

HISTORICAL BULLETIN

Number 2

January, 1953

Volume 1

CALAVERAS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

San Andreas, California

Judge J. A. Smith, President San Andreas
 Coke Wood, Vice-President Murphys
 Sadie Hunt, Secretary Valley Springs
 Ella Thompson, Treasurer San Andreas
 Board of Directors: George Poore, Mountain Ranch; Amon
 Tanner, Murphys; Frances Lombardi, Mokelumne Hill;
 John Squellati, San Andreas; James Valente, Angels Camp.

Editor of Bulletin, Coke Wood Murphys

EDITORIAL

All members who missed the Charter Night dinner at Murphys really missed a fine time. Although only about sixty had been expected, seventy-eight were seated in the historic old dining room at the Murphys Hotel. The food was delicious, and the tables were attractively decorated with place cards containing an old square nail from the shingles of the old P. L. Traver Building in Murphys. Each lapel card carried a gold nugget made of gilded popcorn but very realistic. Thanks to Mrs. Wimer, Sadie Hunt and Ella Thompson for this unusual souvenir of this historic meeting.

Dr. Hunt of the College of Pacific gave an inspirational talk on the importance of the local historical society in preserving the history of the state, and Lirrel Starling read a poem written for the occasion. It will be found in this issue of the **Bulletin**.

Excitement was added to the occasion by the collapse of the bench at the speaker's table. John Squellati was accused of contributing to the collapse by the large quantities of chicken he was disposing of, but others at the table were also adding to the weight on the bench at a rapid rate.

Elsie Flower of radio station KDGM was busily engaged taking pictures of the group during the evening. These were shown at the November meeting and enjoyed by members who could see themselves as others see them. Her account of the dinner as given in "City Journal" was quite complimentary and certainly appreciated. Miss Flower thinks the organization of the Calaveras County Historical Society is the most important thing that has happened in Calaveras County since the discovery of gold. We appreciate her enthusiasm.

The dinner was a tremendous success and was a fitting beginning for our society. We are grateful to all who had helped with it, especially Dr. Hunt for his fine address and for the gift of his book, "California's Stately Hall of Fame."

Our secretary, Sadie Hunt, announced we had ninety-two charter members which included five club memberships.

(Continued on page two)



Indian Round House

MOUNTAIN SONG

This is my land, where red dirt, like a stain
 Of rusty crimson, dyes the Mother Lode;
 My Land, through birth and love, come joy or pain,
 And I its Singer, trudging destined road!
 Here, Eldorados of the Yesteryears—
 Old mines—long wrapped in silence, in the hills,
 Invite the pilgrim heart to dreams and tears
 And vagrant visions as dreamer wills.
 No quartz bank, no bull-pined cliff, but claims
 Some rugged legend, one with man and gold;
 No water course, no stone-ribbed town, but fame's
 Endowed it with rich stories still retold!
 Lost valleys where adobe ruins stand
 Deep, noisy creeks where once cradles rocked,
 Cloud-crowned, a virile Western mountain-land,
 Indelibly with old-time diggings pocked;
 A milestone in the course of Man and Time,
 Another Yucatan against the sky,
 A realm where Eldorados in their prime
 Lured countless men to fight and love and die!

This is my land, the land whereof I sing—
 What fevered gusto marked its hopes and fears,
 Where, now, to questing eyes, a treasured thing,
 Its lusty past gleams mellow through the years;

—Lirrel Starling, in Oakland Tribune.

Editor's Note—This is the original poem Lirrel Starling read to the Historical Society dinner in Murphys and which was dedicated to the occasion.

EARLY INDIAN CHIEFS

By J. A. SMITH

At the time of the discovery of gold in California, Hasuche (Jesus) was head chief of all the Indians between the Consumnes and Merced Rivers. At that time he was about 25 years of age, six feet tall, straight as an arrow, a majestic forehead, and a keen penetrating look. He was well educated, having received his education from the Padres of Santa Clara Mission. This Chief was very aristocratic, a good linguist, honest and a good Spanish scholar. However his pride of character would only permit him to converse with the whites through an interpreter.

