



DOGTOWN -- CALAVERAS COUNTY'S TOWN THAT WASN'T A TOWN

By MRS. EVA SORACCO

The vicinity with the strange name known as Dog Town was not a town. It was just a scattered community consisting of some of the county's best known citizens. It had excitement, wealth, and tragedy.

It was located a few miles east of Altaville on the road leading to Esmeralda on the San Domingo Creek. It had no streets, no post office, no hotels or saloons, and yet it had a blacksmith shop, a small store, and a school-house which was located about one-half mile southwest, established as the San Domingo School, also known as the Dogtown school.

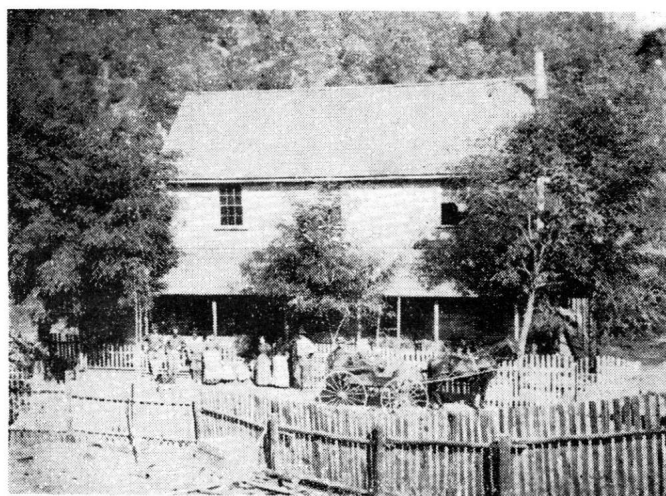
Chinese were numerous. Most of them lived in tents and small cabins cluttered along the edge of the Union Ditch that ran through the settlement. They worked in large numbers digging trenches for ditch lines and, like most early-day Chinese, they worked in the diggings that were abandoned by the earlier miners.

Some of the early settlers were DeLarivier, Captain Daily, Perano, Smith, Lunt, Keefer, Purrington, LaToure, LaSher, Perino, Thompson, Ferants, and Hogate. Mr. Hogate served at one time as Supervisor of the Angels Camp Township.

Frame houses were few. Cabins were more numerous. One of the largest buildings there at that time was a two-story frame building, built by DeLarivier. DeLarivier had a wife and four children, three daughters and one son, Rose, Tillie, Mary and Joe.

The west side of the first floor of this building was used for a store, operated by DeLarivier and a partner who previously had a small store a short distance from this location. This place besides a store was a stopping place for teamsters, and all early-day travelers. Meals were served. Dances and parties were frequently held. In general it was a place where friends met in time of business, pleasure, and trouble.

DeLarivier built another home across the road which



EARLY DAY DOGTOWN LANDMARK — Shown above is the DeLarivier House, part of which was used for a store, and which was a stopping place for teamsters and travelers. It was one of the largest of the few frame houses at Dogtown.

he rented from time to time to different families.

Placer, gravel, and hydraulic mining was done throughout the vicinity. A few of the larger operations were the Jupiter, Bully Boy, Jack Rabbit, and the Monarch. The Jupiter, a hydraulic claim, and the Bully Boy, a gravel mine, were west of Dogtown. The Bully Boy was a short distance from one of the main wings of the Jupiter hydraulic pit. The Monarch, a hydraulic claim, and the Jack Rabbit, a gravel mine, were west of town.

The Jack Rabbit Mine was operated by Frank Purrington. Much time and effort was put into this mine but very little was accomplished.

Beach Thompson and Winsor A. Keefer, as partners.

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W. A. Keefer's Mysterious Disappearance From the Jupiter Mine

By JUDGE J. A. SMITH

W. A. Keefer, secretary of the Jupiter Mine at Dogtown, mysteriously disappeared and as far as can be learned has never been found or heard from.

