



Quarterly Bulletin of the Calaveras County Historical Society
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WADE JOHNSTON TALKS TO HIS DAUGHTER

BY EFFIE ENFIELD JOHNSTON

Fifth Installment

In our last installment of the Wade Johnston memoirs, we traveled with him to the Big Trees, late in the summer of 1859. Closely following his return from Mammoth Grove, the community was shaken by the tragic duel between Jeff Gatewood and Dr. Peter Goodwin. Johnston's account of the events leading up to the duel, the actual affair at Moonlight Flat, and his comment about the principals and their seconds, was published in our October, 1966, issue, and will not be reprinted here.

Johnston continues with his comments about the people around San Andreas and the events that he particularly remembered. Once again, we would like to point out that, trivial as some of these may seem, his narrative comprises one of the very few first-hand detailed accounts of this part of the Mother Lode in the fifties and sixties that we have. His sketches of these people are, in most cases, their only histories to be recorded in print. Johnston's "Talks", as preserved by his faithful daughter, Effie, are local history as it should be transcribed and, unfortunately, generally isn't, as few have taken the time and trouble that Effie did to save this perishable information.

We return to the narrative as Wade Johnston enters the sixties with his reminiscences. Effie uses her favorite tactic of encouraging her father to reminisce - a newspaper story.

Yaqui Camp And San Andreas In The Sixties

The "San Andreas Independent" reported on October 10, 1859, that "Fine and Company at Yaqui Camp are drifting dirt that pays \$10 per day to the man. Their claim has been worked with similar success since 1855." This was our mine on Poverty Hill that Lewis Fine located in 1854, the year before I came.

About January, 1860, Lewis Fine sold out his interest in the mine to Sullivan and Gallagher, the San Andreas merchants, who had a bill against him. Then both the Fine families moved down to Alabama House with the Schroevels (who had come to California with the Fines and Abbots a few years earlier.) The following year or so, the Fines moved down near Bakersfield, in Tulare County.*

Charles Bannon was the first to locate what is now the L. B. Joses ranch on the Upper Calaveritas road. One day, Bannon's cow got down. We went up there and helped him to move her to a place where he could take care of her. But

*Belle Gilstrap Cottle, widow of Abe Cottle, visited the Johnstons in 1925, and told of seeing the Fines on Tule River near Porterville in 1885. One of their sons was named Wade.



WILLIAM JEFFERSON GATEWOOD

1830 - 1888

After an action-filled career in Calaveras County, as a lawyer, District Attorney, and publisher, Jeff Gatewood went to San Diego in 1867 with Ned Bushyhead to found the "Union."

---Courtesy of the "San Diego Union."

the next day, on my way to the reservoir, I found his gates tied. I got through, but coming back, I found him setting up rails endways against the fence. I said to him, "I'm going through, I don't care what you put here!" He reached for his ax. I raised my shovel, and then went through.

The next day, Johnny Lynch (Sullivan and Gallagher's man) went to the reservoir and was held up. Barron with the ax and Lynch with the shovel got ready for combat. Then Lynch said to Bannon, "Let's put down the ax and shovel, and I'll beat you in a fair fight." They squared off, and Lynch knocked Bannon down. When he got up, Bannon grabbed the shovel and struck Lynch over the shoulder, cutting a deep wound on his shoulder blade. Then Bannon dropped the shovel and ran towards his house, Lynch after him. Bannon ran inside and got his gun. Then it was Lynch's turn to run.

Lynch was running towards the Cap Pope flume, Bannon after him with the gun, when Billie Ellington came along to find out what had become of Lynch. As Ellington had a gun, it was Bannon's turn to run. There was a trial over the incident, at Mokelumne Hill. I remember Jeff Gatewood stepping up in front of Bannon, shaking his finger in his face and saying, "So, you're the notorious Charles Bannon!" The case was compromised.*

*The Bannon Ranch was owned by Charles Bannon in the 50's and 60's. In the 70's, the Harris family lived there. The McElhany family took it over in 1879, got a patent, and lived there until '83. Then the J.K. Raynors lived there until 1898, when Henry Joses married Widow Raynor, and the L.B. Joses have had the place since about 1907. L.B. Joses



ABRAHAM LINCOLN COTTLE
1861 - 1923

Abe Cottle was the younger brother of Martha Cottle who married Wade Johnston in 1867. Born at Fourth Crossing, he was the son of John Cottle.

---Loaned by Mrs. John P. Lemue.

Jimmie Fitzsimonds Is Killed

There is a big difference in funerals now (1926) and seventy years ago. Sullivan and Gallagher used to say that it was a shame they couldn't have a funeral in San Andreas, without having a big drunk and a fight on Garry's corner! And they would drink and fight for three or four days, sometimes.

On April Fool's Day, 1860, a mock funeral took place in Judge Tormey's Justice Court in San Andreas. The jury couldn't agree on the case being tried, so they thought they'd have a little fun to pass away the time. Most of them were Irishmen and friends of Jimmie Fitzsimonds who played the

had two children by his first wife, Rosa Raggio, and a daughter by his second wife, Mary Rattio.

Old Jack McDonald mined where that deep cut is, in front of Jose's house. His cabin was on a little island and he had mined all around it. He died about 1880, when F.O. McElhany was getting a patent for the ranch. He was afraid someone would come in there and upset his agricultural patent by mining. He asked Father to buy Jack McDonald's mine, as he knew there would be no trouble between them. So Father bought it in for \$20, but he never got anything but trouble from that deal. This mine is the 20 acres that Paul Rattio staked about 10 years ago. It now belongs to L.B. Jose's.

After Jack McDonald died, F.O. McElhany's father lived in Jack's cabin about a year when he took sick and was taken to the hospital, where he died. Father said that he paid Pat Kean in San Andreas \$20 for Jack's mining rights. Pat was to put it on record, but Father said he didn't do it. E.E.J.

part of the corpse.

They laid him out on a bench. They placed lighted candles around him, and went through with the Catholic ceremony over him, and carried on their fun nearly all night.

This took place just a few days before Jimmie Fitzsimonds was killed. Sullivan and Gallagher called it a coincidence. Johnny Lurch said that it frightened a lot of Irishmen.

I wasn't on this case. But I was on a similar case in Christopher Tormey's Justice Court with old Dick Russell. Judge Tormey used to pronounce "W" as "d'blue". Old Dick Russell was mocking the Judge during roll call as: R. Blue Russell, Blue H. Johnston, and so on.

Jimmie Fitzsimonds was interested in the Kinderhook Livery Stable in San Andreas, where he had made some money. With this money, he bought out Billie Ellington's share in our gravel mine. He worked only one day and was killed the next day at 9 A.M., April 10, 1860.

