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The Patrick McAllen Family

By Doris Treat Daley

We are pleased to have another article on a Calaveras pioneer and his descendants. Stories such as this one on Patrick McAllen are particularly valuable for their genealogical information. Our elder members will recognize many familiar names as they read about the McAllens and the Clearys, as well as the Treat connection. Frank Treat, grandfather of the author, was another of the prominent gold rush pioneers in Calaveras, and has appeared in earlier issues of "Las Calaveras."



THE PATRICK McALLEN FAMILY

Here, standing before his home in San Andreas, is Patrick McAllen, with his daughters, Margaret (far left), and Catherine Cleary (on his left), and the younger Clearys, his grandchildren.

It took courage and determination to join the gold seekers coming to California in 1848, and it was these qualities that brought Patrick McAllen to Calaveras County. Although he was a land surveyor by trade, he had to resort to raising pigs to earn a livelihood for his family, because life was difficult in Ireland in those days. It was when he made it to town in County Mayo that he learned that gold had been discovered in faraway California. Then he exclaimed, "Give me my money for my pigs, and I will be on my way...and tell Mary Ann I will be back some day."

The journey across the Atlantic by ship to the east coast of Texas was strenuous, and when he landed, he set out on foot to walk the long distance to the gold fields. Through the desert, he traveled by night with only the stars for a guide, to avoid the hostile Indians and to alleviate the intolerable thirst by day. Perhaps he had the assistance of a donkey part of the way, but he kept in mind he was headed for Calaveras County. This, he figured, was the middle of the Mother Lode, extending from Downieville to Mariposa. When he finally reached San Andreas, he staked out the land which included a hill he called Gold Hill. Observing the hard-working miners with their picks and shovels, he decided they needed a place for rest and refreshment, so he set up a road house between two spreading oak trees.

The venture proved successful, and he prospered and accumulated a goodly sum of money. His thoughts turned to his wife, Mary Ann, and their two children, a daughter named little Mary, and a son called Daniel. Leaving part of his wealth with a

friend with instructions to buy a good parcel of land near the river in fertile San Joaquin Valley, he returned to Ireland, planning to come back and engage in farming, "when the gold petered out." On his return from the old country to Boston with his family, he was greeted there by a friend who had come recently from California, with the news that the man he had trusted to buy the farm for him proved to be a rascal, and had absconded with the money. But Pat responded, "Well, I still have my land in Calaveras, and in the meantime, I will get a job in the steel mills in Connecticut." It was there the third child, a daughter named Catherine, was born.

Soon thereafter, the family of five embarked on a ship sailing out of Boston for California around Cape Horn. As the first grandchild of the native of Connecticut, I do remember her telling me, "how rough it was coming around the Horn". And when I inquired how old she was when they made the trip, she answered, "Well, I was about a year old...but I have heard about it all my life." When they reached San Andreas, a comfortable home was built, and two other daughters were born, Addie and Margaret.

The McAllen ranch was stocked with cattle, for beef as well as cows to produce milk. There were horses, too, and I will remember a sorrel horse called "Solo", who had been a winner in the races at the Calaveras County Fair. I loved to ride him bareback, and he was very patient with his young equestrienne.

Patrick McAllen was a principal sponsor for St. Andrew's Catholic Church, which was erected at the head of Main Street in San Andreas. The Irish padres knew they had a loyal supporter, and one who had a good cook when they got hungry, for they were frequent visitors to the McAllen home.

As to statistics, Patrick McAllen was born in County Mayo, Ireland, on June 22, 1822. His wife, Mary Ann, was born October 8, 1820, and died in 1885. Their family consisted of one son, Daniel, and a daughter, Mary, who were born in Ireland; one daughter Catherine was born in Connecticut, and the latter two daughters, Addie and Margaret, who were born in Calaveras County.