After Captain Weber had discovered gold on Weber Creek, now in El Dorado County and had returned to his ranch near Stockton he was visited by Hasuche and some of his under chiefs. Weber told the Indians of the discovery of gold and explained to them the value of the metal and further told them that it was evident that there was gold on the Calaveras, near Hasuche's rancharia and, if they would go back into the hills and discover gold, it would be of much benefit to the Indians of that region.

Hasuche had five minor chiefs under him, namely Pack-no, Antonio, Polo, Alcalde Charley, and Panchito.

Hasuche detailed Alcalde Charley and five or six of his tribe to accompany Capt. Weber to his discovery, learn how miners obtained the gold and return and search for gold. Alcalde Charley returned to his rancharia on the Stanislaus, mustered his tribe and proceeded up Carson Creek to discover gold. Proceeding up the creek to near where the town of Carson Hill is now located they discovered gold. It is sometimes said this was the original discovery of gold in Calaveras County.

Pack-no was a civilized Indian and Chief of the tribes on the Stanislaus. He also at one time belonged to the Mission of Santa Clara. He was the most active Indian in the mountains, an excellent horseman, brave and daring. He had a great influence over his tribe that numbered over 200 warriors, women and children.

Antonio, of all the Chiefs that the whites came in contact with in 1848-1849, none were as good and true as this aged chief. He thought no evil of any person. He was friendly to the Americans. His tribe contained about 150 inhabitants and he invited the whites to come and dig for gold in his country. Antonio died in March or April 1850, just above McDermott's Bridge on the Calaveras. Great mourning took place among his tribe upon the occasion of his death. Cremation was performed on a small knoll just above the bridge. More than a bushel and a half of beads, all his valuable and rich serapes, bows and arrows, clothing were piled on his body before fire was applied to the wood and all together consumed.

The beads alone had cost the Chief their weight in gold, that being the price he paid for them when purchased. Some of the serapes burned had cost the chief over 55 ounces of gold dust.

Polo, was a wild Indian Chief. He rebelled while under Hasuche and carried on a relentless and bloody civil war

for some time. He became rebellious when Hasuche objected to him stealing horses from the Americans. Hasuche offered a reward of 100 lbs of gold for his head, but he escaped into the mountains. He was chief of the Indians on the Mokelumne, brave and cunning, good looking, and never indulged in the use of intoxicants. Polo was shot by an ex-lieutenant of Stevenson's regiment at Rich Bar on the Mokelumne River in the spring of 1851. Polo's tribe occupied that part of Calaveras County above Mokelumne Hill and around West Point.

Alcalde Charley was very close to Hasuche and a sub-chief. He was a powerful Indian and in addition to discovering gold on Carson Creek he helped in the working of the deposits. He weighed about 230 pounds and on one occasion carried 200 pounds of flour from McLean's Ferry to Vallecito. He did this feat for John Murphy, one of the brothers from which the town of Murphys was named.

Panchito acted as Chief for a tribe of about 200. They ranged around Murphys, Cave City and the rich acorn section between these places and the Mokelumne River.

Note—This article is from an early issue of the San Andreas Independent.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page one)

The total membership of the Society at present is ninety-eight, and with the addition of prospective members the total will soon be above one hundred. This is a wonderful start and the response has been all that could be expected.

All who attended our November and December meetings—between forty and fifty each—enjoyed the programs. Elsie Flower showed her beautiful pictures of the "Lost City," followed by an interesting discussion at the November meeting. At the December meeting several fine papers were read on Indians of the Calaveras region and the grand old man Chief Fuller of Tuolumne City, gave an interesting talk on Indian customs and culture. Also a number of the members displayed pictures and Indian objects which stimulated interesting discussions and Amon Tanner told of many interesting experiences with the Indians in the Murphys region.

Historical Society has made a successful beginning. Already we have collected a good deal of history of the area and this will be preserved through the files of our **Bulletin** and the records of the society. The Society is filling a unique position in the life of our county. As the years pass we will leave a record that will make it much easier for historians to tell the story of the past. Will members pass the word on to others who may wish to join with us in this work and invite them to join.

