolk who produced the Honorable Edward Everett (1794-1865), eminent statesman and orator.

The urge to go west spurred the couple to Trumbull County, Ohio, where they settled, farmed, reared and educated their nine children. Son Samuel had arrived in 1837. When he was nineteen, his mother died. Three brothers departed to serve the Union in the Civil War. Sam, long lured by stories of opportunities in California, left in 1861 for New York, reached Panama and crossed by railroad. The steamer *Golden Age* transported him to San Francisco. He immediately boarded Stockton's river boat for his destination—Mokelumne Hill –still the vibrant center of civilization. Sam Prindle, kinsman forty-niner, gave warm welcome.

Moser gratefully grasped the opportunities to teach in both Calaveras and Amador counties. He educated himself through strenuous physical labor, for a time, to learn the art of mining. But, unlike the efforts of most argonauts, Sam's road for "getting on" seemed paved with gold. After a partnership with Sam Prindle and Sam Foorman, he owned the Bonanza Placer mine; prospected the Moser quartz; acquired a tailing claim; and employed eight to sixteen men regularly in his Spring Gulch hydraulic operation until such destructive mining was curtailed. By the turn of the century, Sam Moser had acquired the wealth of several hundred thousand dollars. He had definitely attended his ambition!

But gold lured not alone. Almena Marie Harrington, a



The Moser children (circa 1880), left to right: Eugenia (Jenny), born in 1872, Florence, born in 1874 and Mary (Mame), born in 1877. Photographed by E. W. Baker, Mokelumne Hill photographer.

Bostonian whose father, George F. Harrington, was mining in the area since 1851, arrived at age eight with her mother in 1859. Sam watched the little girl grow up—to age seventeen—in proper Bostonian fashion, then married her in Campo Seco in August 1868.

The couple purchased a house and settled themselves on Mokelumne's eastern edge adjoining the "Upper Italian Gardens." Three daughters were born: Eugenia (1872-1958), Florence (1874-1942) and Mary (Mamie) (1877-1957). The Moser family, held in high esteem through their long years of residency, provided a most charming, hospitable, homelike atmosphere. The garden still exudes its delights of splendors of agedness as the historic house it encircles invites retrospection of its "once upon a time" occupants.

Samuel and Almena were active leaders in community affairs—the I.O.O.F. and the Methodist Episcopal Church. They were charter members of the American Legion of Honor, established April 21, 1882. There was



The Samuel Moser home with Florence Moser Sauve sitting on the steps. The house is still occupied.

interest in education, travel and the arts. Daughters Florence and Mary were high achievers at the York Seminary in Stockton and became respected teachers of Calaveras in the 1899-1912 period. (Mamie retired from the profession in San Francisco after forty years of service.)

In 1899, they, with gentlemen and lady friends and chaperone, traveled aboard surrey and big wagon to Yosemite Valley for a month's camping stay. Mamie's travel log reminds of the wagon's big load—a "library" of books, photographic equipment, camp cots, bath tent, bedding, food and trunks of high fashion of the era—long skirts, shirtwaists and hats. The loss of three home-baked pies enroute from The Hill to San Andreas—a three-hour journey—appears as the only mishap worthy of recording.

As active teachers, they were participants in the Teachers' Institute in Mokelumne in late December 1910—a three-day session with an evening program in the Town Hall. (The yearly institutes began in 1860 and continued to the late 1930s.)

Oldest daughter, Eugenia, talented pianist, provided the much-needed and appreciated music for social gatherings and town events and was a member of the local dance band. She was skilled in sewing and needlework and

designed fashionable clothing and millinery. (Later, as business woman, after husband Ely became ill in 1910, she operated the Fisher Ice Cream Parlor on Jackson's Main Street, which, after Spagnoli's long operation, has continued to exist.)

In 1894, at age twenty-two, Eugenia married Kentucky born, handsome, six foot one—dark of hair and eyes—Ely C. Fisher. He was thirty-one and played the cornet! Had begun his twenty years of loyal service as the courageous, ever vigilant Wells Fargo Company messenger—the shotgun rider over the Concord stage strongbox—on both the Mokelumne Hill-Ione and Jackson-Galt runs. Daughter Harriet was born in 1900 in the home of her Moser grandparents—their first and only grandchild.

Ely, reported as a man of "unimpeachable integrity," was honored to act as a guard to accompany a $200 million secret mint transfer via regular train service from San Francisco to Denver for greater safety inland after legislator Andrew Caminetti stirred racial fears of an attack by ship from the then "suspected enemy."

Ely died in 1919 at age fifty-five. Eugenia survived him to age eighty-five and died in 1958, one year after sister Mamie.

Almena Moser, like Ely, had attained honor. In 1915, Mrs. S. S. Moser received an elegant, gold seal-embossed, formal invitation to attend the Women's Board Panama Pacific International Exposition Breakfast on October 29 at 12:00 in the Ballroom Building. The Moser memento fragments indicated that they had possibly placed exhibits at the World's Fair. Death came to Almena on November 14, 1931.

Florence, after teaching in Mokelumne Hill and West Point, in 1910 married John Sauve, local barber. In 1917, they purchased the A. H. McCarty General Merchandise Store across from the Leger Hotel. After John's death in the early 1930s, Florence continued the business through the Depression years to 1941. She died in 1942.

Harriet, with her aging, personable and ever-gracious mother, had returned from San Francisco. With the help of store clerk Gildo Solari, the business continued through World War II. It was purchased in 1945 by the Winkler Brothers—veteran Cyril and Lowell Winkler—who operated it to its final closing in February 1971.

Harriet and Gildo, childhood neighbors and sweethearts, in 1946 began their long-postponed new adventure—marriage. The Moser family home remained their abode. Eugenia, ardent gardener, tended her rambles of roses, the tender tendrils of rosary vines and the rugged, pragmatic aspidistras, and enthusiastically attended the Calaveras Garden Club. Harriet became a member of The Book Club (for teachers) established by the writer in 1937 and yet existing. Gildo pursued his television baseball

The Samuel S. Moser family members, right to left: Samuel S. Moser (1837-1922), owner of Spring Gulch Hydraulics, his wife, Amanda Harrington Moser (1851-1932?), Florence Moser Sauve (1874-1942), her husband, John Sauve (died 1932?), general merchandise store owners, Harriet Fisher Solari (1900-1974), schoolteacher and daughter of Ely and Eugenia Fisher.



Ely Fisher, Mokelumne Hill's cornet player and Wells Fargo stagecoach shotgun rider over the strongbox carrying gold shipments.



watching, fly fishing and deer, quail and dove hunting interests. The Moser family history yet moved onward—slowly.

Samuel Moser, a familiar figure with his long, white beard, after sixty-one years of "getting on in the world of Mokelumne Hill," met his Provider of the whirl of worldly successes on July 16, 1922 at age eighty-five. The family residence (which awaits sale) continued to accommodate its members and friends into the 1980s. In 1948, Harriet and her mother hosted a group of San Francisco friends who participated in the Centennial Pageant to greatly enhance the outdoor stage setting in their authentically beautiful, colorful Mexican costumes. The Moser interests in community affairs had again prevailed.

Sam's implantings—the stirring words of kinsman orator Edward Everett, like Mokelumne's aged church bells, still resound impressively:

"An earthly immortality belongs to a great and good character. History embalms it; it lives in its moral influences, in its authority, in its example, in its words and deeds."

Samuel Moser, pioneer, arrived in The Hill barren of means but bearing a noble, fruitful family philosophy of life.

Attilio and Mary (Scosso) Lombardi

Among the young emigrants to depart from the homeland for better opportunities was Attilio Lombardi, born in Airolo, Switzerland in 1851. Nearing age fourteen, in 1864 he arrived in America. He settled among friends and former hometown residents—the Bernardi family, engaged in a dairy operation. Attilio became a farm laborer. In 1876, he married seamstress Mary Scosso, also born in Switzerland, in 1850. They settled in the Esperanza Creek area and soon acquired cattle and ranch lands on the Calaveras River and eventually in the high Sierra. So began the long and notable Lombardi history of cattle ranching.

Seven children were born to Attilio and Mary—five to reach adulthood. Amilio, born in 1876, established himself in Murphys where he operated Manuel's Mill mule teams. Daughter Annie (Voitich), retired teacher and active, respected citizen at age eighty, still resides with her husband, John, in the family home. Alex (1877) married Jessie Lester. Nine children were raised in The Hill as he plied his trade as blacksmith: Fred, Doris, Mabel, Stanley, Clifford, Oswald, Helen, Maxine and their step-brother, Alex, Jr. Bachelors Johnnie (1879) and Louie (1880) became Mokelumne's colorful, distinguished cattlemen; William (1882) entered the teaching profession. After experiencing marriage and fatherhood, he died at age thirty-seven of blood poisoning.

As the years passed, the family homesteaded vast acreages on the Ebbetts Pass areas, now developed as the Bear Valley recreation site. Its airstrip is remembered as a flowery meadow land enjoyed by grazing cattle. The Lombardi cattle drives were anticipated events; the cattle camp a rendezvous for many friends long holding treasured memories.

Some family members still hold ranching interests. Oswald Lombardi serves as manager for Senator John and Patti (Wilkinson) Garamendi's "Touch the Earth" cattle ranch at Paloma.

Attilio died at age forty-nine in 1900; Mary at age seventy-five in 1925. They are buried in the Protestant Cemetery.

Joseph and Alice (Prindle) Dell'Orto

Joseph Dell'Orto, a small in stature, robust, handsome eighteen-year-old immigrant, reached his destination, Mokelumne Hill, in 1878. His sparkling eyes quickly surveyed the locale and sensed its similarities to his native Switzerland with its grassy hillslopes and opportunities to maintain homeland traditions. He would involve himself in cattle raising. Be a rancher! Take the herds to the higher elevations each late spring as in the old country.

After a long period of hard laboring, his dreams became reality. He had purchased land in the townsite and cattle to graze upon it, as he remained a bachelor. Nineteen years had sped!

But on September 5, 1897, when reported to be a wealthy rancher, at age thirty-seven, he married auburn haired (like all her brothers) Alice Augusta Prindle, eleven years younger. Their marriage was performed by Judge Francis T. Day in the bride's mother's spacious, profusely fern- and flower-decorated parlor. Brother Ira Prindle and his young wife, Tillie (Jacob) Prindle, daughter of Charles Jacob, German-Jew miner who had turned merchant—owner of "The Emporium"—served as the attendants. After a lavish breakfast, the couple departed for a San Francisco honeymoon.

The ensuing years brought three sons—Carl, Lincoln and Earle—who gave assistance as young herdsmen and cowboys. At the turn of the century, the family acquired a 160-acre high mountain summer range property, the Dell'Orto Cattle Camp on the Ebbett's Pass road not

distant from Lake Alpine.

There, local friends—cattlemen, drovers, huntsmen and fishermen—regaled in the camp's hospitality in the appropriate seasons. They exhibited their skills as outdoorsmen, bagging the expected limits. Stories of these wondrous days yet circulate—of treks in the pristine Sierra slopes—to the Mokelumne River canyon and the nearby high elevation lakes where wily rainbow and brown trout were abundant; where mule deer abounded; where at the barbecues and campfire gatherings, tales as tall as the encircling pines, firs, junipers and cedars of the surrounding forests exuded—muddied as the aromatic black coffee; twisting and rising to ever new heights as the black smoke of the charred campfire logs.

Family cattle still summer graze—under the operations of the fourth and fifth generations—those of grandson Glenn and his son Stanley—progeny of Carl and Violet (Seeman) Dell'Orto.

Dell'Orto Road at The Hill's edge pays tribute to the Swiss contributor to cattle raising which still prevails on the beautiful, rolling hill ranch properties where family members reside.

Joe Dell'Orto died in 1949. Alice, who like her father had served as a school trustee in the 1930s period, preceded him in 1940.

Edward R. Hanford

The local pioneer cemeteries—Protestant and Catholic—established in 1850 on Centre Street's oak- and pine-covered hillslopes, with their regal Italian cypress groves, aged iron-grilled plots and wearied, weathered moss-covered gravestones, provide ample opportunity for both recollection and introspection.

Long at rest in the Protestant Cemetery is a recipient of the United States Medal of Honor, granted on October 14, 1864, to Civil War soldier-hero Private Edward R. Hanford of Company H, 2nd U.S. Cavalry. He was rewarded for action at Woodstock, Virginia on October 9, 1864 for capturing the flag of the 32nd Battalion of the Virginia Cavalry of the Confederate States of America.

Edward R. Hanford of Allegheny, New York, son of Charles and Ann Hanford, was born in 1845 in Ohio. At age eighteen, he, a farmer, enlisted in October 1862 and served to the war's close to be honorably discharged.

At Volcano, California, on November 14, 1880, he married twenty-year-old Emma Vian Nuner, daughter of William and Amanda (Pollard) Nuner. (The Nuner family was long associated with Mokelumne Hill.) Four children were born.

On January 30, 1890, honored medalist Edward Hanford was killed in a mine fire at Chili Gulch's Quaker City Mine. His grave site, long undetermined, was marked in an impressive Veterans' Day ceremony in 1988.

Clovis Laidet, completing his twentieth year as a dedicated director of the Mokelumne Hill Cemetery District, was determined to show the proper respect, long overdue, to America's hero-veteran of the Civil War. For such effort, the community can be grateful.

Edward V. Norton

For those who wish to believe, the reincarnated spirit of forty-niner John Hosley again reaffirmed his unswerving loyalty and intense fondness for Mokelumne Hill "with its crooked streets as well as its crooked habits" in the near ghost town, but not to flourish as in the days of gold rush affluence but in the years of the great Depression; not to steer in the troublesome waters of the swift moving Mokelumne but yet to steer—as craftily—in the slow moving, troubled waters of hard economic times.

The spirit of John reasserted itself as the carefree, fun loving spirit of Edward V. Norton—owner-manager of Mokelumne's famed Peek Inn at Centre and Main—the once-upon-a-time distinguished, dormered and balconied, tree shaded structure of the Golden Eagle Hotel.

Edward Norton, born in 1900, arrived in The Hill to operate the Peek Inn in the "roaring twenties" when the economy was making recovery after World War I. Then, money was for spending and friends of the establishment were for forever fun and laughter—to be wined and dined as demanded in epicurean fashion as he diffused his personal charm and sophistication as chef and gracious manager and effused his "magic of joy" on their innocence while he perfected his beloved art of performing as perpetual clown of jest, joke, and prank. Radio, jazz, talkies, women's suffrage, automobiles (with rumble seats) and even the airplane were making social impact in the gin era of prohibition. So there were many gatherings at the Peek Inn with relaxation seeking guests arriving from distant points—always assured of no moment's dullness—often enjoyed in the company of Ed's loyal, local cohorts.

With the sudden economic downturn crash of October 1929, there began The Inn's assured destiny of dissolution. Though Ed was known as "that funny guy that runs the Peek Inn," the reverse soon revealed the truth. Only Ed's high spirit of fun made operation at all possible

through the bleak decade of Depression and World War II. His ever-mounting problems he confronted with creativity and ingenuity!

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's New Deal of Mining Revival finally came into being. Gold had increased in value from $20.67 to $35 per ounce. Excitement was high! Mokelumne's once big producers—the Boston and Easyz Bird—reopened. There were jobs! So began the influx of mining professionals, inexperienced young graduate miners, chemists, assayists, hard rock miners and "greenhorn" laborers—all hopeful—no longer for riches and wealth—but for a mere livelihood.

The Inn became home to many. Wages were low. Extension of credit was high for room, board, and bar. Arrivals and departures were constant, as were the unpaid bills. Ed's only assured certainty was his self-commitment to erasing the dullness of already dulled days. His greatest love was to act as prankster where a sense of humor, as pure and undistilled as the ever-flowing Mokelumne springs derived from equal depths—of those understanding hearts—was vital. The reward of laughter would prove the remedy for survival in togetherness. Ed as dispenser of "the magic of joy" made the togetherness of the improbable the reality of the impossible. In retrospect, those were truly days of disbelief.

In the mid-thirties, after Prohibition's end, when the local teacher residents of The Leger—Bobette Hornecker (married Louis Cavagnaro) and the writer—dared to ignore the narrow prejudices of the all-woman school board and passed through The Inn's cocktail lounge to seat themselves for a gourmet dinner in the yet existing dining room, behold! Large, heavy, non-handled, white, ceramic mugs appeared. "Gratis from the establishment," said the charming young waitress. Highballs! The standard alcoholic drink of the times! Ed's gesture of welcome! The disguise—made in silent sympathy as well as protest of school board views! The proffer was accepted with grace and gratitude. The teachers were accepted! A new school board shortly came into being—all men of status—with high concern not only for education but for the teachers' workplace, salaries, and social lives. Their presence at "swinging" social galas was the expected. (There were some memorable happenings.)

So with the community concerns of genuine friendship, dining became as habitual as The Inn allowed. Ed's philosophy of "people are as happy as they make up their minds to be—or life is up to each of us—we write our own parts"—led to the eventual "love it or leave it" management executed as in the legerdemain of "now you see it, now you don't." That left much wanting. Details of operation fulfillment were uncertainties although gourmet dining was always a possibility. Ed was an excellent chef and skilled bartender. The usual services became unexpected but there was assurance of "a laugh a day for life time remembrance." Volumes could have been written about The Inn—a place at the edge of madness and irrationality. There was offered both wonder and surprise. Feelings, opinions, beliefs, and ideas were freely expressed and bonds of friendship and love of humankind brought closeness. Such were the joys of depression togetherness.

With such procedures, it was not unusual to see Miss Hornecker, an early morning riser, trudging back to Florence Sauve's General Store to purchase the needed breakfast items, prepare them, eat hurriedly, then leave the leftovers and payment for menu prices on the counter. (Helpfulness and trust were greatly appreciated!) Late diners lucked out. Such was the cooperative spirit that developed.

Dining room and cocktail lounge visits through the decade brought unexpected associations of "highbrow and low." How vivid yet appears the hobo guest who wearily arose from his seat at a nearby, white linen covered table of the dining room to give his most dignified welcome. "Good evening, ladies. I'm Patrick O'Riley. There is nobody like me. I guess He lost the mold." Then, silence. Only the sound of hot soup being enjoyed by another Irishman who, like those earlier Irish pioneers, found himself "in this beautiful place."

There were many "finders" who mingled at The Inn—the "Greenwich Village of the diggin's of the depression"—the miners, ranchers, cowboys, gardeners, carpenters, and lumberjacks; the gamblers and "bar fly" alcoholics; the businessmen and professionals; the intellectuals and non-readers; the day laborers, technicians and inventors; the high couture and country kitchen clothed women; the bored housewives and pert, chic barmaids; the genteel and raucous; the gossips and gadabouts; the politicians and non-voters. Conversations were both exciting and enlightening! Would-be entertainers supplemented the lifting of spirits with radio songs—"Hallelujah I'm a Bum," "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?", "Happy Days Are Here Again," and "We're in the Money." All endeavored to remain in the side wings, hoping not to make appearance "on stage" in the enactments of Ed's drama of life. Most did not succeed. Their tales were those of disbelief and unending. Each learned quickly Ed's solution to the daily problems of management of "an old

historic inn." "Give assurance of atmosphere through involvement." Atmosphere there was!

Complaints were the normal and unending. "My bed keeps falling down!" The remedy? A heavy car jack of the times. "The rain keeps falling into my room." The solution? The owner's boots with accompanying note—"Thanks for helping." When a constant whiner, a mine superintendent, finally placed cash on the wooden counter top as partial payment for extended credit alongside his bill and corncob pipe, Ed made the event memorable for both! He engaged the staid Cornishman in conversation with a bystander. When handed his receipt, after the "exchange of civilities," the gentleman reached for his beloved corncob. Lo! It would not lift off! Ed, with skillful artifice, had nailed it from beneath. The moment of colliding expressions—of complete innocence with bewildered embarrassment—was as brief as the exit without comment.

Ed firmly believed life was one great joke! He loved nothing so much as watching human behavior. His loving friends, equally fond—Percy Peek and Frank Solinsky—were ever-willing assistants. Ed's generosity to both individuals and the community, like his wit and humor, was notable and constant. When he overheard that no library shelves—nor even a small book collection—yet existed in the upper grade classroom, he immediately delivered the needed shelving. (Possibly those "blessed boards" from nearby!) And when many costumes were sought for the centennial pageant, he provided the access—all at no cost—procured from his highly respected, long time friend Bing Maloney—director of the Department of Recreation of Sacramento Parks, honored in a golf course naming.

No one was immune to the perpetual "high jinks" of The Inn, as the writer, too, soon learned. Wishing to give a very handsome, very broke, shy mining engineer the money needed to pay their admission to the Jackson Theater, Ed, with detailed explanation (money was scarce), was asked to cash a ten-dollar check. While making payment, he made apology: "I will have to give it to you all in silver. Let me drop it right into your purse"—not an unusual gentlemanly type of assistance. Upon arrival, one of the party, possibly wishing to momentarily feel affluent, dashed ahead and bought everyone's ticket. The following school morning, in an equal spirit of generosity—money was being offered to students to purchase much-needed crepe paper at the local store to complete an art project. Surprise! All that shining silver was Chinese money! As for the Chinese, "face" had been saved—and possibly a shy gentleman's friendship.

In the spring of 1942, Government Order L 208, in the interest of World War II effort, required all mines to close. Mokelumne's spurt of mining activity was struck down with Draconian force. The local number of jobless soared. Food and gas rationing brought even further complications with more visible decline to The Peek Inn. Its time, too, had come! In the late spring of 1948, like the majestic namesake of its predecessor, as in imitation, it folded its wings—of historic shelter—and quietly passed away.

Unlike the hostelry with its recorded history of longevity, death came early for its final owner-manager, at age fifty-five. Those privileged to have experienced their years of association with The Peek Inn recall that being Depression poor was a blessing in disguise as dispensed to the willing converts of Edward V. Norton's philosophy—a blessing dispensed by a unique individual from a very special, lost mold.







Mokelumne Hill teenagers of 1886—students with Frank Day, teacher-principal at right.

