

Yankee Hill Dispatch

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The Yankee Hill Dispatch is published three times per year. In each issue we include an article about the area's history. In this issue Robert Saville has graciously allowed us to reprint part of a family history he has written. The history of his family, entitled German Ancestors, is nearly 100 pages in its entirety and a very impressive work. This article covers 1939 to 1972 when his family lived in Cherokee. Most of you know Robert, he has been a member of the volunteer fire department since its beginning.

Wishing You Happy Holidays!

German Ancestors

Compiled and written by

Robert B. Saville



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2010

Preface

If only we could turn back the pages of time, or would have had the foresight to grasp the moments... our ancestor's life stories could have been so much more accurate and complete. With the passage of time, the more difficult it becomes to glean the information and accounts of family history, especially those personal stories that are so interesting and meaningful. And yet the older we get, the more important it seems to become, thus creating a challenging paradox. I feel strongly that our departed ancestors want their stories to be told, and from them we are able to continue not only their genetic characteristics, but their legacies that were laid before us. We are strengthened from their struggles, and humbled from their trials, but also can revel in their triumphs and joy. It is humbling to me to attempt to portray the lives of these families in just a few short pages, and know that what is presented here just skims the surface of their lives. I am grateful to have known and loved my grandparents, Arnold and Charlotte (Lottie) Juchtzer, and Uncle Carl and Aunt Kate, (actually they were my Grandfather's uncle and aunt) but that's what everybody called them, and hope that my efforts will allow their memory and this family treasure to be enjoyed for future generations.

The photo below was taken in January, 1968 at Arnold and Lottie Juchtzer's 50th wedding anniversary party in Genoa, Nevada.

Standing, left to right... Robert Saville, Zelma Saville (Juchtzer), Rebecca Saville, and Judy Saville. Seated, left to right... Carl Juchtzer, Kate Juchtzer, Arnold Juchtzer, and Lottie Juchtzer.



Introduction

This is the story of two young men who began their lives together in a distant land, and walked life's journey the same. Although far from complete in detail, and this accounting of their trek certainly does not follow all the paths they trod... it is a fascinating story! The reader will be inspired by the courage they had to leave their loved ones and travel to the land of promise, knowing they probably would never return or see them again... and once there, having only each other to rely on. As they separated somewhat with families of their own, and we learn of the struggles and sorrows they endured, we can't help but be edified by their strength and perseverance, and how their family ties carried them forward.

Most who read this, because it was primarily written as a family history, can literally thank these two families for their existence, as they are our progenitors. In fact we can thank our lucky stars, especially Haley's Comet, whose brilliant appearance in 1910, led to the enabling of their exodus to this great land.

As a self-proclaimed history buff, I know there are always omissions and additions that could have been included in nearly all historical accounts. I have taken a few liberties to create a story-type format of these events as they were related to me. Having been raised and lived my entire life in the Cherokee area, I personally know of the places and people in that portion of this book, and for that reason have expanded upon their stories. Also, my father was a gold miner, and through my life's experiences, I am familiar with the type of mining operations and procedures that were described to me, and have elaborated considerably upon them. I feel that this book is a work in progress, and welcome any input that may make factual corrections, or interesting additions.

Robert B. Saville

Arnold Juchtzer



Carl Juchtzer





In the early springtime of 1939, when the Juchtzers moved to Cherokee, the once busy and boisterous mining town had long since seen its glory days. Considered a ghost town, with a population of less than fifty... and that's at dinner time, it was difficult to imagine that at one time the numbers were in the thousands! Nearly all the numerous business buildings that at one time stood along the main streets, as well as the private

dwellings of bygone days were gone, having been abandoned some fifty years earlier when the mining operations were forced to shut down. The forces of nature, mostly from fires, had seemingly returned most of the town's landscapes back to their natural state. The prominent feature that overlooked the town, and had withstood the eons of time, was Sugarloaf Mountain and the eroded cliffs of the bluffs with their jagged contours that had been carved out and left standing from the extensive hydraulic mining operations. Although a lot of gold still remained in the ancient river bed gravels beneath the lava cap of Table Mountain, legal entities had succeeded in forcing the mining activity to cease, due to lawsuits filed from landowners in the valley, whose lands were being inundated by the debris laden water flows from the mine. For the Juchtzers, there was not much to pick from as far as "habitable" housing for the family. Just a few hundred feet down the road from the Vinton store was an old house owned by Rose Churchman... her private residence still stands across from the rock walls and foundation of what was the assay building, and is now the museum. In the picture above, the vintage house they rented from her stood above the road and behind the old barn where the pick-up is parked. With no indoor plumbing, the only available water had to be carried by the bucketful from a well across the road, and with the outside "privy", the \$15.00 per month rent was probably more than it was worth. The front porch and steps were unusable due to decay, and the floor in the back room was rotted through! I am very familiar with this old house and barn, because my parents rented this house a couple of years after the Juchtzers left, and I was raised there from birth, until age 12... in fact, this photo was taken about 1946, and the old International pick-up was my father's.

