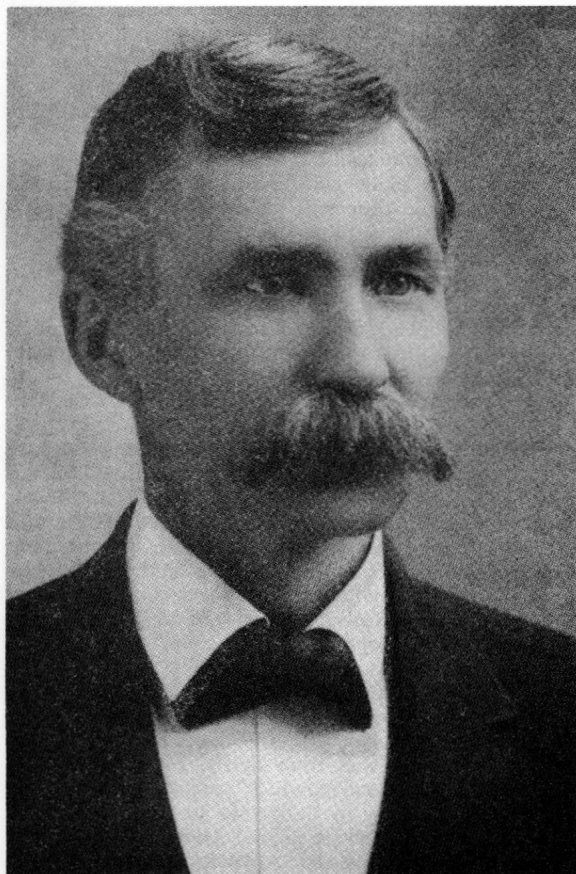




The Getchell Family

by Larry Getchell



Clarence W. Getchell
founder of the *Prospect*, 1881

As one of the last living descendants of the early pioneer family of George Washington Getchell, the other being my niece, Wilda June Plaskett, presently living in Sutter Creek, I regret that at this time we do not have a present day resident in Calaveras County. This writer, born November 15, 1903 in Sheep Ranch, treasures those first eighteen years of his life and the school day memories that will remain with me as long as I shall live. San Andreas will always be my home town and although I have lived in the Bay area since 1922, down through the years I have been a frequent Calaveras County visitor and at present am a member of the Calaveras County Historical Society. I am proud to make this statement as I am proud to mention being a ninth generation American. Let me explain.

My Getchell ancestors were apparently an adventurous lot. The first to arrive on these shores were two brothers, Samuel and John Getchell.

They bought and sold property in Salem Massachusetts during the year 1636. How and when they arrived from England I am unable to say. Following in direct line was Samuel II, then Joseph I and Joseph II. The latter Joseph was born Circa 1726 in Wells Maine. We pause at Joseph II due to certain historical facts. What we are about to relate is all well documented at the New England Historical and Genealogical Society of Boston, Massachusetts.

As a young man Joseph II, a member of Captain Pool's regiment, assisted the British in the reduc-

tion of Canada, to repeat the Chronicler's account of that day. It leaves one to wonder, did he take part in that early morning battle on the "Field of Abraham", when the British under General Wold defeated the French forces under General Montcalm and in which both generals lost their lives.

During the year 1764, Joseph II and his family that included six year old Joseph III, helped to settle Machias Maine where the elder Joseph build a saw mill on Middle River. It was in Machias Harbor some eleven years later that the first naval engagement of the Revolutionary War took place.

Two weeks following the incident at Concord and Lexington, British Admiral Graves sent to Machias a lightly armed vessel, the Margarett, there to make sure Machias lumber reached Boston where it was badly needed to build barracks for incoming troops. The folks of Machias were in full sympathy with the Colonists and resisted this action with vigor. Following several days of arguments with Captain Moore of the Margarett, they made an unsuccessful attempt to capture Captain Moore (on a Sunday during church service). That afternoon they made a decision. On the following day, June 12, 1775, two days before Bunker Hill, they commandeered one of Captain Jones' lumber schooners and prepared to attack and capture the Margarett. Numbered in that group of Machias men was forty-seven year old Joseph Getchell II and his sixteen year old son, Joseph III. There were also the six O'Brien brothers, the eider Jeremiah O'Brien being named commander while the chase was under way.