From the CALAVERAS PROSPECT of March 27, 1897, I quote: "William A. Keefer, the Secretary of the Jupiter Gravel Mining and Water Co. whose works are located at Dogtown in this county, is missing. Nobody seems to know what has become of him, and his sudden disappearance gives rise to much speculation and conjecture.

"Sometime ago Keefer and A. B. Thompson, the President of the company, came up from below to operate the Jupiter Mine which is situated about a mile and a half from Dogtown. Thompson had brought his family with him and they all lived together in a large and comfortable house near the latter place.

"From what little information we could obtain, it would seem that on the morning of Wednesday of last week Keefer and Thompson left the house for the mine. Keefer had on rubber boots and ordinary miner's clothes.

They were engaged in hydraulicking on a small scale and about six men were employed in different capacities about the property. The water for hydraulicking was gathered in a reservoir each night and of course the supply was not large enough, permitting only a few hours pumping.

"When last seen Keefer was tending the Monitor and directing the stream.

"Thompson and Keefer had agreed to take their lunch at the Stockton Ranch on that day as it was closer and they had men at work over there, also.

"Sometime in the forenoon Keefer asked Thompson to go over to the ranch and see about some matters there while he, Keefer, would remain and continue piping so long as the water lasted, adding that he thought the supply would fail in a short while and then he would go along, too.

"Thompson did as directed. The noon hour came and passed but still Keefer did not come for his lunch. Nothing was thought of the matter until Thompson returned to his home in the evening and found Keefer had not been there either. When nine o'clock in the evening arrived and he had not yet put in an appearance, alarm for his safety began to be felt.

"Everything in his room was just as he had left it. His white shirt with diamond studs was there and every detail of his dress clothes was in place with the exception of the watch which he had taken with him in the morning, showing that, wherever he is, he is dressed in the same clothes he wore when he left home.

"Thompson, after making a search about the mine and vicinity without success, came down to San Andreas and reported the matter to the sheriff and district attorney and went to San Francisco where he also informed Captain Lees.

"On Tuesday last the regular assessment of the company became due and a meeting was held but a temporary secretary had to be appointed to perform Keefer's duty.

"At his room in the city, which is in the same building as the company's office, his books, papers, and other

KILLED BY A ROBBER

(From Stockton Mail, April 30, 1892)

A Stage-Driver & a Lady Passenger
Murdered To-Day

Shot gun messenger Tovey was wounded in a bloody attempt to hold up a stage near San Andreas.

Sheriff Cunningham today received the following telegram from J. N. Thacker, Wells Fargo & Co. detective:

"Sheep Ranch stage stopped by robbers, who fired buckshot without warning, killing a young lady passenger and mortally wounding driver, and shooting messenger in right arm but not seriously, Sheriff Thorne and posse after robbers. NO CLUE!"

The Telegraphed Accounts

The following Pacific Postal telegram was received by the Mail this afternoon:

"San Francisco, April 30—Wells Fargo & Co. received a dispatch from San Andreas, Calaveras Co., this morning stating that masked men had held up and robbed the stage near here. They killed the driver and a young lady passenger. Later advices state that the stage was stopped by one man near San Andreas at 6 A. M. He fired a load of buckshot mortally wounding A. Raggio, the driver, and instantly killing a lady passenger named Miss Rodersino. Mike Tovey, the messenger, was shot in the arm. The lone highwayman fled without taking anything. As soon as news of the tragedy reached San Andreas, a sheriff's posse formed and is now scouring the country in search of the murderer."

effects were scattered all over the apartment but whether by the owner or some other person is not known.

"By some it is believed he had been ambushed and killed by an enemy, and by others that he had fallen into some prospect hole, while others think he is all right and has absented himself only for the purpose of carrying out the details of some scheme he had on foot. It is true that Keefer had many enemies and, in fact, he was always in hot water.

"But all of his neighbors, and those with whom he has had trouble from time to time, do not believe there is anyone who would deliberately shoot a man in the back, however strong their grievance might be. If it came to a personal encounter with due provocation to back it, we believe there is no one but would hold his own, let it come to any extreme.

