

Quarterly Bulletin of the Calaveras County Historical Society
APRIL, 1959

NUMBER 3

VOLUME 7

BIG TREES-CARSON VALLEY ROAD

By JUDGE J. A. SMITH
"Mr. Calaveras"

When the first pioneers came by Ebbetts Pass into California, after crossing the summit they followed the ridge south of the Mokelumne River and went directly into West Point. Kit Carson had pursued this route when he came across the Sierra Nevada Mountains and camped where the present town of West Point is located. Finding the streams at flood, he went no farther west but crossed the North Fork of the Mokelumne River on the Old Indian Ladder Bridge. He then went east on the North side of the North Fork of the Mokelumne River and found the pass that now bears his name. The Old Road is designated in the early maps of Calaveras County as West Point and Carson Valley Turnpike. The present Big Tree Road left the Old Emigrant Road at Big Meadows and followed westerly down the ridge on the north side of the North Fork of the Stanislaus and came into Murphys.

The credit for having discovered the pass over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, now called Ebbetts Pass, is given to Major John Ebbetts. The date was 1850. Emigrants used the Ebbetts Pass coming into the California gold fields, although it was a rudely broken path only sufficient to get over.

By the late fifties, when the great gold rush had subsided, the road was used infrequently and it reverted to the primordial. The roadbed was unsafe and wagons mired down to their beds and most of the emigrants were then using other routes or coming by the Isthmus of Panama. With the discovery and opening up of the Comstock Lode at Virginia City and other silver mines in Nevada, travel again flowed over the Sierra but from west to east rather than east to west as formerly.

The Big Tree Grove had been discovered and opened to travel and the road had been improved from Murphys to the



SEASON'S FIRST—Amon Tanner, carrying the mail, is shown driving the season's first rig to Big Trees after the winter on April 23, 1911.

Big Trees. Supplies were being hauled over the mountains and there was a demand for a good route over the mountains.

A group of men from Murphys went to the State Legislature and were granted a franchise to build and maintain a turnpike road from the Big Trees in Calaveras County to the eastern boundary of the state. This franchise was granted to James L. Sperry, John Perry, P. L. Traver, John Kimball, Ephriam Cutting, Freeman Dunbar, John DeLaite, Joseph Shepherd, Volney Shearer, and Riley Senter. The act of the Legislature authorized these men to incorporate a company under the name Big Tree and Carson Valley Turnpike with the right to collect tolls for a period of twenty-five years. They were required to start work within six months after the date of the act and to have the road completed in two years. The act provided for grades and turnouts

and required the road to be kept open at least six months each year. Upon completion of certain specific portions of the road, the company was authorized to charge and collect such tolls as the Board of Supervisors should fix. Tolls were to be fixed annually.

On April 17, 1862, the company was incorporated to build the road from the Big Trees by way of Mud Springs, Grizzly Bear Valley, the Mokelumne River at Hermit Valley to the Eastern Boundary of the State. It was capitalized with 1000 shares at \$100.00 per share. The names of the incorporators differed somewhat from the original list of persons. Sperry was president of the company; DeLaite, secretary; and Volney Shearer was superintendent of construction. Construction began in 1862. Oxen were first used but later horses were substituted. Labor was cheap. Ordinary labor received \$40.00 and board per month. It was expensive to get supplies and most of them were brought in by pack train at \$3.00 per 100 pounds. Black powder was used for blasting.

The present road as far as Hermit Valley is the original route. At Hermit Valley the old road went to the north through Deer Valley, Clover Valley, Twin Lakes, Summit Valley, Faith, Hope and Charity Valleys, crossing the west fork of the Carson River and joining the Placerville Road.

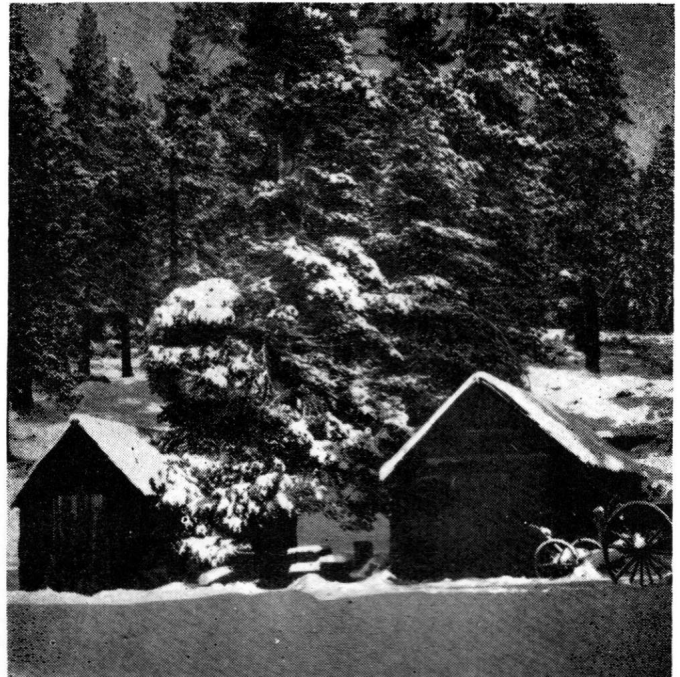
With the discovery of the Silver Mountain Mine and the development at that place, the eastern end of the road was changed and the road thereafter ran by Silver Mountain and Markleeville. It does not appear that the company did any construction or maintenance of the road east of Silver Mountain. By acts of the Legislature the voters of San Joaquin and Calaveras counties were authorized to subscribe for capital stock in the company. The record does not show that the elections were favorable.

Work continued in 1863 with a much reduced crew. In 1864 the Legislature extended the completion date to March 12, 1864, and a further completion date was extended to April 3, 1866.