I was running the hydraulic. The bank was about to cave. I sent Johnny Lynch on top of the bank with the crowbar and sledge-hammer. He drove the crowbar down in the ground to start the cave. I told Jimmie Fitzsimonds to keep away from the bank. It was about to cave.

Then the cave started. I heard Lynch holler, "Get out of the way! She's a'comin'!"

Jimmie had stepped around and was picking under the bank again. I didn't know he was there. When Lynch hollered, I pulled back the hydraulic so it wouldn't get caved on and jumped as far as I could. As I looked back over my shoulder, I saw the bank-fall strike Jimmie on the back of the head and shoulders. It brought him to the ground with several tons of dirt on him. I seized the hydraulic hose and piped the dirt off of him, so I had his head and one arm out, before Lynch got down off the bank.

When we got him out, Jimmie said, "I'm killed!" We packed him out on to the bank. I put my arms around him, and sent Lynch to San Andreas for the doctor. It was nearly three miles to San Andreas. The miners along the road or trail could see Johnny a'running. They knew something was wrong and came to my relief. I was about chilled through setting on the cold, wet ground, holding Jimmie who was wet all over. I sat there over an hour.

Jimmie's hips and shoulders were broken. He kept saying, "I wonder what's become of that boy Lynch?" He didn't talk about the priest. I got a mattress. We put him on it and we carried him down to the house.

Lynch called the priest first. The priest, Father Mottor, and Dr. Austin arrived at the same time. Jimmie was just breathing his last when they arrived.

The men that came to my relief were Len Wilcox, Seneca Mills, Jim Lewis, Wm. Lewis, Bob Billis and Edward Bowe. They were all working on the north side of Willow Creek and Yaqui Gulch, towards San Andreas, along the old Mexican trail.

Little Jimmie Fitzsimonds had the largest funeral that I ever saw in San Andreas. Some think John Reddick's was the largest, (1895), but I don't think so. He was buried from the Catholic Church in the cemetery on the hill. He was about thirty years of age, and an Irishman by birth. He had no relatives here that I know of.

When Jimmie Fitzsimonds was killed, Sullivan sent Mr. Tom Cunningham out to work his share. Tom and the other boys used to go up to Jim Coogan's sometimes just to have their fun. Kate Quinn, who was living with the Coogans, remarked, "I notice there's considerable coolness in Camp since I'm paying so much attention to Mr. Cunningham."* This remark made all of the boys mad. They'd scoot if they saw Kate a'coming.

W.H. Hammond held a writing school at Coogans for a while. I joined the class just to help out. Hammond was not much of a penman. Jube Foster took writing lessons from two or three writing teachers, but he never made a very good penman. Joe Holden, the San Andreas

*This Mr. Cunningham was afterwards sheriff of San Joaquin County for many years. He died at Tuttle town, E.E.J.

school teacher, taught writing in the evenings. They made a fool of him over his writing. There was something in the "San Andreas Independent" most every week about him.

Charles Johnston Comes To Calaveras County

My brother Charles, who was living at Greenville, Yuba County, paid me a little visit in May, 1860. He had been to San Francisco to see a doctor about an injury to his spine. When Charles arrived in San Andreas he went to the Metropolitan Hotel. Len Wilcox was there. They sent Len out that night, who told me that a friend of mine, who was at the Metropolitan Hotel, would like to see me. I said to Len, "To h-l with him if he can't wait 'till morning." Next morning I got ready and went to town. I went down to the Metropolitan Hotel. I saw Charles walking about the Hotel. I didn't let on to know him. He had changed a lot since I last saw him.

Charles kept on walking around. Finally, he said to me, "Damn it, Wade, come on, let's have a drink."

Charles and I had not met since he left home in the spring of '52 for California. He had worked around Forbestown, Yuba County, in the 50's. When he returned to Yuba County, after his visit with me, I went back to Yuba County with him and had a little visit. 1860 was an exciting political year. It was the year that Abe Lincoln was elected President. This whole country was a'boiling. Old Henry Vogelsang* was on the stage. He was a bitter rebel! He just talked politics all the way to Mokelumne Hill, where he got off of the stage. Then Charles said, "I'm glad we got rid of that Dutchman!" There were two or three other passengers on the stage. I think old Henry Steinbower was driving the stage.

Greenville was near Marysville. Charles had had a saloon, dance hall and boarding house there. He and a William Edgar were partners in another saloon. But he was not in the saloon business, in 1860, when I visited him.

Charles was greatly taken with Calaveras County and I thought he was a'going to buy Fitzsimonds' share in the mine. He sold out his interests in Yuba County to his partner and came down here expecting to buy Jimmie's interest. But we couldn't come to an agreement with the other partners about the price.

Sullivan, who controlled Jimmie's interest, wanted Charles to pay more for it than Jimmie was to have paid. So Charles didn't buy. Fitzsimonds was to pay \$800 (I think for a quarter interest).

Old Henry Steinbower must have drove stage at least fifteen years. I've ridden with old Henry lots of times. He always had some good yarns to tell. He drove on the Stockton and San Andreas stage line. He drove on the Mokelumne Hill, Angels; and Murphys line and went as far as Columbia in Tuolumne County.

He always had his pockets full of watches that he was carrying to that great Swiss watch maker, C. Hass, who came to California in 1852 and settled in Stockton.

Old Henry never would pass a man that was walking if he had room for him on the stage. They used to say that he looked like the pictures of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was a very large man, always good-natured. I think he had more friends than any stage driver we ever had.

He was a German and single, and died up at Murphys. He was the stage driver that, while dying, called out, "Throw on the brake, she's running down." Papers all over the State had a piece on that. Some were nice pieces, too.

When brother Charles came down here, intending to buy into the mine in the summer of 1860, we got up an introduction dance for him. It was a donation supper and a good one. We had four fiddlers. We took turns, just like turning the grindstone. We fiddlers were Ed Livernash, who called a part of the time, Alfred Ward, Charles

*The Henry Vogelsangs reared a large family of sons and daughters, down on the Calaveras River. Several of them later become prominent in the state and nationally.



HYDRAULIC MONITOR

This monitor, currently displayed in front of the Angels Camp Museum, was used by Wade Johnston at his gravel mine on Poverty Hill.

Johnston and Wade Johnston. We danced in the house at the mouth of Paradise Gulch, where the Fines had lived.