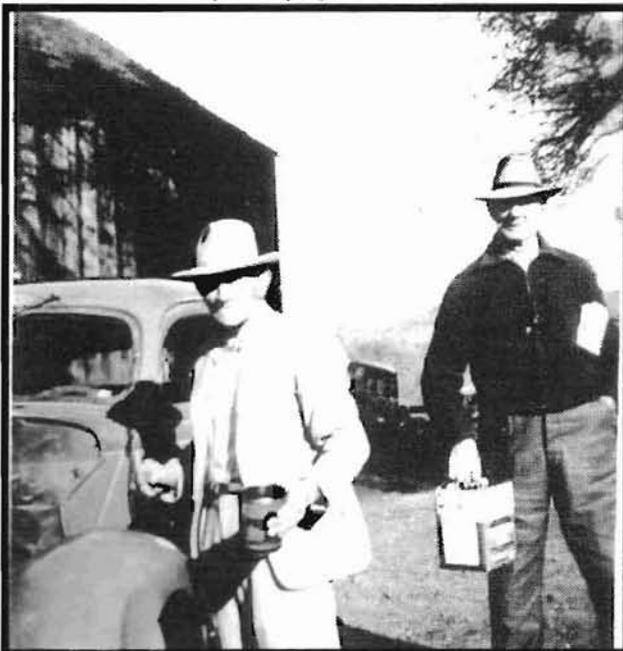
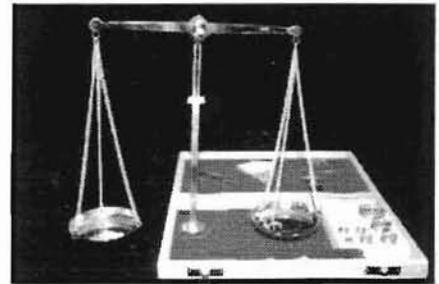
Carl and Kate, and the four kids moved in for a short stay there. Just a few weeks later, Rose Churchman's daughter Mildred, finished school and was returning home to Cherokee. Apparently not wanting to live with her mother, she needed a place to live, and they were asked to move for Mildred's sake. This probably was a good thing for the family, because they were able to rent a "somewhat better" house from Lou Vinton, located just across the street from his store. Although very similar from where they had just moved, with the amenities offered, it was a little larger for the family, very close to the school for the kids, and the community well was just outside the front gate... always good for a cool drink for man and beast, when drawn up by the chain and rusty bucket.

This was the summer that Fritz married Ruth Henley, and he remained in Auburn, working at the foreman's job on the dredger. He would travel to Cherokee on weekends to help his father and brother Harvey get set up to start their own mining operation. Harvey was 16, and going to high school in Oroville, and twelve year old Elizabeth, and her sister Dorothy, who was seven, started school that fall in Cherokee. Rose Churchman was the school teacher for all grades in the one room school.



There would be a huge gap of interesting local history to not dedicate a few pages to describe life in Cherokee for the Juchtzers. The most prominent edifice in the town was just across the street from their residence, known as the Vintin Store. As he had done for decades, Lou Vintin, the proprietor still had it open for business, but its heyday had also long since passed. The stone walls of the adjoining assay office building, with the concrete vault inside, had been