With but 20 fowling pieces, axes, and what other implements available, they proceeded on what most would consider a foolhardy adventure. However when the two vessels came together a fortunate shot felled Captain Moore who had been tossing hand brigades (sic) from the bridge with telling effect. Without a leader the British soon gave up the fight and the men of Machias had accomplished the most impossible.

On the lighter side, there was always a question of who's foot first touched the deck of the Margarett, that of 47 year old Joseph II or that of young John O'Brien. If the name Jeremiah O'Brien strikes a cord, it should. Docked at Pier 32 in San Francisco is the restored World War II Liberty Ship, Jeremiah O'Brien, named after he of Revolutionary fame. Two hundred volunteers maintain the ship. I, a small contributor, am a charter member.

We mentioned that Jeremiah O'Brien was named commander by the 40 men aboard the lumber schooner. He would later command a 20 gun privateer which was captured by a British Man 'O War off the coast of New York. This was late

in the war after several privateers under Jeremiah's command had taken many British prizes. Captured along with Jeremiah was Joseph Getchell III who was listed "Ordinary Seaman." Released after 18 months in an exchange of prisoners, Joseph returned to Machias, married Sally Berry and they raised 11 children.

Child number 10 is important to our story as he, in Circa 1848, sold his Machias property to his younger brother, George Stillman and managed to reach California not too long thereafter. Washington Getchell settled in Plymouth, Amador County. He left behind seven children. California



George Washington Getchell

was much to his liking so he sent for them. Four responded and met in New York, Circa 1859. My grandfather, George Washington Getchell, his wife Irene and four year old Clarence were living in Minnesota. Traveling by the recently opened Erie Canal they joined the others in New York and together they sailed to Panama. After crossing the Isthmus they caught ship passage to San Francisco, arriving there in

the Fall of 1859. Elder brother Winslow remained in San Francisco where either he or his descendants operated a grocery store at 37th Avenue and Clement Street as late as 1916.

Brother William moved to Nevada and was not heard from again. Young sister Alice joined her father in Plymouth where she married a Gilmore. Descendants of the Gilmores still live in the Sacramento area.

George Washington Getchell and his family moved about the Mother Lode during the first several years. My Grandmother Irene once told me "George said that when we reached California we would be able to pick gold up right off



Irene B. Getchell
photos taken prior to 1875

the streets, but George was never able to find the right street."

Clarence often told this story. During 1860 George was working at a mine at Forest Hill. As a six year old he experienced an exciting 24 hours when the news of the firing on Sumpter reached Forest Hill. At the time, sympathizers of both North and South were at odds. The Northern sympa-

thizers had formed a Home Guard and had been issued live arms by the army. The Southern Sympathizers also had their club but they had to practice with broom sticks.

Immediately the news of Sumpter was made known, the mine men surfaced and rushed to their respective quarters. Things were touch and go in Forest Hill for a time but with the seven o'clock whistle the following morning, the miners reported for work and the danger was over.

The George Getchell family, tired of moving hither and yon, decided it was time to settle permanently. George was working at the Fellowcraft outside of San Andreas when son Grant was born in March of 1867. Shortly thereafter the family rented in San Andreas and later built a home on lower St. Charles Street. Flanked on the right was the large Snyder home and their neighbor to the left was the Dave Casinelli family. A sister Noni had been born in 1864 and during the year 1874 the last member, Everett Guy would increase the number of children to four.