At least five of the ladies, Mrs. Park, Mrs. Butts, Mrs. Kenney, Mrs. M. Murphy and Mrs. Burnham, had young babies. After supper they put their babies to sleep on our beds in our house on the mine trail and then went back to take part in the dance. The boys got it into their heads to play a joke on them. While the ladies were engaged in the dance, two or three of the boys stole out and went up to our house and changed the clothes on the babies and their places of sleeping, too. Some of the babies got to crying and their mothers had to go to them. When they picked up what they supposed were their babies, the babies rebelled and wouldn't nurse. Then they thought they must be sick, of course. Pretty soon one of them discovered that she had her baby clothes, but not her baby. So, they soon found out what it was that ailed them. When things were righted, the babies were all quiet again and the ladies returned to the dance.

The men had a lot of fun outside with a jug of whisky. They hid it from each other, out in the hen house and other places. Some of them thought they didn't get enough. But all of them got all they should have had.

At the supper table, Alfred Ward, who admired Pauline Darnall, remarked, "Miss Pauline has a beautiful Grecian nose." Pauline jerked out her handkerchief and wiped off her nose. She thought he said she had grease on it.

They all enjoyed the dance and old Billie Gallagher said, "Yaqui Camp is the best place in the County to go to have a good time."

Those present included Mr. and Mrs. Judge Coulter and two daughters, who lived on Dry Creek at the Carty place; Mr. and Mrs. Asbury, from Kentucky House, who later went to El Dorado; Mr. and Mrs. John Eaves and two children from Upper Calaveritas (they had lived at Scott's Bridge); Mr. and Mrs. Butts and two children from Upper Calaveritas; Mr. and Mrs. Earl Burnham and baby Aline, from Upper Calaveritas; Mrs. Maurice Murphys and baby Mollie, Lower Calaveritas; Mrs. Kennedy and two little girls, Lower Calaveritas; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Park and baby, from Railroad Hill; Miss Lucy O'Mara from Railroad Hill; Pauline and Sarah Darnall from Formans, and Miss Bridgit Collippe.

Others included Sheridan Smith, Andy Brawla, Wee Hull, Tom Develin, Tom Hammond, Mike McQue, Frank and Bill Wallace, Joe Gray, Alfred Ward, Ed Livernash, John Robertson, Tom Thurston (a spiritualist), Uncle Billie Gallagher who was the leading merchant of San Andreas, James and William Lewis, Seneca Mills, Len Wilcox and Ed Bowe (partners), Billie Smith, Billie Ellington, Johnny Lynch, Charles and me.

Calaveras Quail Hunting

Brother Charles got his first experience as a quail hunter here. He'd take two or three pounds of shot, go out and shoot it, and come back. He soon got to be one of the best shots in the County.

He got Yancy, when a puppy, of Mrs. Judge Badgley of Moke Hill. He trained Yancy, making him one of the best of bird dogs.

After a quail hunt, and a little imbibing, I went down to the head of the canyon, with seven or eight other hunters, intending to cross the creek on Dan Pilsbury's flume (just below the "49" highway bridge, across Calaveritas Creek - Ed) and go over to Darnalls at Fourth Crossing. The other boys were afraid the flume would go down with them, so I said that I would go across it first. I threw my game sack with 18 quail in it over my back, took my muzzle-loader in one hand, and crawled across on the cleats of the flume.

All the rest of the boys and Mrs. Maurice Murphy, who was watching from the store, "hurrahed" for me. But the others wouldn't try it. They pulled off their boots and waded the creek.

We went on over to Darnalls, and the others elected me spokesman. So I made a little speech and we turned in the quail, about three dozen of them, and then we had a quail supper. The Darnalls lived just across the San Antone from John Cottle's place.

It is a wonder that some of us didn't get shot on these hunts. If a quail fluttered, somebody's shoot whether there was anyone in the way or not. And they fired some of the damndest charges. Some of them didn't know how much powder they were putting in their muzzle-loaders.

One time when several of us were out quail hunting, my brother Charles got ahead of me in the brush and I accidentally shot him in the legs with fine shot. He had to have the doctor pick them out. He wouldn't hunt anywhere near me after that. If he thought I was near him, he would throw his gun over his shoulder and get a quarter of a mile away before doing any more shooting.

Instead of buying an interest in our mine at Yaqui Camp, Charles opened up a blacksmith shop, on Court Street, just opposite the old Dave Cassinelli store. At that time Dave and his brother Luke were partners, before Luke moved to Amador County.

Charles saw old Bradshaw going up and down the streets ringing a bell, and he asked him what he was ringing it for. "I'm ringing it for a buck and a half, by G-d" he said. The Callaghans, who were running the hotel then, sometimes had Bradshaw ring his bell for dinner call.

In September, 1861, my brother Charles killed three deer at one shot on Bear Mountain, a doe and two fawns. He only had two bullets with him when he left the house. He fired one at a hawk flying over. He really wasn't expecting to do much shooting. He just went over there to look around.

He saw only one deer when he fired, but he found two when he went to see. He heard something struggling in the brush, and he was afraid he had shot a man. He called to Otis Shepardson, and they found the third deer, a fawn, a few yards away. Only one bullet was fired. It killed all three deer. He had two witnesses to it, Otis and Mr. Ballard, a school-teacher from San Andreas. Most people believed their story, but Len Wilcox got up a yarn saying that after finding the third deer, they found a sapling cut off six inches through, after thirty feet farther on!

Charles had Captain Robert Pope's gun, the rifle Pope carried through the Mexican War. It was the same rifle that Jeff Gatewood killed Dr. Goodwin with at Moonlight Flat, two years before. It took an eight-ounce ball. Old Harry Marquering's family, on Bear Mountain, had this rifle, the last I heard of it.

Sam Seabough, who used to write for the "San Andreas Independent", and was then in Stockton, knew me, but had not heard of my brother, and so he gave me credit for the lucky shot. A few years ago, Sam Lewis, editor of the "Calaveras Citizen," showed me Sam's piece, which said that "Wade Johnston, the best rifle shot in Calaveras

County, kills two deer at one shot, and wounds a third which he follows a short distance and also bags."

I think we had the first organized quail hunt in the county in 1861. It was a contest between Charles Johnston and Otis Shepardson, considered the two best shots in the county. There were four good quail hunters on each side. The losers were to pay the expenses of the supper.

On Charles' side were John Early, Billie Smith, and Ben Simpson. With Otis were Hank O'Dell, Cap Ferguson, and me. In all, we bagged fourteen dozen quail. Shepardson's side won by two.

The quail supper and dance was held at Upper Calaveritas because the boys used to say that that's the place to go to have a good time. The girls will dance until sunrise. In San Andreas, they go home at midnight. John Eaves and his wife, who were running the hotel up there then, charged outsiders a dollar a plate. When the second sitting came on, there were no more quail, and so everyone complained. John Eaves had to let them off with fifty cents. We learned afterwards that some of the quail were carried off. Actually there were more people there than quail, anyway.