"On Friday last we paid a personal visit to the mine but could obtain little or no information. In fact, employees and all were profoundly reticent concerning the matter and seemed to prefer that someone else should assume the responsibility of answering questions.

"What also appeared strange is the fact that while we at first naturally believed that every living person in that neighborhood knew about the occurrence, we found upon inquiry that comparatively few professed to have heard anything about it. It also appears singular that none of the officers seem to have interested themselves in the matter.

"Whether Keefer has been done away with or whether he has intentionally absented himself remains to be seen, but, at any rate, there seems to be something rather leery concerning the management of the Jupiter Mine."

DOGTOWN

(Continued From Page 1)

operated the Jupiter and Monarch hydraulic mines. The rich Jupiter was the largest of the two mines. Water was secured for the Jupiter from the Keefer Reservoir, located about a mile and a half below the present Ross Reservoir. The most modern mining equipment of that time was used in this operation. One of the first, if not the first, electric generating plants in the county was used for lighting the supply house, blacksmith shop, boarding house and other mine buildings. Some of the largest monitors ever used in hydraulic mining history were used to wash down the massive hillsides.

The mysterious disappearance of Winsor Keefer marred the operation of the Jupiter and Monarch. Mr. Keefer and Mr. Thompson had been invited to a banquet at the beautiful Torry Ranch home. Mr. Keefer was last seen dressed to go to this banquet. When no trace of him could be found his sister brought detectives from San Francisco and a thorough investigation went on for a long period of time but to this day the mystery has never been solved. Mr. Keefer was about 60 years of age at the time of his disappearance.

Beach Thompson, with assistance, attempted to bring water from the Stanislaus River near Camp 9 to Dogtown. A pipe line was brought beyond Murphys near Collierville. A 30" pipe line extended up the side of the Stanislaus River canyon and run through a tunnel beneath Bald Mountain. After going to this great expense, Mr. Thompson learned that the law would not permit water to be brought from one watershed to another and the project ended in failure.

Tragedy struck some of the early Dogtown settlers. Otto Lunt, a native of Germany, lived with his two sisters in a cabin near the bank of the creek a short distance from the DeLarivier place. One day the Ross Reservoir broke without warning. Mr. Lunt and his sisters fled their home, but when Mr. Lunt rushed back to the cabin to rescue his dog, the current was too swift for him and washed him and his cabin down in the flood. The Ross Reservoir was owned by the Utica Company and they later provided a home in Angels Camp for the two sisters.

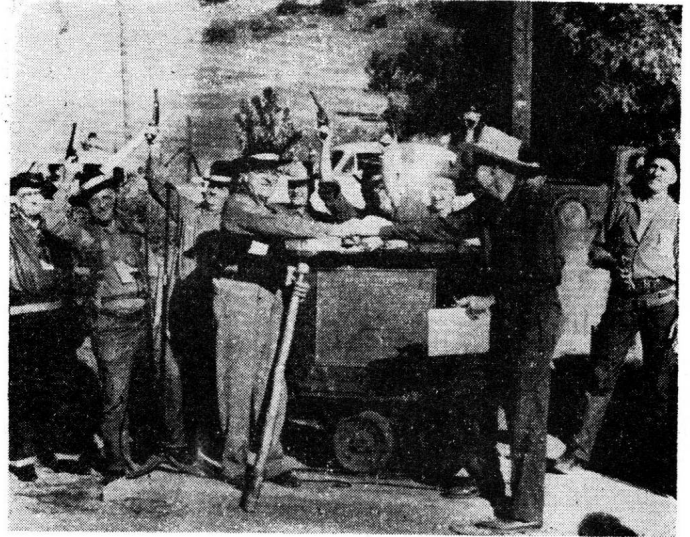
Charles Ferants, a well liked miner who often entertained his friends at the DeLarivier home by singing Spanish songs, took his own life by hanging himself to a tree. Strange as it may seem the tree dried up and died shortly after.