The Calaveras County Historical Society is a non-profit organization dedicated to the study and preservation of local history. All who are interested in this subject are invited to become members. The dues are four dollars a year for individuals, eight dollars for clubs and one dollar for junior members. Please send dues to the treasurer at San Andreas and story material to the editor at Murphys.



Johnny Tecumseh—Sheep Fanch

SHEEP RANCH INDIANS

By JEAN KIRKPATRICK

Before the white men came there was a hunting camp at Sheep Ranch, and Indians came from all over to hunt and gather acorns from the many fine trees of the region. The first mine to be worked, bringing white men to settle in the area, was the one at Indian Creek. The ore had to be carried over to Scott's place where there was water power to extract the gold. It was at this time that Limpy and her family came from Vallecito, the Indian settlement near Moaning Cave, to stay at the Sheep Ranch rancheria. We don't know who the children's father was or even if they all had the same one, but Limpy had a Christian name, Rose Davis.

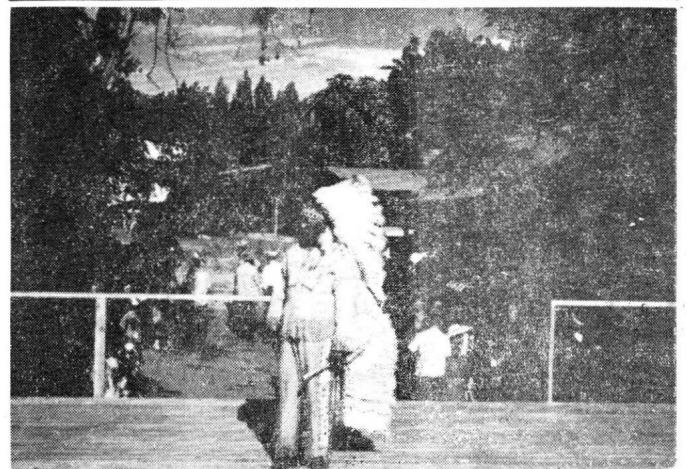
There were four children—Jeff, Ina, Pinky and Matilda. Ina cooked for the men in the gold camp at Indian Creek in the early '60's. Limpy told us she could remember when the first white men came to Calaveras County. It was impossible to guess her age, but she must have been 100 years old when she died about 1930. She looked it, although she was bright and active to the end. I remember well how she looked about 30 years ago. She was very

small, neither thin nor fat, but shapeless and rather large of belly. Her gray hair was cut shaggily, its length depending on how long a time it had been since the last Indian funeral. According to custom, the Indians cut their hair when someone died. Limpy attended all funerals in town with a little square of black lace on her head in reverence for the deceased.

She had a black, slow-growing cancer on the bridge of her nose, and, I think, it was probably this that killed her. She still had a few blackened stumps for teeth. The limp that gave her the nickname was in no way incapacitative and was the result of an injury when she was a young girl. She wore no shoes but, because of her great age, did wrap her feet in rags in the wintertime. My mother once gave her some old tennis shoes of my father's, thinking they were large and soft enough to be tolerated, but Limpy gave them away. Her only financial support was five dollars a month from the government, so she was forced to beg for a living. She would make the rounds in town garnering what she could. Her favorite food was "pie," her name for a jelly sandwich, and I have fixed many of them for her. She loved to smoke and enjoyed it thoroughly—audibly.

She asked for soap every visit, and I imagine she used this for barter, since she couldn't have used much for cleanliness sake. If she had made a good haul, she would proceed home up Main Street, her sack heavy with groceries and odds and ends. When pickings were slim, she would slip home around the outskirts of town.

Now and then she would walk over to see her old friend, "Pico" at Fricot City, five miles away. Some where among Mr. Fricot's effects, there must be the notes he collected during conversations with Limpy as well as many pictures of her. She was a talkative and smart old lady, and he was determined to preserve her story. Under a tree near Mr. Fricot's house was a rug, "Limpy's rug." Here she would sit and visit. One day she decided she would like that rug in front of her cabin at Sheep Ranch, so she rolled it up and took it home, saying "Pico give me another." He did, too!