Mr. McAllen bore the reputation of being a true and faithful citizen. His naturalization took place in Calaveras County Superior Court in the '50's. He was upright in his dealings and performed the duties of life quietly, honestly and conscientiously. He died on December 6, 1906, aged 84 years. The funeral services were held at St. Andrew's Catholic Church, conducted by Rev. Father O'Reilly, and the pall bearers were: J.B. Luddy, C.W. Getchell, John Waters, A.I. McSorley, John Scieffard and W.A. Dower. The following pioneers were honorary pall bearers: H.G. Allen, J.F. Treat, Sr., William H. Steffler and Mark McNichols.

Daniel McAllen, who was never married, resided with his sister, Mary, who was married to James Egan, and they lived in Tracy, California. The sons in the family all engaged in railroading, and there were daughters also. The Egans maintained a boarding house for many years, catering to railroad employees. Catherine McAllen, at the age of 16, went visiting family friends at the North American Ranch (opposite the present site of



MARGARET E. McALLEN

the office of Rancho Calaveras). There she met the owner and operator of horses and wagons carrying freight to the mines, with headquarters in Mokelumne Hill. His name was Cornelius Cleary and he was born on the 19th of May, 1822, so he was older than her father, but the two were happily married and lived in Mokelumne Hill, near the water company headquarters. Their first child was a daughter, named Mary Honora, and she was followed by four boys, William Patrick, Cornelius Jr., Nelson Robert and Thomas D. Cleary. The father died January 12, 1882. Thereafter, the entire Cleary family moved to San Andreas to live with the Patrick McAllen family.

The only daughter of the Cornelius Cleary family, Mary Honora, met George Henry Treat while they were singing in the St. Andrews Catholic Church choir. Later they were married and went to live on the Treat Ranch southeast of San Andreas. Subsequently they moved to town when the husband was employed by the Metropolitan Hotel and then became postmaster and manager of the Calaveras County Chamber of Commerce. They had four children, two girls and two boys. The first of her generation, Doris Treat, became president of Native Daughters of the Golden West in 1947-48, served on the History Foundation of University of Pacific for a number of years, and became president of the Ladies Auxiliary of California Pioneers in



WILLIAM. P. CLEARY
Eldest son of Catherine and Cornelius Cleary

Stockton. She was married to Gustave J. Daley, a retired executive of Holly Sugar Company, who died in 1954. The second daughter, Clare Amy, passed away when she was ten years of age. The first son, Ralph Clement Treat, who was married to Unilda Raggio of San Francisco, became the owner of Treat's Store, and managed that general merchandise business until his death in 1968. The youngest son, George Henry Treat, Jr., graduated from University of Santa Clara, and has for many years engaged in structural engineering with a firm of architects with offices in Newport Beach, California.

The first son of the Cleary family was William Patrick, who was employed by the Calaveras Prospect, and other newspapers in Nevada, and later he was with the Calaveras Cement Company. Cornelius Cleary was a railway mail and postal clerk in Stockton Post Office. He died in Santa Cruz, California. Nelson Robert Cleary was the third son and he was an employee of National Ice and Storage Company in Stockton. He was married to Lelia Salcido and they had nine children. The youngest son, Thomas D. Cleary, was an electrician for Pacific Gas and Electric Company, followed by employment with California State Highway Department in Calaveras County.

As to the two younger daughters of Patrick McAllen, Addie married John Baisch, a miner, and their home was at North Branch, Calaveras County. They had four children, three girls named Elizabeth, Stella and Agnes, and a son, John Patrick Biasch. The latter became a teacher and was later employed by Calaveras Cement Company. All of the Biasch family are now deceased.

Miss Margaret E. McAllen taught grammar school for many years in Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras County, and was a member of the county Board of Education. Upon her retirement, she returned to live with her sister, Mrs. Catherine Cleary, and they both expired within a few days, when stricken by the influenza epidemic in 1921.