The San Domingo School or Dogtown School closed around 1918. Some of the teachers who taught school were Mary Dower, Will Dower, Annie Gallagher, Ann Snyder, Miss Mulgrew, Ann McNamara, Elizabeth Kaler, and Mrs. James Watson.

In 1883 DeLarivier sold his property to Mr. Perano, his wife, and three daughters. Perano died shortly after the purchase of the property. His widow later married Angelo Lertora and raised four sons and two daughters. After the death of her second husband Mrs. Lertora sold the DeLarivier place to the Sierra San Francisco Power Company and received her check for the transaction the day of the San Francisco earthquake, April 18, 1906.

The PG&E Co. bought the property from the Sierra San Francisco Power Company in 1921.

In 1932 Matt McNamara of Murphys bought the old



DEDICATION—Archie Stevenot and Don Segerstrom shake hands in front of the historical plaque dedicated to Archie by the Matuca Chapter of E. Clampus Vitus last October 14. The unique marker consists of an old ore car set in concrete and it is located at the old Stevenot homestead at Carson Hill.

More Notes on the Gwin Mine

In 1867 the control of the Gwin Mine passed to Senator Gwin and it was worked as a family property until it was closed in 1882. In 1871 Gwin purchased the Alexander Mine adjoining the Gwin on the North.

The mine remained closed until 1894 when it was reopened by the Gwin Mine Development Company and continued in operation until 1908. It was worked to a depth of 2850 feet.

The town of Paloma is located on the hill above the mine and grew very rapidly when the mine was last worked.

The post office was called Fosteria in honor of a man named Foster who at one time owned the land where Paloma stands. Senator Gwin had a fine home built near the mine. This house was moved to Campo Seco and became the Borger House in that town.

Robert Redmond, a former County Clerk of Calaveras County, conducted a store and saloon near the mine. This property is now the Ludwig place. On it was a race track where the "Sport of Kings" was indulged in by the local residents.

At one time Paloma had three stores, two hotels, a boarding house, a livery stable, a butcher shop, two churches, and a number of saloons and numerous residences.

DeLarivier house that had been vacant for many years from the PG&E Company. He tore it down and built a summer home at Tamarack with the lumber.

Still to be seen is the rock foundation of the two-story DeLarivier stopping place and part of the rock fireplace and foundation of the house across the road. A few locust trees and fruit trees also remain to mark the spot that was once known as Dogtown.

Jenny Lind Never Came West

Editor's Note: Because it is impossible to kill the legend that Jenny Lind sang at the town of Jenny Lind and, therefore, gave her name to the community, this article printed in the Sacramento County Historical Society GOLDEN NOTES seemed very suitable for LAS CALAVERAS. Actually, the town of Jenny Lind probably took its name from John Y. Lind, an early settler in the mining camp.

In 1850, Jenny Lind became a familiar name in California. There was a brand new 61-ton side-wheeler named the "Jenny Lind," which plied between San Francisco and the vicinity of San Jose, via Alviso Creek. There was Tom McGuire's San Francisco theater named the Jenny Lind, built, it is said, at a cost of \$100,000, with a seating capacity of two thousand. Then, on the north bank of the Calaveras River, was the flourishing mining camp of Jenny Lind. Fashion designers and furniture manufacturers also adopted the name. There were Jenny Lind gloves, bonnets and shawls; chairs, sofas, pianos. THE DAILY PACIFIC NEWS, in the issue of Friday morning, November 8, 1850, advertised "Jenny Lind Sofa Bedsteads just arrived in San Francisco by sailing ship."

But contrary to popular belief, the real Jenny Lind, affectionately known as the "Swedish Nightingale," actually never traveled west of the Mississippi River.