Preceding page: Mokelumne Hill's ladies (circa 1890s). Back row: Jessie McGaw, Mattie Sheldon and Lizzie MacNamara. Middle row: Minnie Davidson, Eugenia (Moser) Fisher. Front row: Maude Schrack. Maude married Dr. Washburn Chaffee, who served the community during the depression years, professionally and as president of the Community Club.

Mokelumne Hill's young men about town in the mid 1880s. Back row, left to right: Loren Wait, Fred Suessdorf, Charter Peek and Charles Day. Front row, left to right: Ely Fisher, George Pillon, Jake Blair and Tom Peek.

At right: Businesspersons of Mokelumne Hill who, through their interest and financial support, aided the long continuance of local festivities and celebrations. Left to right, starting from the top row, are: H. Krim, G. Rice, S. Gobbi, owner and operator of the Oasis Saloon and Club Saloon, William Laughlin, saloonkeeper, A. W. Siegel, blacksmith, and J. Sauve. Second row: F. Nuner, grocer, D. A. Nuner, E. Leblanc, shoemaker, F. W. Suessdorf, owner and operator of Hotel Leger, C. E. Prindle, superintendent of the water ditch, C. Gardella, undertaker. Third row: E. J. West, S. L. Davidson, owner, mercantile store, C. M. Burleson, A. F. Merrill, W. T. Robberson, mining promoter, L. Everett. Fourth row: G. Giufre, E. P. Congdon, A. H. McCarty, grocer, Blanche McCarty, telephone operator, Mrs. M. E. Coudry, F. W. Peek, grocer. Fifth row: F. H. Day, principal, Mokelumne Hill School, S. F. Stuckey, M.D., local doctor, T. C. Peters, druggist, L. Baldwin, hotel owner, William Brown, veterinarian, H. R. Greve, livery stable owner. Photographed on May 1, 1906.



Mokelumne Hill's old-timers were among those who gave enthusiastic support and raised funds to retain the county courthouse. Back row, left to right: Charles Cloverdale Wells, Judge Eugene Burce, Joel Hamby, Colonel Knowen. Middle row: Colonel Robinson, Charles Rice, Daniel Black, George Emerson and George Fischer. Seated: Emily (Emma) Wells, Anna Eliza Zumwalt, third woman unknown (circa 1908).



PART V
PERIODS OF DISHARMONY

Scene 1

French War

Not always did the affairs of the days run smoothly! Disharmony and strife, on occasion, intermingled with the affairs of "normal" life in a town young, high-spirited and rip-rarin' to go. In addition to the usual number of pioneer mining camp quarrels, so-called "wars" occurred: Bloodless affairs, now referred to as "The French War," "The Wars for and of the County Seat," and one of a serious nature in which several were killed, known as the Chilean War. The seriousness of the latter nearly brought about an international conflict between the United States and Chile—and of one of the former, a significant sectional conflict between Mokelumne Hill and San Andreas still remembered when the present county seat location is mentioned. The stories are told . . .

In 1851, the French were the envy of the Americans for their rich claims and appropriate fort located on the present French Hill site. $800,000 paydirt in one week! Their refusal to pay a "foreign miners' tax" assessed by a law passed by the state legislature exclusively for Chinamen and Gauls exacerbated jealousy to pronounced rivalry. This caused Sheriff John Hanson, who acted as tax collector, to summon a large posse to enforce collection.

The Frenchmen rallied to the ram's horn summons from the old French Store in Happy Valley, the blare resounding and echoing, it is told, with sufficient force to create shifting of exposed red clay and gravel slopes and to inspire the French for miles around to don their big, black hats, jaunty berets, and gay bandanas and hurry with their long guns down the steep, rugged hills, raise the French flag at the fort to proclaim their independence, and then march briskly at Main and Centre in front of the French Store singing "The Marseilles" as they defied the power of the state.

Governor John McDougal ordered a battalion of militia and appointed Bill Bradshaw's men to command it. He arrived at the fort to find a very militant gathering and ordered the French to surrender. They vigorously defied him with "Vive la France," marched forth in true battle array and dared Bradshaw's men to fire the first shot. Clicking guncocks pierced the momentary silence! The alarmed Bradshaw commanded, "Order arms!" A few disobeyed. Bradshaw proceeded to disarm and eject them from the lines. Then, in desperation, he approached the French commander and proposed, "If blood be spilled, let the question be settled by single combat, the two commanders to be combatants." The proposition was accepted! Friendly adjustments brought the welcome peace!

However, during the parley, ubiquitous, enterprising Americans slipped behind the French lines and filled sacks with rich ore in which they found "pay dirt" worth fifty to one hundred dollars a sack—some of the ten million supposedly extracted and guarded by 1853 at that locale.

Scene 2

Chilean War

English speaking argonauts, involved in early sea trade from Valparaiso, Chile, arrived in San Francisco to be among the first of the suppliers of Chilean food and goods to the mines. In the early months, 7,000 Chileans embarked to join the gold rush. Larger groups followed. In this area of the "land of gold," in the days of early mining with picks, shovels, cradles, buckets and pans. Sixteen feet square constituted a claim.

In Chili Gulch, an area with the prospect of enormity of richness and no inkling of doom, such claims were located in September 1849 by Chileno J. Concha and other companies to number one hundred men—claims envied by Yankees who had arrived from the South and brought their slaves with them. There had been an agreement among Yankees that a slave could not take up claims in his own name or that of his master. The Chileans had brought workers with them, practically slaves of Indian blood instead of black persons, hired out to wealthy men. The Chileans proposed to take up claims in the names of their wards.

Yankees (including Colonel James J. Ayers), as free men, felt the competition for the rich ravine and would not tolerate such acts. The Chileans, singled out for special animosity against foreigners earlier in San Francisco when California was yet without government, refused to be intimidated or dispossessed—to be targets of hatred, violence and injustice. They responded in kind regardless of a lack of language facility! Hence, the Chilean War got off with a forceful bang! Deaths resulted. The Chileans were feared!

The Yankees, evidencing their hate and ignorance, with each successive quarrel and attack, with wounded and dying on both sides, found the agitation had reached its climax when, in December, the Chilean groups having joined together, brought into the Gulch a year's supply of necessities and built shelters to protect themselves from the unruly as well as from the severities of a most difficult winter. They were ordered by the Yankees to leave in ten days. This meant sacrificing homes and unbearable losses —the high cost of freight ($80-$200 per hundredweight) for supplies brought in with an indeterminate stress in the vicissitudinous fifteen to twenty days of continuous rain by the bucketsful while carrying food and provisions from Stockton over the difficult terrain of fifty miles! More than one hundred men replied in defiance to fight for their rights to death if necessary, fighting more than two hundred well-armed Americans with full support of unofficial "Judge" M. W. Collyer of Double Springs in their illegal criminal conduct. He was appointed by the area Yankee agitators to do as he pleased and in defiance of the official Calaveras Judge B. Scollen, appointed by District Subprefect W. Dickenson at Stockton.

The Chileans were robbed of arms, tools, money, food and clothing, creating for the robbers a virtual "rich gold mine" necessitating a two- to three-day haul to the "Judge's" storerooms. Chilean houses were demolished and the self-appointed, righteous civic committee, acting as a government, took justice into its hands, imposing its own laws and codes independent of the legal authority's concern for rights, fairness and decency.

The Yankee contingent ordered that Concha be hanged, and that the Chilean "agitators" receive the harsh treatment of the day, each according to the needs determined by the sadistic "Moral Majority"—whip lashes, cutting off an ear, branding, shaving the heads and eyebrows, shooting, hanging, or being run out of the camp. A small American contingent of four to six persons appeared in order to protest. Their noble act proved unfruitful.

No Chilean consulate was available for redress. Thus, the Chilean War of the mines, although it had the potential of becoming a real war between the United States and Chile, ended. An account of this rabid, anti-Chilean violence was ably recorded by Ramon Jil Navarro, Argentinian English-speaking interpreter, translator and court reporter present at the "trials." His article was published in Concepcion, Chile in January 1853.

Yet, some of the undaunted Chileans braved a return! Near the site of the present day Chili Gulch historic

marker which informs of the iniquitous days of -49, each early spring, three rose-pink-blossomed almond trees appear in unusual and very spectacular splendor as if the petals carry the stain of the blood shed in defense of a claim. They stand boldly, rugged and sturdy though aged, in magnificent array on the green, wind- and rain-swept knoll. They stand, as if in repeated Chilean defiance, as symbols of beauty to replace the ignominious, ugly acts of man with natural beauty to honor the gulch where it is reputed three wooden crosses were placed to mark the graves of the Latino victims—Damian Ursúa, Francisco Cardenas, and José del Carmen Téran, who were tied to oak trees and shot by lawless Yankees in a devised system of target practice against the protests of the rational and sympathetic people. Yet, the criminals were never punished for their bloodthirsty acts. They were accepted and treated as respected citizens. The cross's inscription, though crudely incised, yet reflective of the donors' simplicity and sincerity in expressin of sorrow and faith, read: "Say the Our Father and Hail Mary for the souls of the Chileans who were killed here on January 1, 1850." The spring loveliness of the trees continues to relay the special, communicative message for belated reparation.



Ruins of the old French Fort on French Hill.



The Chili Gulch historic marker on Highway 49 was erected by the California Centennial Commission and the Mokelumne Hill Lions Club in 1949.

Scene 3

Wars for and of the County Seat

Calaveras County in its origin was a county of significance in the state's gold rush history. It contained Amador County until 1854, parts of Mono to 1861, and most of Alpine to 1864. Double Springs was the first seat of government, serving from 1850 to 1851. A single house met all needs—as courthouse, hall of records, inn, store, gambling house, and saloon. The gold camp of Jackson had two houses available (suitable for legal activities, that is) and wanted the county seat. Mokelumne Hill, her amicable neighbor, was also a contender. In 1851, an election was held, but due to excessively strong opposition for any move at Double Springs and political conniving, the tin cracker-box which contained the archives of Calaveras had to be stolen—by Frederick Gall and P. E. Walden—tumbled into the waiting wagon, and speedily transported by the swiftest team possible over the rough, narrow, winding river ledge canyon road to cross clop-cloppingly onto the wooden Middle Bar Toll Bridge of the Mokelumne River, then onward! Onward to Jackson, the "declared" new legal seat of government!

In 1852, another election took place by petition with Mokelumne again contender. Officials were appointed to go on horseback through the diggings and receive votes in person. On election day, Jackson learned the reason for "ALL THOSE HORSES IN MOKE HILL!" Mounted, a large band of The Hill's gun totin' citizens rode throughout the county, voting in every precinct! Jackson had but few horses. Her special bull fight to get out the vote failed with the "help" of "Hellians" who allowed the bulls to escape! By nightfall, the county seat had been voted to Mokelumne Hill! She won by a landslide of ballots thought to exceed in number the population of Calaveras County!

The Hill continued in her majestic glory as county seat, wiping away her infamous deed with a history of noble achievement until 1863 when her other "good neighbor" then more active in placer mining and more centrally located in the county—San Andreas—dethroned her. There was a proper election. Moke Hill challenged the results. Political INaction ensued! The officials refused to move. Accusations of illegalities; of broken promises. But the demise of glory came by Supreme Court order falling resoundingly in 1865. Shouts reverberated—loud and long—"San Andreas beware! San Andreas beware! History sometimes repeats itself!"

It is rumored that a few old-time residents who profess to have learned the art of secret keeping whisper that present would-be miners express their fears of weird warning sounds! "Strange sounds in those gravel channel tunnels! In deep shafts, too! Newcomers hear! Hear them in the town park. On brilliant, warm, summer moonlight nights when star jasmine scents the air and kildeer flocks flying high and speedily share their melodies as they move to far-distant awaiting green fields!" "Maybe from all those kiotas on French Hill?" And the "atmosphere folk" —those remaining few experienced hardrock miners, seated on the town bench—still swear, "I'll be G-- d-----! I hear 'em. Strange weird sounds. In my ear. Hear 'em. San Andreas beware! Hear 'em when the G-- d----- cold fogs come!"

Fogs do come to sunny Mokelumne Hill. Fogs come in many ways. Play hide and seek with the Butte. Drift in curling, swirling whisps to lovingly touch the town's towering I.O.O.F. Building; to hover in diaphanous mists and hug, reassuringly, again, the historic structures where no longer nightly bang and clang the heavy, rusting iron doors and shutters. Stilled are their locking bars. Gone is the raucous grate of speaking of their proud efforts in security. Is there really foretelling as in the prescience of old? History sometimes repeats itself. But history, too, presents its fogs.

PART VI
FESTIVITIES AND OBSERVANCES

In times long past, despite rivalries and dissensions, in the wearisome laboring to seek a mere livelihood or to seek a fortune, each ethnic group or nationality found occasions for both rejoicing and sharing—for learning and for laughing together, to bring merriment and relaxation.

There was great need to relieve days of toil, anxiety, discomfort, monotony and tragedy. Longings for homelands brought varied reminiscent displays of traditions and customs in the prevalent social events and celebrations. These actions proved to be a strong, unifying force in development of cosmopolitan communities. Traditions and rituals served to unify ethnic groups. They provided the much needed sense of identity and well-being and assured dignity and strength to face the formidable tomorrows of the new land, thus giving life meaning and value. Churches, lodges and clubs brought sureties in the stability of relationships—the vital, permanent network of contacts.

Children of the era, being limited in both their amounts of recreation, when many hands were needed for family survival, and in their means, were not always participants but lived in enthusiastic anticipation of the family and public celebrations permitted, responding with their usual childlike spontaneity, awe and wonder. They always gave enthusiastic assurance to arrangers and performers that theirs was an appreciative audience! Parents were eager supporters when children were involved as entertainers in school and church programs then so popular. Elaborate crepe paper costumes eventually became much in vogue, especially when school operettas became popular.

The dynamic intermingling of diverse nationalities engendered acceptance with exciting sharing and sampling in home visits and those lunch pail exhanges of hospitality—of both foods and recipes—unaware that such gracious acts would help to foster the growth of the present renowned Mother Lode cuisine specialties enjoyed at family tables and in dining establishments. Unique cosmopolitan cookery emerged: the Italian seasoned foods featuring garlic, sage, basil, thyme, oregano, marjoram, bay leaves, celery, fennel, cardamon, nutmeg, peppercorns, and juniper berries which spiced foods—salami, proscicuitto, gnochi, macaroni, spaghetti, rissoto, ravioli, polenta, minestrone, tomato and pesto sauces. Sourdough bread and panetone made appearance.

There appeared French bread and fries (potatoes), doughnuts and pastries and white and brown sauces, creme soups and consommes enticing with flavors of tarragon, rosemary, parsley, white pepper and yellow mustard; the distinct, pungent smells of red chili pepper, allspice, cumin, coriander and saffron alluring in Spanish-Mexican enchiladas, tortillas, tamales, chili beans, tamale pie, Spanish rice and brown sugar flavors of flan and penuche; the British Isles Cornish pasties, corned beef and cabbage, and roast beef; Irish stews, potato cake, fruit, angel food and saffron cakes and mince, apple, pumpkin, coconut creme and lemon pies; the Austrian deep fried spring chicken, coffee cakes, jelly buns, cottage cheese and apple strudels.

The Chinese (Cantonese) provided long grained rice, pork, wonton, squid, sweet and sour, chow mein, fried rice, egg foo yung—redolent with pungent mustard, soy, cloves, nutmeg, ginger and star anise, to be savored with pots of hot green tea; the German "Hearty Foods"—thick soups, meat balls, dumplings, varied sausages—white, smoked, blood—sauerkraut, weinerschnitzel (breaded veal cutlets), wild game cookery of venison, rabbit, quail, pigeon, dove and trout; bread and rice pudding and egg custards.

The Slavic offered onion, garlic and herb cookery of soups, roasted or smoked pork and goat; kale ("bull pine cabbage"), meat, fish and vegetable stews. Dining in the Mother Lode's southern mines establishments became bargain events of privilege. Cosmopolitan Mokelumne Hill made much contribution.

Varied and many were the added social opportunities.

Visits to neighbors, friends, and newcomers; benefit dinners—auctions and raffles to meet the need for funds for many benevolent groups and civic causes; lodges for men as well as women, both inclusive and exclusive—often with formal, flowery rituals, secret passwords, blackballing, music, singing and drill teams; fife and drum practices and exhibitions; concerts and barbershop quartets both on and off key; church choirs likewise; parades, picnics, dances and balls; theatricals; minstrel shows and masquerades; special holiday festivities; box suppers; hay rides; religious celebrations; circuses; rodeos; ball games; deep-pit barbecues; lyceums and debating societies; dance classes; bowling; billiards; horse racing; card games for pleasure or money—cribbage, whist, pedro, pinochle, Black Jack, penny ante, poker, solo and Klondike—and the added saloon vices of gambling with high stakes, drinking, and the ever willing gals.

Ever the show of life in Mokelumne moved forward—onward—then backward to create the mental etchings of nostalgic reminiscences. Those were great days of gold camp social growth—of growing up in a heyday "gourmet."

Scene 1

British Traditions

Atop Stockton Hill, named for the route to that city, a large level space, the site of ball games, horse races and many recreational activities, the annual May Day festivities were held, with Maypole dancing. Maypole dances occur throughout widely distributed areas of the world, and are still common in many regions of Europe where permanent poles are visible on village greens. They are survivors of ancient dancing around a living tree as part of spring rites to ensure fertility and became ceremonial folk dances around a tall pole garlanded with greenery or flowers. Some poles are bedecked with ribbons that are woven into complex patterns as the dancers move to the national rhythms of the music.

At the local British festival, families gathered to picnic, socialize, play games, race and enjoy the special ceremonies. In the forenoon, the Queen of May was crowned and seated on her throne. It was considered a high honor to be chosen queen. The Maypole dancers, girls dressed in white, wearing crowns of flowers and colorful sashes, wove the gay, varied colored, bright cambric ribbons. The evocative, yearned for touch of "long live the Queen" regality of the homeland, with its distinctive charm of primness and propriety in a state preponderantly British was much respected where roughness of variety and degree prevailed. Maypole dances long remained a visible form of entertainment in the county's schools.

Drama, too, had moved westward to become warmly welcomed. Colonel J. D. Stevenson's Seventh Regiment members influenced the early cultural offerings of The Hill. Since some members of the contingent had enacted performances to eradicate the boredom of "rounding The Horn," their dramatic interests continued. A variety of original plays and amateur shows delighted the many argonauts long accustomed in their homelands to the many well-developed cultural offerings of music, dance, art and drama. They demanded and supported theatricals as well as newspapers, periodicals, books—and saloons.

A small theater was constructed in a rented hall by "The Mokelumne Hill Histrionic Association." Amateur, lively and colorful theatricals evolved—a panoply of productions—of varied quality: from poetry recitations, monologue and pantomime to vaudeville and melodrama; from farce skits to the histrionic art of Shakespeare. The offerings accommodated the permanency and diversity of the talent available. The theater company of young men, under the spirited leadership of H. O. Clark, Adams Express agent, performed on a candlelighted stage boastful of a unique and fascinating mechanism for operation of the footlights from the prompter's desk to attain levels of high or low light intensity. There was a drop curtain! Elaborate painted scenery.

Feminine roles (as traditional in the Chinese dramas)

were of necessity acted by the most effeminate men available who could speak English. It is not difficult to imagine how readily the tragic transformed to comic and comic encountered the tragic as play directors and actors, ever intensely dependent, exhibited their dissonances and dissolutions while stage managers maintained scintillas of sanity.

H. O. Clark, agent, remained enthusiastic. The Hutchinson family, a talented local group, periodically provided entertainment to a crowded house. They sang their truthful refrain: "Uncle Sam was rich enough to give us all a farm."

Soon a fine, expensive theater evolved. Traveling troupes, with stars of note, offered the significant gold camp dramatic entertainment of the times, it is believed. Genuine female stars received high interest. Such were the enthusiastic reports of Colonel James H. Ayres.

However, the Adams Express Company shortly alerted itself. Unknowingly, they paid the $40,000 cost for theater construction and furnishings: H. O. Clark presented his final drama—of personal tragedy—suicide.

The year 1854 brought change to the theater—the new, non-desired bright lighting of fire—followed by the dimming and final darkness of charred ruin. Yet, as The Hill's history shows, it was not the final curtain for entertainment in a community of people "spirited and forever ready to go"! It was merely a stage in the eras of local presentations.

Scene 2

Mexican Fiestas and Honorings

The Mexicans of Mokelumne Hill area exhibited respect for tradition in displays of fondness for customs and handcrafts to suggest their beauty as a way of living. Such respect was visible in celebration of their Mexican Independence Day (September 16, 1810)—when Miguel Hidalgo Costilla, Catholic parish priest-patriot-leader of the revolution, issued the "Grito de Delores" (Cry of Delores)—a call to arms for the end of Spanish rule, equality of races and redistribution of land—a ten-year revolution.

California had long experienced its Hispanic heritage in the introduction of Spanish-Mexican traditions and customs at the twenty-one California missions first established by Franciscan Friar Junipero Serra at Mision de San Diego de Alcala (1769), and which were further introduced at the military presidio of Gaspar de Portola in 1770 at Monterey. Colonization of the pueblos followed after 1773 by the Spanish-Mexican settlers. Indian cheap labor allowed much leisure time on the vastly increased number of well-populated rancheros following the secularization of the missions (1834-40) after which the mission Indian population fell from 30,000 to 4,000. Much celebrating was made possible on the rancheros!

The rush for gold implanted such tradition of Mexican dress, fun and gaiety into the Mother Lode's mining camps and rapidly emerging towns as at The Hill and nearby Mexican settlements where folk music, action of dance, and gay color appeared at bullfights, special festivities, fandango halls and barbecue and rodeo celebrations.

Early Independence Day parades at The Hill, as elsewhere, it is said, brought some fiesta dress from handwrought camphorwood, mahogany and incense cedar chests—special garments long and carefully preserved and recalling a Spanish history of past days worn with intense pride by the event's participants and observers.