The capital stock was increased to \$200,000 and the Legislature passed an act authorizing the Supervisors to order an election, submitting to the voters of Calaveras County the question of subscribing \$50,000 to the capital stock of the company. The act provided that if the voters were in favor of purchasing the stock the Supervisors could issue bonds in payment payable in fifteen years with 10 per cent interest. The election was in favor of purchasing the stock, 1750 persons voting for it and 290 against. The bonds were difficult to sell. George Congden of Vallecito, a former supervisor, was sent to San Francisco to sell the bonds at the best price offered. Fifty cents on the dollar was the best offer and the bonds were sold to the Pacific Accommodation Fund Company.

In the spring of 1864 much work was done east of the summit and the road was put in fair condition and became a regular freight route between Stockton and Nevada.

Strange cavalcades have passed over the road. Nine camels passed over it on the way to Virginia City. Sherman led a detachment of three hundred men over it in Civil War days and "Snowshoe" Thompson carried mail over the route. Matteson and Garland of Murphys ran a regular stage during the summer to Silver Mountain. A stage left each place daily in the morning.



EARLY-DAY STOPPING PLACE — Blood's Station at Bear Valley on Ebbetts Pass Road as it looked in winter in the 1920's.

In May, 1864, the Board of Supervisors made a schedule of tolls the company could charge. The Alpine County Board of Supervisors also set the same rate of tolls as set by the Calaveras County Supervisors. Toll gates were erected at Cottage Springs, Hermit Valley and Silver Mountain. A. Henry Stevens was the collector at Cottage Springs, A. Ritchie at Hermit Valley, and J. H. Williams at Silver Mountain. During 1864 the company did extensive work upon the road, but toward the end of the season it had exhausted its funds, and it resorted to borrowing money secured by the company's notes. Little work was done on the road after the year 1864 and it fell into a deplorable condition.

On May 11, 1864, the Turnpike Company entered into an agreement with Harvey S. Blood and Jonathan Curtis of Bear Valley. Blood and Curtis were to take over the road, pay the taxes, complete the unfinished portions from Bear Valley to Silver Mountain, maintain the road, collect the tolls, and repay themselves with interest for what they had expended on the road. The agreement should not exceed a term of five years, after which the road was to be returned to the Turnpike Company. During the time this agreement was effective the transcontinental railroad was completed and the freight was no longer carried over the Sierra roads. The road was not returned at the five-year period, but Harvey Blood continued to keep the road in repair and continued to collect tolls at the Bear Valley Station until the twenty-five-year franchise granted by the Legislature expired in 1887. On April 7, 1887, by Ordinance Number 20, the Board of Supervisors of Calaveras County granted Harvey Blood the right to collect tolls on the road situated in Calaveras County for a term of ten years and Blood proceeded to collect tolls at Bear Valley.

In 1890 Blood petitioned the Board of Supervisors for a permit to erect toll gates at Gardners, or Cold Spring Ranch. The right was granted. Then George Wood, owner of a homestead claim located three or four miles above Gardners (now Dorrington) on the line of the road, refused to pay toll at the Gardner Gate and in January, 1891, Blood began an action in the Justice Court of Murphys Township for the amount of tolls he claimed Wood owed him. The matter was transferred to the Superior Court of Calaveras County on the ground the legality of a County Ordinance was involved in the litigation. After trial the Superior Court of Calaveras County held that the franchise granted by the State Legislature had expired and the road then became a public road. Blood appealed the case and lost in the Supreme Court.

In 1893 the State Legislature revised the County Government Act to provide that the County Board of Supervisors had power to grant licenses and franchises for taking tolls on public roads whenever in its judgment the expense necessary to operate and maintain such a highway was too great to justify the county operating and maintaining it. Thereafter, Harvey S. Blood petitioned the Board of Supervisors of Calaveras County for a right and franchise to collect tolls for twenty years on that part of the Big Tree and Carson Valley Turnpike in Calaveras County. The petition was set for hearing by the Board of Supervisors for July 19, 1893. Before the hearing R. T. McCarty, a sheepman, filed a petition for a Writ of Prohibition to prohibit the Board of Supervisors from granting a franchise to Blood to collect the toll, claiming the Board had no jurisdiction to grant the franchise. At a hearing, the Superior Court held that the Board of Supervisors did have the right to grant such a franchise.

On July 3, 1893, the Board of Supervisors of Calaveras County adopted Ordinance Number 48. By this Ordinance the Board of Supervisors of Calaveras County found that in its judgment the expense of operating and maintaining the Big Trees Road in Calaveras County was too great to justify its maintenance by the county and granted Harvey S. Blood, for a term of eight years, the right to collect tolls on said road. Blood was to keep the road in reasonable repair and was permitted to erect a toll gate at Gardners. (Blood was married to a sister of Robert Gardner.)

On March 18, 1894, Harvey Blood began an action in Justice Court of Angels Township against R. T. McCarty to recover \$30.00 alleged to be due as toll on 3000 head of sheep that passed over the road. The answer of the defendant was that the road was a free public highway and that the plaintiff, Blood, had no right to collect tolls. However, Blood was successful in the Superior Court and the decision was upheld on appeal to the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court held that the County Government Act conferred upon the Board of Supervisors the right to license individuals upon a public highway and give them the right to collect tolls as compensation for keeping the highway in repair when in the judgment of the Board of Supervisors the expense of keeping the road in condition was too expensive for the county to maintain. This case was distinguished from the case of Blood vs. Wood which was tried before the Amendment to the County Government Act of 1893 was passed.

Blood continued to maintain the road and collect the toll. On July 15, 1901, the Board of Supervisors, by Ordinance Number 100, granted Blood the right to maintain the road and collect tolls for twelve years. This ordinance recited that the cost of maintaining the road was too great for the county to assume.

Prior to the expiration of Blood's rights under Ordinance Number 100, and at the April, 1910, meeting of the Board of Supervisors, Blood relinquished all his rights and privileges granted by said Ordinance and the road became a free public road.

