

THE ANNUAL BLUE JAY HUNT

By Bonnie Miller

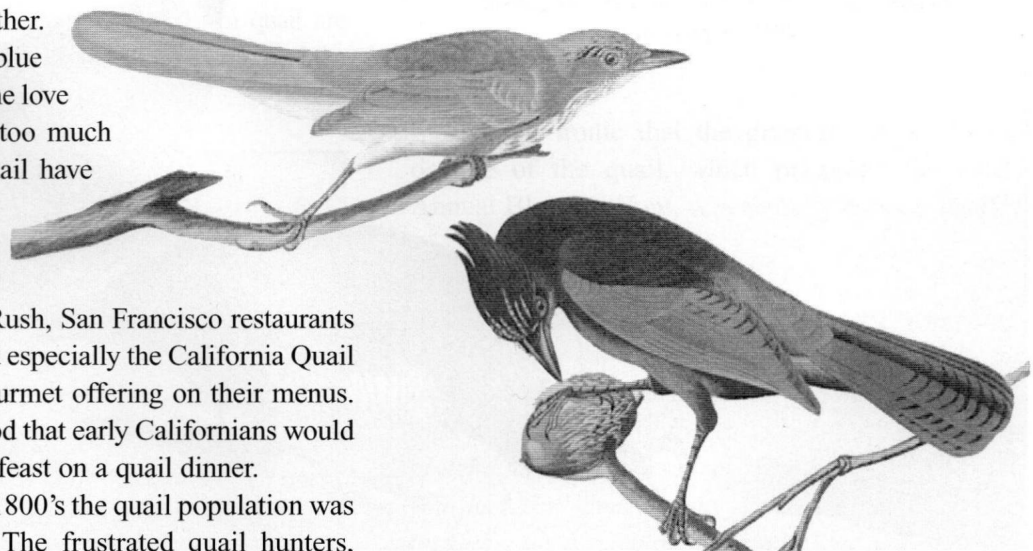
What did the Blue Jay and the Quail have to do with prompting one of the most rivalrous if not scandalous game hunts in the history of the state? What do these seemingly innocent birds, the Western Blue Scrub Jay and the California Quail have to do with each other? We take both for granted as our natural neighbors in the Sierra foothills, and it is hard to imagine that at one time the two birds were considered major rivals to each other.

Animosity toward the blue jay was prompted by the love of the quail. Perhaps too much love for the quail. Quail have always been considered a delicacy of California cuisine.

As early as the Gold Rush, San Francisco restaurants offered fresh game and especially the California Quail or "partridge" as a gourmet offering on their menus. The quail tasted so good that early Californians would do almost anything to feast on a quail dinner.

By the end of the 1800's the quail population was noticeably declining. The frustrated quail hunters, whether market hunters supplying the restaurant trade or just a hungry fellow trying to put dinner

on his table, were finding the once abundant quail harder and harder to locate. Ranches were curtailing access to hunting and posting No Trespassing signs where hunters had freely gone before. The ranchers were taking paid hunters, known as "city slickers" decked out in all the latest hunting garb who were willing to pay for a little sport. Hunting seasons and daily limits were established then severely curtailed,



Western Scrub Jay (top) and Steller's Jay (bottom),
from Audobon's Birds of America.

further reducing legal access to the quail. With their hunting grounds diminished and access to the quail reduced, the local hunters needed an outlet. Something had to be done.

The theory was that the jays were harassing the quail and taking their eggs. Fewer eggs in the quails' nests meant fewer quail. The depleted quail population was thus neatly blamed on the blue jay. The answer to this dilemma was to eliminate the jay. The Annual Blue Jay Hunt provided sportsmen with a lively entertainment for more than forty years with the height of popularity between 1900 and 1940. Today it is hard to believe that the blue jay was even hunted, but at one time it was considered free for the hunting and a bird worthy of extinction. By the turn of the century the hunting of blue jays had become a major sporting event.