Charles and I furnished the music for the dance. There were very few young single girls in those days here, and so we men had to learn to tend baby. Most of the women coming to these dances had young babies. Old Jim Dean tells it as he saw it. He said, "Gad, them women up there have a real nice time. They jump up and dance off, while some man wall-flower tends their baby." Then Jim would describe how the mothers would return, claim their offspring, and oftentimes go off in some corner to nurse them. Then back again to the dance.

The names of the people that I remember at that dance were these: Mr. & Mrs. Earl Burnham, Mr. & Mrs. E.F. Walker, Mr. & Mrs. Dol Young, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Park, Mr. & Mrs. Adam Bence, Mr. & Mrs. Butts, Mr. & Mrs. D. Benson, Mr. & Mrs. Jube Foster (his first wife), and Mr. & Mrs. Ed Foster. Jube and Ed, brothers, ran a saloon at Upper Calaveritas. Also Mr. & Mrs.

New Members

We are very pleased to welcome these new members to the Society. Although more than half of them reside outside the county, many of our readers will recognise the descendants of some old-time Calaveras families amongst them. Some of the others are enthusiastic weekend and summer visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin K. Airola, San Andreas
Mr. Albert A. Anderson, Sacramento
Mrs. Cora A. Beard, Pacific Grove
Mrs. Helen F. Belmont, Mountain View
Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Biggs, San Francisco
Mrs. Matt Busi, Campo Seco
Mr. Wilfred H. Carpenter, Brentwood
Mr. and Mrs. W.J. Cosgrave, Portland, Oregon
Mr. and Mrs. Reyburn F. Crocker, Fresno
Mr. Gene Deaver, Altaville
Mr. Myrel Des Jardin, San Andreas
Mr. and Mrs. John Garamendi, Mokelumne Hill
Mr. and Mrs. William A. Gore, Arnold
Mr. Charles R. Joy, Ojai
Mr. Donald D. Leonard, Ridgewood, N.J.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Lucini, Angels Camp
Mr. A.S. McSorley, Walnut Creek
Mr. Harlen D. Rese, Mokelumne Hill
Mr. and Mrs. Dale E. Ruse, Monterey
Mr. Dorner T. Schueler, Murphys
Mrs. Sylvia Shimek, Fremont
Dr. Albert Shumate, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. George R. Staple, Oakland
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Steele, Wilseyville
Mr. and Mrs. M.S. Thresher, Menlo Park
Mr. Lester Tiscornia, St. Joseph, Michigan
Mr. Willard B. Tower, Milton.

J.G. Severance. He defeated Jeff Gatewood for district attorney in 1863. Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson, a Jewish family that ran a store at Upper Calaveritas. Mrs. George Johnson - she was very fond of dancing, and dressed just like the young girls. One of her twin daughters married George Avery, of Avery's, and the other married a man named Fisher who died just recently. I first met Mrs. Johnson at a ball. I carried her two twin girls up to McFall's place for her, near what is now Cadematori's place. She told me, "You may think it's terrible to carry these girls now. But just wait until they are sixteen!"

Others were Mrs. Smith and her three daughters, Lucy Ann, and the twins Saretta and Selestia; Mrs. Shannon; Mrs. Hiram Allen; the three Darnalls, Pauline, Sarah and Hannah; Mrs. Sevanta and daughters Lucy, Laura, and Babe-- they lived on what later became Antone Geochio's place; Miss Susie Seamans who later married Frank Gomes; Israel Smith, an uncle to the Smith girls, Then there was Billie Smith, Jim Gallagher, and Dock Foster who was a barber and no relation to Ed and Jube. He was a great dancer. He died in 1922 at Copperopolis, at 90.

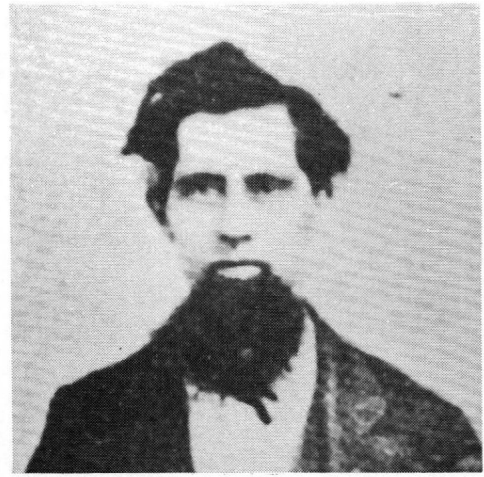
W.S. Fowler; Billie Wortman, who married Leora Harding, Martha Cottle's chum; Tod and Jim Toon-- Tod married Sarah Darnall; Charles and George Brandt; Bill and Frank Wallace; H.P. Angel, a 49er and partner of Hank O'Dell; Al Dudley; Purdy, Pierce, and Douglas; Jim and Leonard White; Thomas W. Thurston; Ed Livernash; Walter Knight; Rod Terwilliger; Hub Ide; Ed Purple; J.P. Humphries, Justice of the Peace; Joe Armitage; E.L. Morgan, the constable; William Carruthers; Jerry Dill*; Jim Collins, Dill's teamster, who turned desperado; and Bill Robinson. He owned the hotel that the Eaves were running. He married a Chilano girl. Others at the dance were Tim N. Beatie, who located the Drury Ranch; Silas Stickle-- it was his four-horse wagon that ran over Connie Bacigalupi, when she was a baby. She was playing in the river. Billie McDermott; Joe Gray; Bill Jurden; Fred Yizer; and Louia Mankins, my old boss musician, a German violinist, who used to tell me, "Throw away the notes and just study time." I think Alice Reddick and Martha Cottle were at this quail supper. Martha was going with Billie Wortman about this time. She usually went wherever Alice did (Wade Johnston married Martha six years after this. Ed.)

I don't think Mr. and Mrs. Sharp were at this quail supper. Just about this time, Sharp sold out to Louis Costa and moved to San Andreas, to the Metropolitan. I think the Cademartoris and the Bacigalupis were at the dance. The Italians were not going to dances here then. A lot of Mexicans lived around Upper Calaveritas then, but they didn't attend dances.

Judge A.H. Coulter crossed the plains with Judge Hager who afterwards ran for governor. They say that old Coulter wore his swallow-tailed coat across the plains. It reached down to his heels. He loved to dance, and so one time while I was over at his place with my violin, we decided to walk down to Lorenzo Oneto's. This is now Johnny Oneto's place, at the junction of Dry Creek and the San Antone. The Raggio's used to live there.

There was a big flat there with a lot of miners' cabins on it. Some of this was since mined out. I got to playing down in front of the house, and the Italian miners and others nearby began to come up and dance. Judge Coulter, with his swallow tails just hitting his heels, had a good time.