In the following year, 1911, the road was incorporated into the State Highway System under the name Alpine Highway. The road is usually referred to as Ebbetts Pass Road.

BIG TREE ROAD

Sacramento Union, Monday, August 5, 1861

Taken from the Stockton Independent

On the 22d of July, T. J. Matteson, the contractor, started the first United States Mail which ever traveled the Big Tree Route. His contract with the Government is for conveying a mail, twice a week, from the town of Murphys, Calaveras County, via the Big Trees, to the town of Genoa, in Carson Valley, and the same from Genoa back. He is allowed two days, schedule time, but he actually goes the distance in fifteen hours. The mail leaves Murphys at three o'clock in the morning of each Monday and Thursday and reaches Genoa at six o'clock P. M. of the same day; leaves Genoa at three o'clock in the morning of each Tuesday and Friday, and reaches Murphys at six o'clock P. M. the same day. It is the intention of the contractor to run this mail through the year round.

AT WORK ON THE BIG TREE ROAD

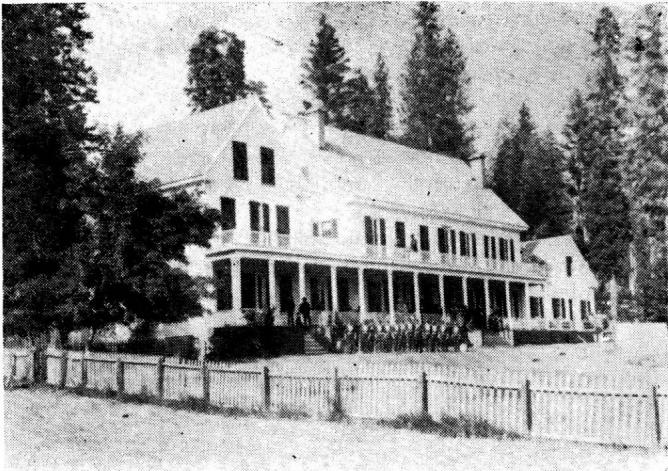
(Stockton Weekly Independent, July 5, 1862)

A business house in this city received a letter last Saturday from a merchant in Murphys station that the first division of twenty-three laborers had commenced work on the Big Tree and Carson Valley Turnpike road. These will be followed by others in a short time and the work will be pushed with all possible vigor at both ends of the route.

NEWS FROM THE MOUNTAINS

(Stockton Weekly Independent, July 19, 1862)

A letter from Hermit Valley, on the Big Tree road, four miles west of the summit, dated 12th inst., informs us that the weather up there was very hot about that time; that the snow was nearly all gone from the mountains; that thirty-two hands were employed constantly in grading the road between Big Trees and Mud Springs, and that in a few days thirty-two more would be put on the grade between Mud Springs and the Mokelumne. Three teams, loaded, had passed over the roads this season as far as Hermit Valley. One of them was freighted with 17,000 pounds and drawn by three yoke of oxen. Pack-trains and droves of cattle and sheep are now crossing over to Washoe almost daily. . . .



FAMOUS HOSTELRY—Sperry's Hotel at the Calaveras Big Trees, shown with the Murphys Cornet Band in the foreground, from a photo taken in the 1880's.

THE BIG TREE ROAD FROM MURPHYS TO BIG TREES

By JUDGE J. A. SMITH
"Mr. Calaveras"

During the time that I have been acquainted with the Big Tree Road there have been many changes in its alignment. Formerly the road crossed Murphys Creek above the Tanner Place and proceeded along the south side of the creek, passing the old powerhouse of the Utica Company and then recrossing the creek and proceeded northeast up a steep hill. This steep portion of the road was eliminated when the new road was constructed from just below the Tanner place to the top of the canyon on the old Martell property. The old road was steep and ran up the hill by the old headquarters occupied by Raggio Brothers and joined the present road just above the Brice property. The old road was changed only in a few places until it reached a point just west of Avery. Just below Avery the Forest Service has an office and just below it is now located Hatha-way Pines, a subdivision.

From Avery the road has been completely changed and is located north of the old road. On this new road we find many changes, beginning with business places near the Avery Hotel and passing through many subdivisions for houses, such as across the meadow at the Dunbar Place and on through Arnold, White Pines and the Big Trees. The old road from Avery is still in use. Formerly it climbed high on the ridge south of the Big Trees and intersected the new road just a short distance before it reaches Dorrington. The old road ran immediately in front of the Avery Hotel and then past the Malispina or Shannon place, passing near the old Flanders Place, Moran Place and thence to the ridge above San Antone Creek and the canyon of the North Fork of the Stanislaus River.

A branch of this road turned to the left below the Big Tree Grove and ran to the Big Tree Hotel. Originally it passed between two of the giant trees, called Sentinels, and

by the Hotel, and then proceeded east until it joined the main road. One of the Sentinels was undermined by the creek that flows through the Big Trees Grove and toppled over.

Who discovered the Calaveras Grove is shrouded in some doubt. Some authorities give the honor to a man named A. T. Dowd, but others give it to J. Marshall Wooster.

In the San Andreas Independent of September 26, 1857, appears an article signed by Wooster and written from Angels Camp September 24, 1857, in answer to an article published in the Independent stating that Wooster was probably the discoverer of the trees. Wooster states that about April, 1850, he, with a party of other men, learned that rich gravel had been discovered high up in the mountains by a man named Whitehead the fall before and followed him in the next spring. They met Whitehead, who informed them that about May 20, 1850, he, in company of a man named James Thompson, discovered the trees while on a hunting excursion. Wooster states in his letter that twelve days later, in the company of a man named Sanborn, who was residing at Butte City, and a Wm. Quirk, he visited the Big Trees and carved his name in the burned part of one of the trees. Wooster further states that Whitehead did not find the rich diggings he was searching for but did certainly discover the trees.

