

EFFIE SCHAAD, A WOMAN LOVED AND RESPECTED

By
The Editor

If there still are pioneer women left in America, certainly Effie Schaad is one who must be counted among their ranks. Today, as she approaches her 91st birthday, Effie still benevolently rules over the ranch and little woodland tavern and campground on the Middle Fork of the Mokelumne River that for generations has been known to the people who visit it, simply as the "Schaad's."

Effie came to the green meadow on the Middle Fork some 70 years ago as an 18-year-old bride. Since that time she has seldom ventured far from its pine-fringed boundaries. She has ranched and raised a family there, mowed hay, swung a double-bitted axe, used a rifle at times to provide meat for the table and handled a pick-up truck on snow-slicked roads more effectively than most men. Not many years ago as she drove home from West Point, a buck deer ran across the road and disappeared into the pine and oak studded hillside. Effie stopped her truck, fished her Winchester out from behind the seat, tracked and shot the buck and hauled it home. She was one of the few successful deer hunters in her area that season.

Ranching in summer, fighting mud and snow in winter, hers has not been an easy life. Now, as proprietor of the little mountain recreation area bearing the Schaad name, she still is the hard working, kind and considerate person who has become known and loved throughout the West Point area of Calaveras County.

Born Effie Alice Day in 1901, near Rail Road Flat, she was the only child of James and Annie Day who were attempting to ranch 160 acres on Ridge Road, near the present site of Calaveras Pines. Day and his wife had come from Kansas to Calaveras County. With income from a few head of cattle which James Day supplemented with work, when he could get it, at the Keystone, Petticoat of Comet gold mines, the family eked out a living.

At age six, her parents enrolled Effie in the Eureka school where Kathryn Hamm taught some 50 pupils in eight grades. Her classmates, among



Quarterly Bulletin of the Calaveras County Historical Society
Volume XL January, 1992 Number 2



Effie Schaad, a jovial and caring person.

them such life-long friends as Geraldine Howard, Viola Seaman and the Adams girls, ranged from youngsters her own age to those such as the Towle boys, who were six feet tall.

"Mrs. Hamm was a wonderful teacher," said Effie. "She never whipped any of the kids, but she sure made them mind." Those first school years, she said were the best days of her childhood, but they did not last.

The realities and hardships of life came early to Effie Day. She was just eight years old when her mother suddenly died. Left alone with her father who did not remarry, Effie continued to go to school, but also, the chores of housekeeping fell to the eight-year-old girl. With her father occupied with trying to run the ranch while working at various mines and

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sometimes walking six miles to and from work, Effie learned to cook at an early age.

"Corn meal mush for breakfast, fried mush for dinner and corn meal bread and beans for supper. I hated it but I realize now that was all he could afford." She also helped with the ranch chores -- milked the cow, tended the chickens -- and quite young, she learned how to harness a team of horses. There also were goats to round up every evening before dark and put in their pen. "Those damned goats - I chased them for miles. I guess it was hard work and a hard life, but don't be mistaken, my father was a good man. He raised me the best he could, and we had good neighbors," she said.

As they reached their teens, Effie and her girl friends around Rail Road Flat would walk the six or seven miles to dances in West Point. The roads always were either dusty or muddy so they would wear their old clothes and shoes, then in a secluded little grove of fir trees at the edge of town, change into their good dresses and shoes.

"If a girl was lucky," she chuckled, "she'd meet some boy who would give her a ride home."

In 1919, when she was 18 years old, Effie Day married 36-year-old Edward Schaad, whose family had come to the West from Tennessee in the 1870's.

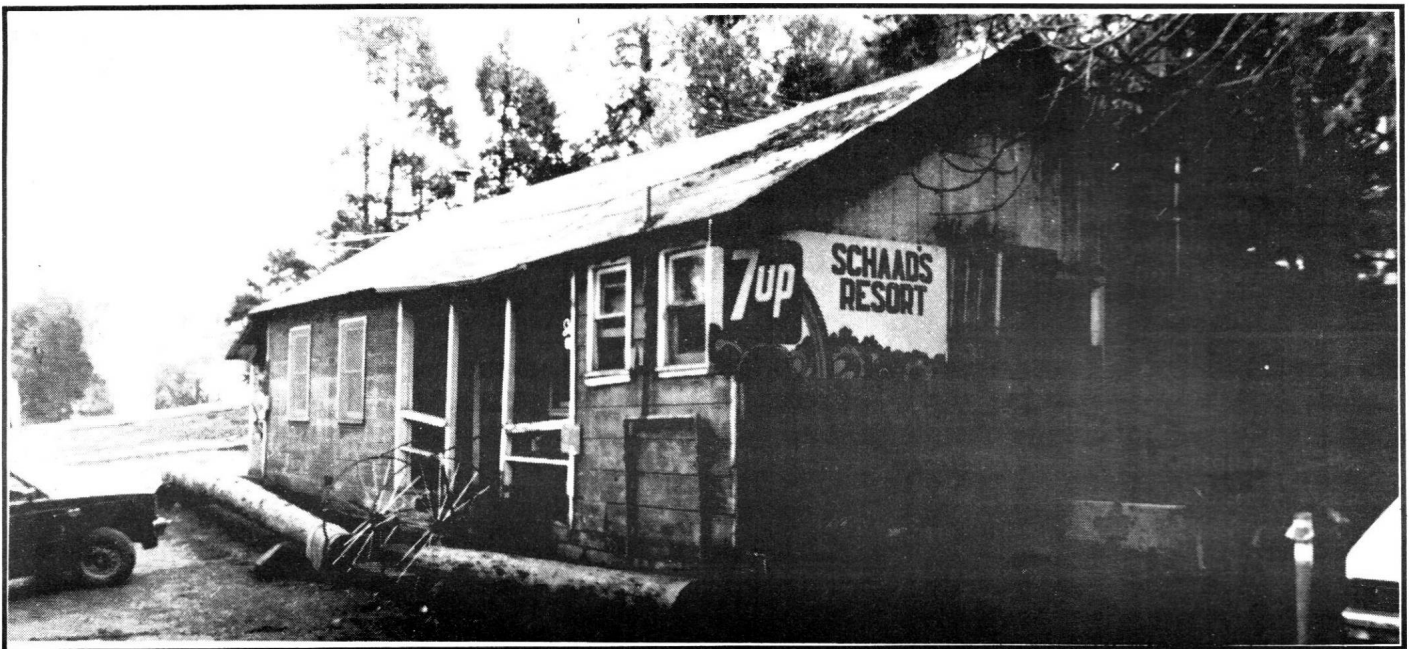
Edward's parents, Augustus and Appolonia Schaad, were both natives of Switzerland. Augustus Schaad first had tried his hand at mining in the Milton area, but after being robbed of his gold, gave up the mining venture and turned to farming, the trade that he knew best.