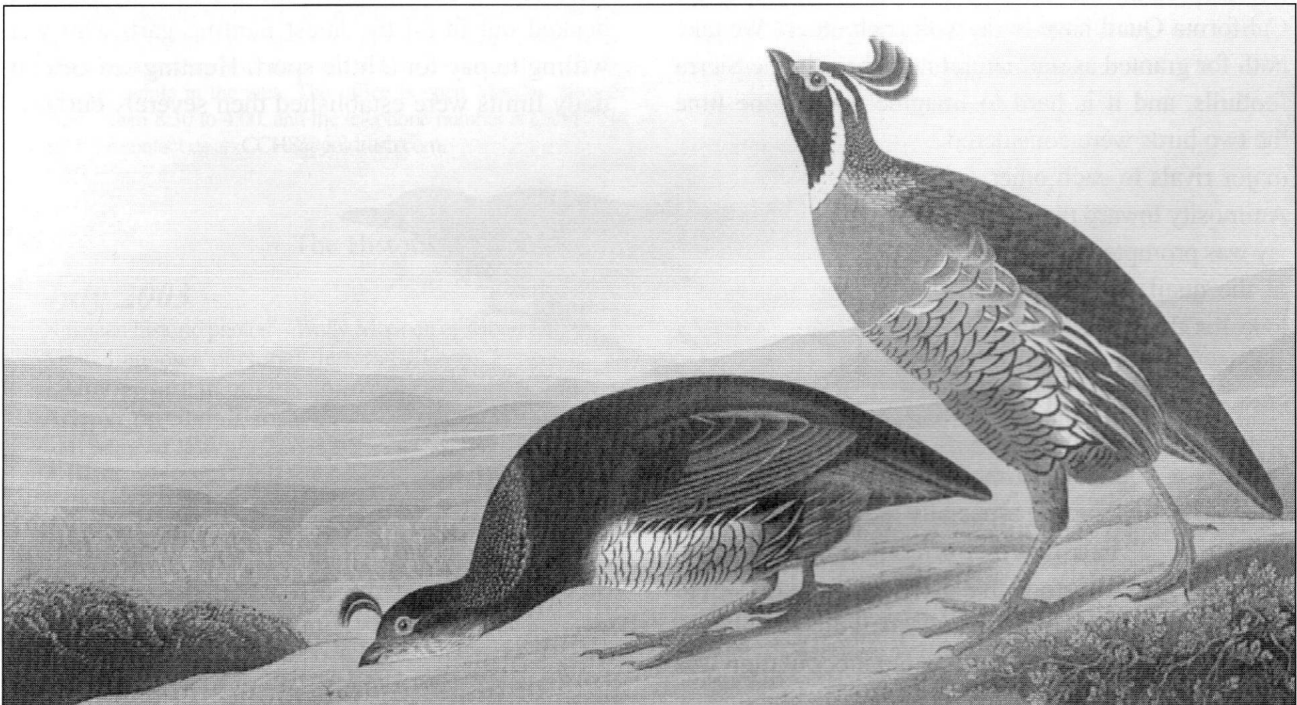
Someone to Blame

An April 4, 1929 article in the *Calaveras Californian* neatly summarized the attitude, "Gun Club to Hold Blue Jay Hunt" it claimed. "The Calaveras Gun Club will hold its annual Blue Jay hunt on Sunday, April 14th. The Club each year stages a Blue Jay hunt in an effort to exterminate the blue jays as they are considered by sportsmen as

being detrimental to the propagation of quail." The year of 1929 must have been busy for the hunters as they held another hunt in the fall. The *Californian* noted on November 7, 1929 that "More than 1500 bluejays were slain Sunday in a campaign waged by two contending teams composed of members of the Calaveras Gun Club, captained by Frank Meyer and Earl Jaspar."

In the early days of the hunt communities formed hunting clubs whose responsibility was to eliminate the jays. Eventually the clubs were, by extension, further charged with the responsibility of protecting the communities of all predatory animals. The sport of blue jay hunting became so lively that each year a fervor grew in anticipation of the annual hunt. As each town mustered a team to do the dirty deed, anticipation of the event quickly took on the air of a festival. Some towns would stage a friendly competition between two teams drawn from the local ranks of crack-shot hunters. By the 1920's the popularity and competitiveness of the annual hunt had grown so that a club from one town would compete against the club of another town.

"Blue Jays Should Take to the Woods" claimed the *Calaveras Prospect* on November 19, 1927. "Tomorrow the guns will roar and the blue jays



The California Quail,
from Audobon's Birds of America.

BLUE JAYS DID SUFFER

The San Andreas Blue Jay Club
Makes a Great Kill.

What Feats of Valor the Boys
Performed in the Field and at the
Trencher Last Sunday.

The great blue jay hunt which came off last Sunday according to program proved even a greater success than its most sanguine promoters anticipated. Nothing since the destruction of Cevera's fleet on the southern coast of Cuba has created so much excitement in town as this hunt. It was the theme of conversation with every group on the streets for two days before it came off, and bids fair to be the only subject talked of for some time to come.