Everett Guy at age four was a precocious little fellow and full of mischief so remembered the then eight year old Grant Getchell. Father George believed in corrective measures where needed but in the case of Everett Guy, Mother Irene never permitted her husband to take such steps. My father, Grant Getchell, sort of blamed his mother for what happened. Regardless who was at fault, arguments mounted on arguments. Then one day when Irene prevented her husband from correcting his wayward son, George put on his hat and coat, walked out of the house and did not return for six years. When he did return he was a sorry mess with nothing but the clothes on his back and a little donkey. He had been a heavy drinker and smoker. Right then and there at age 50 he swore off both and touched neither the "Demon Rum" nor the obnoxious weed the balance of his life.

With George gone, Irene somehow managed to keep the family together with some help from Clarence, now twenty years of age. Before leaving George had provided Grant with a little two wheeled cart and a small donkey. The latter it was Grant's job to break. "He must have thrown me a thousand times", said my father. However at last a close bond was achieved between a small boy and a trusty little Jack. Soon Grant with his donkey and little cart was doing yard work and hauling it away. It all helped. Among other things, one year they bought water melons at the farm for 5 cents and Grant with his little cart sold them up town for 25 cents. They stored the melons in the cellar. One day while Irene was attending her club meeting, Noni talked Grant into opening a melon which she, Grant and Guy enjoyed. Then Guy squealed to his mother. Noni blamed Grant and he re-



Grant Getchell, circa 1905

cepted for the whipping.

Clarence in the meantime, some eleven years older than Grant, received a taste of newspaper experience when at age 12 he worked part time for the weekly Citizen. Later during his early twenties he worked for a Stockton daily. Then, at age 27, having married Tilly Salcido, he, with some financial help from his father in law, Louis Salcido, bought a complete newspaper outfit from a discontinued Sonora paper.

Things were touch and go with the Calaveras Prospect that first year, 1881. Clarence needed help but couldn't afford it. With approval from his mother Irene, sixteen year old Grant was taken out of school to apprentice at the paper. He would receive board, room and clothes, and Clarence would help with his mother who was presently raising Noni's daughter Lilly. There would be time for Grant to do odd jobs for pocket money.

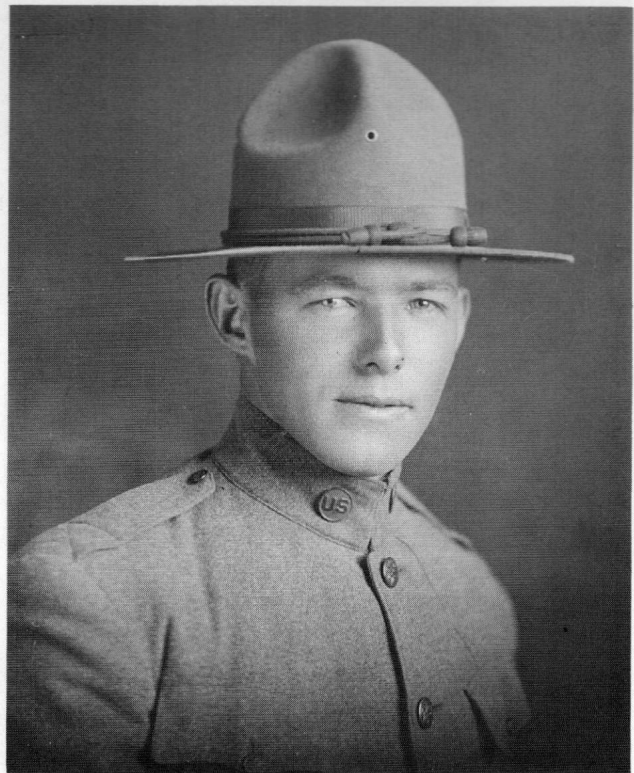
Any number of jobs could be handled by young Grant, thus relieving Clarence for more productive activities. The paper was once printed where the type forms had to be hand picked and the type distributed into the type cases. Each type letter and figure had its own slot in the type cases, arranged in order somewhat on the order of type bars on a typewriter. The type would be used over and over again. Relieved of this tedious job Clarence was free to put his letter press to work and for this he needed letter press orders.