From Milton, the Schaads moved to the West Point area and settled on Lyons Creek, about two miles north of the present Schaad properties.

"I guess they were pretty near starved to death there on Lyons Creek that first couple of years," said Effie. "Then they bought the 160 acres that included this meadow on the river and moved over here."

Edward and Effie honeymooned in Markleeville, riding horseback across the summit to reach that Alpine County town. Then, they returned to a life of farming and lumbering operations at the ranch on the Middle Fork. Augustus Schaad died in 1909, but his wife still was alive and his sons, Edward, John and Joe Schaad were operating the ranch and running a small sawmill there.

The newly married couple lived in a house in the meadow on the South side of the river, near the present tin roofed barn. When that home burned, Edward and Effie built a new house across from the meadow on the North side of the Middle Fork, where it was warmer in winter...



Schaad's Resort, a West Point-Wilseyville institution.



Schaad's Meadow in winter, often is blanketed with snow.

"But the good old days weren't always so good," said Effie, recently, as she sat reminiscing in front of a warm fire.

"In 1920, the flu epidemic that followed World War I hit our area and within the space of a few weeks, Edward Schaad's mother, his brothers John, Joseph and Albert, who was ranching near Paloma, all were dead."

For a time, Edward Schaad operated the sawmill alone, but two years after his brothers' deaths he sold it. He and Effie continued ranching the meadow on the Middle Fork, raising potatoes, alfalfa and cattle. Their three children, John, Jim and Anne, were born in the house overlooking the meadow.

At each of the births it was a mid-wife who officiated. There was a doctor in Mokelumne Hill who, in an emergency, would come to treat a seriously ill or injured person, and there was another doctor in Jackson, but common child births were mostly handled by mid-wives at home.

West Point, until after World War I, still was an area where most of the supplies arrived by freight wagon. Teamsters would haul their loads of merchandise to the stores and after unloading, fill

their wagons with logs that would be used for timber in the Argonaut, Kennedy or other gold mines in the Jackson or Sutter Creek area.

"Roads were terrible in those days," said Effie.

"After we got a car we never traveled anywhere without a shovel, a set of tire chains, a jack and a plank, so we could jack up a wheel and get a plank under it."

She remembers well, the first loads of lumber taken by trucks from West Point to Mokelumne Hill over what is now Highway 26.

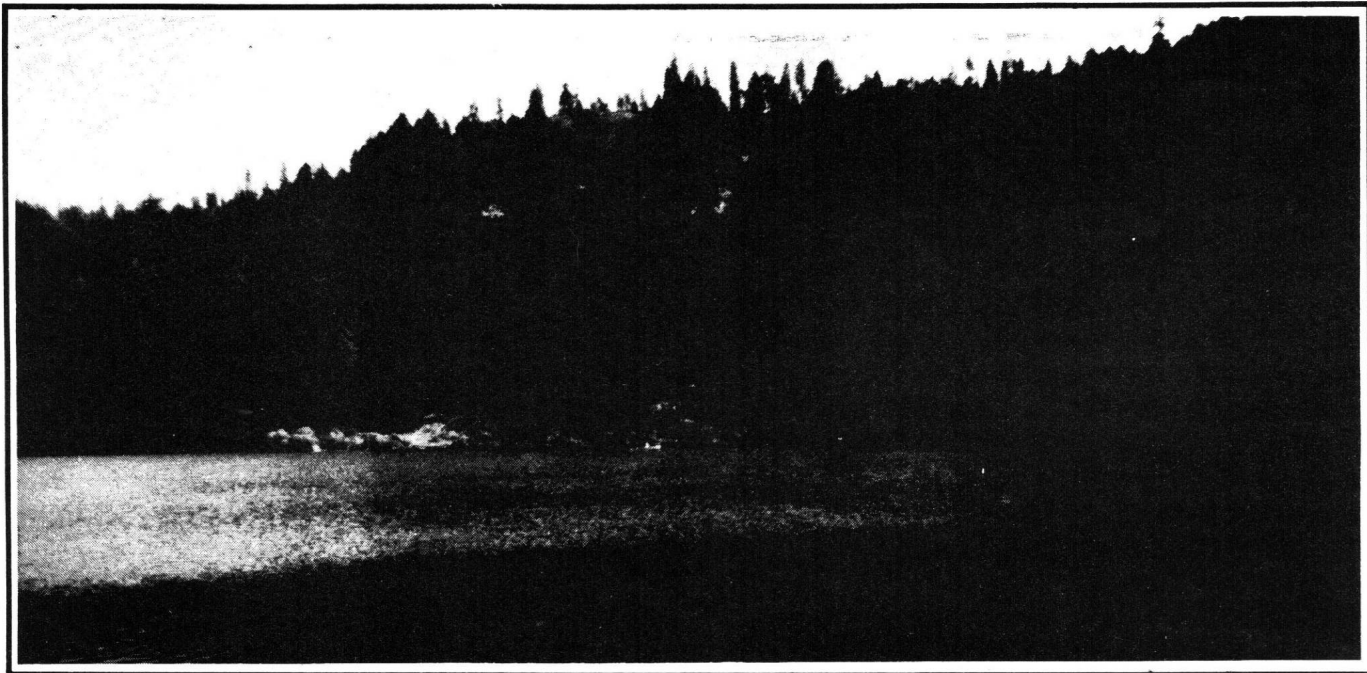
"That first truck -- it was a five ton Fageol - had all of 3,000 feet of lumber on it. He made the trip all right, but the second truck that went out didn't make it. He went off the South Fork Grade and all the way down into the river. The only thing they brought out were its wheels."