Saturday was the first real serious preparation for the affair and all that day excited men might be seen hurrying through the streets, carrying guns, shooting vests, belts of ammunition, hunting garb and various paraphernalia of the day, or gathered in noisy groups at the street corners to discuss the different angles of the affair or to lay bets on some contrite hunter or on the general result. As darkness closed down the excitement increased till it seemed as though every man and boy in town was on the streets, and the air was full of "No. 6 is best;" "No, take No. 8;" "five grammes;" "smokeless;" "four ounce;" "pump gun;" "two wads on the powder;" "Bear Mountain;" "Murray Creek;" "one hundred shells;" "bet yer five dollars he don't;" "he'll give 'em hell," and finally a perfect babel in

which all of these sounds were comingled in inextricable confusion.

A little later and men might be seen stealing quietly out of town, singly and in groups of two or three, so as to be early on favorite ground, and this exodus continued till long before daylight the last of the twenty-four chosen champions were far away, ready to begin the slaughter with the first peep of dawn. When day did at last come, it was as perfect as a hunter could wish for. A gentle breeze from the west tempered the not too ardent rays of the sun, making just the day for such work as was before them. That they did good work is attested by the score which we give below, as well as by the fact that nearly 600 of the noisy pests were destroyed.

The Prospect was well represented and its proprietor, C. W. Getchell, proved the king gun of the day - bringing in 51 birds as his share. Frank Treat was a close second, with a total of 47 to his credit. Altogether there were 588 birds killed, being an average of 24 1/2, while for the winning side the average was only a fraction short of 30.

When the hunters began to return, along towards four o'clock, the hour set for the counting of the game, the excitement rose again to fever heat, and continually increased as each bag was counted. The men who stormed San Juan heights were nowhere, compared with these heroes, who where cheered and treated till the town was hardly big enough to contain them. But at least they were quieted enough to be taken up to Oneto's, where the feast was spread for the hunters, after having been photographed by the local camera fiends. That supper! Well words fail the reporter, who was

an invited guest, to do the subject justice. Suffice it to say that the raviolas were never surpassed, the chicken unequaled, and the other good things, not forgetting the wine, were set forth in bounteous quantity and most delicious quality. The way in which the good things disappeared testified to the appreciation of the diners as well as to the efficacy of a blue jay hunt for inducing an appetite. We could write a volume about this dinner, which was the only valiant part taken by the reporter, but space forbids.

There were many interesting events connected with the great hunt, many sharp jokes at the expense of some of the hunters, but we will forbear and spare their feelings. We will remark in passing that in addition to the birds killed by the regular teams Sunday, several of the small boys were out also, after the bounty offered by the club. Charlie Dietz brought in 21 birds; Ponnice Lloyd got 11 with a 22 rifle, and Frank La Riviere killed 6, with others yet to hear from, making the grand total for the day 626, not mentioning lost birds, which, according to tales told by the hunters, must aggregate fully 150 more.

The following is the score:

Holland, Capt . . .19	Zwinge, Capt . . .41
Treat47	Stewart44
Amon24	Getchell51
Coulter31	Toon22
D. Casey12	McAdams28
La Riviere11	Oneto29
Roberts36	McLaughlin27
Redmond12	Snyder31
Jack12	B. Casey4
Waters17	Burns30
Dower9	Allen16
Nuner5	Hertzig30
Total235	Total353
Won by118	

will drop, as the teams of the Calaveras Gun Club will be out to gather in sufficient number to win a big dinner. Ralph Treat and Marvin Waters are the captains of the teams and the rivalry will be keen.”

The routine was to designate a day early in the spring, always a Sunday, on which to mount the hunt. Although it was called the Annual Blue Jay Hunt, in later years a second hunt was held again late in the fall. Team captains were designated, usually by drawing names from a hat, about two weeks prior to the hunt. The position of a team captain required no other responsibility than to carry the prestige of the title. Teams were drawn from the local population of hunters which often included the sheriff or other town leaders. As almost all men hunted at that time it was easy to muster a complete team of competent shooters. In the earlier years of the shoot interested hunters signed up or were enlisted in to the team of their choice. In later years the hunt was so popular that team members were drawn from a pool. The team members' names were printed in the local newspapers with much fanfare and they were feted by their communities in the days leading up to the hunt. “The War on Extermination Goes on All Over the County” cried the *Calaveras Prospect* in 1900, whipping up enthusiasm for the event. The hunters practiced diligently, cleaned their guns, and staked out promising hunting grounds.