He bid on the County printing contract order but the Citizen's price was a bit lower. The following year he sharp-

ened his pencil but again the Citizen had a slightly lower price. Clarence was determined to land that contract the third year. To this end his bid offered to pay the County \$19 for the privilege of handling the County's printing contract. Surprise! He got the business, some would say in more ways than one. But it wasn't all that bad. There would be considerable other printing business during the year on which he would realize his normal profit. From that year on Clarence would enjoy the County printing business.

Now a word or two about the printing office. Just behind the Clarence Getchell home on lower Main St. was a tall three story tank house. It towered above other buildings in town and was the home of the Calaveras Prospect. The first floor was quite roomy and large enough for the newspaper press, the letter press and later a line-a-time type setter. There were no stairs to reach the next two floors. Fastened to the side wall were rungs similar to those of a ladder. You played spider monkey to get to the second and third floors.

The second floor was the composing room, housing the type cases. The third floor was quite small with just room enough for a desk, chair and a file. It served as his editorial room. On top of all this was a large water tank. Later on Clarence drilled a deep well some 500 yards distance, located just across San Andreas Creek at the extreme edge of



**Clyde Getchell,
in World War I Army uniform**

Coulter's Flat and opposite the old Poplar Hotel site. He was now able to supply water to several of merchants on lower Main Street. There was sometimes a problem during late summer when his well ran low on water and the tank ran dry. The merchants of course complained. Clarence would say, "Lord Harry, Lord Harry, I'll fix it", but there wasn't much he could do but hope for cooler weather and pray for rain.

When we arrived in San Andreas November 15, 1907 those new gas buggies, referred to as automobiles were practically an unknown commodity. Clarence decided that the publisher of the County's leading newspaper should correct this. He journeyed to Stockton and bought what the dealer said was a good used car, a Studebaker touring type, sans roof, sans doors, with just U type openings to enter and exit. Clarence managed to drive it to San Andreas but from there on he had great trouble getting it started. The crank was at the side and it required a strong arm to turn the thing. Besides it kicked like a mule and could easily break one's arm. Clarence finally gave up on it and gave it Bill Allen. The Allen kids used it to play that day's race car champion, Barney Oldsfield.

Clarence didn't give up but made another trip to Stockton and this time bought a later and better model. A short time later his new car made a historical trip to Tahoe. Accompanying Clarence was Postmaster George Treat, and his brother-in-law, Jake Snyder. They had to drive only by daylight as no one trusted those carbide lights. On the return trip they stopped at the Sacramento State Fair where they picked up some of the County booth's agricultural display. Returning via the Jackson Road they made a stop at the Leger Hotel in Mokelumne Hill here a historic photo was made of them along with a sizable welcoming crowd. In the photo lawyer Jake Snyder is in the driver's seat with George Treat in the back. Clarence with his leather driving cap stands just behind the car. Bareheaded Tommy McCarty, hotel owner, is standing near the car. The

photographer must have sold a lot of these photos because there are still a few around.

Clarence and Tilly had one child, Florence. She would later marry a man named Gastoguy. They spent two years in Alaska but when Florence returned it was without her husband and she didn't marry again. She taught school at commerce High in San Francisco for many years. When she died in Marin County she left a considerable fortune to the Christian Science Church.

At age 19 Grant decided to leave Clarence and plan his future. He first visited his sister Noni who had remarried and was living in Martinez. While there Grant found employment with a local newspaper at an excellent salary of \$5.00 a day. His mind however was set on learning the carpenter trade to which end he moved to San Francisco and apprenticed at "\$1.00 a day and board yourself", his words.



Historic photo of Clarence Getchell (in motor cap) and his open air auto, circa 1908

Grant would spend the next six years in San Francisco pursuing the carpenter trade. During that time he sent for his mother and Guy. One day they visited Uncle Winslow. The San Francisco fog didn't agree with Guy so he and his mother soon returned to San Andreas.