At the age of twenty-five, Jenny achieved her first great success in Berlin in 1845 and subsequently received a tremendous ovation in her native city of Stockholm. Two years later she made her first appearance in London at Covent Garden. It was during the latter engagement that the famous singer attracted the attention of the great American showman, Phineas Taylor Barnum. The great museum czar immediately offered Miss Lind a contract of one thousand dollars a night for one hundred and fifty nights to sing in the United States. She accepted and arrived in New York on the first of September, 1850.

Jenny Lind's appearance upon the American concert stage at Castle Garden, in New York, was a crowning success. It was the first time such a tour had ever been undertaken by a European celebrity and even to this day, it is said to be regarded as one of the most spectacular of all time.

Jenny's serenity and simplicity of manner, the note of sincerity in her wide blue eyes, captivated the hearts of her American audience. Her second concert was in Boston and then came Philadelphia, New Orleans, Havana, Memphis and Natchez, Mississippi.

All the while, from way out in California, Tom McGuire, the theatrical tycoon of the pioneer west, had undoubtedly followed Jenny Lind's successful performances. Her mounting popularity must certainly have whetted his insatiable appetite for new talent. He would very likely have brought the golden voiced soprano to the West Coast had she not reached the goal of her life's ambition. Jenny was married in Boston on February 5, 1852, and in Otto Goldschmidt, the young German pianist, she had found a kind and loving husband.

On May 4 of that same year, the beloved singer made her last appearance in New York. Shortly after, she left for Europe with her husband to play her favorite role as mother and homemaker.

ARE YOU?

Are you an active member,
The kind that would be missed,

Or are you just contented
That your name is on the list?

Do you attend the meetings,
And mingle with the flock,

Or do you stay at your office
And criticize and knock?

Do you ever work on committees,
To see there is no trick?

Or leave the work to just a few
And talk about the clique?

Well, come to meetings often;
And help with hand and heart:

Don't be just a member
But take an active part.

Anon.

Stage Held Up Near Angels Camp

STOCKTON, Feb. 18, 1857—The stage from Murphy's to Stockton was held up and robbed early today of treasure valued at \$15-\$20,000, belonging to Wells, Fargo & Co. and the Pacific Express Co.

The stage left Murphy's at 1 a. m. with only one passenger. About an hour before daylight, in one of the most lonely parts of the road midway between Angel's Camp and Hawk-Eye, three men jumped out of the bushes and stopped the stage.

As it was dark, it was impossible to recognize the features of the robbers. One was a large man who spoke in a Scotch accent and was apparently a veteran highwayman. After getting the treasure box, the others ordered the driver, Mr. Dickinson, to proceed.

"DAFFY DUELS"

(From Coronet — May, 1956)

In 1858, in California, a weird duel was fought between G. P. Johnston, editor of the San Francisco "Globe" and a former member of the California Senate, Senator W. I. Ferguson. The big show—it was literally that—was held on Angel Island in San Francisco Bay. Hundreds of boats brought a holiday crowd, and hawkers did a brisk business in drinks, sandwiches and souvenirs.

Johnston and Ferguson faced each other with pistols at 30 feet, fired and missed. The distance was reduced to 27 feet. Again they missed. They closed in to 23 feet, fired and missed once more.

By this time it was apparent that both duelists were pretty poor shots. The crowd hooted and jeered. Finally, at 20 feet both men were wounded.

The Senator subsequently died, and the editor was indicted under the Johnston Law prohibiting dueling in California. The author of the law was the duelist himself.

Dogtown Mining

By WILLARD P. FULLER

From Lindgren's TERTIARY GRAVELS OF
THE SIERRA NEVADA, U. S. G. S. Prof.
Paper 73

From Altaville to Dogtown the main Central Hill channel is marked by an extensive deposit of well-rounded gravel composed of Porophyries, gneisses and granite, capped over a considerable part of the area by rhyolite and andesite. These rocks extend from a point less than a mile north of Angels Camp continuously for 4 miles. The channel has been worked in a few localities and found to be comparatively narrow and with gentle grade, averaging less than 50 feet to the mile, and to carry good values. A considerable extent remains to be prospected (1910).