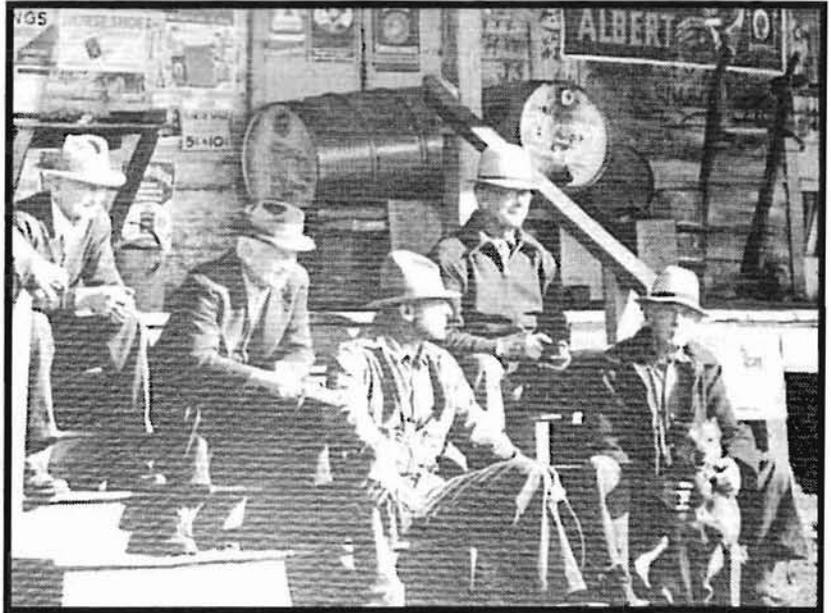
a thriving business of bygone days, but the creaking steel hinges of the heavy metal door had remained silent for decades. As it had done for years, it was no longer used to store the precious ore for the mining companies, and provided assay services for the local prospectors to determine the values of their pay dirt, and provide a place to sell their nuggets and gold dust... although Lou was always more than happy to oblige them and give them a "good deal" in exchange for his merchandise. He would weigh the larger nuggets on a gold scale like the one pictured here... of course always allowing for less than the national market value at the time of \$32.00 per ounce... "due to impurities". The scales would determine the value in "Troy" weight... sensitive enough to measure even the smallest increments of "grains"... it took 24 grains for a pennyweight, and 20 pennyweights to equal one ounce. In Troy weight, 12 ounces would make one pound of gold. When it came to exchanging small nuggets or gold dust for merchandise, Lou had a faster and "better" method of measuring. Known as the "Vintin pinch", he determined (in his favor of course) that by using his large thumb and forefinger, all that he could pick up, pinched between them, would be the equivalent of one ounce in value. He



was renown for always carrying small nuggets in his shirt pockets, which were easily lost, and the "pinch" was prone to leakage of small particles that would end up on the floor. On that rare occasion when the floor was swept, those lost particles would end up outside on the ground. I can recall as a kid in the early 50's, seeing Sam and Florence DeLong, who lived next to where the store was, searching the surrounding grounds after a good rain, for precious particles.

Carl Juchtzer (next to car) and Lou Vintin

Besides providing a sundry of canned and dry goods, the store provided a place for the old timers to get together for a cool drink. They would come for a few canned items, maybe a gallon of kerosene, and to “shoot the bull” around the cracker barrel... remembering the good old days, and keeping up on the local gossip... or getting out a deck of cards for some penny poker. Because there was no electricity, there was no refrigeration... so the dirt cellar under the floor was where Lou kept the soft drinks and more “spirited dregs” cool from the summer heat. A large amount of the merchandise on the shelves had been there for years, maybe even decades, and one had to be wary of the condition of their purchases



“Regulars” on the front steps of the Vintin Store in Cherokee

Dorothy Juchtzer tells of a “new” pair of shoes that her father bought for her at the store.... School was to start the next week, just after Labor Day, in September of 1939. She would be entering the second grade, and she desperately needed some school shoes. With no immediate plans for a town trip, they went to the store to see what they could find. They weren’t the most fashionable school shoes, but they fit, and a purchase was made. After the short walk to school on that first day, and not even through the first recess, the shoes began to feel funny.... kind of “pinchy” on the bottoms. A quick look told the story... the very dry leather soles on both shoes had cracked completely across, exposing the bottoms of her stocking feet. She made the best of it for the rest of the day, being sure to keep her feet on the floor, lest she be terribly embarrassed should someone see. Walking cautiously home that afternoon, she showed her father the shoes, and he wasted no time making the short trip across the street to the store for a refund... and a town trip was soon made for some new shoes.