Chief William Fuller

A BIT OF INDIAN LORE

By ELIZABETH KALER

I think the children growing up in Murphys now lack many pleasures we experienced in our childhood because of their being no more Indians.

We knew our Indians so well, it was "Hello, Manuel, Hello Jack, Lucy, John Brown, Yaqui"—no, not Yaqui, he was Capitan, very stern looking, and we were a little afraid of him, but not Margarita his mahala, who was always ready to greet us with a smile. Incidentally, she was the finest basket weaver of them all.

There was Marcia Brown, John Brown's daughter, a young lady quite superior to her poor parents and, I think a great worry to them as she had acquired a taste for liquor.

The rancheria was up on the hill beyond our place and so we saw many of the Indians every day as they came down going to work for people in Murphys and some just to beg, as old Yellow Jacket did.

One couple, Jack and Lucy, worked for our parents helping with the washing and doing outdoor work; they taught us how to count up to ten in Indian which we thought was wonderful.

An outstanding Indian to my mind was Tuna—a young man blind and blest with a musical ear. I know not how he became blind. He had a close companion, Indian Willie, who cared for him and led him wherever he wished to go. Tuna always had his harmonica with him, willing to play at any time, only needing to hear a tune once. He could then repeat it, very often with variations. Many times they came up to the school house and Tuna would play the old songs we knew so well and also the latest popular ones. We school children had no pennies to give him, but I think he really made his living by his music. One time he and Indian Willie went to San Francisco and he played to the passersby on Market Street. I imagine many dollars went into his hat that day.

Tuna has been gone these many, many years where, no doubt, he is playing to his friends in the happy hunting ground.

We liked them all, but I think my favorite was John Brown because he had such a happy disposition. Every morning he came to our place for breakfast and always gave a song and dance in the kitchen, but when he finished he would rub his knee and say "My liver hurts." Poor fellow! I think he must have had arthritis.

He kept his valuables (to him) with us for protection as he said the other Indians would steal and he also did not want his daughter, Marcia, to know where they were. They really consisted mostly of rags, but there were some beads and pretty bead work. He would come occasionally to look them over to see that nothing was missing. We were sorry when John Brown died.

Another of our well-known friends was old Yellow Jacket who also kept his possessions at our place for fear of their being stolen by the Indians; his articles seemed even poorer quality than John Brown's, but Oh! how he prized them. He was blind but quite capable.

We were told as children that he lost his eyesight robbing sluice boxes out at the Eho Mine. The miners had been losing gold so they set a trap with powder and when Yellow Jacket came on his nightly tour and started cleaning, the powder (I know not how) exploded in his face; consequently, he spent the rest of his life begging.

Every morning he came trotting down the road in his bare feet with a long staff in his hand, feeling his way. Friends often gave him shoes, but he would never wear them as he said he could not see. He seemed to know every fence and little ditch and footbridge. He knew just which gates he wanted to open, in fact, there was little he did not know about Murphys. He did not usually come into our place in the morning, but in the late afternoon, up the road would come old Yellow Jacket loaded down with his sack full of "chomuck." He would leave the sack out at our gate and come in and lie on the porch. He usually had a hard luck story to tell, that the people hadn't given him much that day, but we would say, "Your sack is full." "No, not much," he'd say and then ask for some onions. We all felt that he was supplying some of the other Indians with food as he could not possibly have eaten it all himself. Another thing he often asked for was a needle and thread and we marveled at his painstaking sewing as he sat patching some old garment.

I think he liked to come to our place at the end of the day to rest. He would lie on the porch basking in the sunshine before starting that last climb up the hill home.

The story of Yellow Jacket could not be finished without telling of the ceremony of opening and closing each day. Every morning as the sun started to throw its beams across the eastern sky, Yellow Jacket, standing on the highest point of ground, in a sonorous voice, gave a majestic welcome to the sun. And in the evening as the last rays were fading in the western sky, again came the eloquent voice bidding his master, the sun, a farewell for the day. We often wished we knew what he was saying for it seemed he must have felt he was adoring a Supreme Being.