Mrs. Jim Waters was one of the champion Irish gig dancers on the river then. I hadn't met Jim at this time, and this was the first time I met old Mrs. Raggio. There were very few Italian women on the South Fork then. I think Mrs. Raggio was about the only one. Most of the women on the river were Irish.



J. A. FOSTER

"Jube" Foster and his brother, Ed, ran a saloon at Upper Calaveritas. "Jube" was elected County Clerk in 1865. ---San Andreas Museum.

That day, all along the river, as far as they could hear the music, the people came in to dance. I could play only one Italian piece then, "La Shanderina." In a little while a big crowd had gathered. I knew nothing about Italian wine then. This is where I got my first tilt on it. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon I started for home. When I was resting on my climb up the hill this side of Oneto's I looked back, and Bear Mountain looked like it was going to fall over on me. So I just turned over on the hillside and went to sleep until dark, and then came on home.*

Just before Christmas, '61, four of us went over on Bear Mountain for a hunt, Otis Shepardson, Tom Potter (a blacksmith), my brother Charles, and myself. We had killed one deer when it began to rain. We went into a vacant cabin on the mountain, the other side of Henry Schroebel's place. We stayed several days and nights in this cabin. We found half a sack of flour, made some flap-jacks, and had eaten some of them when one of the boys discovered that rats had been in the flour!

Schroebel had told us to knock over a sheep, but we didn't care for mutton. Some pigs came around the cabin, and we killed one. We thought it was Louie Hoedecker's. Afterwards, we were laughing and telling Darnall how we knocked over one of Hoedecker's pigs while we were rained in on Bear Mountain. Darnall kept shrugging his shoulders, twisting around, and snickering and finally said, "That was my pig, but some one would have gotten it anyway."

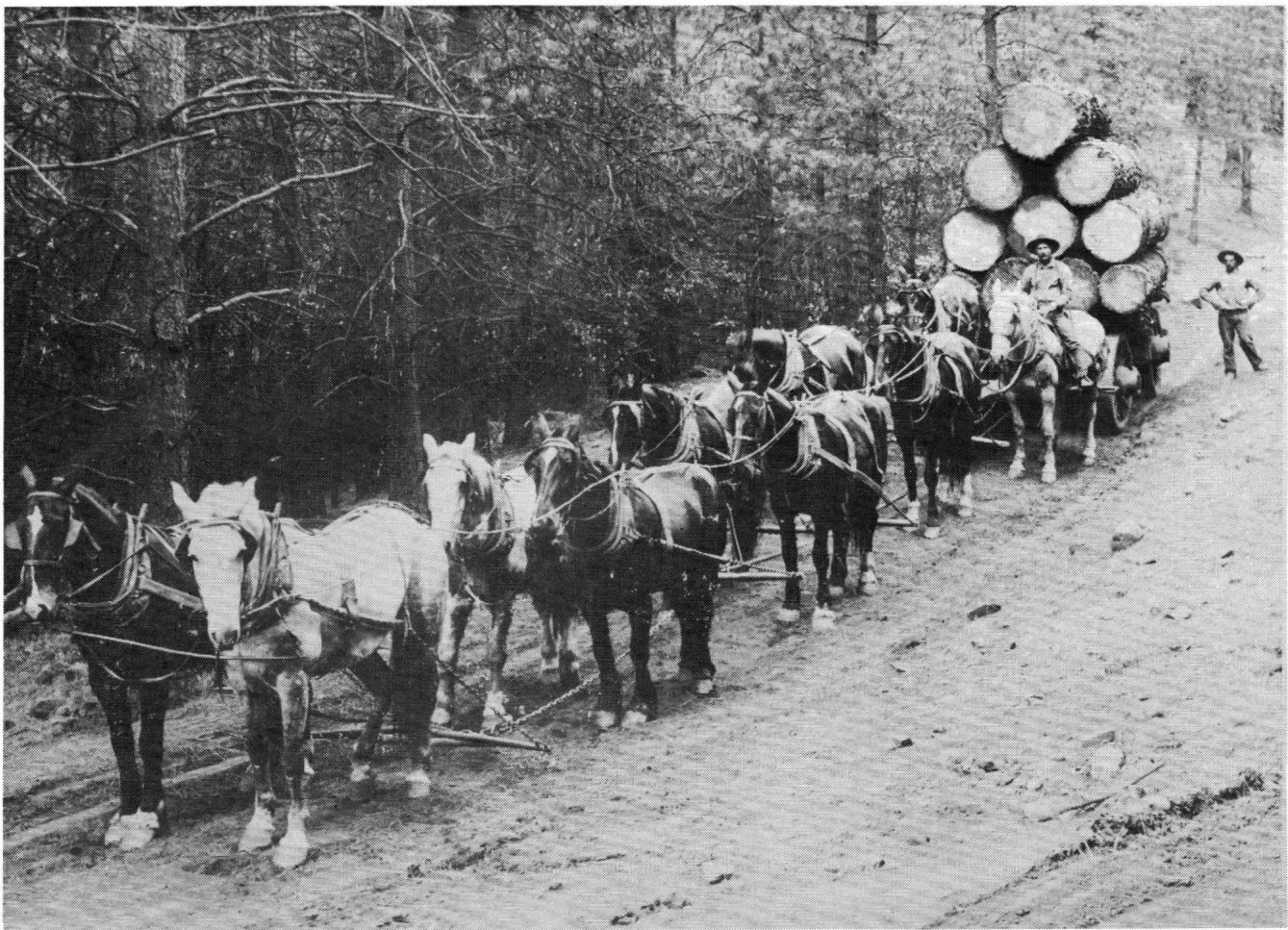
I went up to Schroebel's and Mrs. Schroebel gave me a lot of Christmas pie and cake to take back to the boys. We wanted to get back home to attend the Christmas Ball at Upper Calaveritas. It didn't let up raining until Christmas day, when we walked down to Coulter's place to see how deep the river was. The Coulters invited us to have Christmas dinner with them. Mrs. Coulter was a fine-looking woman. She had two good-sized daughters at that time.

It started in to rain again the day after Christmas, and never really quit until the first of March. And then it didn't rain any more that season. Old Jimmie Harris, who ran a store in San Andreas where Henry Wesson's soft drink parlor is now, said, "Be G-d, an the Boible says it rained forty days an nights an drowned the world. It's rained seventy days an nights an we ain't drown'd yet."

All of this undergrowth around here started after the

*Jeremiah Dill was the brother of James Dill, who was murdered at San Antone Camp in 1854, as described in Las Calaveras in the January, 1970, issue.