Gaily dressed caballeros rode in the parade astride fiesta bedecked horses, often displaying heirloom silver trappings long stored. The Mexican pageantry revealed the musical sounds and color of a visibly proud heritage: men in black serge split leg pantaloons worn with varied pale colored, fancy silk double buttoned shirts, wide cuffed with ruffles at the throat; bolero jackets of grey or black, elaborately embroidered in gold or silver threads; black capes revealing bright silk linings—yellow, scarlet or cerulean blue—with high choker collars latched at the

throat. There were arm slits. Sashes of silks—pompon or tassel edged—gave further color. (The beautiful silks were made possible by Chinese resident traders since A.D. 1000 in the Philippines. Silk was exchanged for silver in the Spanish galleon trade from Manila to Acapulco, Mexico.) Boots—high heeled, pointed or square-toed—resplendently shiny, shielded the feet as did chin strapped, medium brimmed, flat crowned hats protect and adorn the heads.

Men's belts of tooled leather featured enameled and gold and silver inlaid buckles. Women appeared in gay colored full skirts, white, low cut, short sleeved blouses featuring embroidered yokes, some enhanced by large, lavishly embroidered floral and deeply fringed mantillas. Hair decor of flowers and ribbons provided the luxury and glamour of once gracious living remembered with pride. Such was the authenticity and gaiety of dress proudly displayed.

Salutes were fired to resound through the hills at sunrise, noon and sunset. There was much revelry. As yet in the homeland, fireworks were important and displays were common. Patriotic oratory competed with the loud strains of lively music from nearby fandango halls' celebrants.

The commingling of Indian and Spanish heritages promulgated celebrations of varied songs and vigorous, traditional dances to the accompaniment of drums, flutes, fiddles, guitars and the metallic hum of lutes. There were cock fights! And feasting! The gayest festivities were those of religious feast days—specifically those preceding the Lenten season when much dancing was enjoyed.

But not forgotten was the heritage of religious music—the songs of celebration to honor the dead by placing lighted candles on graves in the church yard or cemetery on All Saints and All Souls Days, November 1 and 2. They were combined with the ancient ritual of Indian Day of the Dead—when it was believed that the dead returned once a year to be fed at special festival feeding ceremonies. Appropriate food was set out on family home altars or at cemeteries. On those days, everyone partook of specially baked bread—"The Bread of the Dead."

There were traditional dances. Children eagerly anticipated sugar cakes and odd toys—such as a jack-in-the-box-fashioned coffin that popped up a tiny skeleton! The festival was a happy time of "welcome home to earth" for the dead souls.

There were songs for special sacred events—such as the Posadas of Christmas which began on December 16 when every family set up a Nativity scene. Then, the enactment of the posada began, with participants in procession moving from house to house depicting Mary and Joseph's long search for an inn. The breaking of the pinata was the holiday tradition of fun and gift giving of small wooden and clay toys and sweets for children—who awaited anxiously "The Feast of Three Kings"—January 6, the day for the presents of Christmas delivered by the Wisemen. Small harps and cellos joined in and resounded through the air to accompany the special posada songs to create the merriment at these jubilant fiesta ceremonies in the Mexican gold camp's "Sonora town" settlements.

Traditions developed are remembered and practiced by the caring and proud foreigners in a new land, thus creating diversities of interests and new learnings and experiences for the uninitiated.

Scene 3

German Customs and Fetes

The German people, having experienced the political and social upheavals, famines and the business depression of the 1840s which induced their emigrations, arrived in the new country eager to succeed. They were soon credited with being honest and persistent in industry as they moved along to modest prosperity without grumbling—some even to wealth as they tried to help develop their new country and establish habits of life so valuable to the nation, yet retain ties to the native land through traditional expression of their origin, such as: Southwest village customs of dress—of older women wearing black dresses and scarves; women of the Black Forest region wearing elaborate costumes known as Tracht on festival days; men dressing in top hats and cutaways for funeral processions.

Spring and fall festivals were eagerly anticipated with doorways and windows festooned with flowers, as Edward Vischner reported seeing in the German settlement of Vallecito in 1860. Song fests, band and concert programs at May fests with Maypole and German dancing, and beer drinking filled the festive hours.

German men gathered in the taverns, in the Outdoor Beer Garden of the local brewery or in the cool of rock cellars or selected nearby tunnels or shafts of exhausted mines, of which there was much choice, to sing roundelays praising their King Gambrinus while they drank the beer of their adopted country which brought much honor to its makers—the home brewers as well as the brewery providers. The Hill's industrious population was blessed through the years with breweries to provide the spark for the spirited get-togethers—the formal or "just for relaxing spontaneous." Tunnels carved in the rhyolite of "Brewery Hill" kept the beer at proper temperature.

German Catholics, it is presumed, observed the Feast of Corpus Christi, a festival of the Western Christian Church in honour of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist. It was and is yet highly observed in German areas of America and in many European countries on Thursday following Trinity Sunday, having been instituted in 1264 by Pope Urban IV and generally accepted by the mid-fourteenth century. It became the principal feast of the church in the fifteenth century. The procession evolved as the feast's most prominent feature. Sovereigns and princes took part as well as magistrates and guild members. Miracle plays and mysteries followed after as entertainment.

Samuel L. Prindle, in 1849, recorded viewing elaborate preparation and celebration of Corpus Christi in his Nicaraguan crossing enroute to The Hill. Cattle were and are yet bedecked with neck garlands of flowers on this day. Mokelumne's vivid displays of wild flowers could have served readily to maintain the simple tradition to grace the family cow and to strew in the early church processions.

Saint Thomas Aquinas (1224-74), preeminent Western philosopher and theologian, through his writings, contributed to the liturgical embodiment of the Feast of Corpus Christi—the pledge to faith. Mokelumne's first Catholic Church, as well as its present, honored his name—perchance an early, deliberate and appreciative act of the German faithful in their far away abode.

During the years 1851 to 1859, May Festivals—creditable affairs of two or three days—representative of the old and true honored homeland custom of celebrating spring with song fests—took place at The Hill. In 1854, the Gesang Verein Society, with Dr. George Fischer as president and manager, inaugurated such a festivity "with historic performance by the Mokelumne Hill Theater in their presentation of three comedies well-articulated and enacted in the German tongue—with precision, correctness and easy natural acting."

The Verein and guests assembled at Spencer's Hill to march in procession to Trummer's Garden carrying the flags of the population's representatives and the Verein white flag with golden lyre. There was a Grand Concert by the German Concert Society, spirited dancing, vocal music and play at ten pins. The refreshments provided by Mr. Trummer were said to have been unobjectionable.

After the evening, carriages brought out the ladies. "One of the most pleasant gatherings."

In May 1859, a German Festival of two days' duration is a recorded happening at Trummer's New Garden, sponsored by the German Concert Society at which the orchestra—twelve gentlemen of best musical attainments —performed. There was a procession with music and colors flying—American, French, German and Swiss. A Ball followed at the Garden. On the second day, again there was a procession; Declamation by Mr. Weiner; Grand Concert—and activities to entertain—ten pins, a shooting gallery and "Etcetras" on the ground for fun-filled days.

In 1870, the German populace of Mokelumne Hill was still celebrating in the homeland tradition—performing dances in the public square—"Grasser Zapsfenstreich" and "Grosser Tenfels" for the July Fourth crowd.

Then followed—the long, now lamented, *auf Weidersehein* to determined German cultural effort and influence.

Scene 4

Chilean Galas

The Hispanics, having experienced long eras of oppression, gave recognition to their days of independence from Spain with Chileans showing honor on February 12, 1817—their national holiday—with colorful patriotic celebrations enlivened with parades, music, and lively bands as in their homeland. Their blue and white *bandera* appeared in parades yet in the 1870s. The *cueca* or *zamaeueca*, a courtship dance known since the period of Spanish colonization, was danced to the rapid rhythm of guitars. The dancing couple, in gay costumes, pursued and retreated, passed and circled about each other, twirling their bright bandanas as they added gaiety and excitement to the day!

Chili Gulch's large population remembered! Chili Gulch's people responded! And the town residents of Chilicita enjoyed like revelry in their homes and about the town's fandango halls and saloons.

Scene 5

Jewish Abidings and Celebrations

The Jewish Sabbath and Festival days provided much opportunity for ceremonies and celebrations both at home and in the synagogue for the observing Orthodox members. Festivals recalled and relived the past. Rosh Hashanah (New Year—September 1 and 2) ushered in ten penitential Days of Judgment for all mankind. Prayers were not only for the fate of self but for the fate of all Jews, thus fostering social cohesiveness. Observance was required by the Torah, and as in all major festivals, all work was prohibited. The shofar (ram's horn) sounded at the synagogue and was followed with appropriate ceremonies to inspire spiritual re-awakening.

It was the custom for many, on the first day, to recite penitential prayers at a river and symbolically cast their sins into it. The nearby Mokelumne River, with easy access to the smooth surfaced rocks (pitted with Miwok Indian grinding holes where Miwok Indian women once gathered to grind and leach acorns and buckeye by the shimmering, shining, gentle rush of crystal-clear water adjoined by the fast-flowing, falling rapids) could have provided the ideal spot—a mid-way point for both Calaveras and Amador Jews—for the performance of Tashlikh "thou wilt cast."

Prayers for a "sweet and propitious year" accompanied by eating unleavened bread and honey-dipped apples were meal traditions. Wild bee honey was readily available.

Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement, September 10) was the most solemn High Holiday and holiest day with fasting, prayer and many prohibitions. The Kol Nidre was chanted. The ram's horn sound impressively closed the ceremonies. Both high holidays were observed at B'nai Israel.

Hanukkah (Feast of Dedication, November 25-December 3) brought joyous festivities lacking work restriction—eight days of celebration. The Hanukkah lamp or candelabrum (menora) was lighted on consecutive evenings with appropriate liturgy and public readings. There were festive meals, songs, games and small gifts for children.

Purim (Feast of Lots, February 14 and 15), like Hanukkah, a joyous minor festival, was honored when men, women and children gathered in the synagogue where possible, for both evening and morning services of readings. In the home and community, there was celebrating with festive foods, special pastries, songs, wine, masquerades (which became a common happening in the gold towns), Purim plays, exchange of food stuffs, and gifts among friends and to the poor.

Pesah (Pesach-Passover, March 15-22) was celebrated as the Festival of Unleavened Bread or Hag-ha-Matzoth. Foods were prepared under rabbinic supervision and labeled "kosher for Passover." This Major or Pilgrim Festival commemorated the Exodus from Egypt—the freedom, as well as the servitude that preceded it. The holiday was observed with festive family participation in the seder during which bitter herbs (slavery), wine (joy and freedom) and serving of matza to recall the Paschal lamb were symbolic. Public readings from the Torah, daily psalm recitations, hymns and memorial services for the departed were the practices.

Some local Jewish families conducted the Passover Seder in the home observances and bought many pounds of matzoth. Here special preparations were made, but owing to the remoteness of the area, the great distance form San Francisco, the special holiday foods often failed to arrive as planned! It was told that celebration of Passover was often observed by the time the matzos reached Mokelumne Hill!

The Sukkot (Hebrew sukkoth or succah - booth) Festival of Booths or Tabernacles (September 15-21) was a joyous major festival. It marked the ancient Jewish harvest rejoicing of the Hag-ha-Asif (Feast of Ingathering) and commemorated temporary shelters of the Jews during their wilderness wanderings—the booths in which Israelites resided after the Exodus. The succah—a temporary walled hut or structure with wooden sides and open roof covered with thatch (or green boughs) originally served as residence. In practice, the Jews took meals in the abode and always invited guests into it for sharing its simple beauty; the kiddush; the meal, or cake and winc. Extensive, special relgious ceremonies through the period corresponded with nightly torch dancing, flute playing and other forms of musical and choral entertainment.

The Sukkot services included sacrificial offerings, recitations and rituals. Symbolic to the rejoicing were a palm tree branch (lulav) bound with myrtle (hadas) and willow (areva) branches and held together with a citron (etrog). These were living symbols of the celebrated occasion—of its green and golden life. The entwined palm frond was ceremoniously waved.

Though the synagogue with its shofar and chanting sounds of celebrants is no more, the citron tree, most striking with its large pendulous, lemon-like golden fruit, the towering ancient palm, the weeping willow massively spreading and dripping gleaming-green-bough lushness and shade-darkness and the innumerable, visible plantings or meanderings of the glossy-leafed, sparkling-blue-flowered myrtle (myrtus)—the "wandering Jew"—reminder of Jewish peddling days—which grows rampant along the ditch of the gurgling "soda works" town spring and equally rampant in shady nooks of Mokelumne Hill gardens, yet remain. They recall those symbols of Jewish Sukkot remembrance of rejoicing and the golden days of community privileges.

Wherever the Jewish resettled after departure, there is a feeling of assurance motivated by long standing tradition that each yizkor (memorial candle) kindled on the Day of Atonement and on each of three festival days and each yahrzeit (anniversary memorial candle) on the particular

day of the loss of a dear one brings recollection, both special and sacred. The flickering lights of such candles glow reverently: to recall the blessed spirits of those beloved kin yet reposed amid the stately trees of the gracious hallowed hills—and to forever remain—in the Jewish cemeteries of Givoth Olom and Mokelumne Hill. The trees bear witness to the illustrious history and glorious traditional celebrations of life in the gold camp Jewish communities of the Southern mines of the Mother Lode. May the candles burn forevermore with deserved solemnity and striking brightness!

Scene 6

Italian Celebrations and Implantings

The Italians, being lively Mediterranean people whose home climate was favorable to outdoor social exchange, brought to their new sunny land at Mokelumne Hill their loved habit—the "passeggiato" or promenade where menfolk, as in towns and villages, conducted with modifications, their street walk or neighborhood exchanges of words—passing along, daily, the news and gossip as they ambled along the town's black locust, camphor, chestnut, cork and catalpa lined lanes leading to Main and Centre at noon or evening. Greetings were cordial; talks spirited.

Most Italians practiced their Roman Catholic faith. A crucifix was basic to the home. Religious festivals were celebrated with church attendance. A visit to the Christmas crib—the Presepio—set up in the church was a highlight of the holiday. Some cribs were set up in the homes.

In some families, children received gifts at Epiphany from Befana, the fairy witch. Chestnuts, boiled and roasted, often outdoors, were always an eagerly awaited treat. Special holiday foods—raviolas, both round and square, roasted piglets, chickens, and turkeys, the large round crusty loaf of bread for breaking off portions, cheese, nuts, dried fruits—figs, apples, raisins, plums, apricots—and sweet desserts with appropriate wines as accompaniment—made each holiday merry and festive.

New Year's Day was celebrated with noise at midnight to drive away the devil. Dynamite blasts, black gunpowder and firing of heavy guns assured success! (Noisy happenings at The Hill still occur—accompanied by merry shouting.)

Celebration and enactment of Columbus Day, October 12—with a parade of ship floats and dramatization became the annual special event of Mokelumne's proud Italian colony. The pre-event socializing in preparation gained high importance—as did the post-happenings, with lively dance, joyous song and feasting.

For the Italians, communal gatherings to achieve tasks essential to livelihood—the picking and crushing of grapes (the stomping with bare feet), the slaughtering of animals and making of sausages were always social anticipations as was the "time off" for playing *bocce* ball—a highly contested, much enjoyed game. On a board-framed, hard, dirt court, teams of one to four players tossed the varied sized carved wooden balls—a small *boccino* (or *pallino*) and the big balls—*boccia (bocce)* in observance of game rules which varied—the family patriarch usually the rule maker. The first team to score thirty-one points was declared winner. Italians succeeded well in making their work ethic into fun and games!

Scene 7

Jugoslav Rememberings and Rejoicings

The homeland traditions of hospitality and graciousness of welcome brought to the new land were experienced by any visitor who entered a Jugoslav home. Immediately, there was an offer of food and drink—and even shelter, should there be need. No one entered as a stranger. No one left as one.

So special celebrations were extensions of this joy of sharing. For most, the religious festivities of Christmas and Easter were paramount—truly holidays of significance for those participants in the well-established Slavic enclaves of Angels Camp and in Jackson—still remembered with both pride and pleasure by all who were so privileged. Though the dates of celebration differed, with those of Roman Catholic faith observing Christmas on December 25 and those of the Serbian Orthodox on January 7 in conformance with the Greek custom of the Julian calendar, high anticipation prevailed with intense pre-holiday spiritual preparation for the joyous holy time with its emphasis not on gift giving but in the show of caring for one's faith, family members, friends and neighbors in a true open-heart-open house atmosphere celebrated in festive family gatherings and long neighborly social exchanges. There was song, sometimes with accompaniment of zither, tamburitza or gusla and dancing of the kolo.

Though there were minor differences in households due to the varied regional "old country" origins, all Jugoslav households were made spotlessly clean—possibly a symbolic religious ritual. Foods and drinks in abundance were readied—and there was stress on the religious observances as in the Croatian home of the writer.

The Christmas Eve fasting—with a supper specialty—steaming, aromatic *bakalar* (dried cod fish) stew or *prsut* (smoked ham), to replace the common fare of *kastadina* (smoked goat) and *kupus* (cabbage)—with its accompaniments of freshly baked, crisp, golden bread, clear glass pitchers of home produced glowing red claret or zinfandel wine which preceded tree lighting and simple gift giving. The evening closed with the impressive traditional ritual of Mother lighting the Christ lights—miniature candles afloat on a water-olive oil base with explanation—"to light His way to the house during the cold night's darkness—the light for any stranger who might pass by. No one would deny entrance. Might not He come disguised as a poor child—or a poor man—even poorer than we? Might not He come to bless our home this night?"

Christmas morn proceeded with the pre-breakfast blessing by Mother of the family and sprinkling of the home with holy water. Following the Christmas Mass service—Father gathered the family about to share his favorite *rakija* (brandy)—each adult member drinking from his glass and expressing toasts of the season and for the New Year—all in the language of the homeland Hrvatski—Serbo-Croatian. All children were bi-lingual. Such gaiety preceded the holiday's mid-day meal served from the hand made, sparkling white linen cloths—lace and embroidery trimmed. The suckling pig (*odojak*)—roasted to crackling, golden crispness bearing a rosy apple in its mouth—was the Slavic holiday meal highlight followed by the abundance of traditional accompaniments and Christmas treats.

Then, the women made ready for the deluge of the day's visitors of "open house" when the men of the neighborhood (often accompanied by children for whom mannerly behavior and show of respect was the expected in the directive of sit and listen) moved about at intervals from house to house to extend the greetings of Christmas—*"Cestitan ti Bozic"* to neighbors and relatives—and partake of the bounteous tables of desserts; the *potica*, a roll of sweet-spicy ground walnut paste filling mid its layers of sweet, yeast dough—baked to golden brown crispness; the apple *strudel* of rolled, paper thin, buttery pastry layered wth a filling of sweetened, thin-sliced apples, walnuts, raisins, buttered dry bread crumbs, and cinnamon (*savijaca*); the gleaming, yellow, lemon flavored hand beaten, towering round sponge cake with its snowy, powdered sugar topping (*podispan*); the ground nut and fruit cakes (*kolac*); fried pastry strips; sweet cottage

cheese tarts; sweetened breads studded with currants and citron; the dried fruits and nuts; and the quince paste candy preserved in bay leaves. Guests sampled the new *vinos* or the *rakija/slivovica* and *mastika* with a resounding *"Nasdravleja"* or *"Zivjeli"* or enjoyed the *Turska Kava* —often home roasted and hand ground—strong, black, thick and sweet. Slavic conversations overflowed! There was singing and merriment as the day drew to a close and all house calls were completed lest anyone be offended.

For the remainder of the week, the women visited each other, in the afternoons, in like manner—to relax—enjoy their favorite desserts and drinks, display their handcrafts of skill—weaving, sewing, lace making, crochet, knitting, and embroidery of the varied regions—and sample the desserts as they sometimes smoked their small, black cigars or corncob pipes.

In Jackson, where Serbian families predominated, as they did in Angels Camp, the variety of beautiful ancient customs of both religious observance and merriment were retained; the custom in homes of a lighted candle ceremoniously placed in the window—symbol of the Christ Light—and of the Christmas creche, handcarved, where the Babe was placed at midnight and Mother kept vigil as Mary did so long ago. There was straw strewn on the floor to remind of humility in making the home a manger where Christ is born in the hearts within. Dry peas and beans were tossed to the four corners of the room as voices resounded, "May all homes have peace and plenty—and this house be blessed—*Hristos se rodi* (Christ is born)." And there was the lighting and striking of the Christmas log—the *badnjak*—lighted with a log piece carefully saved from the preceding Christmas to serve as the symbol of sacred warmth and of the eternal fire burning like the fire of faith steadily in the hearts of the faithful. As it burned, it was struck with a heavy stick, "so many sparks; so much good health; so much joy. May the New Year be fruitful." There was singing of carols and dancing to the music of zithers and guslas. There was feasting and storytelling as the open-heart-open-house spirit prevailed —and yet continues. Such traditions are cherished as the only store of riches brought to the enclaves of the new land by the poor Slavic immigrants of the Mother Lode's deep mines.

Croatian Easter celebrations were equally festive and welcomed after abstinences and Lenten observances of the then demanding days of fastings and two or more special weekly church services. Jugoslav children eagerly awaited Holy Thursday and Good Friday formal procession participation at the former Saint Patrick's Church (1901) when proprieties of both dress and decorum of church behavior were the rule. Sunday School teachers like Clara (Marchal) Monte Verda and Bessie (Donavan) Airola—dedicated, devoted, and driving—disciplined to perfection the proper and expected responses of sitting, standing, blessing, genuflecting and procession marching.

Jugoslav parents proudly observed their braided long hair or rag-curled daughters in the required attire—of all white—in their handmade lace, embroidery and ribbon trimmed dresses, starched petticoats, long veils and long white stockings; their sons in long dark trousers, starched white shirts, dark ties, and ribbon arm bands.

Gardens were gleaned to fill be-ribboned baskets with spring blossoms for strewing. Older children—many blessed with talents—participated in the Latin Mass choir singing.

Holy Saturday early morning service attendance assured a lengthy service in a freezing cold church, and a renewed supply of holy water for family blessings. It was, too, the day for dyeing Easter eggs—some of the famed traditional Slavic designs for display—hand painted or onion-skin colored—and many for the awaited fun of "battles of the eggs."