The rancheria is deserted now, given over to underbrush and the scurrying of rabbits and squirrels. No more pow-wows—no more to be heard the mournful dirges for their dead. Their little huts long have been obliterated and the noble Round House where they held their festivities is gone. All relics of their happy, carefree days gone, gone forever.

Hail and farewell! friends of our childhood.

We're very unhappy at not having our president, Judge J. A. Smith, with us at the meeting at Copperopolis. He had hoped to be able to remain in Calaveras County during January when we planned the dinner meeting, but he later found that it was necessary to be in Los Angeles. We will try to arrange the dinner meetings in the future so that he can be with us.

We wish to welcome James Valente of Angels Camp as a new member of our Board of Directors. He is interested in the history of the county and will be a good representative on the executive committee of the Society.



Old Manuella of Mokelumne Hill

QUEEN MANUELLA

By CECILLE VANDELL McMILLIAN

Manuella was a descendant of Chief Moquelumne, a mighty Indian warrior of the Moqut Indians. The Moqut Indians were one of the thirty-five tribes of the Moqueluman Indians.

She was born in the old Indian Village east of Fisher's Ranch in Happy Valley. A quiet hallowed place in a flat surrounded by low hills on the Mokelumne Hill Ditch.

In temperament she was enigmatic, obscure and puzzling. She could be a dangerous enemy or a valuable friend.

Manuella was a rugged individual with the typical features of an Indian squaw with the exception of the emblematical look in her eyes. Her short, grey hair was

parted in the middle as was the custom of this tribe of Indians. She had brown eyes, a large flat nose, and a large mouth. On the back of her head she wore a man's stiff brimmed black hat tied under her chin by a string. She wore the traditional Indian black calico street-length dress with a wide full ruffle at the bottom. Over her dress she wore a man's coat. The top buttons of the coat were buttoned. A rope with frayed ends was tied around her waist.

Unlike the squaws of her tribe Manuella never wove baskets. The gold pan took its place. Manuella and her small black dog was a familiar sight as she wandered over the hillsides with her gold pan under her left arm and her right hand clutched about a tall pole that reached above her shoulders.

The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow was her reward for her wanderings in the great out-doors. She had the knack of knowing where gold could be found. She was crafty in her search for gold. Before my grandfather, Pierre Clements Vandel, passed away, she came to him one day and made a bargain with him. She had found a gold nugget on his French Hill property which was sold for \$1000. Granpa Vandell received one-half of the money. Before visiting grandpa she had covered the nugget in the ground with dirt and brush.

Many talks I had with her. She would answer as many questions as she cared to answer; then a wise, ageless smile would cross her face. No more answers.

She was a great lover of children. Her greatest joy was to gather pinenuts and large acorns and give them to children. In her later years she lived on a hill near Mrs. Babcock. Her constant companion when she was not hunting for gold was Indian Susie. Manuella and Susie like candy. When they came to Frank Peek's store in Mokelumne Hill, Frank would give them candy. They would squat down on the floor in Indian fashion below the candy counter and eat the candy. While eating it they would talk in the Indian language. We children liked to hear them talk. We never could get anything but grunts out of the conversation. One grunt from one side of the mouth and another grunt from the other side of the mouth seem to be it.

Like all her race, Manuella was very superstitious. She believed it would bring her bad luck if anyone took her picture. One day Tommy Peters talked her into letting him take her picture. It is my good fortune to have one of these pictures.

One day Manuella, the Prophetesses, came into Harry Greve's Livery Stable. She came to make arrangements for her burial. She wanted to be buried the white man's way in a coffin. As befitting the last Indian Queen of the Moqut branch that descended from Chief Moquelumne, she asked to be buried in yellow silk. She wished her coffin to be placed in the black hearse with white plumes in plume sockets on top of the hearse. Four white horses were to take the hearse to the Indian burial ground.

She told him that two weeks from today, "I will die." Uncle Harry was startled. He said "Manuella, how do you
(Continued on page six)



Indian Walker of Douglas Flat

INDIAN WALKER

By ADELINE SQUELLATI

Indian Walker was a cousin of Captain John, a great orator at the Pow-wows, a big man amongst the Me-Wuks and a mighty wise and witty old Indian.