*Father told me this story on February 22, 1922, the same day that good old Mrs. Raggio was buried. It was storming, Father was not very well, and so we sat by the fire instead of going to the funeral. E.E.J.



LOGGING IN 1899

Nels Bigum (riding), grandfather of Albert Anderson, obviously has full control of this splendid 10-horse jerkline

team, as he brings in a big load of logs to the Wiggins sawmill on Jesus Maria Creek.

---Gift of Albert A. Anderson.

wet winter of '61-'62. When I came here in '55, you could see a quail most anywhere on these hills, when the grass wasn't high. The trees were large, with chaparral only on some of the hilltops. I was told that the Indians used to burn it off every year, to keep down the undergrowth so they could hunt better.

That winter a slide started on Bear Mountain. If it had gone into the river, it would have stirred them clear up at Kentucky House. The ground sank about a foot. If it had kept on raining, it would have gone into the river and dammed it. The slide was on that big flat place on the mountain where people from San Andreas used to go up and cut wild pasture hay.

One bad winter, the stage coach and four horses went down the canyon below Lower Calaveritas in a storm. Only two of the horses were alive when they got to Kentucky House.

U.S. Grant used to be down here at Knights Ferry with old Jim Lane. One of the Dent's, a West Pointer, was with him. Old Jim McCreight was around there at the time. He said that Dent was a bigoted fellow that wouldn't speak to a common man. Grant was called "Whiskey Grant" at that time.

Old Neeno, who lived at Mountain Ranch, and hunted a lot in the 80's and 90's, used to say that he'd rather meet a grizzly bear than a wild boar in the brush. Otis Shepardson killed one on Bear Mountain that had been seen around there for twenty years. He weighed 200 pounds.

There used to be a big wild boar on Willow Creek that would leave the band of hogs as soon as he scented a man,

and run off into the brush. He had a track like a calf. When this country was open, hogs that belonged to Cloyd, Dick Stannard and others used to run on Willow Creek.

Then Effie Johnston included some family letters telling of people they knew that were answering the call to arms in 1861. Johnston refers to Guss Cottle, and his half-uncle, Wilton Findley, who went to Stockton to enlist. Their company captain was L.M. Tower. Tower married Ellen Dudley, the daughter of Charles Dudley, and niece of lawyers Bill and Al Dudley.

Johnston refers but seldom to the Civil War. A Southerner in predominately a Union state made it difficult for him. News from home was always upsetting, as even the Johnstons were a house divided.

We return to Johnston's comments on Yaqui Camp and the nearby communities.

In '62, Otis Shepardson and Perry Tiff gave a duff dinner at their cabin on this, the Dick Bartlett Gulch. Their cabin was up near the head of the gulch on that little island above the spring. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Tiff-- Mrs. Tiff was living in San Andreas; her sister, Miss Pop Sanders; Tom Potter; Luther Lee, who used to mine in Yaqui Camp; Frank Piper, who was working for Otis and Perry; and Otis and me. We all enjoyed the dinner. But this man Lee dug up politics at the table. He wanted to know how I stood on the war question. I told him that my

sympathies were with my people. He replied, "If I had a good mine like you have, I'd be afraid to take the chances of admitting it." I replied that I couldn't help my feelings. Mrs. Tiff took my part, saying that a man's first love should be for his own country, meaning his part of the country.

Mr. Saunders, Mrs. Tiff's father, lived on a ranch this side of Altaville. His other daughter afterwards married the well-known freighter, Andy Blossom. Perry, a Union man, went back and took part in the war. Luther Lee, who was from New York, made lots of money mining. But like many others, he spent much of it for drink. Frank Piper, who was from Baltimore, was on my side. Otis Shepardson was from Rhode Island. His father told me that Otis was the only one of his children left. Coming to California saved his life. All the rest of the family died of consumption. Otis was a 49er. He had a wife and child in Rhode Island. He lived many years in Salt Spring Valley, where he recently fell ill and Frank Tower brought him up to the County hospital where he died. I guess Tower buried him.

Old Judge Barkley was considered by many a strong Abolitionist. But he went back to Kentucky and sold his negroes.

Harvey Hedrick and Kate Quinn were married in 1861 at what is still the Hedrick gravel mine in Yaqui Camp. They were married at the cabin built in the pit that had been mined out. The cabin was built on a pile of boulders. Harvey Hedrick and Len Wilcox were mining partners at the time. Kate Quinn was living with the Coogan family then.*

They were married by a priest, Father Descardo, in the forenoon. Father Descardo had dinner with them and then went right home, when he found that he couldn't get them to dance before him. He tried to get them to, saying that he knew they would dance just as soon as he was gone. So they might as well dance while he was there. Father Descardo was a nice, sociable fellow.

Len Wilcox and Margaret Binum cooked the wedding dinner. Len made a big English plum duff. Margaret made the cake, etc., and I played the violin. They danced in the cabin, but there wasn't enough room to dance much. Kate and Margaret Binum danced some Irish jigs. They also had singing. I remember Mrs. Cavanaugh singing "Steer My Bark for Erin Isle."

Others present were Mrs. C.R. Cloyd, Hughy Quinn, Mr. Cavanaugh, Mr. and Mrs. John Gither of Old Gulch, and Mrs. Gither's sister. John was afterwards underground boss at the Kennedy mine.

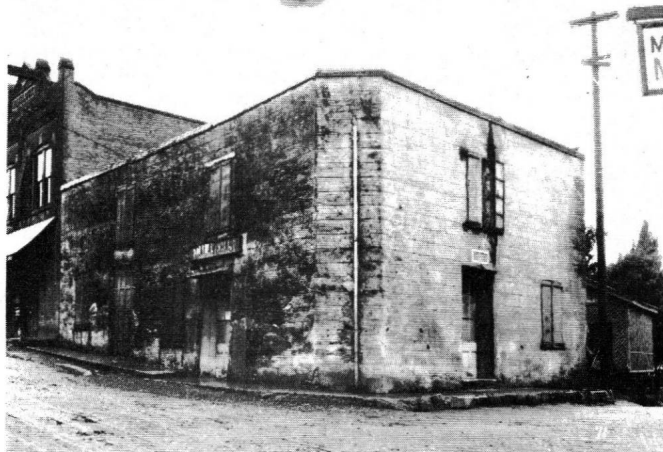
Harvey Hedrick's first child, George, was born in the little cabin at the mine. Then Hedrick built a dwelling house and set out a little orchard on the flat at the mouth of Bannon's Gulch, where our cabin was in '55. Hedrick raised nine children. He was from Indiana, and came to California in 1852. He first lived at Georgetown, in El Dorado County, then at Central Hill, Calaveras County, before coming to Yaqui Camp.