The actual hunting was allowed from sunup until the afternoon when the shooting was called off. Often the wily hunters were seen to leave town well before sunup to get an early jump on their favorite hunting grounds. If they were caught trying to get an early start on the action they had to forfeit their birds, much to the embarrassment of their team. The whole county was considered fair game for the hunting. Almost no ranch or homestead was left unchecked in search of the pesky bird. Interestingly the same ranches that shunned the local quail hunters would openly welcome the blue jay hunters. All predatory birds, including hawks, were stalked on this day. The air was filled with frantic gunshot from dawn until late afternoon. The spectators amused themselves throughout the day with grandiose stories of the progress of the hunters. Betting on the outcome was a particularly popular way for the spectators to pass the day. Bets were placed among the hunters, among the spectators, or between one club versus another.

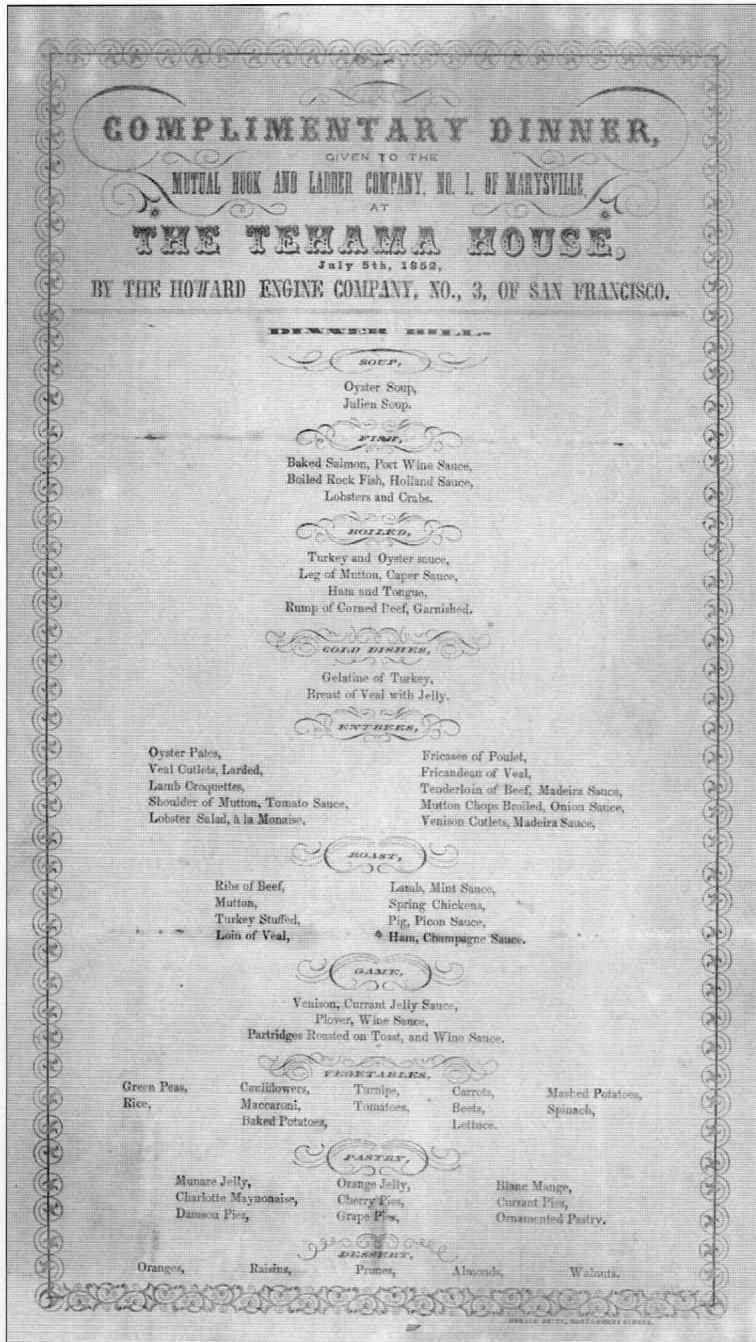
At a pre-determined time in the late afternoon, usually 4:00 or 5:00, all of the hunters returned to a designated central location for the counting of their

kills. A very careful tally of the day's spoils was compiled by an independent judge. The hunter with the most predators, the hunter with the highest tally of blue jays, and the team with the greatest number of kills were all recognized for their outstanding accomplishments. Younger or “junior” hunters, and even the occasional female hunter were recognized for their accomplishments in the contest. “Lorraine Zwinge, daughter of Sheriff and Mrs. Joe Zwinge, was the only woman member of the hunting teams and reports killing five birds. Miss Zwinge, who is an expert shot with firearms, will shortly organize a ladies auxiliary of the Associated Sportsmen” reported the *Calaveras Californian*, October 24, 1935. Two days later Miss Zwinge's prowess was touted in the *Calaveras Prospect* as well.