He was born at Albany Flat, and later moved to a big Rancheria at Douglas Flat on the Gianelli property near the site of the Crystal Spring. The soil at this reservation is still very black from the long years of habitation. Many basins hollowed out in the limestone, where meal was ground, are still in evidence.

Walker was about the age of 17 years, when the first white settler came to Douglas Flat, and this was long before the town was named Douglas Flat after Colonel Douglas.

When the first white people came in about the year 1850, he thought they were Gods from other worlds, and after hiding for many days in the woods near the old Bluff

site on the same property, finally made friends with these new settlers. One of the gold seekers gave him a white straw hat, his first and only wearing apparel.

In later years he became captain of this tribe, the Me-Wuks, and was well known for his honesty, fairness and trustworthiness.

His spiritual understanding was quite modern. Often he would say "When you come some time you no see me, but I be here all the same. I be here if you no see me."

Walker had three brothers, two by the names of "Jess" and "Jeff."

He lived happily with his wife, Susanna, at his mining claim at Duck Bar on the Stanislaus River. There he engaged in primitive mining and salmon fishing, selling the fish to people from the neighboring towns.

They had one child named Sara who married a young Englishman by the name of Johnny Long, who came west during the gold rush.

They also had one grandchild named Sara after her "Muhele." After the death of her parents, Sara lived with her grandparents, Walker and Susanna. She attended the Douglas Flat school until the fifth grade, then married into a Chilianian family at Pennsylvania Gulch.

After Susanna's death, Walker made his home with his granddaughter, Sara at Peppermint, where he lived the rest of his life.

He died at the age of 110 years and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Murphys in accord with some of the Indian ritual.

People knew him from far and near, and oftentimes when making his calls he would dance and chant a song thus: "Hi-Yu-Ma-Ki-Yu-Ki-Le! Children were somewhat fearful thinking he was singing: "Heigh, you monkey, I'll kill you." However, his interpretation was a blessing on the household.

QUEEN MANUELLA

(Continued from page five)

know?" Her face was a crinkled expressionless mask. Only the eyes were significant. They were brown and very old, but they contained a knowledge of secret things, some of the past, others yet to come. Events seem to pass across her features as visions of fire, many fires, drums booming in broken intricate rhythms under starry nights, among the fires trailed in and out lines of half naked people wailing strange off key chants—a song as old as the coyote song—a song compelling tom-tom rhythm.

Two weeks from that day she died. This was about 1914. Harry Greve carried out her wishes. Mother, (Mrs. Laura Bennett,) says she was buried in the Indian burial grounds at Aqueduct City, Amador County. For three days the Indians mourned her death. Then a new queen was chosen from another branch of the Moquit Indians.

Manuella had roots in the rocks and hills of Mokelumne Hill. Her childhood, her youth, her womanhood, and old age was spent there. Her own generation is gone.

Today the old Indian camps are marked chiefly by the burial mounds. Here may be found relics of olden times in the shape of Indian beads and old knives. The drums have faded away into instance.

MARK TWAIN HOSPITAL GROUNDS

By GEORGE B. POORE, JR.

From the first ground breaking at the site of the new Mark Twain Hospital at San Andreas it was quite evident that Indians had used the sunny, well drained knoll as a camp site for a great many years. The ground was the typical fine black soil filled with shards of broken cooking stones.

From time to time a few very poor arrow points, broken pestles, and one poor mortar were turned up. Having had great expectations, I was very disappointed as the building excavation progressed with so little of interest appearing. The area of the camp covers several acres and much of this had been disturbed for a depth of two or three feet.

Late in the spring of 1951, the buildings were largely completed and work commenced on the sewerage disposal plant. I was watching a ditching machine make a trench about eight feet deep when out at my feet one after another rolled six very well shaped mortars and a shower of broken bones. Hastily stacking the mortars to one side, I marked the point in the ditch from which they had come. When the machine had passed on, I climbed down and saw that we had evidently cut a mass burial of twelve bodies. Unfortunately the bones were so disturbed, little could be told about the actual position of the skeletons other than that they were side by side.