Old Dick Stannard and Frank Legar had a cutting scrape at Upper Calaveritas in 1862. Legar was badly cut in the abdomen. Dr. Fort fixed him up, starved him for ten days, and he got well.

Old John Ronconglio was shot through the body at Upper Calaveritas by a cowardly Mexican. He got well, and later married Charlotte, the eldest daughter of Antone Genochio, and raised a family at Upper Calaveritas. The Mexican afterwards killed another man and then left here.

In 1862, Billie Ellington, Charles Johnston, and myself attended a ball, given by Mr. Taggart, on the San Antone Ridge. Rod Terwilliger was there. Rod and Billie were great pals. They set up nights playing cards and gambling while I stayed home and got my sleep.

*The Hedrick twins told me that "Mother was under age when she was married. She was 17. Her brother, Hughy Quinn, said to our father 'Take her, Harvey.' She was married three years before George was born (May 31, 1864)." E.E.J.



ARNOLD FRIEDBERGER BUILDING

Constructed in San Andreas in 1852, this substantial building had a long and useful life until its demolition in 1941. The Friedberger family generously created a little park and drinking fountain on the site, and continue to provide for its upkeep a dozen decades after "Old Fried" set up in business here. The Whitlock Building, on the left, is now part of the Black Bart Inn.

---Photo by W. Covert Martin.

The Taggart brothers were owners of the San Antone Ditch at this time. They went back to take part in the Civil War, leaving Bill Wallace in charge. Rod and Hub Ide bought the ditch while Bill Wallace was looking after it. Rod later went back and enlisted in the Federal army and had returned before I knew of it. I had never even missed him.

Thomas J. Taggart came to California in '51. He was from New Hampshire. Rod told me that his company bought the San Antone Ditch from the Taggarts for \$1400 after they had paid out \$5000 to them for water. Rod sold the ditch to D. Fricot in recent years. In the early 80's, Rod married Anna Oeters, daughter of John and Catherine Oeters, and raised three sons. Rod was from Illinois and Hub Ide, his partner for so many years, was from Massachusetts.

Little John Bennett was a great friend of Mr. and Mrs. Dol Young. When they lived at Upper Calaveritas, the Youngs invited Little John to have rabbit dinner with them. Bennett said, "I don't go a cent on that kind of a rabbit dinner. They kept that rabbit until it almost turned green, and then cooked it." The Youngs had a nice orchard there. Mrs. Young used to peddle fruit. Most of the orchard was mined out later. It was at or near Ronconglio's place. The Youngs later went to Alameda.

More Memories Of Life Around San Andreas

Arnold Friedberger had the first limberger cheese here in San Andreas. They had all the fellows around there trying it, but it made most of them sick.

Old Friedberger was a good old German Jew. He wanted me to come in as a partner with him in the store here in San Andreas. He said that his partners were robbing him. We used to have lots of good jokes about old Friedberger. He had a weak old fellow named Latts helping around the store. Another fellow around there was abusing old Latts. Old Fried got mad. He said, "er Latts, you 'old my cigar vile I vipps dat tam fool." They went at it, and darn'd if he didn't get old Fried down and was getting the best of

him, when a bystander came along with a cane, and pommeled the fellow, saying, "Damn it, don't strike a man whiles he's down."*

Old Fried was paying some attention to Alice Reddick there for awhile. There were two other young Jews around town that old Fried didn't like. Alice was in San Andreas one day and she and some other women were standing there talking when one of these young Jews came up and commenced to talk to Alice. He was smoking. Old Fried said, "Look at dat tam Jew, smoking among de laties."

One time old Fried gave me \$20.00 to use electioneering at the copper mines. I wasn't spending it fast enough to suit him, so he took the rest of it and threw it around.

Old S. Jessup was acquainted with the Cottles back in Hazel Green, Wisconsin. He worked with Ira Cottle there in the lead mines. Ira was a brother to John L. Cottle. Jessup was an awful big eater. When he boarded at the Smiths boarding house at the copper mines, Saretta, who was waiting on table, hit him over the head with a table spoon, saying, "You old fool, you've et a whole cobbler!" When Jessup was at the County Hospital and Lafiet Binum was cooking, he used to say, "I'll be gosh gol darned if old Lafe don't cook just enough. There is nothing left. But there is just enough."

In the winter of 1862-63 I dug out what looked like half of a fish, in my gravel mine. It was in soft lava above the submarine channel. Old John Rathgeb got it. Professor Mills said that he would have liked to have had it. He was working on his research report that was later published in the Attorney General's Report. And the same year I found a turtle in hard lava. I didn't know what it was until after I had broken it with my pick. I also found many bones of smaller animals and petrified wood and leaves.

Mr. J.M. Hutchings, the publisher, was here to see these fossils. He told me that if I had taken the turtle out whole, it would have been worth a lot of money. I went to the copper mines in 1863. When I returned to my cabin a year and a half later, in '64, a piece of the turtle was lying on my porch, but all the rest of these specimens were destroyed or carried off.

Professor Mills came here in the 80's to examine the walla pots that were found 110 feet below the surface at the Joe Marshall mine (Chapman mine) near San Andreas.

All I know about the Calaveras Skull is heresay. Old Jessup, who was personally acquainted with these men, told me that it was dug up in Angels Creek where a number of skulls had been found. And these men, as a joke, said it was taken out of the bottom of the McElroy shaft at Bald Hill.

Tom Thurston, who had been over in the State of Nevada for awhile, came back to Calaveras County and was at my cabin the winter of '62-'63. He tried to make a spiritualist out of me.

The last time that my brother Charles and I played together was at a St. Patrick's Ball at the Hawk Eye, on the 17th of March, 1863. We didn't want the job, but the folks over on the river wouldn't take no for an answer. It was a genuine Irish crowd. I don't remember any American girls being there except the Darnalls. Old David Maloney who kept the Hawk Eye, would pay only \$30.00 for the music; two violins and a cornet. So we had to give Harry Marquering \$16.00 which left Charles and me only \$7 a piece.

The music stand was in a little cubby-hole where we didn't have elbow room. It was storming, and the rain was coming in on us. If it hadn't been for the cornet, I don't know what we would have done. We were playing on three strings half the time. Sometimes there was only the cornet and one violin, while the other was

*This incident undoubtedly refers to Benjamin J. Latz, a Jew who served in the Mexican War, then lived for awhile in Santa Fe. He came in California in 1854, and lived in San Andreas until 1861, when he returned to Santa Fe. From information supplied by Jacob Latz, a descendant.



ROBERT MALONEY

Son of David Maloney, the proprietor of the Hawk Eye, Bob served as Deputy Sheriff under Ben Thorne. He was the uncle of Mrs. Tone Airolo who still resides near the site of Grandfather Maloney's home and stage stop.