Easter Mass was followed by the toastings and the bountiful breakfast—a family gathering around the table, gleaming with its Easter ham—home cured (*prsut*)—the tasty, glorious golden breads (in the homeland they were taken to the church to be blessed)—the fresh, green, garden grown onions symbolic of spring and spiritual rebirth, the brandies, aromatic steaming coffee and colorful Easter eggs. Each member chose a favorite. Then began the challenges—to strike each other's egg to determine the champion of egg knocking—the holder of the unbroken egg—a tradition of Greek origin.

The mid-day meal Easter piéce de resistance was the kid goat (*koza*), roasted to crackling crispness. Again, there were the holiday visits where "egg knocking" was the traditional fun of the day. Visitors returned home with memories of treasured experiences, many tales and many eggs. The women eagerly awaited, again, the week of relaxing—the visiting and sharing.

Such were the significant implantings in this new land. The rejoicings and traditions are still joyfully remembered and continued with gratitude by some as Slavic practices in the art of simple, gracious living made possible by the Slavic families of the mining era—among them: Angusich, Bratos, Bronzich, Capetanich, Cencevich, Chetkovich, Churich, Colendich, Danilovich, Dragomanovich, Fugina, Glavich, Gorich, Jaich, Konevich,

Krusich, Lepetich, Lubenko, Marinovich, Mastanich, Merdalo, Metkovich, Metrovich, Miladinovich, Milosevich, Mortigia, Nayden, Negrich, Perovich, Porovich, Pozar, Pulich, Pusich, Radanovich, Radich, Radocevich, Radoicich, Radovich, Ratkovich, Skosko, Soso, Starcevich, Susich, Terzich, Tomasevich, Tusup, Vasilovich, Vegia, Vico, Voinich, Voitich, Vucotich, Vukasinovich, and Zuzallo.

Scene 8

Chinese Rituals and Revelries

The Chinese, with a firm belief in the philosophy of reverence and piety, maintained deep respect for their ancient colorful customs and traditions and practiced folk beliefs and superstitions of the motherland. Much of the perpetuation was attributed to those few women of the population whose perseverance preserved the tradition of temple worship as well. The color and pageantry of Gum Shan Hak (Gam Saan) (Golden Mountain sojourners) was taught in China from childhood—the dates, customs and minutest ritual details. They made the foods and cakes, wore the proper colorful ceremonial silks, brocades and embroidered slippers; took care of religious festival details. Festivals were important to maintain unity and family continuity. Their New Year—from seven to fourteen days—an important festival with everybody busy at general house cleaning, exuded excitement and fanfare. Floors of homes and buildings were swept clean in preparation and were not to be swept again until the celebration's close in fear of the misfortune of sweeping away the newly arrived good luck! The "tongs" were brightly lighted to greet the New Year.

There was music! Strange dissonances! Noisy popping and banging of firecrackers. Lanes littered with red paper! The Dragon, symbol of China and of the imperial majesty of the emperor, crawled along the narrow passages and lanes of China Gulch. There, lanterns of gay colors glowed and swung as the Dragon dispensed blessings as it leaped to the clash of cymbals, restoring memories and recalling scenes of the homeland so far away. Lantern light of candles illumined sandled and slippered feet as they moved over the troublesome gulch terrain and creaky stream crossings to reach chosen destinations.

The Pure Brightness Festival (Ching Ming)—Chinese Memorial Day—brought visitation (in China to family tombs) in the gold camps to the cemetery to spirit shrines erected by various associations where proper rituals were performed. The elder of the family proceeded through the cemetery sweeping off graves with willow branches—the plant that repels evil spirits; cleaned and pulled weeds; provided cooked food laid out in dishes before graves. Wine was poured on the ground during worship when spirit offerings were made; incense sticks and red candles were lighted and paper money and paper clothing were burned to transmit them to the deceased for their needs in the spirit world. As the burning took place—the din and powder smoke of the exploding firecrackers in abundance confused the evil spirits from pursuit of the deceased. (Food generally was removed for eating at home after the ceremony.)

The fifteenth day of the seventh moon of the Spirits Festival—like Ch'ing Ming—served as the last formal visit to the graveside. On this special day, the dead were believed to return—to roam at will or visit with living relatives. Hence, there was great need for more money for travel, and for clothes. More was offered! More was burned! Similar respect for the dead souls was made at the Festival of Winter Solstice (Tun Chih)—a few days before the western Christmas holidays. Business houses closed for general celebrating and to enjoy the festival dish of small, round, bite-size dumplings made of glutinous rice and cooked in rich, heavy broth.

Cemeteries in this strange land as in Mokelumne Hill still evident in the 1930s were temporary resting places of interment. Religious beliefs and strong ties required bones to be exhumed at the appropriate time and returned to the family plot for burial. Such was the respect for the dead souls.

The Moon Festival—the fifteenth day of the eighth moon—in mid-autumn when the moon is glorious in its brightness, was the time for expression of thanks to god for a bounteous harvest. Then the mooncakes—the Festival's symbolic, sweet moon-shaped small cakes, one and one-half inches thick, stuffed with a variety of delicacies such as: whole salted duck egg yolks, shelled melon seeds, or sweetened soy bean paste were relished. It was a time for relaxation and feasting without any ceremonies! There were other celebrations. And there were customs such as the credit system. Once a week on Saturday, it was mandatory as due. A member of the merchant's firm delivered the payment for each account. The recipient put the firm's chop under the payee's name to denote payment in full. In this manner, standing was attained. Rated, respected firm!

The Chinese indulged in the art and delights of fine cuisine so, on special occasions there were banquets of many courses including the specialties of bird's nest soup, seaweed, bamboo shoots, fish sinews, "shark's fins," lotus seed and root, clouds ears, cuttle fish, bean curd, watercress and dried oysters. Mokelumne Hill provided the abundant supply of fruits and vegetables needed, as well as the watercress.

Talk at "tea house" and story telling was a favorite pastime, where "dim sum"—fried pastries of varied fillings and steamed buns of varied stuffing of meat, fish or even ground lotus seed were consumed as red, black and green teas were sipped leisurely.

A visit to a Chinese temple or joss house often dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy—a serene lady of gentle mien—or to Guan Gong, the god of war, symbol of martial valour and brotherly devotion, or to Tien Hau—Queen of Heaven and Goddess of Light—with sun and moon symbols in her hands—the patron goddess of seafarers and travelers, provided solace to the lonely in this foreign and hostile land. Though religion was not central to the lives of the Chinese, protection was sought from gods and patron deities. It is said that wayside shrines were erected in the mining areas where Chinese were often isolated. The tiny four-foot-square "space" chapels served a single individual to kneel, bow and pray before a ruddy faced image in a colorful garment to invoke blessings for a propitious future.

Mokelumne's Chinese, like others in the new land, had need for prayer visits—to their joss houses and wayside shrines. Their practices of traditions and customs provided relief and served as ties with the homeland to the "ghettoed" Chinese as did their theatricals.

The art of the theater, historically of long Chinese tradition, arrived early in San Francisco. A theatrical performance occurred in October 1852, when Hong Fook Tong presented 123 performers. Seats cost from two dollars to six dollars. Shortly, another "Chinese Theatre" appeared—brought from China and assembled in that city in the same year.

By 1854, traveling theatrical troupes were ready to display their many talents in Chinatowns of the Mother Lode to keep the heritage alive. It is presumed such a troupe visited in The Hill's Chinatown inasmuch as the *San Andreas Independent* (1854) recorded its arrival in San Andreas "to enliven this place with their humdrum, squealing, squeaking, canterwaling music." Their scheduled stay for one month was not looked upon with any amount of enthusiasm by the reporter! (It is paradoxical that an impressive display of Chinese theater costumes and artifacts has once again appeared and is presently (1984) viewed with high interest at the Calaveras County Museum—a loan exhibit from San Joaquin County's Museum.)



The opulence of the dragon robe of the Chinese theatrical costume loan exhibit to Calaveras County Museum typified the required garment worn on official occasions by men in the service of the ruling Manchu court.

The opera-like performances—with pantomime, song, drama, acrobatics, music and dance were viewed by both Chinese men and women in segregated seating where both smoked and munched hawked delicacies and drank tea throughout the presentations. Actors' costumes and some properties were beautifully elaborate.

Little has been recorded of these efforts to preserve ethnic culture. China Gulch still gives promise—not of gold but of imaginative, golden gleanings—of what might have been in Mokelumne's once colorful, wooden shacked, thriving Chinatown.

Scene 9

Yankee Fun Fest

And there was the good ol' three cheers for the red, white, and blue Yankee celebration—July Fourth—Independence Day! A day for wearin' new Sunday clothes! So crowded with special sights, smells, sounds, and tastes! Dynamite charges! Firecrackers! Flags and bunting everywhere! Flag salutes and flag drills! Recitation of the Declaration of Independence. Patriotic oratory both agitated and lengthy from specially decorated platforms introduced by patriotic band music and singing—"The Star Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"—"hurrah for the red, white and blue!" Treats at the confectionary store! Treats at the swinging door establishments! People everywhere—Americans all or hopeful to become—including the remnants of the "non-people"—Indian bucks still seeking recognition for acceptance of their new way of life, often in imitation of exhibition of inebriation. Holiday fervor was sufficiently high to provoke fist fights or more!

The parade! As the years sped, such exercising of fantasies! The fancy dressed Grand Marshal! Stretching his height to equal his honor! Marching veterans of the Mexican War! Of the Civil War! Spanish American War! World War I!

Parading members of lodges and benevolent and other societies—all proudly carrying their flags and banners—some accompanied by drill teams. Proud, dressed-up horses and riders! The "town clowns" never failed to please. Nor did the proud figures of the Goddess of Liberty and Uncle Sam! The Miners' Band in their bright uniforms stepped briskly. The German Band and others gave competition.

Games—races and contests for young and old filled the day to awaited darkness. The Les Horribles emerged—men—red-costumed figures wearing their dyed-red underdrawers and shirts or longjohns with added long tails and horns—carrying their lighted torches—ready to do Mokelumne's famed Devil Dance. How they paraded up and down! And how they danced—to the rhythmic beat of drum about the great flaming kettle on Centre Street! Such pride in their endeavors! Such fearsome fun! Fireworks, often followed by outbreaks of fires, further enlivened the scene with clanging fire bells and wild wails of eventual fire truck whistles.

Then off to the Town Hall for the Grand Finale—the Grand Ball! In early day celebrations, couples arrived dressed in the latest fashion—the women, hot-poker-curled with cambric and satin ribbon adornments; with complexions and rough hands smoothed with buttermilk and cornstarch, elder-flower water or tannic acid and glycerine. A few single, independent women appeared to discover and explore their talents as the virtuous women tried to tame the wild life of the mines. Eau de cologne and hair pomade scents of men graciously vied to improve the air of a hot summer's crowded ballroom atmosphere.

"Wallflower" hopefuls, young and pretty, sat on the side benches with parents and even younger children who also sat—sedately—scrubbed—starched—pantalooned, rag curled and be-ribboned, serving in the role of polite audience. Fandangos, cotillions, quadrilles gradually gave way to ballroom cheek-to-cheek dancing—yet on to dawn punctuated by a benefit midnight supper or a visit to the saloon for rejuvenation. All took place amid the red, white, and blue non-plastic bunting, flags, and crepe paper decor. Serpentine was hurled as often was the left-over New Year's confetti, dispersed periodically in sufficient abundance to invoke itching for which no education was needed! The bands played on as friendly relations developed to bring relief! Thoughts were not on the fire hazard of the red, white, and blue. A day to remember! Such days of needed good times.

There have been many such days! Mokelumne Hill's gala 1988 Fourth of July festivity is completed. The newest innovation—a Friday night preliminary street dance on Main and Centre—appears to be the modern country western interpretation of the long ago "Odds and Ends Ball." There is a Saturday night dance (six dollars per couple and four dollars single)—a contrast to those early years when couples were few; a fun race for the

jillions of jogger enthusiasts—with a chance to view the town in the three-mile run—the new school—and the 1850 Catholic Cemetery (mental jogs for the physically unfit?); tug o'war, bingo, games, parade, and in the park, a steak barbecue—reminder of the early years of cattle crossings to The Hill and of Spanish-Mexican barbecues.

Much that was a part of those early patriotic observances has been "scrubbed and de-starched." But the community spirit of Mokelumne—of true patriotism, of national and international concerns, of good will, of live and let live, of unity, cooperation and gaiety—remains fervent and firm as the Rock of Gibraltar of the early Irish toast.



July 4, 1935 parade entry, "Hunting for the New Deal: We've Done Our Part." Children (left): Harvey Grant, Marian Munoz and Dorothy Grant. George Pennebaker, town grocer, is baby carriage guardian. Second row right are Carol Lloyd and Dorothy Lindstrom. The carriage, a Hutchinson-Peek family heirloom, still exists at the historic Hutchinson residence, now the home of James and Hazel Yocom.



Louis Jelmini as a country doctor remembering his failures in front of the Mokelumne Hill hearse—a 1930s July 4th parade feature.

Finale

Mokelumne Hill Celebrates California Centennial

The year was 1948. The setting: Mokelumne Hill's distinctive, charmingly improvised Main and Centre Street amphitheater enhanced with stage-set decor; its multilingual signs of streets, stores, saloons, shops and service businesses—trapper's settlement, Miwok Indian camp, Spanish-Mexican plaza, and its gulch Chinatown of glowing lanterns. The hour: late evening. Soft symphonic music filled the air! The scene: The cast reassembled—colorfully costumed people—a massive gallimaufry of dedicated, enthusiastic residents of all nationalities and of all ages! Descendants and representatives of those sturdy argonauts and early settlers of gold rush days! They stood, proudly, before the dimly lighted historic buildings which yet speak significantly of endurance in conflict with time, to give a place of consequence to all whose contributions through their determination and awesome energy, reawakened understanding and appreciation of their community's development and history with the presentation of its dramatic unfolding. They sang their praises—"GOD BLESS AMERICA."



Eve Zumwalt, pageant author and director, talks with George Ross, editor of the Calaveras Weekly *newspaper of Mokelumne Hill, July 3, 1948. Seated at the left is John Mlinar, local shoe repairman, and on the right is Earle Dell'Orto in Chinese costume. All were pageant participants.*



Raymond V. Garamendi, chairman for Mokelumne Hill's festive days of celebration of the California Centennial.



Florence Peek, assistant pageant director of Mokelumne Hill Centennial Celebration.



Gwenola Beebe and Antoinette (Toni) Borchin enjoying their carriage ride and chat with Arthur Campbell, town electrician. Toni received her usual high praise for Spanish-Mexican dancing in the pageant performance.



Participants in pageant performance chat with Muri Halverson at entry booth of the Town Hall. The others are, left to right, Phyllis Erickson, Patsy Dustin, Harriet Markwood with friend, Gwenola Beebe and Marilyn Porteous.



Pageant cast members in costume. Gwenola Beebe, left, greets Muri Halverson at the stairs of the I.O.O.F. Building.

Epilogue

Mokelumne Hill in Reminiscence

The year is 1989. Mokelumne Hill, ever the "sparkling gem of the Southern mines," owes her foundation to the many individuals—the strong, daring and determined men; those fearless, optimistic, independent and loyal women; and the cooperative, patient, able children of the many sections of our nation and world who endured unbelievable hardships to succeed and prosper in putting gold to use for the development of a free people and nation. It was they who helped make possible for us—the participants and viewers—the joyous 1948 California Centennial Celebration pageant which yet, for some, remains as a memorable happening celebrated with Independence Day, July Fourth, in our Mokelumne Hill—a "ghost town" with undying spirit—"a town with a heart."

WE SING IN GRATITUDE.

COMMUNIQUE

The historical recordings, golden gems of real life oral stories, gold camp tales and imaginings are presented to further convey the spirit of the era.

Calaveras Chronicle.

VOLUME 1. MOKELUMNE HILL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1851. NUMBER 1.

Calaveras Chronicle.

Published every Saturday morning, at Mokelumne Hill,

BY HAMILTON, AYERS & CO.

TERMS.

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Three months..... 3 00
Single copies..... 25

ADVERTISING, one square of 10 lines, or less, first insertion 4 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 2 00

☞ All kinds of JOB WORK neatly executed.

M. A. DE COURCEY . . . . . EDITOR.

Saturday, October 18, 1851.

Salutatory.

The first number of the CALAVERAS CHRONICLE is this day presented to the public, with a prospect not excelled by any newspaper enterprise ever before undertaken within the borders of the State of California.

It is a matter of no little surprise that a county, embracing so extensive an area of territory and boasting so large a population as is conceded to Calaveras, should have been so long without a printing press to proclaim to the world its great natural resources, and to assert, advocate, and defend the inalienable rights and privileges of her people.

Bounded on the south by the Stanislaus River, an immense territory of mining and agricultural land is traversed before the northern limit is reached, far above the North Fork of the Mokelumne; while, on the west, the fertile and almost illimitable plains furnish their quota to the making up of the variety of country and interests embraced within the boundaries of Calaveras; the whole being enclosed, on the east, by the State line which, in an imaginary path, makes its way through everlasting snows, beyond the summits of the eternal Sierras.

STEAMER SOPHIE, LOUIS MCLANE, Jr., master.—FOR SAN FRANCISCO—The new and fast steamer Sophie, Louis McLane, Jr., master, will leave Stockton MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS, at 4 1-2 o'clock P.M. Returning, will leave San Francisco every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 4 o'clock P.M.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board.
oct25 3m*

UPPER FERRY, BIG BAR.—This Ferry is one mile from Mokelumne Hill, and four miles from Jackson, the County seat, and is the nearest route for the great trail from the Northern to the Southern Mines, saving a distance of four miles over every other route. It is an excellent route for horsemen and packed mules, and travelers can cross at every stage of the water without delay, the proprietors being ferrymen, and guarantee a safe passage. BURNS & POPE.
oct25 3m*

☞ THE NEW CHURCH.—We take pleasure in informing the citizens of Mokelumne Hill and vicinity, that the New Church, on Church street, is now fitted up with seats, stove, &c., so that all who attend there upon Divine Service may be situated comfortably and pleasantly.

We would also inform the public that the first Quarterly Meeting of this Mission Charge will be held here on the 13th and 14th inst. Public services to be conducted by the Rev. Isaac Owen, presiding Elder, as follows:

PREACHING

Saturday (to-day), at 10 1-2 o'clock A.M.
" " at 6 o'clock P.M.
Sabbath, at 11 o'clock A.M.
" at 6 o'clock P.M.

We respectfully invite ALL to attend.
ISAAC Z. FISH, Missionary.

PIONEER HOOK-AND-LADDER COMPANY.—Several of our citizens, who are, more or less, interested in buildings and other property, have recently made an effort to organize a company, for the protection of the town against fire;—and such progress has been made in the undertaking, that it is confidently hoped we shall soon have here as efficient a corps of firemen as in any town in the State.

At a meeting held at Messrs Myers & Robinson's, on Main street, Wenesday evening last, a committee, elected at a previous meeting, reported the following as a Constitution for the government of the company, when it should be more fully organized, which report was accepted and adopted:

Moquelumne Gold Camp
COMMUNIQUE SPECIAL
HIGHLIGHTS 1848-1948

Historical Recordings from newspapers and

BULLETIN BOARDS	**TELEGRAMS**
POSTERS	**LETTERS**
ADVERTISEMENTS	**BAR STOOLS**
LETTERS	**TELEPHONES**
VILLAGE GOSSIP	**RADIOS**
STAGECOACHES	**TOWN TALK**

Mokelumne Hill.

Little more than two years have elapsed since we first trod upon Californian soil, and in that time there has been scarcely a spot within its limits that has not felt the imprint of our footsteps; and yet, in all that period we have visited no place that gave, evidences of greater or more permanent prosperity than the hill-built city of Mokelumne.

Gold Dust Bought.

REYNOLDS, TODD & Co., pay the highest price for clean Gold Dust.
Money received on deposit by
oct18 tf REYNOLDS, TODD & CO.

A VENDRE—Un vaste et bel etabliesement—Le restaurant de la JEUNE FRANCE, situé a Mokelumne Hill. On y trouvera toutes les ustensiles de cuisine, et un choix de marchandises bien assorties, le complement d'une belle barre. Le tout a un prix modere. S'adresser a la Jeune France. d13 3t

FOR SALE.—A large and fine establishment, now doing business under the name of LA JEUNE FRANCE, Restaurant, located on Centre-street. It is well furnished with culinary utensils, has a fine assortment of merchandise, and all the fixtures necessary. All to be had at a moderate price. Inquire at the Jeune France.
Mokelumne Hill, Dec. 13, 1851. d13 3t

COUNTY ROAD.—We understand that a *proposition* is on foot to construct a carriage road between Mokelumne Hill and Jackson, the County seat. This is a most desirable object, and one that would conduce much to the prosperity of Calaveras at large, and of the two points in question particularly. There are two daily lines of stages running to Jackson from Sacramento, while Mokelumne, only six miles from the county seat, cannot be reached, on this route, except by a bridle path, or upon foot. This ought speedily to be looked to.

MOKELUMNE EXCHANGE.

THE proprietor of the Exchange will be happy to see his friends and the public at his Hall, on Main street. The ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS nightly chant several favorite airs accompanied by their instruments.

The best liquors, ale, &c., &c. The lovers of a good cigar can be supplied with a variety of the most approved brands.

JOHN P. SHEAR.

N. B.—The proprietor is making arrangements to give a series of Concerts *a la Ethiopean*, when a full band will appear in costume, of which due notice will be given. J. P. S.

Prices Current.

MOKELUMNE HILL, Oct. 18, 1851.