Six year had passed and the carpenter in San Francisco was a bit slow so Grant paid a visit to San Andreas. He planned a two week visit but it turned into a permanent stay in the town of his birth. He was shortly joined by his brother-in-law, Will Austin. What happened to Will's wife Noni I never heard. Will Austin and Grant contracted in and around San Andreas for the next several years. Grant lost his partner who died of cancer. Will was a heavy smoker. One of the buildings on which they did the carpenter work was the two story Odd Fellow building at the head of Main and St. Charles Street.

At age 27 Grant married Johannah Henderson, a local girl. A son Clyde was born April 20, 1885. Clyde's mother died two weeks following his birth. The task of raising a



George Washington Getchell with his 10 oxen team logging in the Mendocino Woods. George is standing, second from left, holding his yard stick, which is on display at the Calaveras County Museum. Photo circa 1860

young grandson fell to mother Irene.

Grant would marry again in November of 1900. His bride to be, my future mother, could claim as her ancestor Peregrine White, born during November 1620 on the Mayflower while it was riding at anchor at Plymouth Rock. Unfortunately, the genealogical record of Hattie Mae White's ancestral record was not preserved. Peregrine White's father did not survive that first terrible winter.

Hattie Mae's father, Herbert Haskell White, born in Vermont during 1837, left his home at age 19. He managed to reach St. Louis during the year 1856. After completing two cattle drives for the government he signed on with a wagon train, reaching California that same year. Shortly he homesteaded a 160 acre farm outside Stockton. He married Anna Webb, just 13 years old at the time and they had a total of 13 children, ten of whom reached adulthood.

During the 1880's, because of Herbert Haskell's poor health, the doctor prescribed a high altitude. As a result, when harvest was over the White family moved one and all to the Calaveras Big Trees area. Here Herbert Haskell was instrumental in the establishment of the first Avery School.

The White children daily hiked the mile to that Avery School house, through snow most of the time.

Herbert Haskell was a fiddle player and a square dance caller of sorts. He arranged social affairs during the winter months, usually dance parties out on the Big Trees Father of the Forest stump. It was covered with a cone shaped roof for protection from the elements.

Anna White lost her husband in 1894 and a few years later lost the farm to taxes. At age 60 she one year served as cook at the Wiggins sawmill. George Poore, former President of the Calaveras County Historical Society remembered Anna. He said to me "The boys never ate so good."

The White family now scattered in several directions. Hattie Mae White found employment with the Tiscornia family in San Andreas. It was while here she met Grant and as I already mentioned they were married in November of 1900.

Some six months or so following their marriage the couple moved to Sheep Ranch. Here Grant ran a saloon for a year or so before being employed at the Sheep Ranch Mine as the Mine Carpenter. Then in Sheep Ranch, November 15, 1903, Laurence Harold Getchell saw the first light of day.

Eleven months later my father, Grant Getchell suffered a serious leg accident at the mine. Mostly due to the lack of good medical attention, blood poison set in. Brother Guy probably saved his brother's life. He and the Sheep Ranch miners raised a sum of \$200, enough for Grant to get attention in a hospital in Oakland. They saved his leg but it would be stiff and more or less prove a problem for Grant, especially the next several years.

When the mine closed in Sheep Ranch our family moved to San Andreas. Grant's sole wealth at the time was \$25. The Pioneer Saloon at the corner of Main and St. Charles had been closed for some time. In their cellar was a barrel of whiskey. Grant paid his last \$25 for that barrel and opened for business the following day. Seven years at the Pioneer and his health failing, Grant decided to put the saloon business behind him. This he did and slowly returned to carpentering. He finally retired at age 88.