Several years after the Big Trees had been advertised to the world, General John Bidwell stated that he had found these trees at the time he came across the Sierra Nevadas in 1841 to California. It seems strange that if he did find these giant trees that he gave no information of his discovery until some years after.

A man named Lapham first attempted to secure title to the land on which the grove is located. His title passed to A. S. Haynes, who in 1858 refitted and refurnished the hotel. In 1858 Hayne sold the property to James Sperry of Murphys.

In the spring of 1858 J. Heckendorn published at the Big Trees a newspaper called the "Big Tree Bulletin."

The Big Trees for a long time was called "The Mammoth Grove Ranch."

Sperry and Perry operated the Sperry Hotel at Murphys, and after the purchase of the Grove built a new hotel at that place in 1861. This was a very beautiful two-story building painted white and is the hotel pictured so much in connection with the Trees. This hotel was partly destroyed by fire August 17, 1943.

In 1861 a daily line of stages left Murphys at 6 a. m. for the Big Trees, returning at 4 p. m.

One of the trees, known as "Old Maid," fell during a storm in January, 1865. This tree was 325 feet in height and in falling brought bark from an adjoining tree measuring 25 inches in thickness. These trees have a very shallow root system for such giants.

On April 16, 1881, old "Dominion," one of the largest in the grove, fell. At 115 feet from its base it struck a sugar pine and broke it square off.

In 1862 nine Bactrian Camels brought from the Amoor River region in Asia made the trek from San Francisco to Virginia City, Nevada, and passed through the grove. They belonged to Joseph Bandman of San Francisco who sent

them to Nevada to be used for packing purposes. The United States Government had purchased camels for the purpose of packing goods across the deserts between the eastern and western part of the United States. The Civil War and the completion of the Transcontinental Railroad gave a death blow to camel transportation. Undoubtedly, Bandman purchased the camels from the government. Camels were not popular on the highways as their strange odor and appearance tended to stampede other animals on the highway. They were used for a time in Nevada to carry salt from dry desert lake deposits to Virginia City and elsewhere. The salt was also used in the reduction of the ores from the mines. Upon the opening of the mines in Nevada, and particularly at Virginia City and Bodie prior to the completion of the Transcontinental Railroad, the Big Tree route was used to send supplies from California to Nevada.

Sperry and Perry operated the Big Tree Hotel for many years in conjunction with the Sperry Hotel at Murphys. The property passed to a man named Whiteside and a member of his family operated the hotel for many years. From the Whiteside family it went to the State of California in 1931. Sperry and Perry always kept a man adept with a turning lathe making curios for sale to the tourists. They also had a beautiful fountain erected just below the hotel.

In September, 1935, a plaque was unveiled at the Big Trees honoring D. Fricot and his associates for the time and energy and money expended by them in persuading the State of California to take over the Grove.

In 1853 a large tree in the Grove was felled. It was 92 feet in circumference and over 300 feet in height. It took five men 22 days to perform the task. The stump of the tree was smoothed off and a house built on it which was used as a dance platform. The trunk of the fallen tree was leveled off for a building containing a ten pin alley. It was wide enough for two alleyways side by side.

The "Mother of the Forest" in the northern part of the Grove was stripped of its bark in 1854 to a height of 116 feet. A portion of this bark was reassembled at the Crystal Palace, London.

CALAVERAS BIG TREES

By JUDGE J. A. SMITH
"Mr. Calaveras"

In 1865 the "Scientific American" published the first reliable measurement of the individual trees at the Calaveras Big Trees.

They were measured by Dr. C. T. Jackson of Boston, assisted by Joseph Meeder of Stockton. At that time Thomas Starr King was the tallest. It was 366 feet high with a circumference of 50 feet. The Mother of the Forest was the tree of greatest circumference (six feet above the ground, 63 feet).

Names of some of the other trees were: General Scott, General Jackson, The Sentinels, Salem Witch, Trinity, Wm. C. Bryant, Henry W. Beecher, Granite State, General Washington, Bay State, Old Kentucky, Empire State, Andrew Johnson, Daniel Webster, Mother and Son, Edward Everett, Pride of the Forest, John Torrey, Arbor Vitae Queen, Beauty of the Forest, Henry Clay, and Asa Gray.

At the same time there was a pine tree which was 232 feet high and 27 feet in circumference in the grove.



ONE HUNDRED YEARS YOUNG—Mrs. Alice Bouldin of Copperopolis, who will celebrate her 100th birthday on May 1, 1959.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS IN CALAVERAS

By MRS. HERBERT GRUTZMACHER

One of the sweetest little ladies in the entire Mother Lode area will celebrate her 100th birthday on May 1, 1959.

Charming Mrs. Alice Bouldin, known by her many friends as "Bollie," resides in the peaceful little town of Copperopolis, where she has made her home for the past 68 years. Bollie and her 81-year-old daughter, Maud, live together, doing their own cooking, taking care of their flowers and lawn, and truly make a delightful pair.

Many unwritten stories of Calaveras County history can be told by this lovable centenarian who was born in the once-booming mining town of Calaveritas in 1859. She was next to the eldest child of a family of six—five of whom were boys—born to the late Martha and Irven Burnham who came to California in 1848.

Braving the wilds of the West to join in the rush for gold in California, the couple came across the mountains and plains by covered wagon train. Bollie's eldest brother, Lathe, was born to the couple at Green River in Utah. Being true frontiersmen, the couple and their newborn son continued on their rugged journey and finally arrived in Hangtown—now known as Placerville. Bollie recalls hearing her mother tell how the little family then journeyed on

down to Calaveras County in search of gold. They arrived in Angels Camp by stage in 1854, and Mrs. Burnham, weak and tired from the long stage ride, was assisted to a seat in the only rocking chair in town. The chair was made from a barrel which had been cut out and fitted with rockers and stood in the lobby of the old Angels Hotel.