Flour, $12; pork, 18a20; hard bread, 16c per lb; white sugar, 20c; brown do, 14a 1/4c; coffee, green, 25c; do, ground, 50c; beans, 10a12 1-2c; lard, 25c; hams, 28a30c; bacon, 25; potatoes 10a12c; butter, 70a75c; barley, 10a12 1-2c; rice, 12 1-2a18 3-4c; tea, 75ca$1; salt, 15c; lead, 37 1-2; powder, $2; shot, 50c; dried apples, 25c; peaches, 30c; rope, 30c; oil, $3,50 per gall; raisins, 25c; soap, 25c; mackerel, 25c per lb; tobacco, 75ca$1; cast steel, 75c; sheet iron, 18a20c; nails, 20a25c; canvass No 1 and 2, 62a75c. per yd; drilling 18a20c; light muslin unbleached, 12c; do, bleached, 14c per yd; brandy, $3 per gal; whisky, $3 50, do; gin, $3 50, do; port wine, $4 do; claret, $7 per doz; cherry brandy, $4 per gal; lemon syrup, $7 per doz; gal pickles, $12 per doz; quart pickles, $5; lumber, $12a25 per 100 ft, very scarce and unsuited for the market.

Prices are firm at these rates, and owing to the advance of freights, we may shortly look for a considerable change in the markets. W.

THE "GREAT FAIR."—The London Daily News says, that among the ladies who visited the great exhibition a few days ago, was one who was so stout that none of the many entrances in the transept were wide enough to admit her, and she consequently had to enter through the door allotted to pianos and other heavy goods at the West end of the building.

EXPRESS LINE.

MESSRS. REYNOLDS & CO., and Mr. A. H. TODD (formerly of the firm of Todd & Co.) having formed a co partnership, under the name and style of REYNOLDS, TODD & Co., are now prepared to transact all business in their line in the safest and surest manner, and with dispatch

Gold Dust, Letters, and Packages received and forwarded to all parts of the United States, or to any foreign country.

Drafts purchased in San Francisco on any State in the Union, in sums to suit purchasers.

We will also make Collections in any part of the Southern Mines, Stockton, San Francisco, or Sacramento, on reasonable terms.

Office, at Stockton, on Levee street—at Mokelumne Hill, in the El Dorado House.
oct18 tf REYNOLDS, TODD & CO.

A. Murray,

Carpentor and Builder—shop next to the "Ceberiana Mexicanos." All kinds of mining Machines made to order.
LUMBER for sale. oct18 tf

MANUFACTURING JEWELER.—The undersigned having for many years been employed in large factories as designer and chaser, feels confident in stating his ability to suit all who may desire to have Rings, Pins, &c., made of gold which they have dug themselves. Numerous references can be given, if required. HUBERT BURGESS,
Centre street, next to the Mokelumne
nov8 2m* Bakery.

Communique

1848

January. Pierre, what a day it was! Met up with Miwok Chief Polo. Dressed in uniform of Volunteer of Stevenson's Regiment. Was with his attendant braves. Called himself Captain. Claimed all the lands! Demanded tribute! Paid with cattle we had slaughtered.

Know him. Finest looking Indian in these parts. Not overly friendly, but brave. Cunning, too. Never drinks firewater. Have shared my trap catches and fish with him.

March. Frederick! There are soldiers camped on Big Bar. Said they were mustered out—a Colonel Stevenson and a Lieutenant—name of John Hollingworth. Have begun diggin' for gold. Found some along the river. 'Spect to see more here soon.

May. Did you hear, Jacques. One of these regiment fellows—a Sam W. Pearsall, found gold on north side of that western slope.

Long way from the river. May be more finds around this place waiting to be shoveled up.

June. How long you bin minin' here, stranger?

Just a mite. See the butte yonder. When I come here 'twas nothin' but a mud hole in the groun'.

Sho' didn' take long fo' all dis diggin' dust to settle in an' pile up.

1849

January. Some California sunshine! Snow fell to depth of three feet hereabouts. River at Big Bar is frozen over so firmly, barrels of flour were rolled across on the ice.

September. Sure cold. Need warmer clothes. Didn't expect. Those Mexicans and Chilenos seem to be having good luck.

Maybe if we're friendly, they'll help us locate a paying claim.

December 30. Big news! Promoter planning bullfight arena. On Negro Hill

Heard outer ring will be 100-foot diameter—ten foot high board enclosure. Inner ring diameter forty feet with five tightly strung wire barrings. Tiers of seating. Gonna fight Bulls with Bears!

Imagine the noise! Rowdy, raucous spectators, bellowing bulls, growling bears. Not for me. Goin' fishin'.

1851

John! Just heard! Miwok Chief Pomo of the Round House encampment at Alabama Hill was killed by a former member of Stevenson's regiment.

Too bad Stevenson didn't devise a code of civility for his men along with his mining code.

February 2. Mr. de la Riviere, French consular agent, has established the French Hospital—the first hospital in the county—a tent house with two beds, a stove and mulatto nurse. Expect it will bring some comfort. He is soliciting memberships at one dollar each.

July 10. Where ya headin'—to the Fandango Saloon?

Naw! To the post office. Just established. Posting a letter to my family. Sure miss Ma and home.

August 14. R. H. Gregoire and Jules Bajolet, Frenchmen, are selling out their tent, bakery and grocery store. Want $4,200.

September. Did you hear the latest news? They've started a Jockey Club. There'll be races—over on the east edge of town—for saddle horses, trotters and pacers.

Great. Will put my mare to practice. Might come in third. Win a purse. Need it. No luck lately.

Should be races for mules and donkeys. More aroun'.

October 5. Here's his report. Remember McKinstry—checkin' us out. Said for his *California Gold Rush Overland Diary*. Found here: 16 stores toward Stockton Hill—109 shops in the main town—10 blacksmith—11 fresh beef—5 or 6 doctors—8 hotels—4 Chinese restaurants—4 watch and jewelers—1 dentist—9 saloons and gambling—1 tin shop—3 boot mending shops. Women tended 18 of the shops with more French and Mexicans than Americans. And in one store, there was preaching.

It appears, Sam, we're seriously short on preaching.

December. Says here in this *Chronicle* paper—Christmas Fancy Dress Ball by R. Meyers at Shear's Exchange! Messers Cultrell & Mitchell will exhibit their large grizzly bear, General Scott, who will fight a bull on Christmas Day in the spacious arena erected at the base of Negro Hill. One hundred sixty thousand feet of lumber was ordered to build it. Imagine that, Jessie.

So that's why there is a lumber shortage and I can't have a wooden floor.

1852

January 1. Not much luck yesterday, Zach. Too busy watchin'. Could see most of the Bull and Bear Fight on Brown's Hill—the Hill with a house on it. Was workin' on Negro Hill—that shoulder of French Hill.

Heard they wrestled finely.

I'm tol' they didn't give the bull a fair chance. Had not so long a chain as the bear. Tips of his horns was sawed off. Four hundred persons paid their gold!

Fraud! Fraud!

January 4. Promoter tried again to have a bull and bear fight. Not sufficient numbers present to pay.

Folks gettin' a little saned aroun' here!

February 1 (Sunday). Another Bull and Bear Fight?

Sure 'nuf! Challenge was given! Accepted! To fight the 1,200 pound bear—General Scott—against any bull for $1,000. Conditions were published in the papers. The bull was to have an equal chance.

Bet was a sham! Draw a crowd! Bull's horns sawed off as usual!

People tried to look through the board cracks around the corral. Peering were stabbed in the face by someone inside.

Heard a "spectator" was slightly cut between nose and eye.

Spectator! Ha! It was Riley! Riley of the promotion party acting as GUARD! Put his face to the crack! "Friends" inside cut quite a gash below the eye. Maybe everybody is finally gettin' equal treatment in this camp.

February 3. I jus' learned that the bull and bear man has run away. But the tired grizzly is still tied to the big oak.

Hope he's happy there—or takes off only after the bull and bear man—and catches up!

February 6. VIGILANCE COMMITTEE gave a Dutch Jew today fifty lashes for stealing five hundred dollars from his partner. He was not suspected till lately.

Better that stealin' than stealin' his wife. Wives are scarcer.

February 11. See that poster "UNION HOUSE** FREE LECTURE." Went to that. On astronomy. Given by a very old man—said he was fifty-five. From Illinois. Handled his subject well. Took up a collection. Got some flakes. Said, "Now I can buy more books in the Jews' shops. New supply in. Good star gazing in these hills. Better than drinkin'."

February 12. Mokelumne Hill Theater Group is welcoming actors. Interested, Herbert?

Just might join. Would be good to be someone else than what I seem to have become and pretend I'm somewhere else than in this damn gold camp. Different make believe might help. Tired of making believe I've struck it rich.

February 14. WAR! WAR! WAR! THE CELEBRATED BULL-KILLING BEAR, GENERAL SCOTT, WILL FIGHT A BULL on Sunday the 15th inst. at 2 p.m. at Moquelumne Hill. The bear will be chained with a twenty-foot chain in the middle of the arena. The bull will be perfectly wild, young, of the Spanish breed and the best that can be found in the country. Bull's horns will be of their natural lenght and not sawed off to prevent accidents. The Bull will be quite free in the arena and not hampered in any way whatever. (Bull and Bear Fight—poster advertisement.)

Lies! All lies!

February 15. Sunday was a great bull and bear fight day. Bull was not tied. Bear had twenty-foot chain. After one bull was worried, another was let loose.

Bear I heared was badly gored.

One of the bulls was shot. Other got loose. Ran down the hills to town.

Hearded he was caught down among them hangin' red shirts of the Jew peddlers.

Bear injured both bulls; both bulls were shot.

Better life dead!

February 21. Jeff! Jeff! Saw the grizzly bear hassled off to Stockton this a.m. Didn't seem too much injured.

We need a society for prevention of cruelty to animals, Myer.

Need one worse for cruelty to people—Indians, Mexicans, Chileans, Jews, Kanakas, Chinese and Negroes.

March 10. Wish the rain would stop. Hear people are eatin' bear an'—

Hear got hawks for sale down at Abraham's Meat Shop. Better nor a chicken!

There's a' much difference 'n' hawks as there is in women. Wish I could prove.

March 15. Sure stormy weather. Had rain for sixteen days! Snowed on three. So cold, James.

Geese haven't passed over yet. Been a watchin' and listening.

April 11. Here's the poster like that fellow said. Circus! Circus! Davis and Co. Boston Circus coming!

Barrel organ or concertina?

Don' know. Don' say. Clowns! Monkeys! Performin' dogs! Lion, maybe? Hope so. Don' say.

Good change from bears and bulls.

May. Read this. Latest news! General Scott was killed. Valued at $1,000—maybe $4,000.

Good. No more bull and bear fights.

Wanna bet?

June 7. Here it is in the *Alta Californian*—there will be a Democratic convention in Mokelumne Hill on June twenty-fifth.

Don' interest me. I'm a registered, voting Republican. Only vote Republican, no matter—jus' like I voted Whig.

August. John Hosley found a ten pound nugget near Clinton worth two thousand dollars! Wanna bet he's given it away already.

Who would be so insane as to bet on that. John impresses with giving gold away, not hoarding it like those Frenchmen.

December. Was talking to Mr. Todd, wagon maker, at his Todd Express. Said he's leavin'. Been here long time—since '49. Wells Fargo competition I guess. Didn't say.

He'll be back. Nice place now with a court house. Feels something like Saint Louis.

1853

April 21. Daniel C. Lamphear and Mary Ann Healy got married. Judge Henry Eno told me. Big gathering.

May. Pauline! Did you hear? There is to be a wedding atop Butte Mountain today. That Jackson business widow—Lucinda Mann—is getting married.

Away up there! Sarah, I don't believe.

The climb will be easy after crossing the plains with four young ones. Got tired of being a California widow after husband Henry left in the Spring of '49 from Albion, Michigan. Lucinda started across in the Spring of '52. Arrived in September to find bad news. Poor Henry gone. Killed by a bear—a friendly, tame bear—in May. Lucinda took over Henry's restaurant. Good business woman. Met William McKim. Nice, smart miner. Is now marrying him.

Musta taken lotsa gumption to get up and go that way. Could still be sittin' and waitin'.

Lovely day for a wedding atop that two thousand foot beauty. Lotsa flowers afoot—poppies, lupine, blue bells and wide, blue sky heaven above.

Hope there come showers—of blessings!

Heard lots of Lucinda's women friends and neighbors back home are now coming west, too. Tired of waiting—two, three years.

We need more women here in Calaveras County—women like Lucinda. Women with "get up and go"!

May. Masonic Lodge No. 31 is founded, at last. Won't have any problem getting more members. It's open to all interested.

Heard lots are reinstating their memberships. Jewish merchants are joining, too. You're in luck!

June 12. Charlie Green's Stageline just pulled in from Sacramento. Nice looking coach. Six good horses. Heard some passengers yet a bit frightened. Crossed on the thin wire suspension bridge over the Cosumnes River.

November. Hear they got him! The bandit Murieta!

The Mexican Joaquin? Probably show up again. Always does. Wanna bet?

December. Sure wish I could go home for Christmas.

Next best thing. Come with me to Leger's Hotel. Heard there'll be turkey, eggnog, cider and mince pies.

Here is the announcement in this *San Andreas Independent*—Good Fancy Dress Ball on Christmas Eve at saloon of M. Theale.

Saloon? Who in that place would care what we are wearing? A lady told me she heard they've hung some more of those awful pictures on the saloon's walls. Her husband's friend told him.

J. C. Ham said he's 'bout done laying the water pipes through the town streets.

Good! Everyone can start the New Year really clean.

Those black men will be losin' money in the barber and bath shops. Guess those who struck it rich will still patronize.

That will be but a few.

1854

January 3. Where ya headin', Arthur?

To California Theater—Thespian Society meeting—rehearsing my comedy part. Have to practice.

You were born a funny clown. Practice on us! No luck lately. We sure need laughs. I should join E Clampus Vitus. Heard lots of laughs there—and acting without rehearsals. Funny fun, and initiations for new "poor, blind candidates."

1855

Just heard Atty. A. N. Angier was appointed Indian agent for the Miwok population by the Indian Department of Calfiornia. It's about time.

December. Heard Brady's Grist Mill is operating. Grist and flouring! Only one in Calaveras County. And L. Weil has more toys—so many!

Heard a candle factory is opening on the San Andreas road.

1857

August 9. Messers Hughes and Sheldon of Mokelumne Hill have the honor of having constructed the altar and tabernacle for the San Andreas Saint Andrew's Catholic Church being dedicated by Archbishop Alemany. Just finished. Fine cabinet makers they are. Even God will be pleased.

Are you saying, Michael, there will be no complaints?

December 5. Here's the news item, Miriam. In the *Independent*. "Mr. John L. Britten, Dancing Teacher, was injured in a runaway stage accident from Campo Seco to the river. There will be a Benefit Ball. Go everybody, it will afford you much pleasure and make the heart glad of a worthy gentleman. Hope community will turn out en masse." Must announce at lodge tomorrow night.

1858

January 3. NOTICE: Lone Star Encampment No. 44—Installation of Officers to be installed by G. B. Sohers. He's the physician from Austria. Will pay my respects. Refreshments?

Don' say. Hope so; sure like that ginger cake those nice ladies bake.

May 26. Hear the news, Fred? George Leger is getting married today.

He's lucky to got himself a good, young woman.

He's lucky to got himself a woman.

June. Have you been in the new Italian store Lorenzo Costa and Michael Costa just opened?

Not yet, but soon. 'Spect there will be competition for Serefino Solari, and for Dopello as well as Queirolo Co.—all grocers.

June 2. NOTICE: JOCKEY CLUB MEETING (7th annual) at Shear's Saloon—7:00 p.m.

Won't miss. Play you a game of billiards after.

June 5. Maggie Magee of Mokelumne Hill married Moses G. Ferguson! Got himself a pretty, Irish Catholic wife.

Will she have to learn kosher style cooking?

July 15. The gas plant west of Main is finished. Lighting Main and Centre tonight.

Now we'll really look like a city. Must see.

October 4. Did you hear, Jake? Overland Mail service is improved! Via Placerville-Salt Lake or San Francisco-Saint Louis. Costs three cents postage.

Will hurry home to write all my family before they up the price. No strikes lately.

Just came from the courthouse, Moses. Report completed. Voters in county lower by one-fourth than in 1856. Fraser River departures. In 1856, 4,692 voters. Moke Hill down 173—but still largest precinct in the county.

Good record of citizenship! Maybe we didn' need all them horses and riders.

Where you headin'?

Not headin'. Comin'—from over at The Metropolitan's bar. Bin gone two days. The most common topic was the Chinese question. The majority in the mines favor an end to the Celestials in the state.

October 16. Pete, you will never believe! Bin over to Poverty Bar. Chinese had a show at Treadway's Hall on Saturday night. They had women with feet only two inches long. The balance of the performance was well enough if we could have understood the darn thing.

Hydraulic Water Works has opened with Helena and Simon Foorman of Hesse, Bavaria. Mr. Elison, who owned the Antelope Restaurant, will serve as agent for the company. The Foormans have a four month's old son, Isaac. Born here.

Heard they'll be extending water ditches.

November. Wish to come along? Drivin' down to Conrad Platt's Daguerrotype Salon to sit for a picture to send to my dear, lonely wife.

Might as well get aboard. Glad you aren't headin' for the Cebriana Saloon. Sure your lonely wife would be, too. Did you hear there's a pretty new entertainer there?

Ah Sam says more Chinese stores now in the gulch. Sam Yih and Company, Tom Sin and Ung Yee and Company. Physician, too, Ah Chon. Staying at Sing Foy's Hotel.

Keep seeing more Chinese mining about the gulch creek.

J. C. Gebhardt's Lager Beer Wagon was robbed! On the Moke Hill-Murphys run between Murphys and Hawkeye. Got eight dollars. His wife, Barbara, reported the news.

Is a robbery still news?

Danielwicz has opened his Washington baths and Shaving Saloon! Cheaper prices!

November 29. Louis Davidson is getting married to

that pretty Manchan! He was naturalized in 1852 in Sacramento.

1859

January. Lewis M. Hillman has established another news agency. Daily California, Atlantic and European papers are available. He is also to be the new postmaster. The Jews will be happy. Local "Pikers" will be happier! Newspapers are as important as guns to them.

Judge Wm. M. Badgeley and Mr. B. R. Prince, Italian of Altaville were enroute from Jackson to Mokelumne Hill when the horse became unmanageable and ran off the road against a bridge. The horse broke its neck.

Heard the buggy was smashed but neither gentleman was hurt.

Buggies get fixed better 'bout here than bodies.

February 26. What a bang! And what a fierce blaze!

No more gas plant. Only that big hole! And no more city lights.

Dr. M. L. Cozine, resident for nearly nine years, on 22 instant departed at Petaluma from pulmonary consumption. He was visiting the bay area in hope a change of air might produce some temporary beneficial effect and avail himself of advice and treatment of the best medical skill of the state. His sickness was immedical. (News item.)

March 5. Sang Verein of Mokelumne Hill will have a concert and festival on nineteenth of March. They will have a good time. We acknowledge receipt of an invitation. (*San Andreas Independent*.)

May 10. News! News! German Festival! Two days at Trummer's New Garden!

Can't miss that one.

Don' miss anythin' at those festivals. Much good time! Like in Bavaria. Sad to remember. So far away.

May 26. Here it is again for the seventh time. A $250 assessment!

For your Mokelumne track? The race course? Ain't worth that much.

The assessor thinks all those rocks on the tracks are gold bearing ore.

June 4. The Masonic Order will celebrate the anniversary of Saint John's Day at Moke Hill on the twenty-fourth instant. Neighboring lodges are invited.

Sure you readin' it right? I thought only the bigoted Catholics celebrated saints' days.

June 6. Robert Killen, Methodist minister of Mokelumne Hill, was thrown from his buggy near Junction Store. Received contusions upon his head which laid him insensible for several hours. He is well now. Wanna bet the title of next Sunday's sermon will be "On Being Prepared"?

Never bet on religion. Just horses.

June 11. TURN VEREIN HALL BURNS (*San Andreas Independent*). The Germans will not be happy.

District Attorney William Higby departed on the "Golden Age" on the sixth instant for the Atlantic states to visit relatives and friends in New York. He will be absent for several months.

September 28. Says in this local paper: Reverend James Motter performed the marriage of Hipolite Galeron, age 33, of France and Carmelita Preciado, age 35, residents of Greaserville.

Greaserville? Where's that? Never heard of such about here. Suspect it's in the reporter's head—figment of his racist mind.

October 15. "Seed Wheat" and "Comet the Second" competed. The stake was $200 for a distance of 600 yards. Several purses for short distances will soon be given. Lotsa betting at the Cornucopia Saloon.

Hope I can be there next time, John. Always off hopin' and workin' in some deep canyon.

October 23. NOTICE: I.O.O.F.—Grand Ball. Everyone welcome.

1860

March. Good news here for you, Mike. Phoenix Club is going to celebrate Saint Patrick's Day. Grand procession and ball! Irish violins, jigs, reels to "Mooncoyn Reel" and "Tipperary"! Dr. Englehard might have lots of patients!

That will be some celebration. Lotsa toasts to Saint Pat at Mooney's Saloon. Lotsa jiggin', too. Wanna bet that old floor won't last the night?

August 22. Maggie, did you hear the sad news? Rachel Kraft, the widow that owns the Dry Goods Emporium, lost her son. He would have been nine on November first. Poor Rachel.

I will pay my respects—bake some tarts. I understand her loss.

October. Says here in *The Independent* five men were sentenced to hang on October nineteenth.

Sounds barbaric to me, Thomas. Who were the jury? Members of the former Vigilance Committee?

October 26. County jail is near ready, says D. L.

Merrill! Four cells ten by ten, two cells eight by ten, two six by ten with double locks. Lots of iron works with 4,000 rivets done by Page and Severance.

December 14. Heard Benjamin II is arriving today. Don't want to miss seeing all that Jewish excitement of welcome. Lots of treats at Kaufman Hexter's Saloon. Tailors Julius Coleman and Karl Firth have been very busy. Everyone dressing up.

Who is Benjamin II? Never heard of Benjamin I, Mahoney.

That's because you aren't Jewish.

1861

January 19. Did you hear? Abraham Strouse sold his Washington Market to Kaufman Hexter. Thinkin' to head for Virginia City. Bought it in 1858 for $4,000.

July. Climb aboard. Am headin' to the Mokelumne River. Heard that a Irish feller, I. M. Magee, opened the Catabwa Flour Mill and Zine Store there.

Need flour. Bigger wash tub, too. Tired of washin' in my gold pan. Might buy. Got money to lend a friend? No luck lately.