Effie also recalled that in those days, her three children walked four miles each morning and afternoon, to and from the Mayflower School.

"Sure, they walked," she said. "It didn't seem to hurt 'em any."

Also, those still were the days around West Point, of kerosene lamps and lanterns and when all

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Calaveras Public Utility District Reservoir, bearing the Schaad name, is a popular fishing spot.

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cooking and heating was done with wood fires in stoves and fireplaces. Electricity did not come to the Schaad's until 1954.

"When it was time to start supper, we cooked on a wood stove, whether it was July or January. It got pretty hot in the kitchen in the summer time, but people worked hard in those days and they had to eat."

It was during the 1930's that John Parmeter, of West Point, was operating a sawmill at Boston Flat, a mile or so north of Schaad's. And, it was Parmeter who, on more than one occasion as a form of compliment to Effie Schaad, said: "she's a better man than many..."

At Parmeter's mill there was a logging camp with cook shack and bunk house where about 60 men stayed. It was during that time when Effie's husband, Ed, was working for him, that Parmeter awakened early one morning to learn that his cook had gotten drunk and quit. He could think of only one thing to do, and long before daylight Effie and her husband were awakened by John's fist pounding on their front door. He informed Effie he had 60 hungry men awaiting breakfast and no one to cook for them.

"I told him I didn't know nothin' about cooking for 60 men, but I agreed to go up and help him out, with the understanding that I'd stay just for three days, until he found another cook," Effie said. As it turned out, she stayed for seven years.

Today, Effie looks back with fondness on those years. Admittedly, it was hard work, but that was no great deterrent to this woman who had known hard work all her life.

"Those lumbermen talked pretty rough, sometimes, but they were good men. Most of them were big men and they ate big. We served family style and we gave them plenty of meat and potatoes and beans and bread. Sliced bread was delivered early each morning from Groves and Engles in Stockton.

Early each morning I'd bake the pies, and for breakfast, we'd serve them bacon, eggs, potatoes, biscuits and pancakes. Those men ate good. We packed the lunches each day with three sandwiches, and some kind of fruit and usually, some cookies. Supper included a roast or stew or fried chicken – good solid food. I worked the early shift with a dish washer and a waitress. A woman came in every day to clean the bunk house and make the beds."

For the Schaads, life was good during those

years. With income from the ranch and their jobs at the Parmeter mill, the family was doing well. Those were the days, said Effie, "when you could set a frying pan on the stove and while it was heating, walk down to the river and catch a mess of trout."

But somehow, tragedy never strayed far from Effie Schaad's path. In 1937, Edward Schaad died at age 54, leaving Effie with three children in their teens. With the help of the children, she took over the operation of the ranch. If there was hardship, they simply ignored or overcame it. Effie continued the ranching, raising hay and potatoes, selling a few cattle, chickens and eggs.

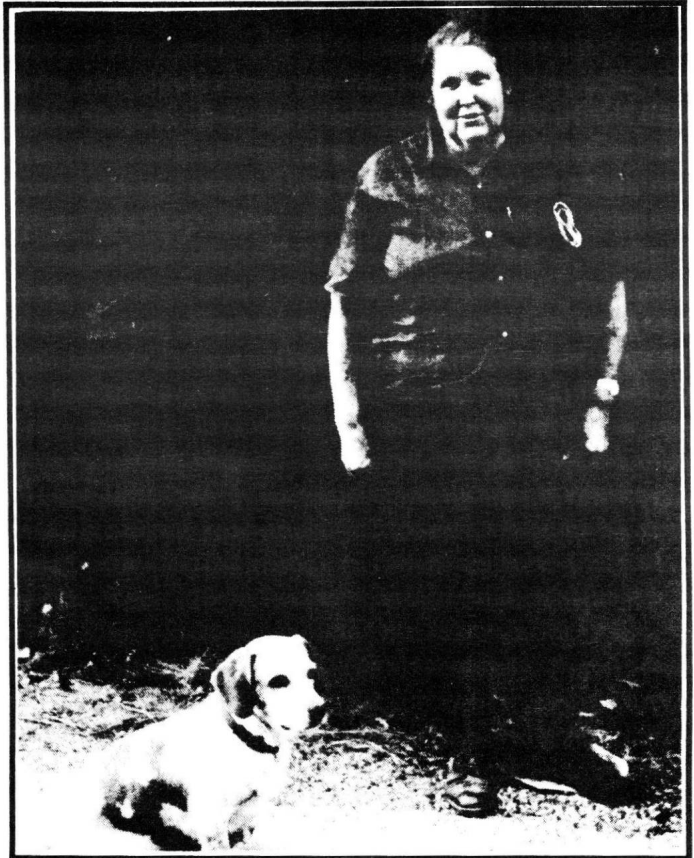
"I've plowed and planted potatoes, mowed hay and pitched it into the wagon then pitched it into the barn. I milked the cow and made most of the kid's clothes. But I finally got rid of that kicking, damned cow when one night she took a kick at me as I was milking her and darned near tore my shirt off."

Effie chuckled. "We also had a gasoline powered washing machine -- one of those things with a foot pedal starter. It was better than tub and wash board, but I had to pump that pedal to start it, and on cold mornings, it was like walking to West Point before it started."

Gradually, the roads to West Point and to the Schaad Ranch became better. In 1940, the Calaveras Public Utility District built a water storage facility on the Middle Fork of the Mokelumne, a mile upstream from Schaad's Ranch, that quickly became known as Schaad's Reservoir.

With an improved road and completion of the reservoir that provided excellent fishing, came campers and fishermen from as far away as Stockton and the valley area. Then, around 1950 as the recreation seeker's numbers increased, Effie with a friend, Dewey Laughlin, opened a camp ground along the Middle Fork of the Mokelumne where the road to the reservoir crosses it. At the river crossing they built Schaad's resort, a small frame building which provided groceries and camping supplies, and in 1954, they obtained a liquor license.