North of the Bald Hill shafts the gravels have been worked on the east side of the ridge in the Jackrabbit ground and at the north end of the area in the Jupiter property. On the east rim of the Jackrabbit property the gravels have been opened by a shaft 191 feet in depth with a 100 foot drift in gravel to the south from its bottom and a lower tunnel running 1200 feet in bedrock. The gravel has been prospected a distance of 300 feet along the course of the channel and breasted for a distance of 75 feet for a width of 35 feet and a height of 7 feet. The gravel extracted is said to have contained from \$2 to \$10 a cubic yard. The Monarch pit shows that the rim is overlain by 25 feet of prevolcanic material. At this point the channel has been explored through a 500 foot tunnel, and some of the gravel here is stated to have averaged \$5 a ton.

At the north end of this main strip, due south of Dogtown, the gravels in the main Central Hill channel have been worked on a considerable scale on the Jupiter property. The channel here was originally prospected by a tunnel on bedrock extending upstream about 1500 feet. Subsequently the lower 600 feet was hydraulicked, leaving the tunnel extending beyond under the gravel 700-900 feet.

It was found at this point that the channel is steep-sided and narrow, averaging 125 feet in width and in one place reaching a width of 200 feet.

The gravels of the channels from Vallecito to Dogtown are evidently not very rich and will probably not pay for drifting throughout.

PLACER CLAIMS FROM ALTAVILLE TO DOGTOWN

Beda Blood Lichan, Johnson, Niggerhead, North Star, Aetna, Amazon Star, Jackrabbit, Lundt, Garibaldi, Bonanza, Bully Boy, Harrold and Jupiter.

The ones near Dogtown were patented during the interval 1877-1900. The last work known as the Jackrabbit was in 1923 by George Werley and F. R. Puringer.

The Harrold was patented by John C. Scriber and the Jackrabbit was patented by Barlow Dyer, George Gilmore, Peter Miller, Robt. C. Douglas, Fred Klaus, Mari Maumhegger, John Becker, John Blunk, Henry Brahmeyer, Henry Pfeiffer, D. Schaub, G. B. Zaiss, Wm. Becher, Aaron Barker, and C. A. Smith, 1879.

The Garibaldi was patented by Wm. Burnett, Bart Bresolari, Francisco Gatto, Charles Ulrich, Hans Blunk, 1876.

The Amazon was patented by Robt. Douglas and John Cooley.

A Christmas Prayer

(Editor's note: This lovely prayer was used in the excellent Christmas program arranged by Mrs. Alice Eldridge for the Society in the Grange Hall. We thought all members of the Calaveas Society should have a copy of it.)

Oh Father up in heaven,
We have wandered far away
From the Holy Little Christ Child
Who was born on Christmas Day . . .

And the Peace on Earth You promised
We have been unmindful of,
Not believing we could find it
In a simple thing called LOVE . . .

We've forgotten why You sent us
Jesus Christ, Your Only Son,
And in arrogance and ignorance
It's OUR WILL not THINE, BE DONE . . .

Oh, forgive us, heavenly Father,
Teach us how to be more kind
So that we may judge all people
With our heart and not our mind . . .

And, oh God, in Thy great goodness
May our guidance Christmas Night
Be the STAR the Wise Men followed—
Not a man-made satellite . . .

Oh, our great heavenly Father,
Forgive us for our thoughtless sin.
Give us not guided missiles
But give us guided men.

DEATH OF MORRIS COHEN

Stockton Mail, September 26, 1892

The death is noted of Morris Cohen, a pioneer merchant of California, once widely known as "the Merchant Prince of Calaveras." He died on Thursday at his residence, No. 134, Ridley Street, San Francisco, of a complication of diseases.