Bollie remembers having heard that her mother caused much interest on that day in the mining town of Angels Camp, as she was the first woman to be seen there wearing a hat, all the other women of the day wore bonnets. Mrs. Burnham was a very beautiful woman, and known as the Belle of Calaveras because of her beauty and charm.

At that time Angels Camp was composed mainly of tents, and the inhabitants of the tents had very little privacy during the evening hours when the lamps or lanterns were lit because one could see right in through the thin walls from the outside.

The family settled in Calaveritas and it was here that the other five children were born. One of Bollie's brothers was named Redman Bailey Burnham after the captain of the wagon train which brought the Burnhams across the continent.

Bollie's father was engaged in hydraulic mining and, in explaining the hydraulic way of mining, Bollie said, "You should have seen the force of that water tearing into the mountain and washing out the earth." Bollie recalls the wooden frame her father fashioned to hold the nozzle of the hose as he directed the powerful stream of water into the hillsides. Then the water washed the dirt through the tail races. Trees were cut down and the large trunks were laid to form the bottom of the flumes. Bollie and her brothers used to love to watch the mining operations, however, they couldn't watch as each miner retorted his own gold, because of the strong acid fumes which arose from this process.

When the gold was finally separated from the tailings it was melted and poured into forms where it hardened into gold bricks.

Bollie's mother and a Mrs. Sharpe began the crusade to raise money for the first school in Calaveritas. Money was raised by holding suppers and dances—or "Balls" as they were called in the early days. In 1860 the first school was built and it was constructed of logs. Later Bollie recalls that the school tumbled down and the second schoolhouse was built in the prosperous mining town.

The second school was built by a man named Jim Gallagher and the first teacher in it was a woman. Bollie recalled the popular rumor of the day was that when Gallagher left Calaveritas he also left his heart at the school with the teacher, but Bollie didn't know why the couple had never married.

The teacher took turns staying at the home of one family and then another, and it was here that Bollie received her education. It was also here in the little Calaveritas School that Frank Reddick, the man who later became her husband, made his first proposal of marriage to Bollie.

"I was eight and he was thirteen, and one day I had on a nice new dress. Frank came into the schoolroom right behind me, and told me how nice I looked and what a pretty dress I had on," Bollie shyly related, "then Frank said, 'You're going to marry me, aren't you?' and I said 'Yes,'

and he never left me forget it."

The post office for that area was at Fourth Crossing, or the Foreman's Ranch as it was first called. Bollie told how her mother would ride on horseback regularly over the two-and-one-half-mile trail to collect the mail.

When Bollie was 17, she and Frank decided they were ready to be married. "Frank asked my father for his consent many times, but Father would always say, 'no,'" Bollie laughed. "I can remember how my mother would tell father that he might as well give his consent because Frank and I were going to be married some day anyway, but father wouldn't give in, he thought I was too young." When Bollie became 18 years old, she and Frank were married in 1877 and what a lovely bride this adorable little lady must have been!

Frank had been born in Ohio in 1854 and at the age of seven months his parents, the William Reddicks, brought him by boat around the Horn, landing in San Francisco. Mrs. Reddick told Bollie many times of the numerous rats that over-ran the wharfs in San Francisco when they landed there.

The Reddick family arrived at Fourth Crossing and together with a man named Hill bought the Foreman Ranch. At this time there was a big hotel on the property. When Bollie and Frank were married they made their home at Fourth Crossing with Frank's parents, helping to operate the Reddick Hotel and the toll bridge that crossed the San Antonio Creek.

One section of the large mining camp at Fourth Crossing was made up of Chinamen. They lived in tents and worked very, very hard, Bollie recalls. There was much surface gold at Fourth Crossing at the time, and when the miners would come into the dining room or bar of the hotel, the waiters, cooks and saloon keeper could hardly wait for them to leave so they could sweep the floors and pan the gold from the dirt which had been carried in on the miners' boots.

Bollie's father-in-law, William Reddick, told her how the notorious badman, Joaquin Murieta, and his gang had come to Fourth Crossing and raided the Chinatown. The ruthless gang cut off the Chinamen's queues and robbed them of everything they had while the rest of the camp looked on in horror, afraid to try and protect the Chinese for fear of their own lives.

Meantime the mining played out in the Calaveritas area, and Bollie's father went into the cattle raising business and later raised large flocks of sheep. During this time the Chinese also moved into Calaveritas and used rockers to search the piles of tailings for the gold left by the earlier miners. Bollie remembers how the Chinese had to clean out their rockers every night before retiring or "someone would clean it out for them."

Fourth Crossing was a stage stop, and the road from Stockton came into Valley Springs and then on to San Andreas where it turned and went past the St. Andrew's Catholic Church and on to Kentucky House where the Calaveras Cement Plant is now located. Just out of San Andreas, near this road on the old Seifert place was a race track and the horses that raced there were truly beautiful, Bollie recalls. Some of the residents that rode in the races were Washburn, Russell and Treat. Bollie told how Mrs. Ann Russell would ride around the track following the races, mounted on a

beautiful horse with trappings trimmed with ornaments of silver.

From the Kentucky House the road went to Alabama House, which was also formerly a stage stop passing the old Thorpe Mine and reaching Fourth Crossing.

While living at Fourth Crossing, Bollie and Frank became the parents of four children, two daughters, Maud and Effie, and two sons, Rupert and Frank.

Bollie remembers how Fourth Crossing and San Andreas rivaled in size, and it was said that San Andreas beat Fourth Crossing by one vote in the election to determine where the county seat would be located when it was moved from Mokelumne Hill in 1861.

A duel at Fourth Crossing provided thrilling excitement while Bollie and Frank lived there. This took place during the Civil War days, when two men got into an argument. Although both men had come from the South, one man had the true Southern spirit while the other favored the North, somewhere along in the argument, one called the other a liar. Moonlight Flat, near an old oak tree about 200 yards from the Hotel, was chosen for the place of battle, to take place before sunrise. Bollie recalls that their names were Jeff Gateswood and a Mr. Goodwin. Gateswood was a lawyer from Mokelumne Hill and had just moved to San Andreas, as he left the house (his wife told later) Gateswood told his wife that if he were the lucky one that survived the ordeal he would tie his handkerchief to his gun barrel as he came over the hill by the Catholic Church on his way home, and then she would know that he was safe. Gateswood won the duel.