Not long after moving to the new location, Carl discovered a locked steel door on the hillside not more than 100 feet from the house, and just below the school. Of course Lou knew what it was... it was his dynamite vault. During the heyday of mining, dynamite was in high demand, and large quantities were sold to the miners. That was where he stored it in a safe place, away from the store, and under lock and key. The concerned Carl insisted on a look inside, and after locating the key, and finally getting the rusty lock to open, they discovered several cases of very old wooden boxes of “Hercules” dynamite, that appeared to have been there for many years. The boxes were very deteriorated, and the sticks of dynamite were falling apart with glycerin oozing from them... a very unstable and dangerous situation.... and enough to blow them out of Butte County! After relocating his family for a while, he and Lou carefully removed the sticks and boxes, built a fire and burned the volatile debris without any explosive results. Ironically, just a few years later, during the big fire of '47, that destroyed most of the town, Lou’s other dynamite vault that was farther down and around the hill, and probably in the same condition, exploded from the intense heat, blowing the heavy rusty steel door over the school, landing a quarter of a mile away on Red Hill.

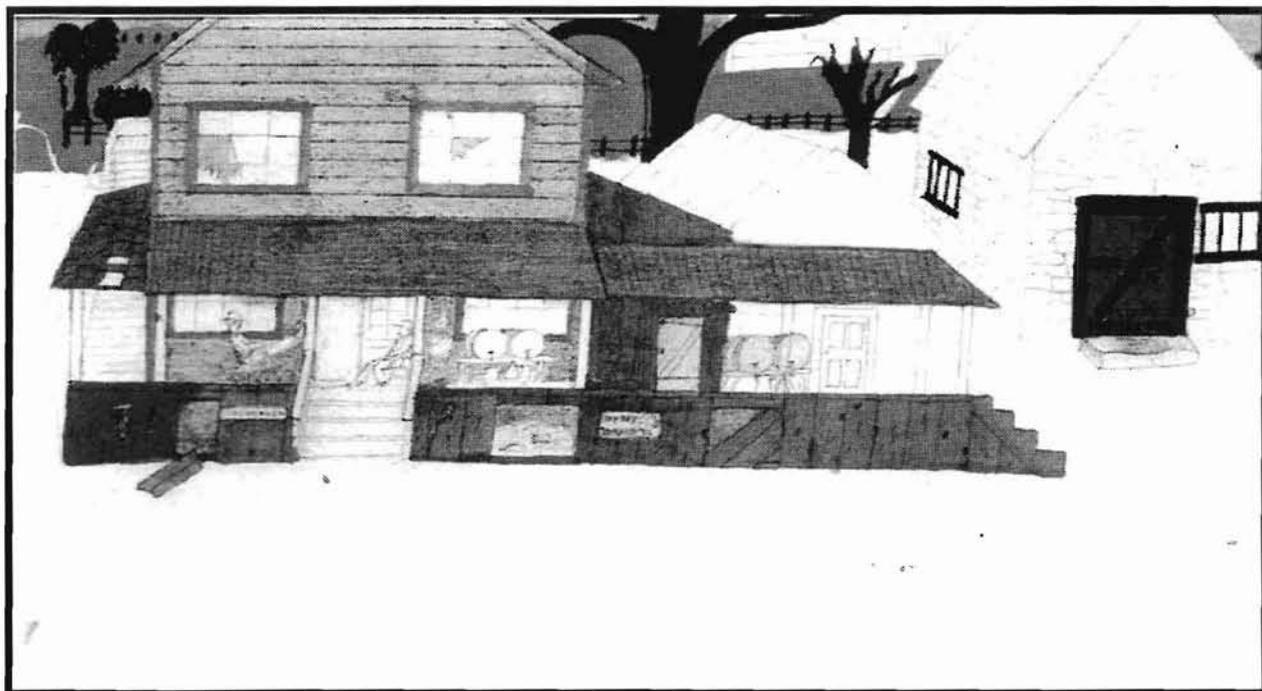


After the devastating fire of '47... nothing remains of the Vintin store and only the rock walls of the Assay Office in Cherokee

In the mid '40's Lou Vintin closed the store. It was just time... after all those years, that the iconic landmark had fulfilled the needs of so many. It had not been a money making enterprise, ever since the mines closed... but for Lou, that hadn't mattered too much... it was just a way of life that inevitably had come to an end. An impressive granite mausoleum in the center of the Cherokee cemetery, with the inscription of "VINTIN" above the

doors, towers over the many graves of those who were his friends and acquaintances. Even to this day he seems to provide a landmark, or gathering place for those whose days have ended. Only the remaining rock walls of the assay office still stand in Cherokee. About a year after Lou locked the door for the last time, that feared nemesis of fire, that has affected nearly all the old mining communities at one time or another, came through Cherokee in the late summer of 1947. Nature's cleansing devastation removed all traces of the store as well as a good portion of the rest of the town's old buildings... making it difficult now, though still possible, to imagine and feel the presence of those days that were...