MY VISIT TO CAMP NINE

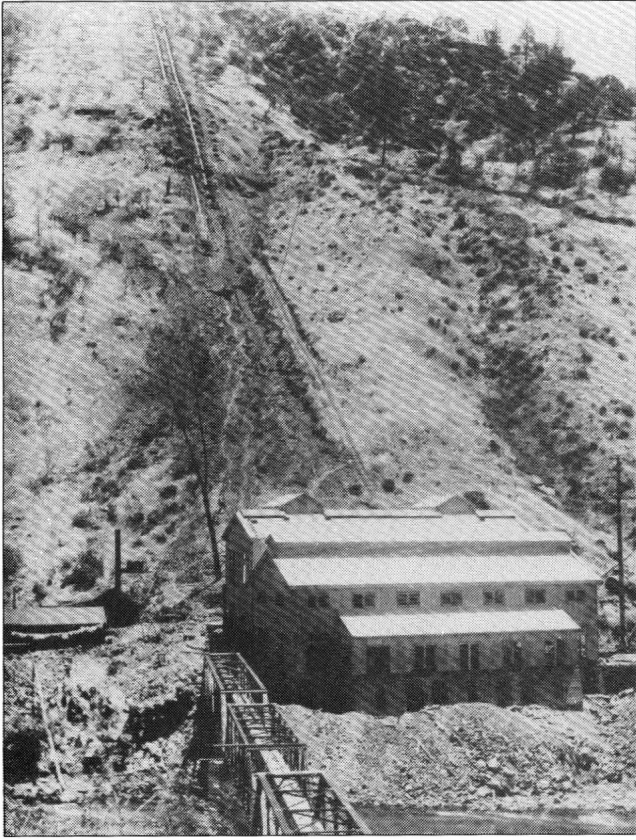
By L.H. Getchell

In our April-July issue, 1975, we chronicled the story of how Calaveras County "went electric." This inspired one of our favorite contributors to write his recollections of a visit to "Camp Nine" powerhouse on the Stanislaus when he was twelve years old. Larry Getchell writes with a delightfully breezy informality as he draws upon his excellent memory to tell us of this visit some sixty-four years ago. We know our readers will enjoy Larry's memories of his trip, and we sincerely hope that it will exhort others to record their early experiences in our county.

I was about twelve years of age, maybe a little less, when my mother's brother-in-law, Anthony Williams, suggested I be allowed to spend a couple of weeks with him at Camp Nine. Uncle Anthony worked for the Sierra and San Francisco Power Company. His job was to make two trips each day by hand car over the flume, starting at the point where it emptied into the forebay and on up for a distance of four miles. It was rugged, beautiful country and would be fine experience for a boy my age, so he thought. My father and mother gave permission and Dad drove me with Dolly in the cart by way of Vallecito, which was about six miles from the power plant.

Upon reaching our destination I recall seeing a tramway which ran straight up, or so it seemed to me, from the power plant to an invisible point up on top of the world. There was a trail which paralleled the huge pipe conveying the water down to the power plant. It looked something like a chicken ladder and I was tempted to use it but finally climbed aboard the tram and up we went. Maybe I closed my eyes because I don't remember much enjoying the view. Eventually we reached the top, "Thank goodness", and there was my Uncle Anthony waiting to receive me. Dad had left me down below so I was on my own and a little concerned - in fact down right scared. Uncle Anthony made things all right in a few moments, taking me in tow and leading me along the reservoir shore to a very pretty, wooded area on the far side, just beyond where the water poured into the artificial lake from the flume. It was a goodly body of water that emptied from that flume and there was considerable spray. A fine place to catch trout I also found out later - big ones.

Uncle Anthony lived in a company cabin which was quite comfortable and had an extra room for his wide-eyed nephew. It was close to dinner time and I was mighty hungry. That mulligan he served sure was good - I wasn't aware anyone could prepare



CAMP NINE POWERHOUSE

From a photograph taken during construction in 1908. Note the track for the tramway to the right of the penstock pipes.