October 19. Know anything new? Been away—in the canyon.

Gebhardt's Brewery caught fire. Used water from that nearby duck pond. Finally put it out. Left ducks dry, but only $10,000 damage to the wooden building.

November 16. Just learned—Dancing School is open. A gentleman—J. A. Browning—is showing the latest dances. We should enroll. Getting out of step.

Contractor Morrill says I.O.O.F. contract is nearly complete. Wm. Maloney did the masonry and Tom Magee put on the hard finish work, etc. Skilled craftsmen, those Irish.

November 26. Are you planning to go to Leger's Cotillion Party, Annie?

I planning, Maggie. So many dressed up gentlemen! Need to stitch up a new calico. Make perfume, too. Need some?

November 30. Messers Maloney and Mason have completed the carvings of the letters and Matthew Cannovan, the links for the I.O.O.F. Building.

Didn't notice. Not a joiner. So many joiners!

1862

January. Can you let me off at Muth's Bootery Shoe Shop? Down at I.O.O.F. He's on the first floor. A. C. Adams, attorney, is on the second. Meet you next door. Buy you a drink at U.S. Hotel bar—Lamphear's. Nice atmosphere.

February. It had better stop raining. So many chickens getting killed. Chickens!

Chickens. Those poor chickens! The ladies are chopping their heads off and searching their gizzards for nuggets! Might be a few nuggets. But there'll sure be more good chicken dinners in those iron cookers and fry pans.

April 11. Here is the item: Moses Hyman, Mohel of Sacramento Synagogue was invited to perform the circumcision at the festive ceremony for the son of Kaufman Hexter in Mokelumne Hill (S.F. *Weekly Gleaner*). Wonder who reported it.

You made the news, Fanny. And what a celebration!

May 10. The Amador Wagon Toll Road is finished. Sixteen feet wide. Grade eighteen feet to the hundred. Wayside stations, too. Heard John Hosley's movin' up there. Operate Antelope Springs.

That's progress for Amador County. Wish them luck in maintenance. Deep snows!

July 8. See the poster yet, William? Great days ahead! August eighth and ninth. First Agricultural Fair in Amador!

Could enter my big pumpkin. Might win the blue ribbon. Gotta big wagon?

Heard a big bull is being entered from a Chili Gulch Ranch. McSorleys, maybe.

Excerpts from letter to Sylvana Pope (Mrs. Robert), dated August 5, 1862.

My dear Mother,

I have to think twice before I think of you and Mary as being all I have left of the dear ones at home. Oh, how I do wish you were here to live with me for I have a good large house and my family is not large nor does it increase very fast and we are having a large dining room and kitchen built with a galery on too sides. We are also having our house newly papered throughout—Charley went yesterday to Independence—a place about sixteen miles from here. William is up in his office. Stella has gone to her bedroom to put her cat to sleep. Charley was going to write to you when I wrote but he went away so will write next time.

The thermometer ranged from 105-110 in the shade for too weeks in the day time—twice blood heat. It has never been warmer since I have been in the country.

Your loving daughter, (Signed) Emily Wells

In this you will find enclosed ten dollars for you Mother. Write as soon as you can.

August. Just came from the *Chronicle* office. *Amador Ledger* owner, Attorney Robert M. Briggs, is there. Due to the fire, the paper is being published from the *Chronicle* press. He's visiting the Zumwalt relatives, too.

Talented, bright man, that Briggs. Great orator! So funny! Entertaining everyone in the office. Even has those southern sympathizers laughing at his Union war stories.

1863

February 2. Whoa! Heard the latest, Alfred? George Clark died!

Was he somebody important, Frank?

Sheriff-surveyor-somethin'. Goin' to name a street for him, so they say.

If they want to name it Clark, why not for the one that promoted health?

More important. Probably dead longer! Would just have to add the "e." "E" could stand for excellence and represent both men. Who will know?

Who will care? Gotta get goin'. Giddap!

March 22. Big Jewish wedding today! Lebanon Weil, merchant since 1855, and Sarah Strouse are gettin' hitched. The bells will be ringin'.

Rosa, the H. M. Sturges family, of the Mokelumne Exchange, has sorrow again! Three years ago we mourned for little Georgianna, seventeen months old. Now it's baby Mary Emma—age two.

Such grieving parents, Hettie. Their only son, Charles, died in 1856. Only four months old.

1864

There is bad news, Jettie. The soft-wire suspension bridge over the Mokelumne between The Hill and West Point fell. Sixty head of cattle were crossing. All were killed.

Meat prices will rise like your soda bread. Can't afford, Maggie. Today is silver polishing day. Remember to air the pillows.

June 25. The Dance Hall is opening at Hotel d'Europe! Leger's new dance hall. Says here in the *Chronicle*, the finest around! Opening next week!

Everyone will be there—in their best finery.

So many kinds of fabrics down at Gustav Danielewicz's Store. Yettie's specialty.

Ragbags will be raided and pokers will be sizzling for all those curls!

July 14. Another accident! This *Chronicle* item says stage to Latrobe is upset. Wm. L. Dudley broke his left arm and is dangerously injured. Judge S. W. Brockway was also aboard.

Letter to Sylvana Pope, dated December 24, 1865.

Dear Mother:

We are all well at this time. Tomorrow is Christmas, and the children are almost beside themselves with anxiety to know what they are going to get for Christmas presents. We are going to have a Christmas tree exclusively for the publick school which contains one hundred and ninety five scholars, and another for grown persons and children who do not attend the school. The tree will be erected in the dancing hall which is eighty by one hundred feet. I suppose there will be a large turnout there always is on Christmas no matter how hard it rains and there is a great many who will spend the money (they should keep to buy bread with) for presents for their children to make a big show. It is nothing uncommon to see thirty or forty dollars worth of presents for one family. I myself never indulge in such extravigants. I never go beyond seven or eight dollars and yet mine generaly get as many as any of them. I think a great many more than they would if they were very poor and kneeded something for tis not fashionable to give to those who kneed but enough of that.

There is going to be a grand ball on New Years evening it for the benefit of the County Seat which is here but San Andreas a town about eight miles from here has been wanting it for some years past their excuse is that the Hill here is on one edge of the County; and they are eight miles centerwards. The question was voted on and we beat them but they picked some flaw in the making out of the returns of the election and have carried it into court and have already had two trials, and are now going to have it tried by the Supreme Court which will sit next month, and the money we are trying to raise is to defray the expenses. The ladies of the Hill furnish the supper in order to save all the money. The tickets are five dollars there was a committe of five men appointed to sell them of whitch Mr. Wells is one. Yesterday he sold three hundred and seventy five dollars worth. We have not went to a ball for more than two years but of course we will go to this. I expect it will be a perfect Jam, but of course there is a great many who will buy tickets that wont go. Hoping you are well—you will find too five dollar bills enclosed—so good night from your loving daughter.

(Signed) Emily Wells

Heard there was not serious damage. Just muddied the judge's clothes and his mind a mite.

November. Aaron! Hanchen heard the Republican Attorney William Higby won! He's leaving for Congress. Will be with President Lincoln! Maybe they can end the war. Hope so. Nothin' like tryin'.

1865

Stockton-Murphys Stageline
Connection possible at San Andreas
Arrival from Stockton—2:30 p.m.
To Murphys—8:30 p.m.
Leave Murphys—2:00 a.m.
Arrive San Andreas—7:00 a.m.
Arrive Stockton—3:00 p.m.
Boat to San Francisco—4 o'clock

February 26 (Sunday). What a fire! Fifty buildings. Began at midnight at Union Hotel.

Leger cut down his prices. Fifty cents a meal. Burnt leftovers, maybe?

1866

January 1. Bulletin Board: Notice—marriage—Dr. E. B. Robertson to Mrs. Lucy Coates at Dr. Hoerchner's in Mokelumne Hill. Dance at Leger's Hall.

May. Mary, can you go with me to meet Wm. C. Depew at the Hardware Store? Help me buy paint, glass, oil—and a new parlor stove. We're fixin' up!

May 23. Kalman Strouse's funeral today! Drowned in the slough.

June 2. Anna, would you believe it? Mrs. Julia McFadden has finally opened her Liquor Store. Will have French and American Brandies. Candies and Confections, too. A nice place for us ladies. At last—a place for us! A place for us—if there's money left over.

Joe, want to ride down to H. C. Hamer's Gunsmith Shop? Got new guns. Pistols, pumps and locks, too? Might be interesting.

November. Rachel! Where are you heading with all that black crepe?

I'm saying good-bye to the Court House, Lottie. Draping the door! Then wiping my tears in it.

1867

May. Did you read this ad? New supply of goods at the Dry Goods Emporium. "Silk, velvet, cashmere, tweed, linen, flannel, white and colored, damask, brocade, satinette, jaconette, swiss, muslin, bleached and brown shirting, ginghams, prints and broadcloth."

Tailors and seamstresses will be busy. Rachel provides the best.

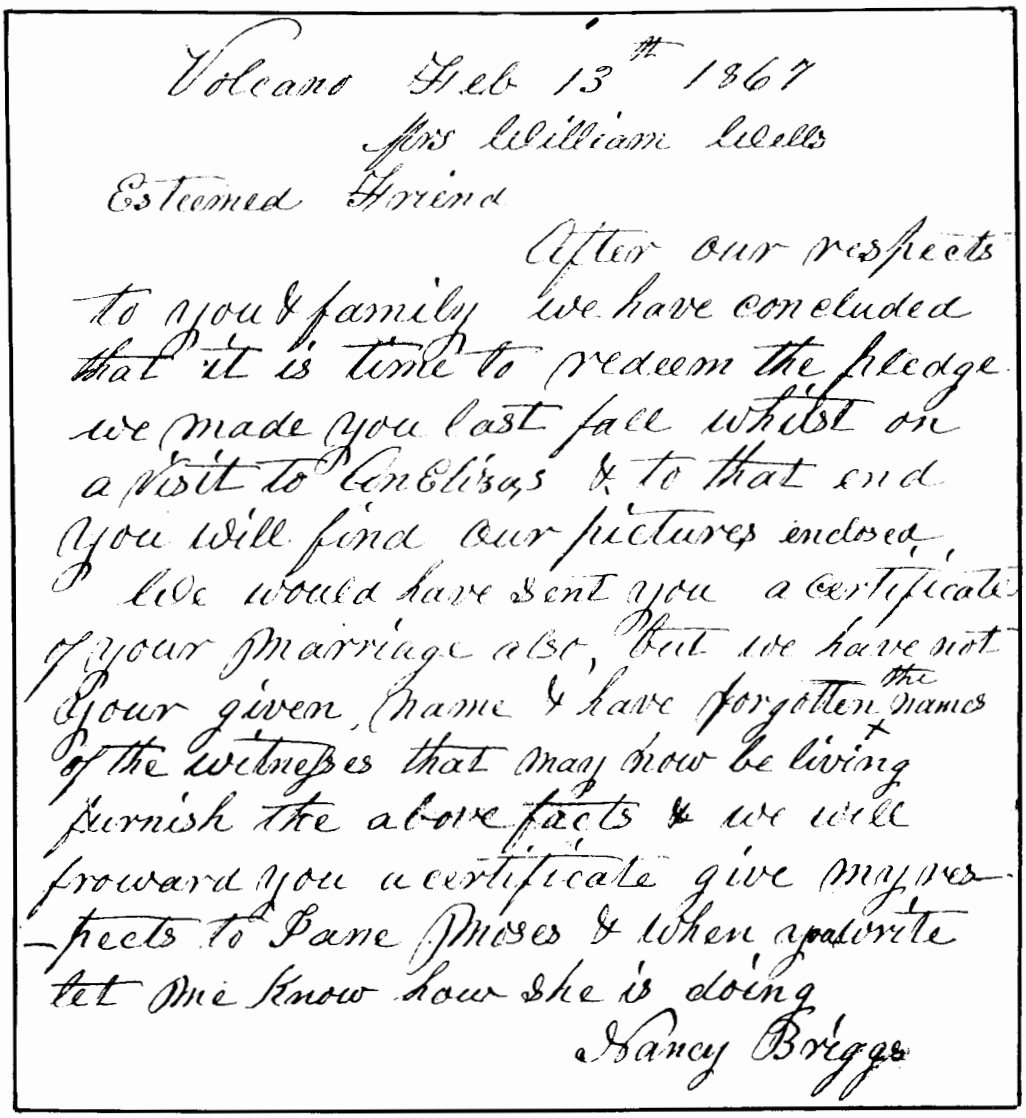
Pays to advertise as the merchants of our Jewish stores learned early.

Have you read these Chronicle ads? Looks like we're gettin' civilized around here with both man and beast being given consideration for hope and comfort: Dr. Stuart's Never Failing Hair Restorer is on sale. And there's Lyon's Flea Powder. Even Mexican Mustang Liniment for Horses. Might try the liniment on my aching back.

Teamster O'Neil just pulled in. Said he stayed at Golden Gate Ranch. Nice accommodations. Man by name of Schrack from the South operating it.

Isaac! Good news! Made a strike. Goin' down to C. Schlund's to sell my gold.

NOTICE: H. C. Hamer will serve as collector for the Mokelumne Hill Water Works at his establishment, the Gun Shop.



Volcano Feb 13th 1867

Mrs William Wells

Esteemed Friend

After our respects to you & family we have concluded that it is time to redeem the pledge we made you last fall whilst on a visit to Con Elizas & to that end you will find our pictures enclosed, We would have sent you a certificate of your marriage also, but we have not your given name & have forgotten the names of the witnesses that may now be living furnish the above facts & we will froward you a certificate give my respects to Jane Moses & when you write let me know how she is doing

Nancy Briggs

Letter from Nancy Briggs to Emma (Emily) Wells (1867) of Mokelumne Hill. The reference to an Eliza is daughter Ann Elizabeth, wife of Joel Henry Zumwalt, California's founder of E Clampus Vitus.

Letter to Sylvana Pope, September 19, 1867.

My dear Mother:

When I do not hear from you for a long time I feel worried lest some of you are sick or dead and me so far away—I wonder if I shall ever see you again—Mr. Wells talks of coming to the States to live. We hardly know what we will do yet. We have no property whatever in California now except the house and land where we live. Wm. has sold out everything and what he has now is in *Hard gold.* I hope whatever he does he may still be blessed with the same good luck that attended him in California.

Among the many who have made their pile in this country he is one among the few who have succeeded in holding on to it. It is not half so hard to get money as it is to keep it. There is many a man here that was ritch ten years ago that could not pay for a weeks board in advance today to save them.

To go back to the spring of 50 and pick out the ten richest men on the Hill and leave Mr. Wells out and look where they are today. I will commence with the one said to have the more money—a man named Morris—married seven years ago—now over the mountains working on the Pacific railroad to support a wife and too children. Kincaid is doing the same for too children. His wife is dead. Crooker is working by the month in a tunnel in Chili Gulch. Cozine would have died in the hospital if he had not been a Mason and Odd Fellow. Van Pelt died and was *buried* by subscription. Atwood is in the Cooper Mines making a scanty living someway. Root is crazy. His wife supports herself by doing up bonnets or any other kind of work that she can get.

Hanson is driving a team for a man that keeps wood to sell. His wife makes dresses when she can get it to do. And Sturges was shut up last week for the want of $12,000 more than what he has got to pay his debts with. He owed William $1500 but when he found the Crash was coming, Sturges told him to, he attached—got his—the only one of the lot that has any money left and he owes no man a dollar and I really feel sorry for them as well as feeling thankful that we have escaped a like fate.

Your loving daughter, (Signed) Emily Wells

William gave me twenty dollars to send to you.

Mrs. R. Adams at the Dry Goods Emporium has for sale OPERA HOODS—$1 and $2. Hats and bonnets received for cleaning. French and American Prints. (**Chronicle** advertisement)

May. Mrs. A. C. Adams yet operates The Dry Goods Emporium—the former Rachel Kraft. Only her name has changed. (Poster)

1868

April 16. A stage was robbed on Moke Hill Road! The Wells Fargo box was rifled. The robbers were caught on the same day and jailed. They'll be out in a few days—another bribery escape.

November 28. NOTICE TO STOCK RAISERS & FARMERS of the Mutual Protection Association: Will meet at Mokelumne Hill, Sat., Dec. 6, 1868 at 2 o'clock P.M. by order of George Markwood, Secty.

Hester, such wonderful ads here! Need to satisfy your sweet tooth? "Phils" Ice Cream Saloon (Phil Piper) on Main next door to Hook & Ladder serves the yummies—"Frigidly Cool" —"Deliciously Sweet"—"Incomparably Rich." Should you overdo it—there is the Miners' Drug

Store of Dr. A. H. Hoerchner with Genuine Drugs at S.F. prices. Also sells chemicals, Nitric Acid, quick silver, cyanide of potassium, kerosene and whitewash. Should you not find the desired item, F. Pire is advertising—SALE—CHEAP—Senna tea and castor oil. Brimstone, blasting powder, sarsaparilla root, ginger wine; axle grease and phosphorus paper.

The *Chronicle* is saying we can still buy all those things in this town even with the courthouse gone. Wonder for how long.

1869

March. P. J. Halk & Co., at the Center Market is advertising an abundant supply of meat. Heard Blum & Gradwohl are giving up—selling out. The *Calaveras Weekly Chronicle* with Charles B. Higby as publisher is sure to benefit with all those sales—all that advertising in his paper. Gets $5.00 for a one year subscription.

August. Just heard some Chinese girls are to be sold by parents. Will bring them $100 to $1,000. Merchants buy them. Wives or concubines raise them to later be sold as slaves.

I heard it's becoming a common practice these days in the Chinatowns to sell girls and young women. Can't prove it. Seldom see any women here.

Kept working inside. But who could walk in the gulch with those bound feet?

1870

Saw Mokelumne's census report the other day. Lots of men are still optimistic. Register as gold miners. Noticed they still aren't registering Indians or Chinese women.

Does that surprise you?

Joseph John Day, teamster, lost a wagon wheel as he pulled up at Leger's Hotel. No problem. So many willing helpers.

Did he have to treat them all?

1871

January 28. The Protestant Cemetery looks mighty fine. Enclosed with redwood pickets and an arched gateway. The fencing contract was for the front only. The old fence will furnish the sides and rear.

Nice improvement badly needed. Shows respect.

Molly, I've bad news! Father Welch is leaving! Been here since '64. Going to Salt Lake City. Said Father Schlattery will come soon. Hope he's Irish.

NOTICE: Daily stage—U.S. Mail departs Mokelumne Hill Station, 1:30 p.m. for post offices Gwin Mine and Lancha Plana.

1872

NOTICE: H. F. Terry, Deputy U.S. Surveyor, has surveyed the town. There will be an official map.

William P. Peek, Assemblyman, introduced a bill! It was approved! To amend the Act of 1857 relative to the herding of sheep to include goats on public land. The previous designated appropriate fines for violation will apply.

That will get the "goats" of goat men. Quite a few around now clearing land.

Politicians can't please everyone! But they try like Peek does.

A collection of fifteen elegantly bound books donated by Harris Weinstock and David Lubin, his half-brother—Polish Jews—and proprietors of the Mechanic's Store in Sacramento, were distributed in Mokelumne Hill School. Richard McSorley won first place of first division—Rose Tynan third place. Ivy Henry Zumwalt won second place award in the 2nd division of first grade. Other winners of first and second grades: Minnie Hemminghoffen, Ella Leavitt, Thomas and John Peek, Leonie Schlund and Gertie Gebhardt. Third grade: Sadie Bell Disbrow, Rose Erni and Emmett Sullivan. Frank H. Day and Miss Emily Day are the teachers. (From a scrapbook item.)

1873

Just met Carlo—Charles Gardella. Says his business is "doin' good"—his Wagon Maker's Shop. Paints wagons in colorful style. He's the undertaker, too. Got coffins for sale. Trimmed to order. Hearse at all times ready when required. Friendly undertaker. Lifts the spirit.

Good news! Mokelumne Hill townsite is now patented! But does that mean more taxes?

Let's check with Supervisor Sam Prindle. He'll know.

Knows everything—especially about taxes he doesn't like.

1874

March 5. Mark Gradwohl is selling out; corn meal, raisins, pie fruit in bottles, fruit and vegetables in cans, most delicate French preserves, Hall and Herring wine and liquor for medical and family use. Orders taken for furniture.

Who'll need furniture? Looks like everybody's leaving town.

Maybe those new Italian families can get some real bargains—like on polenta. Looks like they need bargains.

Louis Weil is selling out! Big sale! Good time to buy window shades, school books and blank books, toys, pocket and table cutlery. Looking glasses and perfumery. Been here a long time.

Wish we had money. Could use a looking glass. Perfumery, too.

No money is why Weil's is closing, Jane.

June 20. S. M. Davidson (569 Mkt. St., S.F.) and S. C. Peek—349 Main St.—opened their large new store—"The White House" on Leger's New Block. Mammoth assortment—tinware, Queen's ware, etc.

NOTICE: Gradwohl and Jacob's new store—GRAND OPENING, 345 Main Street.

July 4. Here it is, the PROGRAM POSTER—National Sunrise Salute—Procession—Band—Oration—Calthumpian's Parade at four—Balloon Ascension by world renowned Aeronaut Mons. F. F. Astiazaran. At 8:00 P.M.—Dance in Public Square—Tenfels Danz and Grosser Zapsfenstreich.—Ball at Leger's Hotel ($1.50).

Great time ahead! Won't miss.

Only fools miss a Fourth of July in Mokelumne Hill. I say—never miss!

September. Fire! Fire! The whole town's burning. There'll be nothing left!

1875

May 29. Have you seen Leger's latest project in front of the hotel for the use of stages and carriages? A locomotive turntable! Turns in any direction by the spring behind the bar. The only thing like it in the state!

Can't believe! Must see it work. Progressive, that Leger!

October 16. NOTICE: It's ready for dancing! Mr. D. L. Morrill, architect-contractor builder, has announced completion of the Town Hall formerly occupied solely by the Hook and Ladder Fire unit. The Hook and Ladder will occupy the lower story—the Town Hall, the upper.