The deceased was born in Alsace in 1829. He came to New York when he was fourteen years old and when the gold fever broke out, he came to California, arriving here in January, 1850. He started for the mines with a stock of goods and arrived at Vallecito, Calaveras County, where he soon went into partnership with L. Dinkelspiel, now of San Francisco. They put up the first brick house in Vallecitos, and soon built up a flourishing trade with the miners. Mr. Cohen was made postmaster and express agent and held those offices until he left there in 1870. He acquired large mining and water interests and accumulated a handsome fortune. In 1870 he went home to Alsace, was drafted into the French army and was at Metz when Bayaine surrendered. He returned to California and subsequently had stores at San Andreas and Angels. Then he came to San Francisco, went into the butcher firm of Gradwohl, Cohen and Company and built up a large business.

The Bonanza was patented by Angelo Letora and the Aetna by Jos. A. Peirano.

The Jupiter was patented by the Jupiter Gravel and Water Company.

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San Andreas, California

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The Calaveras County Historical Society meets on the fourth Thursday of each month at the Courthouse in San Andreas. Dinner meetings are held each quarter at different places in the county.

EDITORIAL

All members of the Society are grateful, I am sure, for the dedicated efforts of Mrs. Alice Eldridge, Chairman of the Christmas Program Committee, in arranging another happy and beautiful Christmas party. This year was the fifth year she has planned our Christmas program and each year the occasion seems better. However, this year, Mrs. Eldridge had unusually heavy worries as the "flu" epidemic was raging and several people who had promised to perform were ill.

We were so happy that our beloved President, Judge Smith, was home from the hospital and able to attend the December meeting even if he didn't feel equal to presiding.

Everyone in the Calaveras Society as well as Calaveras County is proud of the great honors bestowed on our charter member, Archie Stevenot, "Mr. Mother Lode," at the dedication of the historical plaque to him at the site of the old Stevenot homestead at Carson Hill by the Ancient and Honorable Society of E. Clampus Vitus, Inc., which is made up of thirteen chapters throughout California. The site was also registered as an historic landmark by the State Division of Beaches and Parks, and the Department of Highways is planning a roadside rest nearby.

Because many of our older members found it difficult to climb the stairs to the court room, it has been necessary to find a new meeting place for the Society. The Calaveras Grange originally sponsored the Historical Society and many of the members and officers are joint members of both organizations. Therefore, it seemed appropriate for the two groups to cooperate in the selection of a meeting place and the Grange has generously offered the use of their hall for a low rental that will only cover the cost of operation. However, this will only be for

How Old Are You?

Age is a quality of mind;
If you have left your dreams behind;
If hope is cold;

If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead . . .
Then You Are Old.

But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the zest,
If Love You Hold;

No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly . . .
You Are Not Old.

—EDWARD TUCK

Hidden Treasure

Near Dogtown in Calaveras County a number of years ago, one Manuel Lopez was engaged to chop wood for Angelo Lertora. He had been working at his task for several days and had occasion to fall a large live oak tree. This tree had a hollow place within it and when he chopped into the cavern in the tree, to his surprise, twenty-dollar gold pieces began to roll out.

After recovering from his surprise he began to collect the double eagles and the sum of three hundred dollars was secured by Lopez.

This sudden wealth was too much for Lopez. He quit as a woodchopper and went to town where he proceeded to celebrate and continued on a debauch until his death.

It was supposed the hollow trunk of the tree had been used as a bank by some early day miner who had forgotten his money, or had died without divulging the hiding place.

seven months a year as we meet in the various communities each quarter for our dinner meetings. I'm sure all members are grateful to Grange Master Percy Hunt and the Grange for this cooperation. Let's look forward to the future with plans and hopes for our own museum, headquarters, and meeting place.

As our annual essay contest on local history is now being promoted through the schools, we are sure that anyone who can assist any of the students in compiling original local history will do so and give them a word of encouragement. Helping our young people appreciate our rich local heritage is an important function of our society.

All members of the Society were pleased to hear from Mr. Bill Lang of Lodi, and a member of our Society, that he could assure us as a representative of the East Bay Municipal Utility District, that historic values would be preserved in the Camanche Reservoir area.