An unfinished drawing of Vintin's Store in Cherokee by Bert Saville.... About 1945



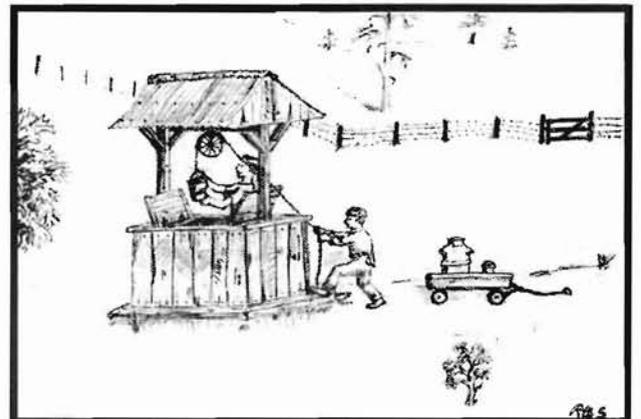
Cherokee School about 1955

Getting back to the Juchtzers... Dorothy and her sister Elizabeth had attended several one room schools, but Cherokee was a little different. Mrs. Churchman was the teacher for all eight grades, and although there were not many in the school, it was necessary for her to have "strict" control of the kids. Her main tool of discipline was a wood ruler that left red marks on the knuckles of rowdy students. Dorothy recalls that the girls didn't get to feet it much, but the boys, especially Leonard Campbell, tested it regularly.



The teacher was a real stickler for correct spelling, grammar, and punctuation. Dorothy tells of having to fill the slate chalkboards with corrected sentences using the misspelled words. She often wondered how the boys always finished so much sooner than she would, until she realized that she was writing a lot smaller than they did... and made some necessary changes! With no electricity or water, the facilities were very basic. The outhouse for the boys was at the northwest corner of the school grounds, and the girl's privy was on the northeast corner. The building was heated in the cold weather by a wood stove in the center of the room, and everyone was expected to bring a little firewood to school... usually a parent would donate some. The teacher would build a fire in the morning, and the older boys would keep it going throughout the day. In the warm weather, during the fall or late spring, the open windows and doors provided the air conditioning. Drinking water was drawn by chain and bucket from the community well, once a day by the older boys or girls, and everyone had their own drinking cup to fill from the crockery water dispenser in the entry hall. These were the same conditions when I attend from 1952 to 1960, and my brother and I used our wagon to haul the five gallon water can. When the school was built in 1856, it had two stories to accommodate the growing population. The upper story was removed after the turn of the century, due to structural concerns. The stairway was still in place behind a closed door, but only went into the attic ... We boys would sneak up the stairs when opportunity presented itself, but usually risked a "ruler reprimand". The rock foundation provided a lot of snake holes, and it was always a race to be first out for recess, and hope to be the one to find a rattlesnake basking in the morning sun, to show off our "bravery" by catching it.

My brother and I were allowed to go to recess 15 minutes early to make a "water run" each day with our wagon.





Carl Juchtzer in his Model A "school bus"

Getting to school was a challenge for most students... and especially high school, when you lived out in the Boon Docks. With Harvey, Elizabeth and Dorothy needing to go to Oroville High, and the nearest bus to pick them up only going as far as Pentz, some 5 miles away, Carl got out the old Model A Ford. He began a "voluntary" bus service for his kids and a few others in need of a ride.

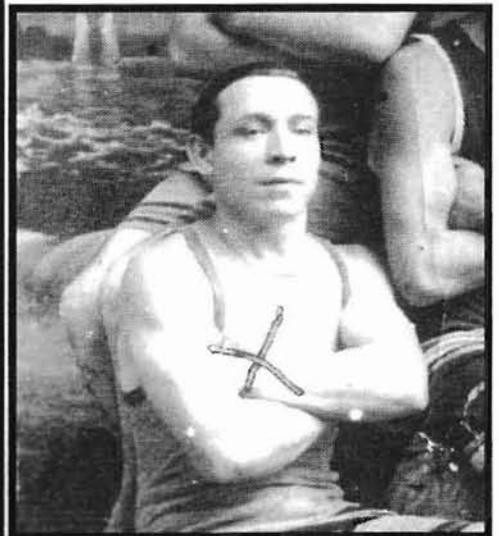
He would also drop off a few Cherokee School kids that were picked up along the way. A few years later, the school would contract with individuals to provide "bus service", using their private vehicles... and a small stipend to cover costs, but for Carl, it was out of necessity, and he paid for it. The above photo shows Carl in the Model A near the Community Hall in Pentz, after unloading the kids.