Grant and Judge Smith had been almost life long friends. For years Grant had done the Judge's repair work up at his home. They would meet on the street and it would be "Hi Judge", "Hi Grant, by the way I have a little job for you up at the house when you have the time." Following retirement Grant met the Judge on Main Street one day and it was the usual and then the Judge said, "I have a little job for you up at the house when you have the time." Grant thought a moment then said, "Sorry Judge, I can't do it, I've retired." The Judge paused, looked up into the sky, wiped a tear from his eye and then said, mostly to himself, "An era has passed."

Grant continued to live in San Andreas until age 96 at which time I found it necessary to take him with me to Oakland. As we started down the highway he waved his hand out the car window saying, "Goodbye San Andreas." I promised to myself he would sleep once more in his own bed and he did three months later. However his heart finally gave out and he died just two months short of age 97.

Earlier we mentioned that Grandma Irene raised Clyde as she had previously done with Noni's daughter Lilly. In 1917 Clyde was working for PG&E over at Electra. With our entry into World War I, Clyde together with Percy

Peek of Mokelumne Hill enlisted in Captain Solinsky's California Division. After spending several months in California they finally were sent overseas where Clyde spent eight months. Upon his return he married Buelah Storms, formerly of Paloma. Their daughter Wilda June Plaskett lost her husband some year ago and now lives alone in Sutter Creek.

As to Laurence Harold Getchell, this writer, I have been enjoying the "Golden Years" for quite some time. I visit my home town, San Andreas, as often as I can and have managed to keep closely associated with it down through the years. During the 'fifties I helped organize a San Andreas folk dance club, the Mountain Mixers. My wife and I were their instructors for most of two years during monthly visits. I was president of the Folk Dance Federation of California during part of this time.

For fifty years I lived in the East Bay, a sales representative of Uarco Business Forms for 46 of those years. Upon retirement in 1972 my wife Anna and I moved to San Francisco where we have lived these past 26 years. During my close to a century of living I have witnessed many, many changes. Progress, yes, but one wonders that with all the progress are we all that better off today. Life was simpler then but for most more comfortable now. One wonders what life will be like a century from now.



Hattie and Grant Getchell in front of their San Andreas home



Larry, pictured with his daughter Helen Rose, in Bakersfield in 1974

Larry Getchell

Las Calaveras is grateful to Larry Getchell for this fascinating chronicle of his family. All of the material for this article was researched by Larry and reprinted in his own words. And he provided all of the photographs. As stated, Larry left Sheep Ranch, the town of his birth in 1922, but has remained a native of Calaveras County at heart. Larry has been a faithful member and supporter of the Historical Society for many years. He still often makes the arduous trip from the Bay Area to attend our monthly meetings. Perhaps you have spotted his smiling face in the crowd.

Larry's material presented in this issue is only a piece of the many contributions he has made to *Las Calaveras* or the Historical Society over the years. Larry has contributed several items and artifacts to the Historical Society for display in our museum which we appreciate. Other stories, always with a fun humorous angle, have graced the pages of *Las Calaveras* in the past. We look forward to even more in the future.

Thank you, Larry, and best wishes for a continued long and healthy life!



New Historical Society Officers for 1999 / 2000. From left to right: Willard P. Fuller, Joan Dunleavy, Sandy Dragomanovich, Rosemary Faulkner, Pat Ruthrauff, Bob Woods, Roark Weber and Ron Randall. Camera shy: Sue Smith.

Photo by Bonnie Miller

On a pleasant summer evening on August 26, the Historical Society installed newly elected officers for the 1999/2000 term. A dinner business meeting was held at the Black Bart Park in San Andreas. Entertainment was provided by Donna Nunes and another fine meal was prepared by chef (and former society president) Don Cuneo. Everyone in attendance had a wonderful time.

Installed as our new officers were President Rosemary Faulkner of Jackson (formerly a life-long resident of Rail Road Flat), Vice-President Sue Smith of Valley Springs, Treasurer Pat Ruthrauff of Calaveritas, Director Ron Randall of Valley Springs, Director Sue Smith of Valley Springs, Director Sancy Dragomanovich of San Andreas, Directory Bob Woods of Mountain Ranch, Directory Roark Weber of San Andreas.