While at Fourth Crossing the residents there went to San Andreas or Angels Camp for their groceries. They had a school and cemetery there and the school was later moved to Bear Mountain where a settlement of German families lived.

Bollie's vivid recollection of the early Calaveras mining days provides very interesting listening.

At the age of 31 years, this sweet little lady became a widow. Frank died during their 14th year of marriage in 1891. The brave little mother sold the ranch at Fourth Crossing and moved to Copperopolis with her little brood.

After the children were grown and married, Bollie married George Bouldin, and he, too, was engaged in hydraulic mining and sometimes traveled to other countries, but Bollie stayed in Copperopolis. Five years later she lost her second husband and once again became a widow as she has remained ever since.

Thirty years ago, Maud Howell, Bollie's daughter, lost her husband. He had run a general store in Copperopolis for many years and died in 1930. Since that time Maud has lived with her mother.

Bollie had the unique experience of attending the golden wedding anniversary of one of her children. Her daughter and son-in-law, Frank and Effie Tower, observed their fiftieth wedding anniversary eleven years ago, in 1948. The Tower home at Felix is one of the most beautiful of this area, made of red brick with glistening white pillars, surrounded by spacious lawns and flower gardens.

Bollie's son, Rupert Reddick, lives in Altaville, and the other son, Frank, died eleven years ago. Bollie is the

grandmother of three and also has three great-grandchildren. She is a member of the Rebekah Lodge, but has not been active in recent years. For many years following the marriages of her children, Bollie devoted her time to church and Sunday School work.

Thoroughly enjoying every day and looking forward to the next, this delightfully fascinating little Bollie keeps up with the times by watching television and reading the newspapers. She does beautiful crochet work as her favorite pastime. During the recent election she went to the polls in the historic old Armory Building in Copperopolis and cast her votes, joining in with the rest of the crowd in their friendly debates over which was the best man for the various offices.

Bollie has recuperated from a bad fall she suffered in February of this year when three of her ribs were broken. Although the doctor suggested Bollie go to the hospital for a few days, she absolutely refused to be babied and wouldn't even go to bed, but continued with her daily routine as usual.

This lovely little lady is truly an inspiration to all that visit her and there are many. She enjoys company and visiting with this alluring little nonagenarian results in great admiration toward her.

I am sure that everyone who knows her will join in wishing "A very happy birthday, dear Bollie, and many more of them."

OVER THE SUMMIT

By MRS. HATTIE HERTZIG

The journey from San Andreas to Pacific and Hermit Valleys is a leisurely two-hour trip in this day of good roads and high-powered cars. Not so in the early 1900's when, one summer day, two men, two women and two young boys started out with two balky horses hitched to a spring wagon filled with groceries, cooking utensils, bedding, clothing and other necessities for a two weeks' camping and fishing trip to Pacific and Hermit Valleys and Highland Lakes.

Due to road conditions, rough, narrow, twisting and steep, and uncomfortable seats atop the wagon load, walking was preferable for the most part, and as all shoulders to the wheels were frequently required to push the wagon onto the balky horses' legs, dust and dirt were disregarded as two, three or four trudged along behind. When sudden thundershowers occurred, the horses were stopped and all crawled under the wagon to remain until the shower was past. Walking was welcomed then, even by the animals, who needed to warm up.

Each had his duties to perform when stops were made for the night. The horses were unharnessed, fed, watered, hobbled. There was water and firewood to get, unpacking to do, supper to cook, tent to stake, boughs and pine needles to gather for beds, supper to eat and dishes to wash. Then came a quiet time around the campfire. How close the large, bright stars appeared! The silence so profound that a falling leaf or the breaking of a twig sounded startlingly loud, and animal footsteps in the distance seemed right at hand to those having hills for walls and the sky for a roof.

We were up early, then the morning meal was prepared

and eaten while the horses munched barley. The camp was broken, the wagon loaded, and we were off again. There were numerous wildflowers, birds, grey and ground squirrels, occasionally a deer, or a fox, and much of beauty and interest. All was quite familiar until the Darby and Jones places were past. From there on, there were few landmarks, no houses, stores, eating places, but more and more hills and canyons. The twisting and turning tracks which were called a road grew ever steeper and rougher. The timber became larger and more dense, and when the Big Trees came to view, the size of those giants was hardly appreciated. There were no fishing streams there, so after a hurried glance, the journey led to Lake Alpine, a welcome sight. Bloods, with corrals and barns, told of a noted stopping place in early days, and after many weary miles through granite boulders, the summit was at last reached. This, however, was not the goal, so on and on, until finally the wagon squeezed between two immense granite rocks, upon one of which was written in large black letters, "Here is where you go down to Hell." All walked, the brake blocks were chained in FRONT of the wheels, the horses gingerly picking their way around, over, or between the slippery rock bed, and, eventually, at the foot of the grade, we arrived in a beautiful green valley through which flowed a clear, cold stream of water. A more permanent camp was made, then there followed a few wonderful days of fishing, hiking, walking upstream to the Tryon Camp at Highland Lake, and the enjoying of the beauties of nature.

The calm, quiet beauty rewarded us for all the hardships endured. None of the later trips has ever provided the wonder and thrill of that first trip over the summit.

JUDGE SILAS W. BROCKWAY

Silas W. Brockway was elected Judge of the Sixteenth District Court, which embraced Calaveras County, in 1863.

He was born in Rensselaer County, New York, in 1826, and came to California in 1851, establishing himself at Ione, Amador County. The following year he moved to Calaveras County and opened a law office at Mokelumne Hill, then the county seat of Calaveras County.