After the counting the hunters sometimes assembled for a group photograph around their slaughter then treated themselves to a well-deserved meal. The meal never included blue jay on the menu. Few people ate blue jays as they were considered unpalatable. Thus the spoils of the day were just that. The entire blue jay kill was wasted.

Each year communities vied for the honor of hosting the dinner. In the early days of the hunt the communities honored their hunters with a potluck dinner at the end of the day. As the hunt grew more competitive over the years, the “award” for the winning team was to be treated to dinner by the losing team. Regardless of who won or lost, everyone joined in the festive meal at the end of the day. Everyone enjoyed the day's events except the guest of honor, the blue jay. “It was great sport for all except the poor blue jay” recalled Larry Getchell, whose San Andreas family participated in the event for many years. The results of the hunt and details of the dinner enjoyed by the fans and hunters were faithfully reported in the paper after each hunt. (*See inset*)

Eventually the clubs put up bounties to reward the hunters for their kills. A blue jay brought a bounty of one penny, and a hawk or other predator was worth two jays. At one time the San Andreas Blue Jay Club paid losers two cents per jay, and let the losers pay for the dinner for the winners. The cost of buying a winning hunter their dinner usually ran about one dollar. Many hunters did not have that kind of money to spare. Good hunters could enlist sponsors to help offset the potential cost of the loss, while the losing team could be assured of at least a few good hunters even if they were “bought.” Other than the bounties, awards or prizes were rarely ever given.



1852 San Francisco menu listing partridge as a game item for the dinner.
Menu courtesy of the Robert B. Honeyman, Jr.
collection of on-line images of the Bancroft Library.

Changing Attitudes

“FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION TO STAGE BIG HUNT” claimed the *Calaveras Californian* and March 1, 1928, lending the hunt an air of credibility. Initially when one reads this account one believes that it is a measure taken at a local level to protect the wildlife. In fact the hunt turns out to be an outright sanctioned slaughter.

“The Bret Harte Fish and Game Protective Association held a regular meeting last Friday evening... The matter of staging another blue jay hunt was discussed at length. It was decided to appoint a committee to work out plans for a hunt of all predatory animals and fowls. A prize has been suggested such as a fine shot gun or rifle valued at about \$100. The contest would be on for a month, persons bringing in the most points would be awarded to the gun. It was suggested that one blue jay count one point, coyotes, lions, hawks and other birds and animals would count a certain number of points.”

“SUNDAY BAD DAY FOR BLUE JAYS” noted the *Calaveras Prospect* on March 22, 1930. Showing little sentiment toward the hapless jay, the paper stated that “Last Sunday was a bad day for blue jays living in the vicinity of the county seat. Members of the Calaveras Gun Club were on the warpath and any blue jay that showed his head above the grass was quickly killed.” The hunt that spring brought in 922 birds. Continuing the same sentiment as the *Prospect* had shown, in the fall of that same year the *Calaveras Californian* stated on November 13th that “Regarding bluejays as birds of prey, particularly, it is said, because they destroy the eggs and young quail, sportsmen in the county for several years past have endeavored to rid the district of the jays which were formerly found in great numbers.” By the fall hunt of 1930, either blue jay numbers were noticeably declining, or else luck was finally on the side of the jay. Lower than usual numbers of dead jays were tallied from the fall hunt, which may have been hampered by poor weather conditions rather than any actual lack of enthusiasm or prowess on the part of the hunters. “Due to previous intensive hunts and because of a heavy fog, fewer birds than usual were shot.”

The *Californian* noted “Buck” Segale of Angels Camp was declared as the champion hunter of the fall shoot of 1931. He bagged 138 blue jays. Next to the column noting the results of the blue jay hunt was another article about a hunter charged with killing

a doe during the deer hunting season. Apparently neither the editors nor the readers saw any paradox between these two stories being side-by-side.

By the late 1930's the enthusiasm for hunting predators in Calaveras County had grown to a feverish addiction. The sportsmen's clubs heartily endorsed openly hunting every animal whose behavior could be construed as "predatory." Clubs from out of the area would travel to Calaveras County to compete against local teams in our fertile foothill habitat. Hunts were expanded to include raccoons, coyotes, foxes, owls, skunks, and bob cats and even "stray" house cats. Such hunts proved to be immensely popular for entertainment. One raccoon hunt in 1940 in Murphys drew a crowd of 600 people to a dinner and dance held at the Kenny Ranch in celebration of the 36 coons and one bob cat killed that day.