For 17 years, until his death, Effie and Dewey Laughlin were partners as Schaad's resort became an institution to the fishermen, hunters, loggers, cattlemen and all those who worked in or frequented



Effie Schaad in earlier days.

the back country that surrounds the Middle Fork. Today, Schaad's still is the place where fishermen and mountain travelers stop for a beer or a bite to eat. It is a place where a family can pitch a tent or park a trailer and spend a restful day or week along the edge of wilderness. The fishing in Schaad's reservoir is still good.

Effie has never traveled far. A few times she and her family have visited Nevada and once, years ago they went to San Francisco.

"It was cold and it rained and the wind blew and it didn't do a thing for me," she said. "I'll take the mountains and the pine trees any time."

Effie is taking it a bit easier these days than she once did. Its been quite a while since she last swung an axe or helped gather cattle, but each day still finds her overseeing operations at the little resort. Recently she fell and injured a leg, but she plans to be up and around again very soon.

"If I retired," she said, "I wouldn't have anything to do."*

EDITH IRVINE, FORGOTTEN FOOTHILL PHOTOGRAPHER

**From the Biography of Edith Irvine, by
Wilma "Billy" Plunkett, Photo Archives
Supervisor, Brigham Young University**

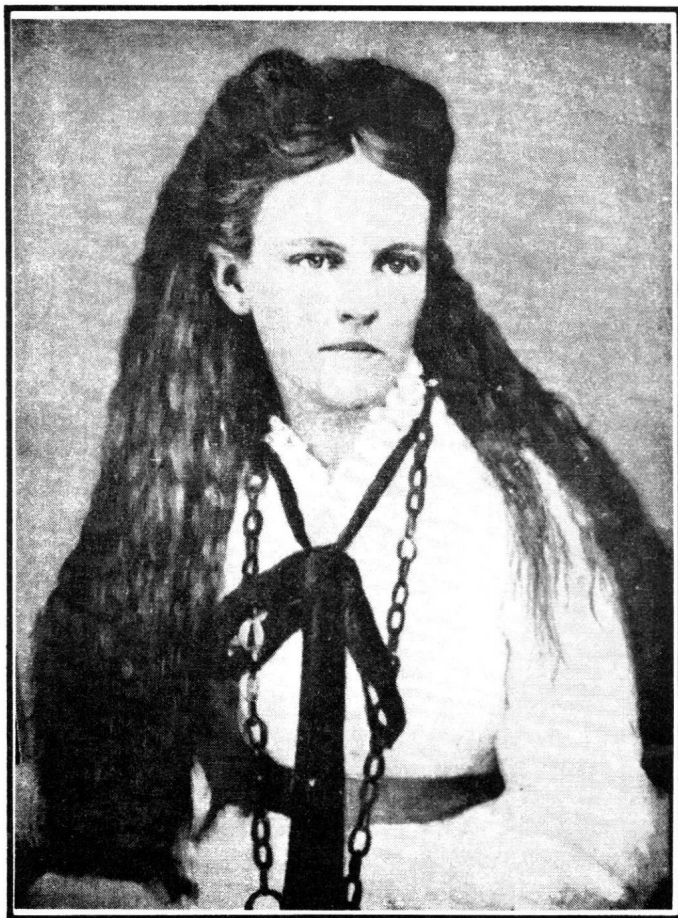
The recent rediscovery of a collection of near-century-old glass plate negatives has drawn national attention to the camera artistry and skills of a Calaveras County woman, dead for 40 years.

In mid-1988 Brigham Young University became the recipient of a gift of photography equipment and some 80 glass negatives of photographs of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake. Also included in the collection was a photo documentary of construction of Pacific Gas and Electric Company's Electra Powerhouse on the North Fork of the Mokelumne River. The pictures had been taken by Mokelumne Hill school teacher and sometimes photographer Edith Irvine. When the negatives were developed, Brigham Young's photo-archivists found them to be of "exhibit quality." Those of the earthquake, said archives Curator Dennis Rowley, probably are the finest taken of that disaster. Said Rowley, "I've never seen a set of photographs create a mood like these do."

Edith Irvine was born January 7, 1884, in the Calaveras County mining town of Sheep Ranch. Edith and her younger brother, Robin, (Bob) were the children of Thomas Hannah Irvine and Mary Irene Irvine. Clinton, a third child who would have been older than Bob, died in infancy.

While living in Sheep Ranch Thomas Irvine was listed as a miner in the Calaveras County Great Register of 1888. The Irvine's children still were young when the family moved to Mokelumne Hill. Sometime between 1888 and 1896 when Thomas Irvine again was listed in the great register, the family's fortunes had changed, for while Irvine in 1896 still listed as a miner, they were living in a fashionable home and were considered "well off." His financial gains had apparently come through acquisition of valuable mineral property and real estate.

The Irvines established friendship with the Peek



Edith Irvine
(Courtesy, Brigham Young U.)

Family and it was about that time that Edith and a schoolmate, Frank Peek, became interested in photography. Edith badgered her father into building a small lean-to onto the back of their home for use as a darkroom.

In Mokelumne Hill the Irvines were considered part of the upper social strata and Edith's and Bob's mother never let them forget they were members of the upper class. Irene Irvine sent her daughter to school in modest, highnecked dresses of expensive material, with huge bows in her hair. Bob wore knickerbockers and blouse waists. Their dress contrasted sharply with the cotton dresses and faded overalls of most of the other children. They carried folding leatherette lunch boxes with sandwiches wrapped in floral patterned paper napkins. Most of their school companions brought their lunches in