---San Andreas Museum Files.

mending a string. It was almost impossible to keep a little E-string. A drop of water would break it every time.

The next morning, our hats were gone, and two hats, two sizes too large, had been left in their places. We felt rough that day. Charles and I had come in a livery rig, to take the Darnalls to Angels and buy them some presents. But Charles went home tired and mad, so I went along with the girls to Angels, to bring home the rig. Pauline sat in my lap all the way to Angels.

In 1863, John Early and partners sold out their copper mine at Hog Hill and John went back to enlist in the war. From here, he went to Jefferson County, Missouri, the home of his boyhood. On the way to join the Confederate army, he stopped at my brother Austin's blacksmith shop, at Lower Sulphur Springs, and had Austin shoe his horse. John rode this horse clear through into the Confederate army. John and Austin had a long talk, but they didn't mention politics, as Austin was for the North while John was for the South.

My brother Charles, whose sympathies were with the South, also, was afraid he would be drafted into the Union Army. So he left here early in 1863, to go to Reese River, Nevada Territory. Then he went to Idaho, later, and never returned again to California. This was the last I saw of him. He left Yancy, his dog, and his violin with me. We had paid \$500 towards the blacksmith shop in San Andreas, but I had to let it go back to Johnson, the owner.

About 1900, I met a Cornishman at Rattio's on Scott's Gulch. I had my violin and was playing for them. He said to me, "You 'ave a brother in Idaho?" I said yes and he answered, "I've 'ear 'im play them very same tunes up in Idaho." This Cornishman and his partner stayed around here quite awhile and chopped wood. His partner was a good jig dancer.



WIGGINS SAWMILL - 1899

The mill was located on the Jesus Maria Creek, just below the Mountain Ranch-Railroad Flat road, and was in operation from the fifties to beyond the turn of the century. In recent years the George Poore family resided here. Currently the property has been subdivided and is known as Rancho Loma Serena. Nels Bigum and Peter Anderson, grandfather and father of Albert Anderson, worked at the mill.

---Gift of Albert A. Anderson.



HANS J. ROHDE

Mr. Rohde was the step-grandfather of Albert Anderson. He first sent his stepsons to Calaveras to live with the John Oeters family above Calaveritas. Later the Rohdes moved up to the Banner district. The elder son, Peter C. Anderson, settled at Railroad Flat and married Minnie Dorothea Rasmussen of that place.

---Gift of Albert A. Anderson.

The Albert Anderson Collection

The Society recently received a fine collection of family photographs, snapshots, and other memorabilia, donated by Mr. Albert A. Anderson of Sacramento. The Anderson and Rasmussen families resided in the Railroad Flat area at the turn of the century. Mr. Anderson carefully identified the people and places, and transcribed this information on the pictures. He also furnished a brief history of the members of these families both before and after their Calaveras residency.

Mr. Anderson had copies made of many of these pictures for members of the family, and donated the originals to the Society. A few of these provide some of the illustrations for this issue. We will acknowledge similar gifts recently received in future issues of "Las Calaveras".

Forthcoming Meetings

The dates, places and programs of our fall meetings will be announced later in a newsletter.

**Invite A Friend To
Join The Society**

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The Calaveras County Historical Society, a non-profit corporation, meets on the fourth Thursday of each month at the Grange Hall in San Andreas - except for dinner meetings which are held each quarter at different places in the county.

Wildermuth House Picnic

On Sunday, May 23rd, the Society joined with the East Bay Municipal Utility District and with descendants of the Wildermuth family in a meeting at the Wildermuth house on the South Arm of Lake Pardee. More than eighty persons enjoyed picnic lunch in the warm spring sunshine and inspected the restoration work by East Bay Water of this fine old sandstone building, originally constructed by W.W. Watts in 1864 for John and Elizabeth Wildermuth.

Officials of East Bay Water present included the General Manager, Mr. Harnett; William Lange of the Lodi office, Lee Arnold, Pardee Superintendent, and several of the Pardee staff. In addition to a substantial turnout from the Calaveras Society, representatives from the Amador and San Joaquin societies attended.

After lunch, the group gathered in the shade of the front porch where Mr. Harnett welcomed them. Brief talks were then presented by William Lange on the history of East Bay Water, by Lee Arnold, describing the restoration of the building, and by Willard Fuller on mining along the Mokelumne. George Poore concluded the program with a summary of the history and use of the water of Mokelumne River.

A fine collection of historic and Wildermuth family pictures were displayed on the main floor. The restoration is essentially complete on the structural and exterior portions of the building, but the interior remains to be done.

Agostini Building

Very regretfully, the Restoration committee abandoned the project of restoring this building, as too expensive and as an unsuitable project for the Society for a number of reasons. The Committee thanks the many supporters who pledged and donated funds for this purpose.

Emmett P. Joy

1902 - 1971

In Emmett Joy's passing we lost one of our most interesting and valued members. Although not a charter member, he joined the Society in its early years. But until his retirement from the Pacific Gas and Electric Company a few years ago, he was not able to attend many of our meetings. He earned his livelihood in the city, but his heart was in the countryside where he was born and where he grew up. It is no wonder that he and Mrs. Joy planned for their retirement years in Calaveras County.

Emmett had a memory that any local historian would envy. He had a tremendous capacity to absorb and retain facts, and to be able to call upon them when required. Undoubtedly he knew more about the history of Mokelumne Hill, of San Andreas, and of many little-known communities nearby, than any other living person. He was always happy to share this knowledge with us, whether in the helping of preparation of historical papers, or just with the curious who wished to know more of the area.

Some of us were privileged to spend enjoyable tramps across hill and gulch with him. He was not only an historian but a naturalist as well, equally appreciative of every detail, be it a crumbling foundation, an unusual rock formation or a rare migrating bird.

Born in Jackson, Emmett grew up in San Andreas. He was a graduate of the University of California in Pharmacy, and also held a law degree from the extension division of La Salle University. Most of his career, however, was devoted to public relations and similar work.

In addition to many public presentations of historical subjects, Mr. Joy was for a number of years Grand Historian of the Native Sons of the Golden West and authored many articles in the "Grizzly Bear" on a wide range of subjects in California history. His "Annals of Mokelumne Hill" was published in 1968 by the Old Timers Museum, and he was putting the finishing touches on a similar study of San Andreas at the time of his death.



On his last historical field trip, Mr. Joy identifies the site of Moonlight Flat, where Jeff Gatewood shot Dr. Peter Goodwin. Pictured with Mr. Joy are Fred Cuneo, Bill Wells, Emmett, Earnie Long and George Poore.
---Photo by Don Cuneo