At an early age he graduated from Fowler's Law School and thereafter began the practice of law.

He rose rapidly in his profession. He not only acquired a leading position at the bar in Calaveras County but also won a well merited reputation as a successful practitioner throughout the State of California.

Judge Brockway was a man of fine talents, a forciful and eloquent speaker, a sound lawyer, and one of the ablest jurists who ever sat upon the bench of this State.

After his term of office had expired he moved to San Mateo, where he died on March 30, 1869, at the age of 43.

In December, 1859, eight men at Poverty Bar on the Mokelumne River, took out 185 pounds of gold, working one week. Poverty Bar was near the present town of Camanche.

As late as 1865 three miners at El Dorado took out \$1,500 in six days. They found one nugget that weighed three pounds.

POST OFFICES -- OLD AND NEW FROM MURPHYS TO HERMIT VALLEY

VIA EBBETTS PASS

MURPHYS—See Las Calaveras, Calaveras County Historical Society, January, 1959.

HATHAWAY PINES—Established December 1, 1943, from Avery

EVERY—Established November 11, 1885

George J. Avery, Postmaster, November 11, 1885

Morton P. Avery, Postmaster, May 5, 1909

Mrs. Louise Avery, Postmaster, February 13, 1931

Office discontinued December 1, 1945—Mail to Hathaway Pines

Office re-established September 1, 1949

ARNOLD—Established May 14, 1934

WHITE PINES—Established March 2, 1940

BIG TREES—Established December 27, 1865

John Perry, Postmaster, December 27, 1865

Miss Eliza Perry, July 6, 1874

James L. Sperry, February 23, 1875

Miss Marian P. Sperry, March 27, 1891

James M. Hutchings, August 15, 1900

C. A. Mercer, November 20, 1902

P's Murphy, March 31, 1903

Charles A. Mercer, September 8, 1903

Elizabeth Whiteside, August 16, 1905

Office discontinued April 30, 1943—moved to Arnold

DORRINGTON—Established April 25, 1902

Robert Gardner, Postmaster, April 25, 1902

Joseph Whittle, July 9, 1910

William E. Hinkleman, June 19, 1911

Samuel E. Redmond, July 8, 1914

Office discontinued August 31, 1920, moved to Big Trees

Re-established September 27, 1921, Ernest A. Wakeham, Postmaster

Francis I. Hodgkins, May 3, 1923

John F. Connell, July 22, 1927

Office discontinued February 28, 1934, moved to Camp Connell

CAMP CONNELL—Established January 31, 1934—Summer Post Office

LAKE ALPINE—Established July 5, 1927, Summer Post Office, Alpine County

FLYING MACHINE

It is said that in a few weeks Dr. Wiley will give his new flying machine a trial. Those who ought to know say that this device is the most wonderful invention of the present age. The doctor will make his debut among the feathered denizens of the air as early as possible, no doubt. He will start from the roof of the Metropolitan Hotel at San Andreas. The doctor intends to fly high and thinks he can make the distance from the county seat to Angels in forty minutes.—Stockton Mail, March 28, 1891.

PALOMA FIRE OF AUGUST 1, 1945

From the Calaveras Weekly of Mokelumne Hill

A fire Wednesday afternoon at Paloma destroyed three homes and their contents and the Community Church, with a loss of approximately \$5,000. The fire which started at 1:45 P. M. was spotted first by the State Forestry Lookout at Valley Springs. Paloma firefighters were unable to check the blaze with the local fire truck. The Valley Springs fire truck and two trucks from San Andreas fought the fire for two and a half hours, saving other homes which were threatened. Because the town has no water system it was necessary for the fire trucks to go to Toyon to refill.

The fire is believed to have been started by children playing with matches, setting the grass around the buildings on fire. The Community Church, constructed about 35 years ago, had recently been re-decorated. It has since been replaced with a quonset house.

DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION AT PALOMA

At a quarter past four o'clock Thursday morning last an exploded lamp in the Parmer Hotel at Paloma caused a conflagration that came very near wiping the little mountain town completely out of existence. The town has no fire protection whatever, and the buildings are all wooden structures and as a consequence there was no way of checking the progress of the flames. There were eight business places in the block that went up in smoke as well as Late's General Merchandise Store, Stocker's Saloon, and Coleman's Blacksmith Shop on the opposite side of the street.

There is quite a space of ground between the last house in the burned block and the Lampson Hotel. As the wind was favorable that place escaped. It is a sad blow for the little town as some of the places will probably never be rebuilt. The loss will foot up to at least \$25,000, on which there is very little insurance. — Calaveras Chronicle, August 12, 1905.

VALLECITO DESTROYED BY FIRE

The town was destroyed by fire on Friday evening, August 12, 1859. The fire originated near the center of town in the store of Madame Belzance when a Mr. Mondot was drawing some alcohol. The fumes caught fire from a lighted candle and exploded a can of campene. Mr. Mondot was horribly burned. He was being taken to a nearby house when he broke away and plunged into a reservoir on the flat. After about an hour he was found and taken to the lumber office of D. W. Kinson and Company, where he expired.

The explosion ignited the surrounding buildings and the Masonic Hall. The cheaply constructed buildings were destroyed but the fireproof buildings of Alfretz, Donnelly, Cohn and Levy, and W. M. Krause were saved. Mr. Krause had a Baker Force Pump in his well and saved the lower part of the town. Among the losses were the Pacific Hotel, the Vallecito Hotel, the Union Hotel, the Masonic Hall, and the IOOF Hall.

DESTRUCTION RIDES THE MOTHER LODGE

By GORDON NORRIS

(Poet Laureate of California)

Destruction rides the Mother Lode,
The vandal horde, oblivion!
The warp of change condemns the code
Of all who rose and trailed the sun—

Northward from Mariposa, on,
Sonora, Red Gulch, Carson Hill—
History and its landmarks gone
To the raw thrust of shameless will.