In the early days of the 1900's, the sentiment about the correctness of such a hunt was argued before the public. Apparently the controversy remained the same for the next 35 years. In 1934, the *Calaveras Californian* reprinted an argument that had been previously presented on April 16, 1900. "ZEALOUS ARGUMENT Vs. JUDGEMENT," the article cried.

"Now that the bluejay has become recognized as a pest and the movement for his extermination has become general we hear all kinds of reasons why he should be destroyed and scores of crimes are laid at his door, in many cases we dare say, if the poor jay could but have a hearing even under the rigorous cross-examination of District Attorney McSorley with all the jay hunters sitting as a jury, he would prove an alibi. Now comes T. L. Birney a well-to-do rancher living near Angels Camp, who according to the Record says that the jay used to fill up the conduit of his elevated water tank with acorns just for the fun of seeing him climb to the dizzy heights and dig them out.

"Croff Bryant, formerly of this place (Mokelumne Hill) but now of Angels Camp says that when he played all night for dances at the Hill his slumbers were invariably disturbed the following day by the jays who entered his cottage through a woodpecker hole near the gable and dropped big acorns down on his face just to see him bound from his bed with the sonambulistic call, "swing



The Annual Blue Jay Hunt, 1902. Note pile of dead jays and happy hunters (such as the man with the striped shirt and bottle).
Photo courtesy of the Calaveras County Historical Society.



The Annual Blue Jay Hunt in San Andreas, circa 1910.

Photo courtesy of the Historical Society.

your partners,” a cry that was always answered by derisive chatter from the jays.

“While we believe the war of extermination should go on, even to the extent if necessary of making “recontrandos” of the luckless birds, we should not permit our zeal to overcome our judgement in matters of argument, for it may be with us as it was with the British Lion a short time ago, when Oom Paul was shearing him of his man - “Not that it hurts so much but it makes me look like the devil in the eyes of the world.”

Guilt for the shameless slaughter of the innocent wild birds was starting to enter the minds of the public, although the following year 1368 jays were killed in the annual contest.

By 1938 either the jay population had finally succumbed to the relentless hunting and had begun to appreciably decline, or the hunting conditions or the hunters’ skills were significantly diminished. Few jays were killed in what had been advertised as “a blue jay and predatory animal hunt” open to the public. The January 30, 1938 hunt brought “A total 229 blue jays, two hawks and a stray house cat”

reported the *Prospect*. In a tongue-in-cheek letter to the paper, one of the long time hunters who had headed several blue jay hunts over the years, Thomas Trengove noted his and a partner’s advanced skills in light of poor hunting conditions. “In regards to hunting blue jays” he implored of the paper’s editor, “I really believe the Fish and Game commission should give us some blue jays to put in those rearing pens so that we could have some birds to shoot as the boys say they could not find any birds. And then again maybe there are enough birds here, for two old cripples, one with a leg crippled up and the other with an arm crippled up went out and killed 42 of the 229 birds that were killed. Not so bad for cripples. Ha, ha. Also killed a hawk and a cat.”

The tide was turning and compassion for the blue jay was getting stronger. In the previous decade, thirty years of conservationists’ efforts had turned public opinion in the midwest in favor of saving rather than slaughtering the remaining cranes, long since considered a game bird. These attitudes were spreading across the country as a better understanding of ecosystems was taking hold. By the early 1940’s, it did not seem to make much sense to continue to hunt the blue jay. The blue jay was formally

ANGELS CLUB MAKES RECORD

They Hunt Blue Jays to Some Purpose.

It Was a Great and Glorious Day for Sport and the
Boys Cover Themselves with Glory.

Last Sunday the men of the Angels Blue Jay club met near the Elkhorn station, Nassan valley, for the grand hunt of the season. There were 36 as good shots as the county affords that mustered for the slaughter, and they worthily maintained their reputation on this occasion, killing in the aggregate of 1155 birds, being an average of over 32 birds to a man. The winning side made a score of 595, or an average of a little over 33 birds. Charley Tryon led the list with a score of 74 birds.