Courtesy of Kathleen Mitchell

decent food other than my mother, especially a man, unless it was my Uncle Gus Vogelsang who had a sheep ranch down in back of Bear Mountain. I had sampled his victuals on several occasions.

After dinner we sat around for a bit and I was briefed on what to expect. This was pretty rugged country and it was hardly dark before we heard the howl of coyotes and then a little later, the cry of a mountain lion. I began to wonder about this and wasn't too sure things would be as I planned. Uncle Anthony assured me there was nothing to worry about. He even told me I could set some traps and maybe catch some fur-bearing animals. More about this later.

We had bacon and eggs for breakfast the next morning and then it was time to go to work. As mentioned earlier, the flume emptied into the forebay but headwatered some sixteen miles higher up in the mountains at Strawberry. It seems to me the flume was around ten feet wide and five or six feet deep with about three feet of water traveling some eight miles an hour. Pretty fast, anyway, and if you dropped a small stick it was out of sight in a moment.

On top of the flume there were two rails over which Uncle Anthony pumped a hand-car the four miles, checking for leaks. He carried calking material similar to gauze and stopped from time

to time to plug up any noticeable water drips. Big leaks had to be reported to the office. The car tracks ran the full length of the flume and along the way there were a couple of camps or stations, manned by a cook and an assistant. We covered the four miles up and back during the morning. After lunch we made a second such trip. Most of the time that flume just seemed to hang from the side of the mountain. Far down below was the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus. On our return afternoon trip, we could see the trout jumping out of the water every few seconds. It sure looked like fine fishing but from where we were way up on the flume, there was no way to get down to the river through all the dense brush and over the rugged terrain. We saw all sorts of wild animals such as deer and fox as well as grouse and large mountain quail. The latter would run right under the flume out to the upper side. I had my twenty-two and had no end of fun shooting at them. They were a bit too elusive but I finally thought I had winged one, so I got off the car and ran up the hill full tilt. That quail ran much too fast for me, leaving me far behind.

About half-way along our route, Uncle Anthony said there was a large hornet's nest beneath one of the ties that supported the track and that he didn't take any chances with them. When we reached a point some fifty feet from the nest, he gave the hand car a big push and we hoofed it around a little trail he had made, bypassing the hornets and picking up our hand car on the other side. It was a most interesting experience, that first day with Uncle Anthony, as we made our round up and back.

In addition to the repair men such as my uncle, there was also a crew of some four to six men, available for major repairs, and they traveled over the flume in an electric car. I had a chance to ride with the operator of the car on an occasion when he had to make a run the entire distance. As you can imagine, we traveled a bit faster than on the hand car and didn't bother stopping at the hornet's nest but sailed right over it. The operator carried a rather large revolver and about half-way to Camp C-4, a deer ran out from under the flume, stopping just above us. The operator took careful aim and bagged the deer with a single shot. We loaded it aboard and delivered it to the cook at Camp C-4. The boys had some fine venison the next few days. We arrived back home safe and sound and Uncle Anthony had dinner waiting. I now had a great deal more respect for his culinary excellence and enjoyed another fine dinner.

The following day the hunter in me came to the fore so I passed up the flume trip in favor of a little shooting. Down on the artificial lake or forebay, I had noticed what looked to me like ducks. Later I found out they were mud-hens but at the moment I was pretty excited about killing me a nice plump duck. My twenty-two wasn't very powerful and I had only shorts, but after spotting some birds, I took up a position and started firing away at the supposed ducks. The possessor of several boxes of twenty-two shorts, I had every expectation of bagging a brace of birds. Would you believe that after taking dead aim at Mr. "Would-be Duck", he would manage to dive beneath the surface of the water as though he could see my