November. Saint Peter's Catholic Church is being dedicated Sunday; 'spect big crowd like on Christmas.

1876

January. MEETING NOTICE: Installation of Officers of I.O.O.F., Jan. 15, 1876 (Saturday)—C. L. F. Brown, J.W., J. H. Zumwalt, Sen., S. S. Moser, Guide, H. A. DeChense, H.P., George Leger, Treasurer, Geo. Muths, W. R. Strange and Eben P. Burce, Etc.

January 22. *Calaveras Chronicle*—Excerpts of an article as published by Dana C. Pearson, Esquire—traveler-correspondent who visited Mokelumne Hill to gather information on the status of the towns of the state for the publication "Resources of California."

Until the fire (1874), Mokelumne Hill was the largest town in the county. Three-fourths of the town's best business part was laid to ashes in three hours. The present status—2 churches—2 hotels—1 restaurant—1 public school of 130 pupils with two teachers at salaries of $80 and $60—a small private school—1 livery stable—6 stores—6 saloons—2 tin & stove stores—2 variety—2 Chinese—1 planing—1 grist mill—1 art gallery—1 wagon maker—1 meat market—1 jewelry—1 commission and forwarding house, etc.—2 blacksmiths—3 carpenter shops and 2 breweries.

Werle & Albright have a good soda factory, bottling 600,000 a year. Mining is the leading interest. The Gwin Quartz—down at 1,100 feet—runs 60 stamps—paying well. Run by water—the hoisting by water and steam. Lamphear Quartz runs eight stamps by water from the ditch which also serves the gravels—Duryeas, Vieths, Cook & Co., Emerson Co., Smith & Co., Martin & Co. The fruit interest is not very large but we found some small fine vineyards. F. Mayer has 1,400 vines. Makes 5,000 gallons of wine per year and peddles most of the grapes—sweeter in the mountains than in the valley. Of agriculture we can't say much—some hay—some vegetables—good potatoes. There are 2 sawmills up in the mountains from town. The people feel keenly their loss. The people read the S.F. morning papers before retiring at night.

January 22. *Calaveras Chronicle* editorial—Tuesday of next week will be commencement of the New Year for which the Celestials of this place are making good preparation. Again we will have to inhale the disagreeable

aroma of bombs, fire crackers, and Joss sticks. If there is anything we abhor, it is a Chinese New Year, especially when they are in such close proximity as they are here.

The French Mutual Relief Society of Mokelumne Hill with George Leger, Clement Vandelle and J. B. Lantanier among the directors was organized. The hospital is located west of Stockton Hill. Mrs. Blais is in charge. (News item.)

Here is the terrible news! Murder in Mokelumne! Here, Rosa! John W. Cottrell, quiet and inoffensive man, was stabbed and almost instantly killed by George Frost, common day employee of T. S. Loutitt, blacksmith-wagon builder. Cottrell, a boarder at Frost's residence, was accused of intimacy with Frost's wife and brought the incident to a climax. No positive evidence of guilt was found. Frost was arrested. He showed no regret. The Fire Department and Odd Fellows buried the victim.

So sad. Would rather not have heard, Yettie.

July 4. Stage driver very late today!

Heard had trouble! On run from Angels Camp, horse dropped dead. Mile from San Andreas. Had to go there for another. Horses all in use. Finally got an old nag. She barely made it to The Hill. Might die.

July 5. What a Centennial Celebration! All those church bells and the fire bells ringing at once for a whole hour! Those boom salutes! At early dawn—noon—and sunset! What a noise echoing across the gulch.

Sure glad to still be aroun' in this great camp! Proud to be American, too. We went on a picnic. Down at Mayer's Park. Good dancing fun. Reminded me of when we came across the mountains.

Everybody was at the Town Hall Dance! Bryant's String Band sure had things lively. Lots of decorations—red, white and blue. But illness of a musician abruptly put an end to the salatory proceedings. I'm missing lodge tonight. Too much celebrating!

July. Just heard two masked highwaymen robbed a peddler. Got ten dollars. Ransacked the pack on the mule's back. Took nothing!

It's suspected they were waiting for the stage from Campo Seco. Passed early! Ahead of schedule! Passengers needed to make connection. Accommodating driver.

July 17. Thermometer fell from 100 to 66 and what a rain! Flooded the inside of my cabin. Came through everywhere.

1877

June 20. Mr. Melvin Coggins, underground foreman of the Duryea Gravel Mine in Chili Gulch was instantly killed by being caved upon.

Heard he was a native of Maine, age thirty-six years and leaves a wife there.

No one but a Chinaman saw the accident. James Duryea assisted by David C. Halsey, brother-in-law, are the mine's operators.

It could have been worse.

December 22. Here is the worst news of the year, Maggie! A. Eagon and Wm. L. McKim were thrown out of a buggy traveling south of Jackson. Both received injuries. McKim died two to three hours later.

A good business man and long time public servant is gone. First Assemblyman. Built Calaveras County's first jail. First Amador County treasurer! Remember his and Lucinda's wedding atop Butte Mountain.

I remember well, Harriet. Dead so long! Never recovered from her last childbirth. All so sad.

Good brave Lucinda.

Emily, remember the nice, Jewish Louis Levinskys—pioneers of Calaveras County in Jackson. Their daughter, Emma, married Ferdinand Toklas. They have a baby girl—born in San Francisco. Named her Alice Babette.

Alice Babette Toklas, a right pretty name! Wonder what she'll be when she grows up!

Don't you already know? Jewish, smart and maybe famous!

May she enjoy a good long life! (She died in 1967 at age ninety—internationally famous.)

1878

February 17. Did you hear! Big flood in Jackson! Jackson Creek swollen! Buildings carried off! Seven people drowned! In Butte City, "Old Miguel" was being buried in the church yard. Downpour! Church roof blew off. The pallbearers lowered the coffin and ran home. Very strong winds! Next day, "Old Miguel" was reported afloat on top of the water filled grave.

Last look aroun', maybe? Been aroun' long time. Same as me.

February 26. Bad storm news again. Heard big wind storm in Butte City. Catholic Church blew down! Steeple of Catholic Church in Jackson went, too. Fences, barns, trees are being destroyed. Everything going! Flumes are gone or going. Mines are flooding.

Could be worse here. At least The Hill won't be flooded. Just China Gulch maybe. But the river! So high now! Bridge might go.

1880

Just saw the census record again. Optimism has dropped! Men register occupations as miners! Not gold miners! Indians and Chinese women are not yet being registered.

If they wait much longer, there'll not be any around to register in these parts.

Chilean Hospital Society with trustees Hermiques Olivares, Romadlo Calaldo, Jose E. Justiananio have transferred the lot of the Chilean Hospital on Centre Street premises to John Guiffra of "Little Italy."

Wonder where all those Chileans are! Lots here in the sixties celebrating September 13, Chilean Independence Day.

1881

NOTICES –CHURCHES AND LODGES

The *Calaveras Weekly Citizen*, April 9, 1881

Religious notices –Catholic—Gwin Mine—8 A.M. alternating with Mokelumne Hill –10:30, 3rd Sunday. Rev. Father O'Connel, Pastor.

I.O.O.F. –Lone Star Encampment #10. Mokelumne Hill—Meetings 1st and 3rd Saturday each month. J. B. Terrell, C.P. –O. F. Tibbits, Scribe.

Free & Accepted Masons—Mokelumne Hill Lodge #31 –Stated Meetings—2nd Tuesday each month. R. F. McCarty, W.M. W. K. Boucher, Scribe.

1885

Louis Hexter got married! Good Jewish catch! Owns the Washington Market, the butchershop, even a corral with telephone! Was married in San Francisco. He's Fanny (Mayer) and Kaufman Hexter's son. The bride is Josephine Weil. Lots of Hexter family were there—Amelia, Henry Schragg's wife—Lena, Abrahm, Aaron, Lilli—she's Mrs. Lehman Strauss—and Charles. Fanny showed me a picture. Big extravaganza as they say! So many relatives and friends, too. Everyone so dressed up. The place looked very fancy—First class! Elegant, as they say.

The bride will probably soon be arriving at The Hill. Lots of Weil history here. Nice Jewish families. The bride will certainly be wanting a maid or kitchen help.

You tell Fanny I need work. Poor pay in Pat's mine.

1887

What you smilin' about on this rainy day, Sam Davidson!

Ah Sam, I was just appointed postmaster!

Smart men in Washington, Sam. Jus' like you. You're not listenin'.

1894

February. Colonel Stevenson died!

The one that got early retirement? Had to hunt for gold for a livin'?

Famous men never die so they say. Just fade away to get buried deeper in dull history books very few read.

1898

October 1. Did you hear, Dick? Everyone's talking! Carlo Gardella isn't going to do his Italian celebration—the annual Mokelumne Hill Columbus Day Parade.

Oh, no.

Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria ships—those great replicas atop his old brightly painted wagons are too tall! Masts can't pass under the electric wires they just put up!

That's progress? No Columbus! No ships sailing Mokelumne's sea lanes! Not even make believe Indians! Can't believe! Everything washed out to sea! Those wonderful gatherings at Carlo's to get ready! He invited everyone. Gone the singing, dancing, eating, and wine drinking! The bocce games! And that Columbus sailing day! The play acting on the way. Too bad! Too bad! No more sighting land! Just lighting land. No happy Carlo. Would rather have candles! Better always the dark in Mokelumne Hill and happy, laughing Italians so proud of Christoforo Colombo.

1900

August 2. Samuel W. Pearsall died. Here in town. Good man gone. Knew all about mining. Well liked. Lived a long and useful life—eighty-two years. Sure will be missed by old time miners.

Someone should name a street after him. Deserves that. Let's drink to it.

1904

Patrick! Just learned why I haven't been seeing her—the old Miwok, Manuela! She died!

1906

Hurry! Come quick! Here's the promised photo, Grace.

Can't believe my eyes, Mary. That title! "BUSINESS MEN OF MOKELUMNE HILL" 1906.

Such brave ladies! They deserve gold medals.

They deserve public apologies. Blanche Suessdorf, telephone operator, looks beautiful.

M. E. Coudery looks even more beautiful. But why is her profession not listed?

Who cares? The men probably don't need that information! To get your picture in the composite of all men I call success with courage and progress.

Bravo for the two BUSINESS LADIES OF MOKELUMNE HILL photographed with all those Business Buddies of 1906. (Calaveras Historic Society photo.)

July 28. F. H. Day, Mokelumne Hill teacher, left for Kern County. (*San Andreas Prospect.*)

Heard he taught here over thirty years.

Did you hear? An automobile arrived in town?

I saw it! Can't believe anyone would have the courage to travel on such rocky, dirt roads—especially down the steep hills of this place in that contraption.

It's not for me. I'll stick to my buggy. Safer. No runaways lately.

1909

Movie! Flicks tonight in the Town Hall! Cowboys shootin' Indians.

Wish there was a Bull and Bear fight instead.

Ain't you civilized yet?

1926

Wanna go with me up on Stockton Hill to see Ed Norton's and Percy's latest idea for fun! Air circus! Leo Moore's airplane! They're giving rides for free.

Why not? Doin' nothin'. But I'm not sure I want to ride in that thing called a plane. Looks like its parts are tied together with John Lombardi's haybaling wire.

Mokelumne Hill citizens—one hundred fifty—held a ditch cleaning bee to prevent Mokelumne Hill Water & Power Co. from cutting off the water supply from the ditches serving since 1853 and in bad disrepair.

A big need deserves a really big deed. Imagine this green spot without water!

August 13. Morrano Cordova, oldest resident of Mokelumne Hill, celebrated his one hundredth birthday. He arrived in 1849. (*Oakland Tribune*)

1928

May. Got yourself a radio set yet, Giovanni?

Da box wid big, black horn and car battery? No! Me not got.

You would like it.

Not me. No! 'Fraid. If can hear'm, they can hear ever'-thin' in my house. Not for me and my family. Don' need.

1931

The Easyz Bird (1898-1907) has reopened! Flotation process in the mill!

1937

Howdy ladies. Just thought I'd get into this nice Leger dining room to have my second cup of coffee as usual in high style. Just waiting for Dr. Chaffee. Headin' for the Community Club meeting.

Ozzie, would you like some cream for your coffee?

No, thank you, Eva. That Carnation milk in your pitcher will be just fine! (Weekly depression humor without laughter.)

1939

May. Mokelumne Hill School's upper grade children—most of them—went on a trip—with their teachers, Varena Schrack and Eve Starcevich. Some mothers went, too. To the Treasure Island World's Fair! Did they have things to talk about when they got back!

Heard many had never been to San Francisco.

Stayed at the Y.W.C.A. and viewed the city's spectaculars. Visited Chinatown and Old Saint Mary's; rode on the cable car to Fisherman's Wharf, and on the ferry boats. Enjoyed the beauty and wonders of the Fair. Such excitement and memorable happenings.

Was told that at the beautiful outdoor California Historical Pageant they received public recognition at the evening's opening performance for their presence. For traveling so far! Most unexpected fun surprise! Then another surprise! The children got to see their upper grade

principal-teacher on TV "before there really was TV." Black and white pictures—television, yet in its experimental stage. Being demonstrated from a glass booth! The teacher was invited inside to appear before the camera for a brief exposure. The shouting and excitement was earsplitting. "We saw YOU in your WITCH'S HAT!" (Out of the mouths of babes!) The hat destined for the New York World's Fair at the school's closing was a "high" couture, original design. Among the happy, excited shouters were schoolmates: Glenn Dell'Orto, Marian Munoz, Margaret Davis, Bertha Chadwick, Patsy Peek.

Let's CELEBRATE

FOURTH OF JULY

Centennial

1848 ★ 1948

MOKELUMNE HILL

CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

We've pardoned all CLAIM JUMPERS, made peace with the INDIAN TRIBES, banished JOAQUIN MURRIETA and BLACK BART to the village of YERBA BUENA, and opened wide the doors to the FANDANGOE HALLS, to welcome you to MOKELUMNE HILL, Heart of the Diggin's, for a CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, July 3d, 4th and 5th.

Visit the town which once rivaled San Francisco as the METROPOLIS of California, which was famed for GRASS ROOTS GOLD, which boasted a "man for breakfast" every Saturday for months and which celebrated the FOURTH OF JULY as if our INDEPENDENCE DAY were all holidays rolled into one.

REMEMBER, IT'S MOKELUMNE HILL FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY CENTENNIAL JULY 3D, 4TH AND 5TH

1948

May 25. Ruth, did you hear the latest—about the Fourth of July?

You mean, Helen, about the pageant? Everyone's excited about that! Want to take part!

Who will be left to be the audience?

The rest of the world! Everyone is already being invited to come. All the Peeks and Solinskys won't miss.

When there's not yet a pageant script—or even a director? Who'd accept that job?

Don't worry. Centennial Chairman Ray Garamendi will find someone. I told everyone you will do the makeup under the big tree in our yard. Got lots of costumes out of the Peek attic already—trunks full—and at Grandma Hutchinson's, too. Jeanne and Patsy want to be barroom gals in those black beaded dresses. Found top hats and cutaway coats for Dean and Pep. Wedding dresses! Bonnets, shawls, capes, high button shoes!

Can't wait for July third! I love doing makeup.

Stockton Record, Tuesday, June 22, 1948

Mokelumne Hill Plans Pageant

MOKELUMNE HILL, June 22—Dress rehearsals and final touches were scheduled for late this week for the "Romance of Mokelumne Hill," historic pageant which will headline the local centennial celebration July 3, 4 and 5.

Mrs. Eve Zumwalt, pageant director, reports the two-hour spectacle will present a complete picture of the outstanding events and developments in the town's century old history.

Particular emphasis will be placed on the part played by the several racial groups in the 50's, 60's and 70's, Mrs. Zumwalt pointed out.

At one time, according to the pageant official, the Chileans (Chilenos), Mexicans, Chinese and French had separate colonies surrounding the town.

The pageant will be staged on the main street of the town, and three 96-year-old stone structures will furnish the "backdrop" for the show.

Other dramatic leaders taking part are Mrs. Flo Peek and Mrs. Muri Halverson, assistant directors; Miss Joyce Wilder of Angels Camp, dance director; Helen and Joanne Zumwalt of Los Gatos, make-up; and Dorothy Durbin Decatur, San Francisco, supervisor of the Mexican and Chilean portions of the pageant.

Leading parts will be played by Harry James, Elvin Sabatini, Roy Stewart, Helene Ross, Chester Oeth, Pug Wills, Ivy Dahl, Pep Peek, Flavey Campbell, Gwenola Beebe, George Ross, Earle Dell' Orto Lowell Winkler and Francis Lombardi.



PAGEANT BACKDROP— Still in a state of perfect preservation, the old Odd Fellows Hall at Mokelumne Hill will serve as a backdrop for the "Romance of Mokelumne Hill" pageant, one of the top entertainment features at the town's Centennial Celebration July 3, 4 and 5. The pageant will be staged Saturday night, July 3. The two-story hall was built in 1854 and a third story was added in 1861. Other features of the celebration will be the parade of pioneer vehicles, a lumberjacks' "Olympics," two all-night dances and demonstrations of old mining equipment.

July 4, Sunday, CENTENNIAL PARADE DAY.

Flo, you won't believe! We had to walk to town! Nowhere to park! Pam is in her pink rosebud pantaloon costume designed by Pearl Eddy. Has the honor of riding in a carriage with Grandma Fischer. I'm wearing this pageant Mexican costume. Kept being stopped by people —people I didn't know! Lots of people! "That was a beautiful pageant!" "What a wonderful historic pageant!" In disbelief, I got the courage to ask, "Where were you seated?—From where did you view it?" The responses? "I WAS IN IT!"

Those were part of the one hundred EXTRAS—the friends and relatives from EVERYWHERE invited to dress up and take part! They are the ones who didn't get the hastily written "penny postcard" of the very detailed directions to the group leaders. Remember?

July 24 Flo, how good to be sitting, here on this leftover pageant bench beneath this "iron door" tree. But I miss the decorations! Brought the reviews and a letter— At last—time to rest and be joyful! I'll read:

"PAGEANT IS HIGH POINT
OF JULY 4TH CENTENNIAL"

Approximately 2,000 persons witnessed the "Romance of Mokelumne Hill Pageant" on Saturday night ushering in the Mokelumne Hill's Fourth of July Centennial Celebration and were entertained by a colorful dramatization of the town's history from pre-Gold Rush days through development of a stable Mother Lode Community.

With a home town cast of 200, the pageant drew exceedingly favorable comment from the audience.— Colorful costuming and back-ground music by a symphonic group of Modesto directed by James Halverson, Calaveras Union High School music director, transformed the Main Street with subtle changes as—The players moved in and out of the buildings in the set— carrying on the life of the mining camp while John Crabbe, College of Pacific Radio Director, painted the narration word pictures of Mokelumne Hill a century ago. (*Calaveras Weekly*, July 9, 1948.)

"DRAMA CRITICS APPLAUD PAGEANT"

"It was a very fine show and ranks high among current Centennial presentations," said drama critics of College of Pacific drama department—Mr. & Mrs. Jerry Mullin, Rob Dickerson and Bettie Gall. They were particularly impressed with the dancing—(*Calaveras Weekly*, July 16, 1948.)

STATE LEADER LAUDS EVENT

The Calaveras Weekly issue of July 23, 1948, included excerpts of a letter from Joseph R. Knowland, publisher of the *Oakland Tribune* and chairman of the California Centennial Commission, to Frances Lombardi, official Mokelumne Hill Centennial Celebration Hostess, in reply to her invitation:

"Dear Mrs. Lombardi:

Permit me to state that I have heard the most favorable reports on the celebration at Mokelumne Hill which makes me even more keenly regret that I could not be present.

I have been informed by our representatives that the setting was ideal and the pageant excellent—with full advantage taken of the natural setting."

SPECIAL FEATURE COLUMN—"BIT O' VERSE" by Lirrel Starling (Elsie Gardella Hickman)—Mokelumne's award-winning poetess and author of distinction —The pageant illustrated once again the constructive, cooperative spirit of the community in joining together to put over successfully a public affair of such magnitude. The pageant was colorful and dramatic—It was easy where the action took place—when darkness hemmed in surrounding buildings and lights played only upon the pageant, to live again the colorful lively days of Mokelumne when she was truly Queen of the diggin's—May we have more such Fourth of July celebrations—(*Calaveras Weekly*, July 9, 1948.)

CENTENNIAL OFFICIALS
PRAISE LOCAL CELEBRATION

Two officials of the California Centennial Commission, Liaison Officer E. G. Davis and Publicity Director Bill Scammon, praised the Mokelumne Hill Centennial Pageant as "the best we've seen yet, and we've seen them all"—"the glowing accounts released failed to prepare me for the well-coordinated presentation."

Mr. Davis especially commented upon the natural appearance of the background action and use of the historic buildings as a set.

Both officials were amazed that non-professionals had been used throughout and praised the preparation and direction of Mrs. Eve Zumwalt and her assistant, Mrs. Flo Peek. (*Calaveras Weekly*, July 9, 1948.)

And to think we did all that—with—

NO REHEARSAL

NO REHEARSAL!

Calaveras Weekly

EIGHTH YEAR MOKELUMNE HILL, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1948 VOLUME 8, NUMBER 49

Mokelumne Hill Old Timers Meet In 4th Reunion

Another successful endeavor of the Mokelumne Hill Centennial was the "Old Timers" reunion and contest held under the direction of Mrs. Frances Lombardi.

A group of 38 Old Timers and former residents registered and renewed acquaintances.

Although gardenias which had been ordered for the women members of the Old Timers group failed to arrive the gathering was a big success.

Mrs. Grace Kelton Hutchinson was honored as the oldest native resident of Mokelumne Hill. She was born here in 1863.

Another prize went to Mrs. Irene Irvine, 91, who was the oldest native Calaveras County resident present.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bennett were honored as the oldest couple living here. He is 87, she is 79.

Alex Lombardi with 10 children and 14 grandchildren, most of whom are still residing within the county, was judged the oldest living native with the largest family group. Alex is 70.