Being on the spot, I was able to salvage much of the material turned up. A screen was borrowed from the plastering crew and the excavated material was soon being sifted for what it contained. This took the spare time of several days and some material was lost during the evenings.

From the first it was quite evident that these burials were quite old. The bones were extremely fragile and soon disintegrated when exposed to the air. Also there was a complete lack of the glass or porcelain trade beads that the later Indians acquired from the Spanish and Russian traders.

However, there were plenty of beads. These were of every size and shape and made from a different varieties of sea shells, bone, and stone. The so-called olive shell was present as a whole bead in itself and there were small curved beads made from a fragment of the olive shell. Round disks cut from clam shells were numerous and varied in size from three quarters of an inch to very small ones only an eighth of an inch in diameter. The holes drilled through the tiny beads were so small that they must have been strung on human hair. Many of these were missed as they passed through the first screen used and the material had been replaced in the ditch before their discovery. Finally a piece of fly screen was substituted and quite a number of the small beads were recovered.

The bone beads were very thin and seemed to be made from bird bones. They varied in length from about an inch to only a quarter of an inch and are extremely fragile.

Some of these shell beads seem to have been dyed red. However, this may have been an accidental staining.

The most beautiful of all the beads were those made from the abalone shell. These were of a great variety of form and size and must have been very beautiful before time and burial dimmed their luster. It was this type of bead that let the maker express himself. All others are more or less alike but in the manufacture of the abalone shell bead the artist was permitted free play. Square beads oblong, oval, odd shapes, pendants and beads with holes at either end. Edges at times were trimmed with rows of small holes or lines.

In one or two cases where skeletons were only partially disturbed these beads were found in place, that is in rows around the neck and under the chest.

In this mass burial arrow points were found among the bones, leading to the belief that they must have been the victims of war party raids. These points were very fine workmanship and quite different from others found at the site.

In a number of cases there were large masses of red pigment, ground exceedingly fine, placed at either side of the skull. This material had evidently been mixed with some sort of fat or grease and had stayed separated from the surrounding ground. When pulverized and rubbed into the skin, a red mark was left for several days. One mass of burned iron ore, quite red, but not ground, was found. It was typical of the iron ore found near Ione, California.

These bodies were evidently buried face down, side by side, and extended. There were children as well as mature and aged Indians in this common grave.

Besides the beads, paint, mortars and arrow points mentioned there were whistles, gambling game bones, bone awls and decorated bones. These are all very fragile from great age and burial.

Later, many other burials, about fifty in all, were excavated, but none of these produced the artifacts of the mass burial. However, they were quite interesting. Some of them were as much as twelve feet below the original ground surface. Nearly all were face down and doubled up in a hole not more than 18 by 36 inches. There was no orientation of the graves or any plan. In one case a much later burial was several feet above a much older interment.

In one case the bones in the burial showed that the body had been partly burned. However, this may have been the cause of death, rather than cremation.

Where and when possible all bones were restored to their original location. However, the artifacts were retained as evidence of their culture.

Have you a question about Calaveras County history? Send the questions to the editor and we'll try to find and publish the answer.

Any suggestions for the good of the organization will be appreciated. Address them to Judge J. A. Smith, San Andreas.

San Andreas on the fourth Thursday of the month.

The February meeting will be in the courtroom in

KANAKA

By J. A. SMITH

Most every town has its characters. One of the quaint characters at West Point for many years was an Indian called Kanaka, sometimes Kanaka Bob.

This Indian associated very little with the other Indians in the community. He preferred to spend his time in town with the town people. He conversed with the Indians when they came to town, but did not visit them or attend their functions.

For many years he lived in a deserted chickenhouse on the Fred Herbert homestead, about one half mile east of the town of West Point. He built a fire on the ground floor of the old chicken house and slept on old bedding near the fire.

On one occasion some well wishers went to his home while he was in town and built him a good bunk in the chicken house, provided a mattress for the bunk. Returning home and finding these improvements he became very angry, took his ax and dismantled the bunk and threw it into a small reservoir just below the cabin.