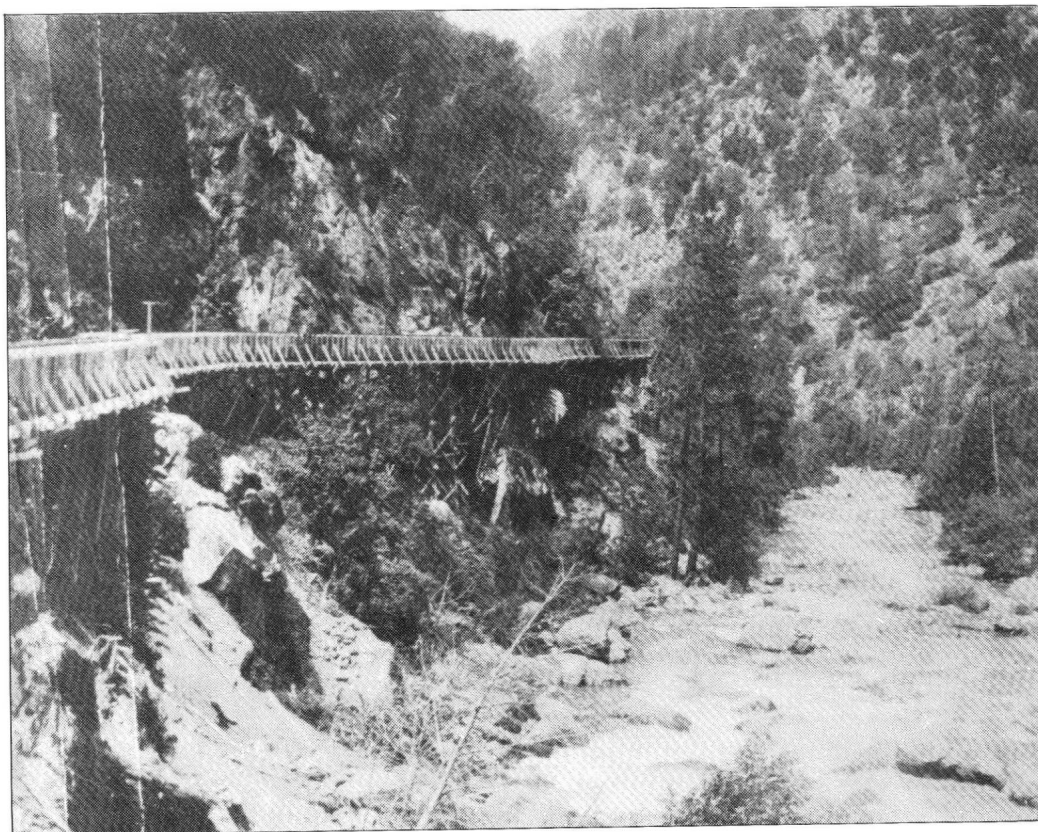
bullet coming. Most uncanny. I kept loading and firing and those pesky birds refused even to fly but just kept diving after my every shot. It was getting serious. Seventy-one shots had missed the mark but on shot seventy-two, one of the mud-hens must have been caught napping or just became over-confident and I nailed him. Good thing too, as I was about out of shells. By now I had given up returning home with a brace of birds so came back with my single trophy.

Uncle Anthony was probably well aware my bird was something less than palatable but despite this agreed to cook it up. We prepared the bird with great care before placing it in the oven, where I would like to say it cooked to a golden brown. Not our bird - it came out almost black and when we tried to cut into it, it was as obstinate to the cutting edge of the knife as those birds were to my twenty-two in real life. We finally gave up on the bird and warmed up some of the left-over stew. Uncle Anthony had a cat who was pretty wild and feasted on the wild game and birds available everywhere. We decided this bird of ours would certainly be to his liking but would you believe it, he turned on his heel after one sniff and refused us the courtesy of even a single bite. So we disposed of our bird with the rest of the garbage. I still had a few shells left and you can be sure I would use them to much better advantage than on this last safari.