The sides were under the command of Wm. Kelly and Bert Morgan, as the respective captains. The start was made about 7 o'clock in the morning for the scene of the hunt, both sides going together, and at 2:30 o'clock they met at the old Billings place, on the Milton road, where a grand feast was spread at the losers' expense. All who participated declare the occasion was a most enjoyable one, and no accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the day. The hunting ground was good, birds plentiful, and only for failure of ammunition the score doubtless would have been greater. The following is the score:

Kelly's side:	Morgan's side:
C.W. Tryon74	Phil Pache26
Sol King24	Dr. Smith41
John Tryon23	J. Drew38
W. M. Meyers62	M. Lewis10
R. A. Carter40	Ralph Lemue40
Geo. Tryon37	A. Hightower19
John Calhoun20	H. Turner69
Al Schwarer43	Andy Rolleri49
F. A. Gurney22	Wm. Rolleri38
J. A. Ayala8	C. Herald24
Andy Crooks51	Jeff Wilds41
John Lagomarsino67	Bob Baker45
H. R. Barden6	A. J. Martin45
Geo. Bennett27	V. M. Colt4
J. Trizona23	A. Chapman28
Nick Clindich27	Wm. Caster21
Bert Cosgrove27	R. Wallworth14
Wm. Kelly14	Bert Morgan8
Total595	Total560
Total1155	

Newspaper article from the *Calaveras Prospect*,
March 31, 1900.

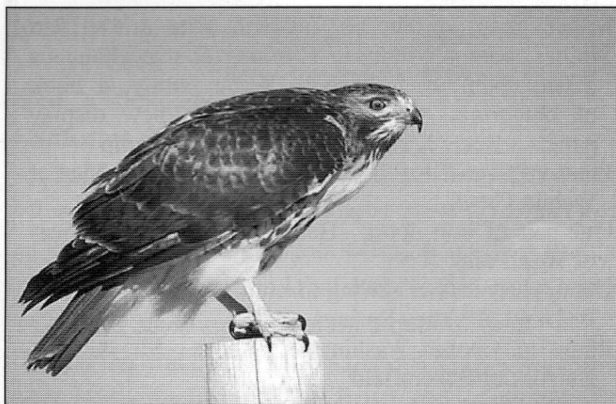
declared to *not* be a game bird and was legally protected from hunting. The last public blue jay hunt held in Calaveras County was in 1941. Thereafter the minds and possibly the guns of the hunters were turned to more pressing matters than a local harmless nuisance.

What's It All About?

The idea of massive hunts of blue jays sounds shameless to us today, but the attitude up until about 1950 was one of man's conquest over nature. "Nineteenth- and early twentieth-century sport hunting amounted to nothing less than unbridled massacre" says Farley Mowat in his book *The Sea of Slaughter*, where he studies the unchecked attitude of the slaughter of all kinds of birds. Mowat goes on to analyze the demise and near extinction of the whooping and sandhill cranes, once popular game birds. "Such huge and prepossessing birds could not hope to escape the rapacity of European man. Sport and market hunters slaughtered them mercilessly." Such was the attitude toward the mild-mannered quail in the west. One bird actually hunted to extinction in the northeast was the passenger pigeon. It, too, was blamed for everything that offended the immigrants. Mowat quotes an account written around 1680: "We resolv'd to declare War against the Turtle-Doves (passenger pigeon), which are so numerous in Canada that the Bishop has been forc'd to excommunicate 'em oftner than once, upon the account of Damage they do to the Products of the Earth." By extension, here in the west it was justified to kill the blue jay for whom the quail decline was blamed. The numbers of birds killed annually by local hunters was staggering. Often a thousand or more bluejays were slaughtered each year. It is hard to believe that such numbers could be sacrificed from the population without having a devastating effect. But the odd truth was that the blue jay population really did not show appreciable signs of distress. The blue jay is an amazingly adaptable animal, much like the coyote or the rattlesnake. Each of these animals has an ability to overcome significant adversity in their habitats. Unlike the more frail quail which showed obvious population fluctuations, the blue jay did not appear significantly harmed by the annual dramatic reduction of its numbers. Apparently the elimination of a thousand blue jays from the local population was truly a drop in the bird bucket. But the blue jay hunting was minor compared to the almost daily hunting of the quail.