Good food, entertainment, and pleasant company aren't the only reasons that these dedicated people have volunteered to serve on our board. These fine people enjoy the gift of giving of themselves. Serving on the board is only one way to give. There are many other avenues by which a volunteer can participate with the society. Most notably, we can always use volunteers to staff our Museum, which is open seven days a week. Won't you consider giving a little of your time? Any volunteer are welcome!! Please call our office any weekday at (209) 754-1508 to discuss the possibilities. You'll be glad that you did!!

In Fond Memory ...

The Historical Society is sad to note the passing of some prominent citizens of Calaveras County.

William Wallace Mein, Jr.

Towards the close of 1998, the Society lost a long-time member, one whose family had played an important role in the history of our County. On December 15, Wm. Wallace Mein, Jr., known to many of us as "Tommy" passed away at his home in Woodside, California. His father, Wm. Wallace Mein, a prominent mining engineer, had completed a number of highly successful years on the Witwaters Rand gold district in South Africa as manager of one of the big mines there. On the way home to America in 1910, his son, W. W. Jr. was born at London. "Tommy" grew up in the Bay area, while his father and several mining associates, including George B. Poore, Sr., founded the Calaveras Cement Company. This company's plant at Kentucky House, just south of San Andreas, began producing cement in May, 1926, beginning a 56-year-long period of profitable operation.

The Mein family sent "Tommy" to Harvard College. Graduating in 1932 he then returned west and went to work for Calaveras Cement Company. One of his early assignments was studying the Mother Lode mining area and looking for promising mines. In 1941, he became vice-president of the Company. Following World War II, he helped direct the first major expansion program of Calaveras Cement Company. In the mid-fifties, Wm. Wallace Mein turned over the position of president to his son, but remained as chairman of the board and C.E.O. "Tommy" continued as president until the Flintkote Company, affiliate of the Royal Dutch Shell company, merged with Calaveras Cement Company and took over the management in 1959. He remained as head of the Calaveras Division for a few years, as well as a director of the Flintkote Company, retiring before the Flintkote / Genstar merger in 1979.

The impact of the Mein family, including Wm. W. Mein, Jr., upon Calaveras County was most important, as the Cement company was the major private employer for those 56 years of continuous operation, with a large number of county residents on its payroll, and one of the largest county taxpayers. The huge concrete buildings and foundations, and the rusting machinery at Kentucky House, sadly, are all that is left of what once was one of the most productive and profitable of California's cement plants.

Lucy Lois Tryon

On Sunday, July 18, 1999 Lucy Tryon, matriarch of the Tryon family passed on in her home in Angels Camp.

Mrs. Tryon was born in Courtland on her family's farm. She attended Mills College in Oakland and later taught at Rio Vista High School. She married Walter Tryon of Calaveras County in 1941. In 1975 the couple moved permanently back to Tryon's home and lived on their ranch in Angels Camp.

Over the years Mrs. Tryon became an active member of the community in several venues. She will probably be most fondly remembered for her innovative contributions to the annual Women in History program. Mrs. Tryon introduced the program to Calaveras County in 1988 through her work with the AAUW after she had seen its success in other areas. Mrs. Tryon portrayed several notable women in classroom visitations, enlightening young student throughout the county to these important women in our country's history.

Mrs. Tryon's participation with the Women in History program will be missed. "We're working to keep her legacy" noted Joan Donleavy, another member of the program and currently an officer with the Calaveras County Historical Society.

Bette Ann (Starr) Quierolo

Recently our friend Bette Queirolo of Murphys passed away. Mrs. Queirolo has been an active member of the community of Murphys for many years. She and her family have always participated in community events and organizations such as long-term employment with the Union Public Utility District. At one time she and her family owned and operated the Murphys Hotel.