Destruction rides the Mother Lode—
And some find in it nothing strange,
Profit the password, lust the goad,
History falls to the warp of change.

While service station and motel
Supplant the ruined past, the way
Lies vacant where the new could dwell,
Proud neighbor to this yesterday.

Destruction rides the Mother Lode—
The San Andreas church is next!
Profit the password, on which road
Dares to rise the fading text?

Spirit of all that grew with fate
Out of the heartblood of such years,
Where the last wilderness wait
Man's greed, man's passions and his fears.

What is the debt the past has owned,
Falling to future's niggard praise?
Destruction rides the Mother Lode,
It's the self-vengeance of our days!

Profit and folly! What will last
Of pristine value's pure accord?
Why must the altars of our past
Fall to the rage, the vandal horde?

Here where a century has flowed
From wagon train to motor-crat,
Destruction rides the Mother Lode,
At Michigan Bar and Poker Flat!

Ruin and blight—the plague has come,
And some find in it nothing strange,
Old landmarks fall to profitdom,
Reverence to the warp of change.

GLENCOE

By SUSAN BERRY

If I had the gift of story telling I could write a story of Glencoe, but am too old for another thing to remember dates correctly, have a few I am sure of. My folks came to California, directly to Glencoe in June, 1885. My uncle, Daniel Fairchild, lived there and he asked us to come to that part of the country. My father, Francis P. Fairchild, was his youngest brother. There were six boys in the family and all

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OFFICERS OF CALAVERAS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

San Andreas, California

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 Paul Lewis, Vice-President Mountain Ranch
 Coke Wood, Second Vice-President Murphys
 Sadie Hunt, Secretary Valley Springs
 Violet Cuslidge, Treasurer San Andreas

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Las Calaveras is published quarterly by the Calaveras County Historical Society for the benefit of the members. Membership in the society is \$4.00 a year. Non-members may obtain copies of Las Calaveras for \$1.00 a copy. The historical material in this bulletin is not copyrighted and anyone is invited to use it. Mention of the source will be appreciated.

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

EDITORIAL

We hasten to correct an error that appeared in the January issue of "Las Calaveras." The caption under the picture of the Gwin Mine should have read "on the lower Rich Gulch" and not "the town of Rich Gulch." The town is Paloma.

All members of the society should mark a large circle around the date of Sunday, June 14, as that is the date on which Mokelumne Hill will dedicate their historic plaque. This dedication is sponsored by the Lions Club, but the Calaveras County Historical Society has enthusiastically agreed to attend and help with the program. The Lions Club and residents of Mokelumne Hill are to be congratulated on their efforts. We will all anticipate an interesting and happy occasion.

All members of the society and lovers of history everywhere will join with the Copperopolis Community Club in their condemnation of the vicious vandals who pried loose and stole the O'Byrnes Ferry bronze plaque from the monument which was recently moved to a fine location overlooking Tulloch Lake. This historic plaque must be replaced as soon as possible. Perhaps the Copperopolis Community Club and the Historical Society can cooperate on the project of having it replaced. As Copperopolis is looking forward to its centennial celebration in 1960, the re-dedication of the plaque might well be a part of the observance.

Mrs. Violet Cuslidge, our Treasurer, reports \$509.60 in the treasury in March.

A large number of members and guests crowded into the dining room of the Old Sperry and Perry Hotel in Mur-

phys in January to be entertained by Dr. George Eby and Mr. Bob Goodenough with their beautiful pictures of the "Locales of Bret Harte Stories."

(Continued From Page 6)

had been to California. Four went back to Massachusetts where they had always lived.

My father-in-law, G. W. Berry, came to California when he was fifteen and lived in Stockton until around 1870 when he moved to Calaveras County and made his home near the Hogan Dam. In 1879, he moved to Glencoe, which was called Mosquito Gulch. He claimed to have changed it to Glencoe. I have read that another person claims the same thing. Mr. Berry had the first store and post office, so I have been told.

When we came here nearly every mine was running, the Fidelity, the Norwich, Valentine, Banner, Mexican and San Pedro. There were several boarding houses, one butcher shop and a hotel owned by Mr. Fugitt.

School was held in a small building 12x24, and was replaced with a new and larger building in 1887. When I attended there were 40 pupils.

My mother began a Sunday School two years after we came to Glencoe and kept it going faithfully as long as she was able to get there. The trustees gave her the use of the school house for which she was grateful.

HOLD UP

On Saturday morning, April 30, 1892, the stage to Sheep Ranch was held up by a lone highwayman. Babe Raggio was the driver of the stage, with three lady passengers from Mountain Ranch. The Wells Fargo messenger, Mike Tovey, was aboard guarding the pay roll for the Sheep Ranch Mine. Just as the stage was pulling out of Willow Creek, below the old Sperry place, and without a word of warning, the robber stepped from behind a rock and buck-eye bush and fired both barrels of a double-barrel shotgun loaded with buckshot into the stage. Miss Johanna Rodesino of El Dorado was killed instantly and the driver, Babe Raggio, was severely injured. He hovered between life and death for many months, and, although he recovered to a certain extent, he never regained the health that he enjoyed before the incident.

FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN CALAVERAS COUNTY

Calaveras Prospect, March 12, 1892

Last Friday many of the friends of Mrs. P. H. Kean assembled at her house in Mokelumne Hill to extend greetings on her birthday. Mrs. Kean was a daughter of the late Dr. Hoerchner and was born at Pleasant Springs in this county on March 4, 1850, being the first white child born in this county. At the time of her birth there were only three white women living in the county—her mother; Mrs. Shepard, of Murphys, and one other. The occasion of her birth was quite an event in the life of the community, and miners went for miles to see the wonder of a newly-born baby. The child was loaded with presents and a general holiday was taken by the men in the vicinity. Many men are yet living in this county who well remember the event.