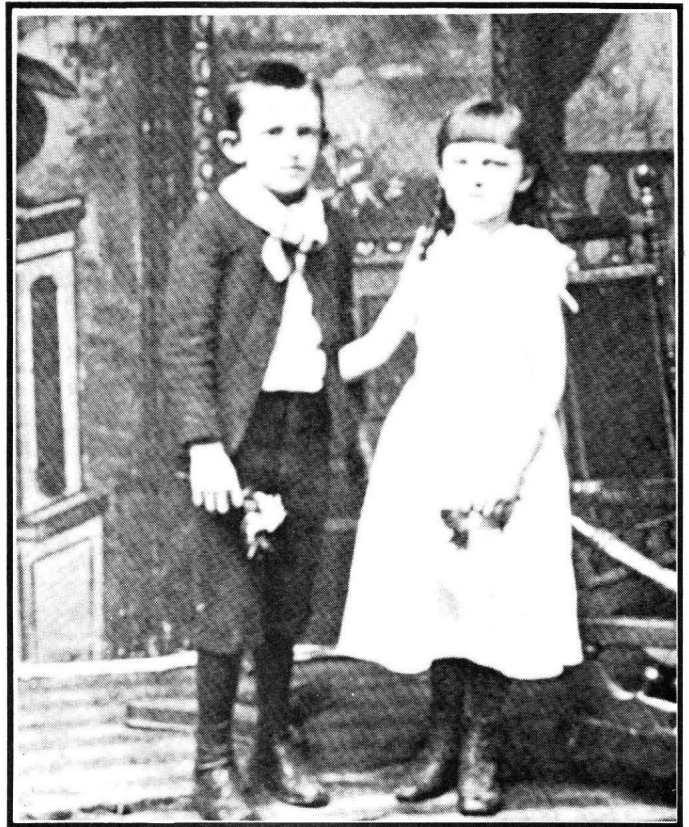
small lard pails or in tin boxes that had once contained George Washington or Dixie Queen plug cut tobacco.

Nevertheless, Edith and her brother associated and played with the other youngsters at school and in town activities, even though their mother considered them and most of the town children, socially, to be poles apart. And, although Irene Irvine considered the family to be members of the aristocracy, people who knew her daughter considered Edith a tomboy who loved to play outdoors and roughhouse with the boys.

Her biographer, Wilma Marie (Billy) Plunket, supervisor of photo archives at Brigham Young University, says: "She had all the attributes of a lady and the behavior patterns of a man. She was game to try almost anything once. She was a roaring lion or a purring kitten, depending on her mood at the moment. She acted brashly, but with a camera in her hands she became an observant artist who would settle for nothing but the best. There is ample evidence of her willingness to do whatever was required to get the shot she wanted, the shot so many other photographers would not see."

Edith graduated from grade school at age 13 on June 22, 1897. She attended high school in Oakland, and on September 15, 1900, was granted a teachers' certificate by the Calaveras County Board of Education.

Somehow, between 1898 and 1902, according to family history, she found time to work for the Standard Electric Company, forerunner of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, to record in photographs, construction of the Electra powerhouse



The aristocrats, Robert and Edith.

(Courtesy, Brigham Young U.)

project on the North Fork of the Mokelumne River, between Mokelumne Hill and Jackson.

The results of her photography were striking. At least to an extent, the photographs that Edith had taken of the project had been lost or forgotten. But, in 1988, when her nephew, Jim, the son of Robin Irvine, presented her collection of glass negatives and photo equipment to Brigham Young University, the glass negatives of the Electra project were among them.

As university archivist, Billy Plunket had photographs printed from the negatives and on her next visit to California, showed them to PG&E manager Don Marshall, in Jackson. He and retired PG&E official Earnest Cuneo, also of Jackson, acted as though they had discovered gold. They also were able to identify every area where the photographs had been taken.

Just when Edith Irvine began teaching school is unknown. An 83-year-old resident of San Andreas Please see **PHOTOG.**, pg. 24



Irvine Home in Mokelumne Hill.

(Courtesy, Brigham Young U.)

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Convalescent Hospital in 1989 remembered her as his teacher around 1916. Census records of 1910 list Edith's occupation as "photographer," but it is believed she began teaching some years before then. Although numerous people in Calaveras County remember her as a teacher, none mentioned her as a photographer. Nor did any of them mention that at least for a time, around 1944, she served as editor of the Calaveras Weekly, published in Mokelumne Hill.

Clovis Laidet, sexton of the Mokelumne Hill Cemetery, still remembers Edith Irvine and recalls seeing her come through town from her home up on the hill, either on her horse or driving her "Model T," long red hair flying, scattering people and chickens. The Calaveras School directory for 1925 lists Edith as a member of the county board of education. She also, at that time, was serving as principal of the Mokelumne Hill School.

Edith's and Bob's mother, Irene, according to relatives was a domineering woman who did not want either of her children to marry. Edith, rebellious in her youth, announced her engagement to a young man who did not meet her mother's approval, and she ultimately **broke up with him**. In later years she **"kept company"** from time-to-time with male friends, but she did not marry.

Years later, when her brother, Bob, at age 60, married a young woman of 35, named Ofa, his mother and Edith were horrified. They said that not only was Ofa not of a suitable family, she was too young. By the time it was arranged for Bob to bring Ofa to meet her in-laws, she was pregnant. Edith wrote to him, stating: "You are welcome to come anytime, but don't bring your young pregnant wife."

Bob ignored the letter, brought his wife, who held a master's degree in education, and gradually, the rift between Edith, her brother and Ofa healed. Ofa gave birth to a son, James. In later life Bob and Ofa provided care for Edith and it was their son, after Bob's death, who donated Edith's photography works to the university.

Edith's grandfather had come to California in 1849 and the family had been prominent in the East. The Irvine family tree reportedly included two Ohio governors and was said to have been related to the family of General Sherman and to the Washingtons. A letter from her aunt Mary Arnold, dated April 21, 1912, informed her she was eligible to join the Daughters of the Revolution and the Pioneer Daughters of California. There is no documentation that she joined either organization, although she did become a member of Hilda Chapter, No. 194, of the Eastern Star Lodge of Mokelumne Hill.



Edith took this photo South of San Francisco's Market Street on morning of 1906 earthquake.
(*Coutesy, Brigham Young U.*)



National Geographic Magazine recently published this and other Irvine photographs of 1906 earthquake tragedies. *(Courtesy, Brigham Young U.)*

Fate played odd tricks, and it was a twist of fate that placed a young foothill girl on the morning of April 18, 1906, almost at the epi-center of the Pacific Coast's greatest disaster. Twenty-two-year-old Edith Irvine was the only female photographer to take photographs of the San Francisco earthquake.