Runners-up to Mrs. Hutchinson as the oldest native of Mokelumne Hill were William L. Daoust, now of Stockton, born here in 1868. Third oldest was Otto Werhe, of Lodi, born here Feb. 12, 1869. Next was Mrs. Laura Greve Vandel Bennett, born here July 2, 1869; Mrs. Eugenia Moser Fischer, born here in 1872 and Tom C. Peters, now of Bakersfield, who was born here in 1874.

Others of the Old Timers who registered are Charles Adreen of Berkeley, born in 1878; Addie Peek Daoust, born in Mokelumne Hill, 1874; Cecille Vandel McMillan, R. Avise of Sacramento, 1876; Estella (Lois) Todd of Lodi, 1892; C. J. Gardella, Big Bar Bridge, 1882; S. M. Hughes, Chile Gulch, 1877; Agnes L. McCarty, 1894; Mrs. W. L. Parker of Stockton, 1873; Hamilton Luddy, Mountain Ranch, 1883; L. Lagomarsino, Los Angeles, 1880; Mabel Daoust Frioux of Stockton.

Pageant Is High Point Of July 4th Centennial

Approximately 2,000 persons witnessed the "Romance of Mokelumne Hill" Pageant Saturday night ushering in the Mokelumne Hill Fourth of July Centennial Celebration—and were entertained by a colorful dramatization of the town's history from pre-Gold Rush days through the development of a stable Mother Lode mining community.

With a home-town cast of nearly 200, the pageant drew exceedingly favorable comment from the audience of local residents, former residents returned for the holiday and the "old-timers" reunion, visitors and Centennial Commission officials.

The pageant began with an early Indian scene, depicted the arrival of the first Spanish soldiers intent upon recapturing escaped Mission Indians and swung into the French fur trader phase of early Mokelumne Hill history. Colorful costuming and background music by a symphonic group directed by James Halverson, Calaveras Union High School music director, transformed the Main Street stage into an especially fitting backdrop for the early days of the town.

Arrival of Mexican and Chilean miners and the coming of the first American gold miners—remnants of Stevenson's Regiment — followed and the growth of one of the West's most dramatic mining towns as a ribald community was depicted.

The background music and costuming took on subtle changes as the "era of refinement" ushered in the development of schools, churches, stable business establishments and homes . The players moved in and out of the store buildings in the set carrying on the routine of everyday life.

Centennial Parade Attracts Praises Of Huge Audience

A mile and a half long parade which contained everything from elaborate floats to miner-donkey combinations was an outstanding feature of the Mokelumne Hill Fourth of July celebration last weekend.

Led by parade chairman John Gardella and Mrs. Laura Morgan the procession was one of the longest to have paraded in the Mother Lode this summer.

A crowd of at least 2,000 persons lined Main Street and applauded the colorful parade entrants as the line of march filed down from the Highway 49-Highway 12 intersection and coursed toward the center of town. Oswald Lombardi, who formed the parade units at the hill top, said the first units had returned to the intersection before the last were able to leave, giving an indication of the length of the column.

A very clever replica of a San Francisco cable car entered by the Amador Hospital won the historical floats award with the Mokelumne Hill Women's Club float, a replica of the old community church, taking second in that category.

Calaveras Grange took first prize and Sequoia Rebekah Lodge of San Andreas second in a general classification.

Three first prizes went to the three bands entered. Calaveras Union High School won the amateur band prize

Bit o' Verse

By Lirrel Starling

We are deeply appreciative of the fine 'plug' given Mokelumne Hill's Centennial Celebration by a fellow columnist, Lee Shippey, whose "Lee Side o' L. A." is a widely read feature of The Los Angeles Times. Thanks for that swell mention in the July 1st edition, Lee Shippey! . . . . The principal attractions of the 3-day celebration, (the pageant on Saturday night and the splendid parade of Sunday morning), illustrated once again the constructive, cooperative spirit of the community in joining together to put over, successfully, a public affair of such magnitude. The pageant was colorful and dramatic, brilliantly bringing together, and pointing up, the particular contributions of many races to the early development of Mokelumne Hill. Modern signs with temporary coverings whereon were painted names of the old establishments formerly facing the site, brought reminiscences from old time residents—names such as Sturges Store, The Golden Eagle Hotel, etc., evoking stories of a past, golden era. It was easy, in the area of Main Street where the action took place, when darkness hemmed in surrounding buildings and lights played only upon the pageant, to live again the colorful, lively days of Mokelumne when she was truly the "Queen of the diggin's"—contributing chapter after chapter to the rugged story of this Golden State. May we have more 4th of July celebrations utilizing the singular attractions of the Mexican Hat Dance, the Chilean parade ,the matchless "Devil Dance" (performed with torches,) and the graceful Ladies' Flag Drill!

The Grand Parade will live long in the memory of all who saw it, and will doubtlessly be recorded in neighborhood albums for generations. Cameras of every size and type avidly recorded the brilliance, beauty, humor and originality of the floats and many units that continued to roll along Main Street in seemingly endless success. Lack of space prohibits mention of many especial attractions but we would like to doff our hats to a few that took our fancy:, who was the "Chinaman" so faithfully portraying the early Chinese miner? And we admired the dashing Amador vaqueros, the picturesque Miners' Band with their red shirts and their drum major who performed amazing feats with the baton; the Golden Float of Mokelumne Miners was a thing of virile beauty and we readily understood, upon beholding it, why it has so consistently won prize after prize . . . . we liked the Old Timer with his burro , the little lady with the accordion and

Continued on page 222

College of the Pacific
Stockton, California
Radio Station KCVN
July 5, 1948

Dear Mrs. Zumwalt:

You people are to be commended for a terrific job. The undertaking was tremendous and I'm sure, very satisfying to you. I heard many fine comments as I was leaving and I enjoyed helping you out very much.—Thank you for permitting me to be of service to you.

Sincerely,
John C. Crabbe
Director of Radio

(He became the first Manager-Director of public television Channel 6, KVIE.)

Continued from page 221

the tiny dog nestling on her shoulder as she played and marched along; we applauded the beautiful Lions' float; the Grange Float, the Goddess of Liberty, and the royal butterfly float of Central Hotel, Sutter Creek; and George Stewart, fireman, driving the sturdy little red 'flivver' fire engine . . . . we think it all sums up to a fine tribute to the people of this and surrounding communities whose comradely 'pitching-in' has produced a memorable Centennial Celebration which justly rated this comment we overheard in the crowd: "It's one of the best things in the State!"—we think so, too!

2 — CALAVERAS WEEKLY, MOKELUMNE HILL Friday, July 9, 1948

Calaveras Weekly

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GEORGE S. ROSS.....EDITOR-PUBLISHER

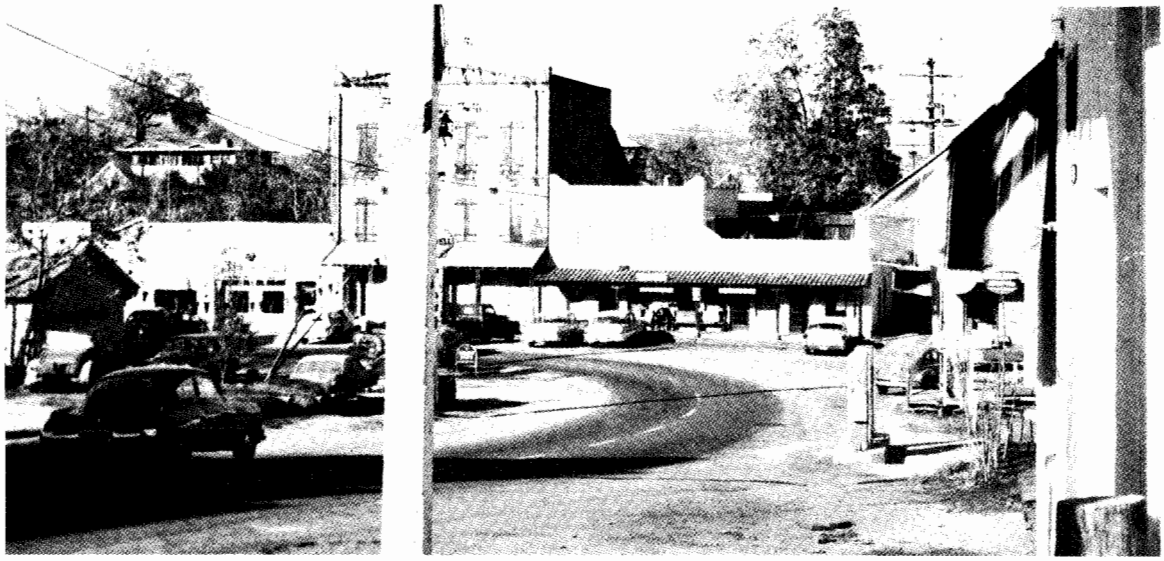
Town With A Heart—

The pageant is over, the parade has come and gone and the people who ran the mining and milling exhibit are resting up, but the thrill of success of an outstanding community endeavor remains in Mokelumne Hill.

The first struggles of the Centennial Committee to get the program started were discouraging, but it soon became evident that there were many untapped sources of energy in town to draw from, with the final result being that almost everyone in town—and many from out of town—had a part in our Fourth of July Centennial.

We can't begin to give individual credit to all who deserve it. Certainly Chairman Ray Garamendi, Pageant Directors Eve Zumwalt and Flo Peek; Historian Muri Halverson; Musical Director James Halverson; Narrator John Crabbe; Parade Directors John Gardella and Oswald Lombardi; Official Hostess Frances Lombardi; the mining exhibit committee of Frank Garbarini, Jack Menchini, Harry James, Mervin Porteous and others; the Murphys Quadrille team and the Angels Miners Band; the Mokelumne Firemen for their barbecue, the Mokelumne Lions and the Community Club for their dances; both Churches for their splendid services commemorating our historic past—Well, it's just the kind of thing for which the entire town must be thanked because the entire town contributed.

We're all very pleased that the program turned out so well, but probably most of us are more pleased that the spirit of community cooperation which sometimes has seemed secondary to small interests was everywhere evident in a holiday we'll all long remember.



Partial view of Centre and Main streets, site of 1948 Centennial Pageant, before its pageant set transformation. Bench seating was constructed and provided on the inclined Main Street slope.

Mokelumne Hill and Area Families—1948

Adams, Vivian
Aderhold, Frank & Ina
Aderhold, Harry & Effie
Harry, Ralph, Nadine
Ames, William & Dorothy
Beverly, Kenneth, Betty, Gordon
Bankston, Betty
Barton, George
Becker, Otto & Joyce
Andrew, June, Jane, Helen, Otto, Eddie, James
Beebe, Norman & Gwenola
James, Sharon
Belisle, Paul & Ella
Bennett, Charles & Laura
Bergeson, Mr. & Mrs. Edward
Bias, Victor
Francis, Morris
Blais, Herbert
Boland, Lola
Borchin, George & Antoinette
Jerry, John, Linda
Borchin, Joe & Gladys
Patricia, Robert
Brown, Edward
Campbell, Arthur & Rachel
Campbell, Flavey & Lenora
John & Louis Galli
Campbell, Hugh & Peggy
Cathy, Glen
Canepa, Mr. & Mrs. Joe
Carlson, C. O.
Chatfield, Clayton & Ada
Clayton, Jr.
Chatfield, Norman & Lorris
Erma, Donna
Chatfield, Stanley & Betty
David
Church, Mr. & Mrs. R.
Coen, Otis & Frances
Coombs, Pearl
Costa, Jack
Costa, Joe & Ethel
Crespi, John & Frank
Cummings, John
Cuneo, John & Ruth
John, Jr.
Cuneo, Rinaldo & Grace
Rinaldo, Jr., Pearl
Cuneo, Rose
Dahl, Dr. & Mrs. A. C.
Dahl, Andrew & Ivy
Danz, Charles & Minnie
Dell'Orto, Carl & Violet
Glenn, Mildred
Dell'Orto, Earle & Bertha
Dale, Michael
Dell'Orto, Joseph
Dell'Orto, Lincoln & Doris
Donald
Desantis, Dominic & Mary
Charles & George Mandatory
Dirksen, Mr. & Mrs. D.
Doyle, Mr. & Mrs. Larry
Duff, Twila
John
Dustin, Mr. & Mrs. Gerald
Dustin, R. R. & Pat
Patsy
Duzan, Mr. & Mrs. Hugh
Eddy, William & Pearl
Lavonna, Wilberta, Beverly, Sydney
Elder, Lee
Ellis, Clarence & Catherine
Myrna, Bert, Eddie, Gloria
Erickson, Phyllis
Erlandson, Mr. & Mrs. George
Finch, Jane
Randy
Fischer, Aloysius & Alice
Leland, Ilamae, Alfred, Wesley, Marilyn
Fischer, Andrew & Genevieve
Andrew, Jack, Patricia
Fischer, Dewey & Bertha
Clifford, William, Kathleen, Rita, Richard, Michael
Fischer, John & Mabel
Thomas
Fischer, Roseann
Fisher, Mary Eugenia
Flint, Phil & Virginia
Flint, William & Josephine
Timothy
Fontana, Mr. & Mrs. Tom
Bill, Tom, Tony
Friel, Edward
Frioux, Mabel Daoust
Garamendi, Raymond V. & Mary Jane
Thomas, John, Mary Anne
Garaventa, Andrew
Florence, Bertha
Garaventa, Frank
Garaventa, John
Garaventa, Rinaldo
Irene
Garbarini, Frank
Garbarini, Frank & Nora
Angel
Gardella, John & Ethel
Galter, Mr. & Mrs. M.
Gnecco, Roy
Greve, Charles & Ilene
Betty
Greve, Lyle & Jenny
Greve, Myron & Eva
Donald
Halverson, James & Muri
James, Joel, Jonathan
Hamby, Mr. & Mrs. Marvin
Hayden, E.
Hewett, John & Marian
Gloria
Hickman, Stacy & Elsie
Beverly, John
Hughes, Mrs. Steve
Hughes, Willard & Edna
Betty, Raymond
Hutchinson, Grace
Holtz, May
Irvine, Edith & Irene
Jackson, Lyle
James, Harry & Vera
Joy, Emmett & Lorraine
Joy, Charles
Donald, Floyd, Doris
Juri, Philomena
Juri, Ernest
Matilda, Ernest
Kelton, Clarence
Kennedy, Zela
Kenward, Kenny
Knapp, Jerry
Knepper, Mr. & Mrs. A.
Knunson, Knute
Kuhn, Finley & Audrey
Rodney

Lagomarsino, Norman & Winnifred
Laidet, Clovis & Beverly
Laidet, Francis & Tilda
Glenn, Allen, Bernice, Helen, Cecil
Laughead, Malcom & Tilda
Lavezzo, Charles & Wynema
Leonasio, Mr. & Mrs. Jack
Lester, Preston
Lewis, B. O.
Mary, Nancy, Jerry
Lilley, Jerry
Little, Mr. & Mrs. Gene
Little, Leo
Little, Rose
Lloyd, Hardie & Delia
Hazel, Carol
Lombardi, Alex & Francis
Alex, Jr.
Lombardi, Clifford
Helen, Oswald, Maxine
Lombardi, Harold & Viola
Harold & William
Lombardi, John
Lombardi, Louis
Lombardi, Stanley & Hilda
Stanley, Timothy, Julie
Low, Laurel
Lundby, Chet
Maasberg, Mr. & Mrs. Bill
Magee, Richard & Cynthia
Main, Louis & Elsie
Malaspino, Donald & Vivian
Charles
Malaspina, Lilli
Lillian
Markwood, Harriet
Marshall, Mr. & Mrs. Howard
McCartney, Leo & Kathleen
McDonald, Edward & Ann
Virginia, Edwin
McDougal, Bob & Kathy
Christine
McKinty, Mary
McMurtry, J. A. & Sylvia
McNamara, Harold
McNamara, James
McNamara, Louise
McQuade, John James
McRaney, Lonnie
McSorley, John & Nettie
McSorley, Thomas & Eletha
Marredda, Vincenzo
Mencheni, Mary & Jack
Modrell, J. J. & Ollie
Moffitt, Ernest & Olive
Lloyd, Joan
Mondani, John, Carlo & Margaret
Morenzoni, Pete & Dolly
Gloria
Morgan, Archie & Laura
Louis, Archie, Timothy
Mlinar, John
Munoz, John & Annie
Newman, M.
Nolta, Mr. & Mrs. John
Norton, Edward
Nuner, Marie
Oeth, Chet & Celia
Paul, Frank & Isabel
Pearce, Jim & Margaret (Budgie)
Roxanne
Peek, Percy & Ruth
Patsy
Peek, Presley & Florence
Penny, Lulu
Perkins, Fred & Marian
Darryl, Vernon, Tom
Persha, Steve
Pfieffer, Charles
Porteous, Mervin & Irma
Gary, Marilyn, Kenneth
Queirolo, Dave & Carrie
Vida
Queirolo, Joe & Evelyn
Gwendolyn McClellan, Jack
Queirolo
Quinn, R. L.
Read, Robert & Mary
Reed, Mr. & Mrs. Elmer
Reed, Frank & Laurel
Frank, Jr., Paul
Roberts, Mr. & Mrs. R.
Rogerson, Bill
Roggenthein, John & Vera
Ronchetto, Nick & Janett
Janet
Ross, George & Helene
Sabatini, Elvin & Flossie
Linda, Nancy
Seeman, Mr. & Mrs. Fred
Schimcke, Rube & Opal
Schroeder, Leland & Irma
Stanley
Scroggins, Wanda
Sifers, Thelbert & Geraldine
Thelbert, Gail
Simonson, Ella
Solari, Gildo & Harriet
Solinsky, Dean & Charmian
Susan
Solinsky, Frank & Jeanette
Sorenson, Jim
Soderbloom, Thelma & Oscar
Squellati, Annie
Stewart, Glenn
Stewart, R. L.
Stewart, Roy & Elsie
Stewart, Victoria
Swanson, Oscar & Lillian
Betty, Vera
Swanson, Bob & Romita
Tom McBroom
Tabeau, Mr. & Mrs. C.
Taylor, K. O. & Annie
Thym, Alfred & Leta
Beverly, Harold
Turner, Elaine
Tuttle, Howard & Ada
Bill, Joyce
Valencia, Bill
Vandelle, Walter (Cap) & Ernie
Ware, Grover & Lulu
Watson, Tom
Wertz, Sophia
West, Dorothy & Waldean
White, Gaylord & Emma
Gaylord
Wills, Hubert & Barbara
Winkler, Cyril & Sally
Winkler, Lowell & Helen
Lowell, Jr.
Winn, James & Nettie
Frank Hamby
Wolford, L.
Wudell, Max & Sandy
Roberta, Fred
Yale, Tyler & Ida
Yount, Ortis & Beulah
Virginia & Ronald Bailey
Zumwalt, Henry & Eve
Pamela Henrietta
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Jeanne
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About the Author

Eve Starcevich Zumwalt was born to Jugoslav parents as the sixth of seven daughters in 1911—in Angels Camp, California—the year her father relinquished mine blacksmithing for merchandising in his "Miner's Friend Variety Store" on Main Street. Her fond memories of association in the cosmopolitan, pulsating Mother Lode small town of hardrock-deepshaft mines have served her inordinately well!

Bearing her bachelor of arts degree, a teaching credential with added graduate study in English literature and social science majors attained at San Francisco State College, in the Great Depression year of 1933, she launched her professional career—of thirty-seven years—in Mokelumne Hill's historic school upper grade classroom—yet barren, with pot-bellied stove and drinking water pail. How unaware she was that those early years' memorable students, their appreciative families, and many town associates would provide inspiration for her highly acclaimed California Centennial Pageant and a well-documented volume of history.

Her fifty-seven years of residency in The Hill as career woman, wife, mother, retiree, and widow; as pursuer of her interests in music, art, creative writing, drama, gardening, bird watching, world travel and public service, provides further insights to this intriguing social history of a unique small town's century of gold search.

The author's early concerns for her profession, her church and community betterment prompted public service commitments: founding the Book Club for Teachers and establishing their first salary schedule; founding St. Thomas Aquinas Society; serving as church organist-soloist and library commissioner. She holds honorary membership in Calaveras Garden Club; yet serves as board member of Calaveras Heritage Council.

The author was the first woman to receive appointment to the Calaveras Fair and Jumping Frog Jubilee Board by Governor Ronald Reagan and subsequently by Governor Jerry Brown. Her sixteen years of loyal service included representation to the Mother Lode and Western Fairs Association.

Awareness of senior citizen and developmentally disabled needs prompted board membership in T.A.A.C. Senior Citizens, Inc. Those initial efforts established the first senior citizens centers and services in the adjoining rural counties of Tuolumne, Amador, Alpine and Calaveras. Board participation on the Valley Mountain Regional Center for the Developmentally Disabled brought the area's first rural semi-independent living project to Jamestown, Tuolumne County. Others soon emerged.

Enthusiastic support through action to the Calaveras Branch of the American Association of University Women since its inception brought honorings: as the first recipient of the A.A.U.W. Foundation's International Relations Name Grant Award for meritorious service; the highly esteemed title "Mother of Sacramento Symphony in Calaveras" and organizer-fundraiser of Friends of the Symphony. A decade of programs has been offered. In her interests of status of women and "women helping women" she initiated the loan fund for women holders of the associate of arts degree to further their education; co-founded the branch's yearly outstanding Octoberfest to promote the arts and fellowships. She served as delegate to the South Pacific Regional Convention in Honolulu and the Centennial Convention in Boston.

Lifelong interests in ethnic cultures, in 1978, brought the coveted opportunities to visit the Soviet Union regions of Russia, Georgia and the Ukraine under the auspices of the Citizens' Exchange Corp; to view life in the Peoples' Republic of China with the U.S.-China Peoples' Friendship Association at Guangzhou, Beijing, Shanghai and Soochow before diplomatic relations were re-established.

Eve Zumwalt's extensive experiences, research and intimate knowledge of historic families, persons and events presented with creativity, dramatic flair and elegant prose—with injections of wit and humor—lure the reader to reflect on the spirit of the times and the human aspect expressed in the diversity of historical writings. There is an impressive array of photographed items, many previously unpublished. All has been recorded to bring surprises—big and small; to fulfill her long-dormant promise—to share her pageant narration and memories.