Kanaka arrogated to himself the duty to announce in a loud stentorian voice the arrival of the daily mail stage. If some one announced the arrival of the "stage" before he did, this angered him.

During the summer months he sat on the benches and drygood's boxes in front of the business houses, relaxed and spent considerable of his time sleeping. In winter he moved inside the buildings and was always permitted to sit around the stoves in the buildings.

He was short, stockily built, muscular, always appeared well fed. He was crippled and dragged one foot, carried a long cane, usually an old broom handle. It has been stated that he had been injured by an arrow many years before.

Kanaka never wore shoes, even when the snow was deep on the ground. He was very fond of tobacco and was delighted when someone gave him a cigar.

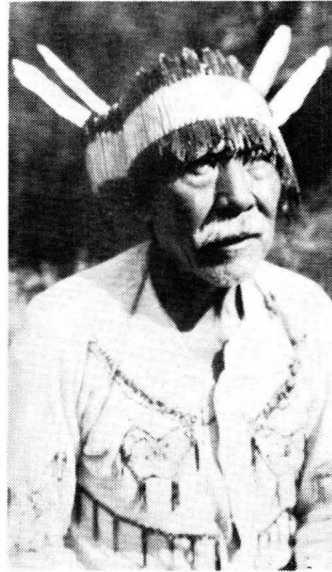
Offtimes he would have several shirts on at one time and if given another, put that on over those he was wearing. At least it was a convenient manner of getting the shirt home.

It was not unusual to see him wearing two hats at one time and he often had a standing feather in his hat. He usually wore a bandana handkerchief around his neck and seemed to like colors.

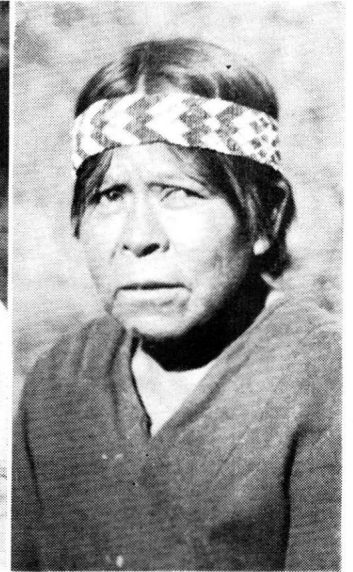
His toe nails were heavy and thick and he made regular calls at the blacksmith shop where the blacksmith acted as his chiropodist, trimming his toe nails with the clippers used to trim the hoofs of the horses.

On one occasion he had a loose toe nail and while drowsing on a bench in front of one of the stores, a rooster belonging to John Allen, a saloon keeper across the street, picked off his loose toenail. Kanaka immediately went to the owner of the rooster and demanded twenty-five cents for his lost nail. This amount was immediately paid.

Boys plagued him to some extent. However, they



Pedro



Lilly

knew enough to keep out of reach of his cane that he handled with dexterity.

He never missed coming to town each day and returning early in the afternoon in order to get a supply of wood for the evening fire. He dragged poles to his home and cut them with an ax into short lengths that he could handle in his fire. In later years he usually provided quite a pile of poles for winter. People passing by frequently cut some of them into lengths for him.

He was accepted by the people of West Point as a part of the community and he was always provided with food and clothing. The hotel and stores were particularly kind to him. He never took things that did not belong to him.

Unlike most Indians, Kanaka did not object to having his picture taken. However, he used it as a source of revenue, insisting on being paid prior to the picture being taken.

Finally he fell ill and was taken to the County Hospital at San Andreas where he passed away. Thus passed a familiar character from West Point.

John D. Sullivan, a pioneer who crossed the plains in 1849, conducted the old store at Old Mountain Ranch. From that place he moved to San Andreas and had an extensive store in San Andreas. He passed away in San Francisco July 1, 1866.

The old court house at San Andreas was built in 1867 for the county by William Maloney. Wyllie and Washburn furnished the lumber from their Willow Creek mill, with the exception of the flooring. They received \$27 per thousand for the lumber.