Before dwelling further on my hunting experiences, I should tell



**UNCLE ANTHONY
On the Electric Car**



THE FLUME
A view of the flume along
the Middle Fork of the
Stanislaus River



ARTHUR GETCHELL

This is how he appeared at the time of his trip to visit Uncle Anthony

you about a later experience with that hornet's nest. It was a bit serious. The boys of the repair crew were a care-free lot, probably bored stiff most of the time. One day they were called upon to go up to Camp C-4 and made the trip in the electric car. They were not above having a little sport and decided it would be a good practical joke to rile up that hornet's nest so that my uncle would have a warm reception on his next trip. They proceeded to take a few shots at the nest but in their planning made one mistake. They had to return over the same track and over the same hornet's nest that very same day. By now those hornets were hopping mad and even though the boys sailed past the nest at top speed, it wasn't fast enough. Several of the fellows got stung, one quite seriously and carried his arm in a sling for a spell. You can bet we stopped farther back than fifty feet on our next few trips.

The large forebay offered great sport for fishermen, and especially over week-ends many small skiffs and boats were out on the water. Uncle Anthony had a better idea. One evening he rigged up a couple of outfits, one for himself and another for me, and we journeyed down to the spot where the flume emptied into the reservoir. My previous fishing experiences had been in the North and South Forks of the Calaveras River, and there you simply dropped your line into the still water and watched for one of the white fish to take the bait. It was quiet different here in the rushing water that dumped into the forebay. Uncle Anthony would cast out into the fast moving current, letting the line pay out and then feed the line back into his automatic reel. He was using flies as apparently I was doing also. It wasn't long before he

hooked a beauty, actually a trout just a bit too large for his tackle. He had a firm grip on the pole and each time the trout would leap high out of the water I could hear him give a little chuckle. All fishing on my part ceased immediately as I silently encouraged him in his attempt to land this beauty.

First the fish would carry out the line nearly to the end of the reel. It was an automatic reel and by pressing the lever the tension released allowing the fish to move out and away. Skillfully Uncle would release the lever just at the right time and allow the automatic reel to take up the line. Gradually our trout would come closer and closer before he would let it out. The leaps were becoming farther and farther apart. I would guess that both Uncle Anthony and the fish were reaching near exhaustion. We did not have a net so there was only one way to bring in a fish this size - pull him out on to the gravelly beach. This Uncle Anthony finally succeeded in doing, but after all this fighting between fisherman and fish, would you believe the hook came out of his mouth? He was not more than three feet on land but due to exhaustion, lay there still for the moment. Uncle Anthony dropped his pole and pounced on that fish like a tiger. None too soon, neither, as no sooner had Uncle grasped him by the gills, he started flopping and fighting. Uncle didn't just stand there but headed back away from the water. This was one time the big one didn't get away but it was mighty close. Was it ever a beauty!

Our fish measured out some 20 inches in length and it was also real large around the girth. With that catch, fishing was over for the day and we immediately returned home to dress out our trout and prepare him for dinner. We lacked a large enough pan so had to bake him in two sections. Was that trout ever good! It was the biggest I have ever seen caught - big enough to satisfy any fisherman. Even the cat was happy as there was enough fish to satisfy his wants to the point where he lay around for a couple of days sleeping in the shade.

I happen to be particularly fond of cats so I tried to make a friend of "Old Puss". His response at best could be described as just "luke warm". However, like most felines, he enjoyed company if only at a distance. On one occasion he furnished us with a full quota of amusement. Being a good hunter he caught most of his food. One day he bagged a fairly large prize, a ground squirrel, and brought it home to show off and also to include it in his diet at the proper time. We were sitting out behind the house in the shade of some large overhanging trees and Mr. Cat decided he would start on dinner. It seems there is another variety of mountain species, an insect known as yellow jackets. They, too, have a ravenous appetite for raw meat and settled on Mr. Cat's dinner in populous numbers. Our cat had no doubt experienced similar run-ins with these pesky devils so he approached the situation with caution. He first backed off and contemplated things, then waded right in, grabbing the squirrel in his mouth and shaking it with all his might. This scattered the jackets momentarily but they were right back again before Mr. Cat could get even a good mouthful. This was no cat and mouse game-these yellow jackets could be

down right mean and our cat shook his head several times which indicated one or more of the culprits had administered a sting. This went on for quite a spell -first Old Puss would stand off and size up the situation, then dive for the squirrel, shake it as hard as he could to be rid of the insects and then drop it and back off again. There was just one cat and those yellow jackets kept increasing in numbers so he finally called it quits and turned the squirrel over to them. The disgusted look on his face caused us no end of amusement as if the action we had been witnessing had not been amusement enough. We weren't about to intervene. Those yellow jackets had no particular liking for us either.