Family lore has it that Edith planned a trip around the world and was scheduled to embark from San Francisco on the morning of April 18, 1906. As a result of those plans, during the early morning hours she was enroute down the Sacramento River from Stockton to Sacramento, aboard a steam packet, when the earthquake hit.

Arriving in the ravaged city, she commandeered an abandoned baby carriage, loaded her photo equipment into it and began taking pictures. All day, she wandered through the ruins, avoiding armed guards who had orders from city officials to prohibit photographs from being taken in order to conceal the true extent of the damage. She returned to Stockton that night aboard the little steamer, developed her photos, slept a few hours, then aboard the packet, headed back to the scene of the disaster. She took photos for three days continuing to avoid police and soldiers.

And, although fate placed her on the spot where she would obtain pictures that would posthumously gain her national recognition, it also destroyed her father's hopes of winning mining litigation in which he was involved. The earthquake and fire destroyed valuable papers and evidence that he needed in court. As a result, Thomas Irvine lost the suit and ultimately his fortune.

There is speculation that instead of being on the first leg of a world tour, Edith Irvine on that morning of April 18, 1906, had been on her way to San Francisco to help her father in his court battle.

Her picture taking done, Edith returned to Mokelumne Hill. She apparently made no effort to sell her photos, and presumably, she showed them to few. With the family fortune in limbo, the fledgling photographer could no longer afford the time or money to pursue her profession of choice and was forced to return to teaching. Like many early photographers, she practiced the art and craft of picture taking primarily as a sideline or hobby. There is little evidence she practiced as a professional photographer after the 1906 earthquake. There was little money to be made in photography,

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especially by women, and quite probably she did not realize how really good some of her work was.

Says Billy Plunket, "Had Edith Irvine's photos of the earthquake been published, they would have paralleled those of the best photographers of her time. Hers, along with those of Joseph Riis, could have led to earlier and more stringent earthquake codes. Instead, Edith put her photography equipment away and devoted herself to teaching."

Exactly how many years Edith taught is not known. Apparently she taught school well into the 1930's. She was considered a good teacher -- strict but fair. There appeared to be four things to which she was deeply devoted -- her classes, her horse, her dog and her Model T Ford. By that time, said her biographer, Edith was becoming very much of a loner and she had few close friends of any depth. Also, said Billy Plunket, by the time Edith had reached 45 she was beginning to lose her hearing.

In her later years she was not well. She suffered constant pain in her joints, a malady that doctors of that day were unable to diagnose, and to counter it they prescribed painkillers. Her brother was deeply concerned and expressed dissatisfaction

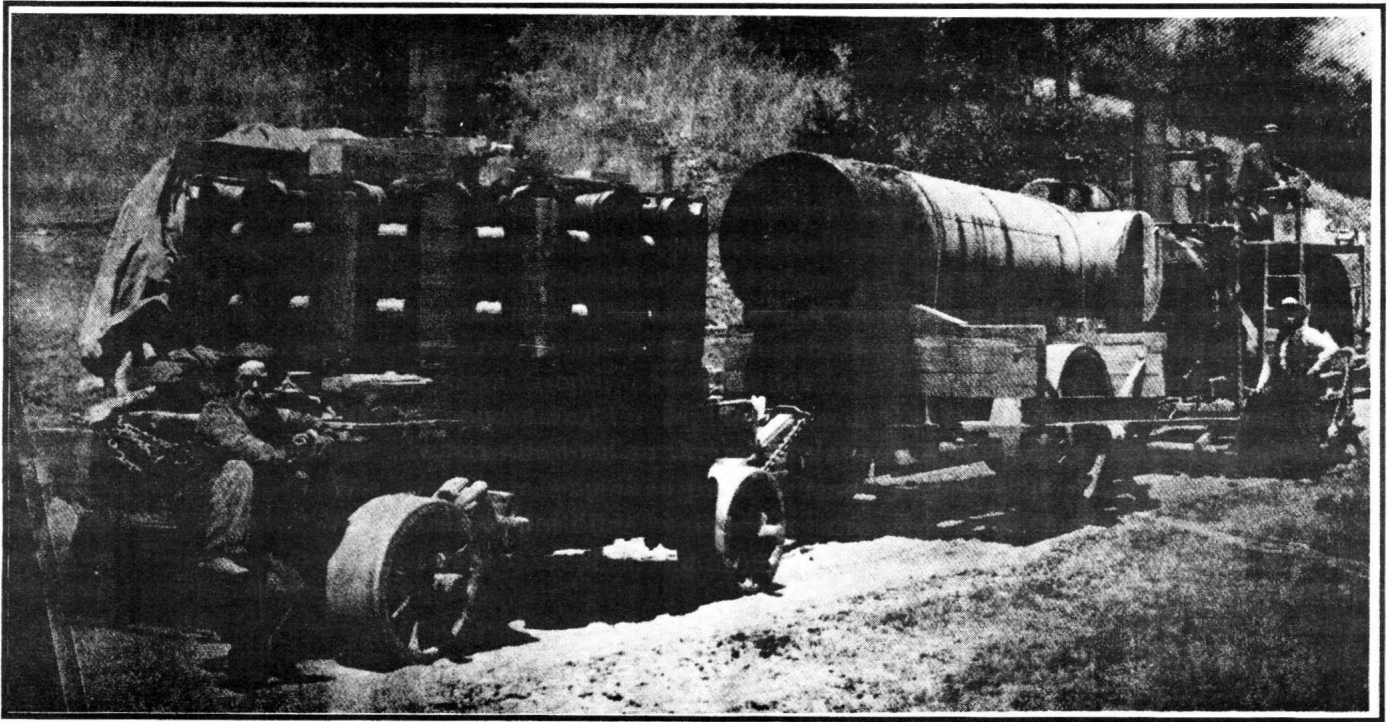
with the treatment.

A letter dated March 9, 1939, and signed by Dr. Frank Chaffee, Calaveras County superintendent of schools, states that at that time Edith was suffering from hemophilia, which caused frequent and severe hemorrhages, and he stated, "her future chances for a long life are poor indeed."