In the past several years Mrs. Quierolo has been an active member in the Historical Society. Her happy face and regular attendance at our monthly meetings will be missed.

Calaveras County Historical Society

30 No. Main Street P.O. Box 721 San Andreas, CA 95249

Officers and Directors

President	Rosemary Faulkner, Jackson
Vice President	Joan Donleavy, Paloma
Treasurer	Willard P. Fuller, Jr.
Recording Secty.	Pat Ruthrauff, Calaveritas
Directors	Ron Randall, Valley Springs Sue Smith, Valley Springs Sandy Dragomanovich, San Andreas Bob Woods, Mountain Ranch Roark Weber, San Andreas Shirley Huberty, San Andreas
Bookkeeper	Bonnie Miller
Las Calaveras	Dee Tipton
Office Manager	Elizabeth Braydis
Office Assistant	

Las Calaveras is published quarterly by the Calaveras County Historical Society. A subscription to the *Las Calaveras* comes with membership in the Calaveras County Historical Society for \$16.00 per year. Non-members may obtain copies from the Historical Society office. The original historical material presented in the *Las Calaveras* is not copyrighted and anyone is invited to use it. Mention of the source would be appreciated. Contributions of articles about Calaveras County is appreciated and may be submitted to the Historical Society.

The Calaveras County Historical Society is a non-profit corporation. It meets on the fourth Thursday of each month in various communities throughout the County. Locations and scheduled programs are announced in advance. Some meetings include a dinner program, and visitors are always welcome.

The Society operates the Calaveras County Museum which is open daily from 10:00 to 4:00 in the historic County courthouse located at 30 Main Street in San Andreas.

The Society's office is located in historic San Andreas, the Calaveras County seat. Visitors are always welcome to stop by the office for assistance with research, and are encouraged to visit the museum while in the area. The office is open Monday through Friday from 8:30 to 4:00, and the telephone number is (209) 754-1058.

New Members

The Calaveras County Historical Society welcomes the following new members:

June

Paul Bosse, Jackson
Herbert B. Filben, Angels Camp
Marein Robinson, Moke Hill

July

Ted Allured, San Andreas
Mr. & Mrs. Chris Sedler, Altaville

July, (con't)

Ted Watson, Battle Mountain
Doris M. Freed, Vallecito
Wayland & Yvette Ezell, Copperopolis
Ed & Myrtle Bratset, San Andreas
Bill & Kathy Teglia, Los Altos
Jeremiah S. Hume, Tomales

August

Carol Kennedy, San Andreas
Gary & Pamela Grant, Valley Springs
Margaret Shipley, Greenville
Crystal Low, Valley Springs
Davis & Hallie Studley, Mtn Ranch
Amy Gates, Vallecito

Museum Donations

The Calaveras County Historical Society wishes to thank the following persons who recently made donations to the Calaveras County Museum:

June 1999

Estate of Lois Hengen, San Andreas
Photos of Dave and Joe Raggio,
painting, ladies items
Richard Casey, Lodi
Cash donation
Ellen Featherston Edwards, Lodi
Cash donation

July 1999

Estate of Bessie McGinnis, Angels Camp
12 school books
Wynema Lavezzo, Mokelumne Hill
Oak bedroom set, ca 1880, Singer
treadle sewing machine, Victorian
feinting couch ca 1900, other furniture,
bedspread, Rose embroidered shawl,
ca 1890, jewelry ca 1900's, other ladies'
items, 11 men's items, spittoon, cut
glass decanter, milk glass decanter /
stopper, Bible, metal rimmed spec-
tacles

August 1999

Lillian Browning, Lodi
Scrapbook of Kate E. (Pillsbury) Ham,
San Andreas, who taught locally
James L. Luly, Angels Camp
Photos

Meeting Schedule

October 28, West Point; Indians in Calaveras County
November 18, Old Courthouse, San Andreas; Movies
December 16, Met in San Andreas; Christmas Program
January 27, San Andreas Grange; 70's *Las Calaveras*