There were many reasons for the decline of the quail population. Most significant is the loss of habitat. Other influences which can effect the quail population are periodic droughts or the spread of logging. Brush and slash piles from logging provide protective cover for the quail, but require the quail to relocate due to the logging in their habitat. The quail population also fluctuates with the coyote population. Over time the pendulum swings in nature. A once enthusiastic sport of hunting blue jays eventually went by the wayside and lost its popularity. Likewise an animal population like the quail's, once threatened, can recover if left without interference. The quail population is now recognized to fluctuate every few years due to numerous influences as described above, but in the long run the population can recover. It is a fact of nature that the blue jay will harass the nests and attack the eggs of the quail. But it is also a fact of nature that these two species of birds are able to live in a balance with each others' behavior. On the aggregate, the effect of the blue jay on the quail population is insignificant

In the days of the Annual Blue Jay Hunt, the relentless hunting to provide fresh game to feed the hungry restaurant trade and later the dinner plates of local families was the greatest strain on the quail population To supply that demand, the quail were hunted mercilessly for almost one hundred years to a state of severe depletion. Oddly the local hunters never sought to blame themselves for this decline. Left unchecked, the jay and quail populations worked in balance with each other. It was not until quail hunting was curtailed under better management in the 1940's that the population saw a healthy comeback. Today restaurants are supplied by farm raised quail, and the seasons and limits for quail hunting are very conservative. Farm quail are planted for hunting and population enhancement. And the blue jays are left alone, for the most part.



The Red-Tailed Hawk, fair game for the blue jay hunters.
Image courtesy of eNature on-line images.

152 PREDATORS KILLED IN COUNTY BY SPORTSMEN

One hundred and fifty-two predatory birds and animals were slaughtered in Calaveras County during the month of December by members of the Associated Sportsmen of Calaveras County according to the committee on predatory animal control of the organization, which made the report at the Wednesday evening meeting of the organization held in Angels Camp. The total of 152 killed were divided as follows: Hawks, 45; coons, 32; coyotes, 7; fox, 9; blue jays, 34; owls, 1; house cats, 8; wild bob cats, 4; skunks, 12.

A special meeting of the organization has been called for January 19 at San Andreas for the purpose of discussing plans for a county-wide blue jay hunt.

At Wednesday evening s meeting, President Aldyn Davies, presided. The meeting was given over to general discussion of the proposed plan of securing a game sanctuary for the newly reared birds at the association s rearing pens at Murphys. The birds would be liberated in this sanctuary, which would be closed to hunting for three years by the State Fish and Game Commission. The birds on hand in the rearing pens are quail, chucor partridge and Mongolian pheasants.

President Davies invited the general public to view the birds at the rearing pens at the Bret Harte hospital grounds at any time before they are liberated in the spring.

**Newspaper article from the *Calaveras Prospect*,
January 15, 1938.**

Isn't it ironic that the greatest reason for the decline of the quail, which prompted the heady Annual Blue Jay Hunt, was actually hunting itself?

Editor's Note: Las Calaveras recognizes irregularities in historic quotes. In the interest of authenticity the author has attempted to remain faithful to the spellings and grammar of those quoted. Las Calaveras is grateful for the recollections of the late Larry Getchell who had contributed many articles to Las Calaveras including his version of the Annual Blue Jay Hunt. Las Calaveras also appreciates the research assistance of the Calaveras County Historical Society staff.

Calaveras County Historical Society

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

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

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

Donations

The Historical Society is grateful for the following donations:

July 2003

Nineteen historic photos—Wally Motloch of Mountain Ranch
Miscellaneous personal letters—"Cap" Ferguson & Amy E. Jordan of Greenbrae
A letter on Sheriff Joshua Jones' stationary—Barbara H. May of Walnut Creek
A book, *Grammar School Geography*, and a magazine, *Cosmopolitan*—Ruth Matson of San Andreas
Hand-held school bell and slate from Burson School—Herb Filben of San Andreas
HP LaserJet 4200 printer—David Studley of Mountain Ranch
1962 Skull Yearbook—Larry & Lynda Tusoni of Angels Camp
Ladies' compact from WWII in shape of military hat—Rosemary Faulkner of Jackson
Coles Airtight Stove from Chicago—George Roessler of Valley Springs

New Members

The Historical Society welcomes the following new members:

June 2003

Doug Tribble, Angels Camp
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John & Jan Matson, Valley Springs
Saundra Hambrick, Mountain Ranch
Kim Waide, Twain Harte
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Randy & Ila Norrie, San Andreas

August 2003

Mining maps of Thorpe, Baldwin, Alto & Del Rio mines; photos of Fourth Crossing & miscellaneous papers from the Alfred G. Kirby family; a book of blueprints of mining equipment; new display panels—Betsy Kirby Hudson of Angels Camp
Photo of Sheriff Joshua Jones, Jr.—Barbara H. May of Walnut Creek
One pair of iron doors—Beth Childs & Genna Hurst of West Point
Heavy-duty leather sewing machine—Mr. & Mrs. Bob Belmont of Valley Springs
Photo of George Washington Osborn—Mr. & Mrs. Burruss of Bakersfield