Edith Irvine was destined to live for another 10 years, but as her health deteriorated and her pain continued unabated, she found herself addicted to the heavy drug dosages. At one point she attempted suicide and her brother had her admitted to the San Francisco hospital for drug rehabilitation treatment.

Then, somewhere along the line, Edith began to combine her medication with wine, and adding to her miseries, became an alcoholic. That, too, led to hospitalization for "drying out," but the treatment was unsuccessful. She also took aspirin by the handful, chased by gulps of hydrogen peroxide, believing it counteracted the damage of the aspirin to her stomach.

At that time, December, 1948, Bob Irvine petitioned the courts and was granted his sister's guardianship. Edith still was mobile, but was a total alcoholic. Their mother, Irene, also was still living,



This was one of the many photos Edith took of the 1902 Electra Powerhouse project.
(Courtesy, Brigham Young U.)



Edith provides music while friend makes ice cream.
(Courtesy, Brigham Young U.)

but was hospitalized in San Andreas.

In August, 1949, while visiting her 92-year-old mother in the hospital, Edith appropriated a bottle of rubbing alcohol from a patient's beside table. In a ladies' restroom in the hospital she drank the bottle's contents, was stricken, and died a few days later, on August 14, 1949. Her mother died August 8, 1952, at age 95.

Following Edith's death, her brother acquired her meager estate, including photo equipment and glass negatives, which he simply held in storage. Later, in 1988, his son, James Irvine, of Ridgecrest, California, donated his aunt's camera equipment to the university. They included her photos of construction of the powerhouse and those taken in San Francisco.

Thus, for the first time since they were taken 82 years before, the public had the opportunity to view Edith Irvine's photographs of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake. Impressed with their quality, Miss Plunket came to Calaveras County to find out more

DEEDEE HENKE HAS SEEN A CHILDHOOD DREAM FULFILLED

By
 George Hooper

Although not a Calaveras County Native, Deedee Henke has lived in Calaveras County for 29 years and the county is better for her presence.

Abandoned as an infant, Deedee's earliest memories involve a seemingly endless procession of foster homes. She remembers lying in lonely darkness, dreaming of a day when she would give youngsters like herself the kind of home and love they really needed. That was some seventy years ago, and now, Deedee, her strong, coppery Cherokee features lined by age, can reflect back on fulfillment of that childhood dream.

She has raised four children of her own - and 43 foster children. Her dark eyes still sparkle with energy as she reviews her busy lifetime that has involved far more giving than receiving.

"I'm Indian," she said proudly. "My great grandparents were shipped out here from Oklahoma and put on a reservation not far from Yosemite. I was born in Tulare. I don't remember my mother. My father was a jerk-line mule skinner, so he was on the move most of the time and wasn't able to take care of me. Sometimes I stayed with my grandparents, but mostly, I stayed in foster homes and was shifted around from place to place. It wasn't easy going."

Deedee went to school in Fresno, Madera, Bakersfield and Hanford. From the time she was old

about the life of Edith Irvine. Much of the information she obtained was provided by the Calaveras County archives.

As a result of the assistance they received, Wilma (Billy) Plunket and Brigham Young University have presented Calaveras County Archivist Lorraine Kennedy with copies of Edith's photos of construction of Electra powerhouse and her photos of the earthquake.

The high quality of Edith Irvine's work can best be demonstrated by the fact that her earthquake photos were printed in the June, 1990 issue of National Geographic Magazine.

enough to use a broom or stand in front of a kitchen sink she knew what hard work was all about. At 19, she married and gave birth to four children in four years and one month. After her fourth child was born her husband left her. She raised her youngsters while working as a bookkeeper during the daytime and as a waitress at night.

"I never went on relief or welfare -- I hated the idea of both -- and I still do," she said. "They rob you of your independence and your will."

With her children, she was living at that time in San Joaquin County near the Mossdale Wye. As a longtime resident of that area, when she was not working, she hunted and fished to help put food on the table for herself and her youngsters.

"I taught my kids to hunt and fish while they grew up there. We made an awful lot of friends and I came to know the highway patrolmen and the sheriff's deputies who worked that area. There never were a finer bunch of men. Sometimes when things were really tough, they stopped by to drop off food or clothing. My oldest son was ready to graduate from high school, but didn't have a suit to wear at the graduation exercises. In those days you had to have a suit for graduation. You know what those fellows did? They chipped in together and bought that kid of mine a suit - along with a blue tie and shoes - everything to go with it."

That was during the 1950's, then, with her family grown, Deedee remarried. Not long after that, in 1958, she took the step that began fulfilling her childhood dream. She became a foster parent.

Working with the county probation department, she began her foster home work.

"I didn't take the kids that would be easiest to raise. I took the ones who really needed help, the kids who had been in trouble."

Over a period of some 20 years, she provided a home for 43 youngsters who ranged in age from 12 to one boy who was 23, but still under jurisdiction of the California Youth Authority. They came from every kind of home and every kind of environment -- mostly bad -- but Deedee made it her goal to give each of them the guidance and love they so badly needed. And not surprisingly, they responded favorably to her.

Off those 43 that Deedee Henke cared for, all of



Deedee Henke

(Photo by Sharon Daniels)

whom were public wards because of some kind of criminal or anti-social activity, only five again found themselves in trouble with the law. Two lost their lives in automobile accidents after leaving the Henke home, and two, later, died of violence. But, all the others went on to overcome their early troubles and become useful members of society.

Only four of the foster children she kept were of Native American descent, said Deedee. The remainder came from many places and were of varied nationality and parentage.

Deedee and her husband moved to Railroad Flat in 1963 and there, in a spacious home they built overlooking a grassy little meadow, they continued to care for foster children. She kept up to eight children at a time.

"They all got the same love and care and help that frightened and confused kids need," said Henke. "They each were loved and trusted and were given responsibility. Each child had chores to do, and when not in school, many of them worked with my

husband, who was a house builder. In that way they learned a trade and were able to save some money for the future, for he paid them, just as he would any other hired help."