One more incident happened during my stay with Uncle Anthony which I didn't soon forget. I believe I mentioned earlier about the prospects of trapping some fur-bearing animals. This was pretty wild country and there were plenty of them around, so said Uncle. He dug up several traps, suitable for small animals such as fox, coon, racoon and the like, not to mention another mammal, the odiferous skunk which was much in evidence from time to time, at least so our noses told us. Uncle Anthony lead me to a good spot a couple hundred yards from our house and assisted in baiting and setting the traps. First thing the next morning I walked the trap line and in the very first trap could see I had caught something. That white stripe down its back was a dead giveaway, I had me a skunk. Uncle Anthony had a fur manual listing the value of various animal hides and it included the skunk, who's hide had monetary value enough to warrant saving it. I had a pretty good pocket knife but absolutely no experience in removing an animal hide, let alone that of a skunk. No need to go into detail - I started the skinning procedure but ended it post-haste.

That skunk might have been dead but he booby-trapped me good. When I got back to the house even the cat turned tail and beat it into the brush.

Uncle Anthony kept me at room length and said the only cure was for me to remove all my clothes and together with the pocket knife, bury the entire kit and kaboodle, which I did. My mother had provided me with a change of clothing, fortunately. She probably was forewarned due to an earlier experience when I was visiting at my Uncle Gus Vogelsang's sheep ranch. Their daughter Leona and I were just about the same age and we got along well together. There was a mudhole not far from the house, surrounded by large fig trees. One night the dogs made a terrible racket and we all headed for the mud hole from which the noise was coming. It seems they had caught a skunk and all the action had taken place out in the muddy water. One of the dogs, after wading out of the pool, stood and shook himself as dogs will do to be-rid themselves of excess water. He shook that water all over me and it was a bit more than just water, reeking with the odor of skunk. They got me out of my clothes and since I had no other, fitted me out in one of my Cousin Leona's dresses. Uncle Gus was a great kidder and let me have it pretty good about looking just like a girl. That was bad enough but the following day my luck really ran out. Some local politician, running for office, dropped in to solicit a few votes and would you know it, Uncle Gus parades me before the gentleman in my temporary habit. Was I ever mortified? At my age, any suggestion that a boy resembled anything faintly like pigtails, was a sentence almost as bad as death. By the following day I was able to wear my own clothes. Aunt Kate came to the rescue and succeeded in washing and removing the odor

**UNCLE ANTHONY'S
STORE**
Uncle Anthony Williams in
his store at Murphys



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

Con'd from previous page.

from them.

This experience, coupled now with the one at Uncle Anthony's, is something I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy. Needless to say, as regards to any further trapping at Uncle Anthony's, any lost fur money would be charged up to experience. We buried one trap and returned the others to the storeroom.

A couple of weeks later, Mother and Dad came up to get me, staying overnight. Dad had in mind bagging himself a deer and made a trip with Uncle Anthony along the flume but without success. When I told him about my mud-hem experience, he took his rifle and got one with his first shot. Big showoff.

This ended my experience at Camp Nine. Some years later, Uncle Anthony moved to Murphys and ran a store there for some time. After leaving San Andreas I do not recall seeing him again.



AUNT KATE AND COUSIN LEONA VOGELSANG

New Members

We cordially welcome these new members to our Society

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Illustrations

We wish to thank the authors for supplying the illustrations used in this issue.