In 1978 Deedee Henke's work as a foster parent ended when she suffered a heart attack. Doctors told her it would simply be too much of a strain on her to continue operating a foster home.

Still, her foster children as well as her own children, return regularly to visit her, and although her health today is somewhat of a problem, Mrs. Henke still is occupied with many things.

"I don't know how many grandchildren I have - they all consider me their grandmother -- regular grandchildren and foster grandchildren alike."

Although her days as a foster mother ended, Deedee's concern for young people has not.

"It's not the fault of the kids that they get into trouble, its the fault of the parents," she said.

"They need respect for authority and they need a lot of love -- and they need pride and something to do." And particularly, Deedee Henke has concern for her own Indian people and the Indian children living in her local area.

"We have to teach them pride and purpose. It would help if we could go back to the old Indian culture, but the old ways and the old people are dying out. Not long ago, a young woman asked me how to build an Indian oven and bake squaw bread."

"Our people have to quit drinking and lose the concept that because they are Indians they can sit on their butts and take handouts. What we need in West Point and the Rail Road Flat area is a roundhouse - our young people should build it themselves. This would give them a project, something to do. We could start a craft program, provide some state income, create some jobs."

That, said Deedee Henke is one of her dreams. She no longer can physically accomplish as much as she once did, but still, she said, she will do what she can to see such dreams fulfilled.

IN MEMORIAM

RAY GARAMENDI

Not only his family and countless friends, but the County of Calaveras as a whole, suffered a loss on November 25, in the death of longtime Mokelumne Hill rancher Ray Garamendi.

A staunch supporter of the Calaveras County Historical Society and member of its board of directors, Mr. Garamendi was deeply involved in the preservation of our Mother Lode history. Over the years he helped establish the Calaveras Historical Trust and was instrumental in development of Mokelumne Hill's Marreda Park. He was among the earliest to take an active part in preservation of the historic Butte City store building on Highway 49, south of Jackson, in Amador County.

Even though he was suffering from a debilitating illness, Ray successfully headed the Historical Society's 1991 school essay contest which brought forth prize-winning essays from students throughout the county.

Primarily a rancher, Ray was a charter member and officer of the Calaveras County Farm Bureau and on the board of directors of the Stockton Production Credit Association. He also was a former member of the board of directors of the Calaveras County Fair, and, active in youth programs, Ray founded the Mokelumne Hill Boy Scout Troop and helped promote local 4-H Club programs. He also was one of the first hunter-safety training instructors in Calaveras County and for his 35 years of instruction, received a special Hunter-safety Recognition award from the department of Fish and Game.

Ray Garamendi was born in the West, proud of his Basque heritage. He was a community minded man, who for 50 years in Calaveras County, took a serious interest in making it a better place in which to live and in helping to preserve its history.

OTHER PASSINGS

Bertha Dell'Orto, Mokelumne Hill, October 26, 1991

Katherine Tiscornia, San Andreas,

November 13, 1991

Robert Heighway, Angels Camp, November 18, 1991

Cornelia Mac Nider, San Francisco,

November 24, 1991

Calaveras County Historical Society

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Las Calaveras is published quarterly by the Calaveras County Historical Society. Individual memberships (\$8.00 a year), Family (\$10.00), Junior (\$4.00) and Library memberships (\$7.00), include subscription to **Las Calaveras**. Non-members may obtain copies of **Las Calaveras** from the secretary. The original historical material in this bulletin is not copy-righted and anyone is invited to use it. Mention of the source will be appreciated.

The Calaveras County Historical Society, a non-profit corporation, meets on the fourth Thursday of each month in various communities throughout the county, locations of which are announced in advance. Dinner meetings also are announced in advance.

The Society's office is open Monday through Friday from 8 AM to 4 PM. The telephone number is (209) 754-1058. Visitors are welcome.

MEETING SCHEDULE

Unless otherwise scheduled, the Calaveras County Historical Society meets on the fourth Thursday of each month in various locations throughout the county. Dinner meetings open at 7 pm and non-dinner meetings at 7:30 pm. All dinner meetings are announced to the membership, in advance.

The Society's January, February and March meetings will be held in the courtroom of the historic Calaveras County Courthouse Museum at 30 N. Main Street, in San Andreas. Programs are to be announced.

MUSEUM DONATIONS

Calaveras County Historical Society wishes to thank the following persons who recently donated artifacts or other historical materials to the Calaveras County Museum.

Bessie McGinnis, of Angels Camp: Old fashioned scrap book; Antique wooden print set; samples of Hawaiian rice paper.

Leonard Baxter, of San Andreas: 1920's era Central Bank of California check book and an old survey map.

Madeline Cavagnaro, of San Andreas: Stereoptic viewer with "world tour" picture set; A crucifix and bible from the Catholic Church in the old town of Camanche.

Julia Costello, of Mokelumne Hill: Archaeological reports and historical information of the Felix/Hettick Cemetery burials; Howard Store and Saloon; Maltos Adobe Store and stone oven at Hodston.

Terry & Helen Eproson, of Linden: Photograph of the stagecoach used on the Milton run which was held up by the bandit Black Bart.

NEW MEMBERS

Calaveras County Historical Society welcomes the following new members:

David Hargrave, San Andreas.
Mearl Lucken Insurance Agency, Murphys.
Dean Warner, San Andreas.
D.C. Silva, Calaveritas Redwood.
Mr. & Mrs. Hubert Wells, Mokelumne Hill.
Eric Lane, Beaverton, Ore.
Brean Lane, Ventura.
Suzanne Brenner Wiehe, San Jose.
John Robert Williams, Folsom.
Ardeth Anderson, Angels Camp.
Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Gardner, Alexandria, Va.
Evelyn Bracken, Rail Road Flat.
Douglas Meeks, Mountain Ranch.
Donald W. Williamson, Antioch.
Henry G. & Barbara J. Frost, San Andreas.
Esther Whisman, Wilseyville.
Mr. & Mrs. James Wheat, Valley Springs.
Polar Water Co., Fremont.
K. Sanhiser, Sonora.
John Schippers, Mokelumne Hill
Audrey Buffington, Valley Springs.
Mary Brown, Murphys.