When Dorothy started High School in the fall of 1944, her sister Elizabeth began her Senior year. Her brother Harvey had already graduated in 1942. It was difficult for them to be involved in any extra activities at school because of where they lived, and transportation was always a problem. Harvey was on the wrestling team during his Senior year. Gasoline and automobile tires were rationed because of the war, causing everyone to limit their driving. Each registered auto was allotted so many ration stamps, and Carl always kept a couple of "retired" vehicles currently registered just to get the stamps. He may also have been given some consideration for providing school bus services.

Elizabeth (left) and Dorothy Juchtzer in High School



Harvey Juchtzer... on the wrestling team





The merry-go-round and a rope swing from a tree limb, were the only play equipment at Cherokee School... but kids always found ways to have fun!

From late 1939 through 1945... were the years that the Juchters lived in Cherokee. These few years also had worldwide significance. They were the "war years", and that great calamity shed its dreadful influence, even in the remote hamlet of Cherokee, and especially on the Juchters... in ways to come that they could never have fathomed. When the call came out for every man, woman, and child to do all they

could for their country in order to support the war effort, a plea was received through the schools for everyone to gather scrap metal for material to aid in the manufacture of armaments. Mrs. Churchman encouraged the kids to help by scouring the area after school, looking for any rusted metal they could find. The old building sites that had burned over in years past, and the rusted mining debris left lying about, provided a lot of material to be gathered. They brought the bounty to school and began a pile of "junk" in a corner of the schoolyard. Their enthusiasm was overwhelming, and the pile grew to an enormous size.... So much so, that a picture was taken for a news article, before being hauled away. The fanfare gained nationwide notice, and as a result, each of the proud school kids received a Government Bond for their efforts.

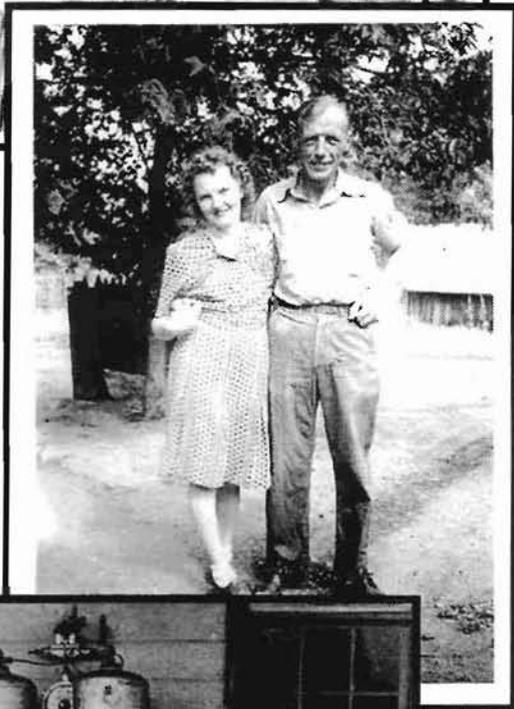
Dorothy graduated with high honors from the eighth grade in the spring of 1944. Preparation for graduation began in the seventh grade by devoting a good portion of the school day studying the Constitution of the United States. A passing grade was required on the Constitutional test in order to receive a diploma, and for Dorothy, the hard work certainly paid off. Her test score was the highest in the State! On the evening of graduation, and after the pot luck dinner, not only did she receive her diploma from Board President, Lem Castle... but she was given a Certificate of Achievement, signed by the Governor of California for her high test scores!

At the end of that school year, there were only eleven students attending Cherokee School. They were: Betty and Richard Campbell... Dorothy Juchtzer... Anna, James, Charles, and Charlotte Miller... William, and Robert Neher, and Renee and Minnie Moseley. When I graduated from Cherokee in 1960, there were only 8 kids in the school.... The school closed after the following school year in 1961 with the unification of the Cherokee, Pentz, Pulga, and Las Plumas schools into the Golden Feather Union School District, and all the school kid were bused to attend the Concow School.



Bert and Zelma ... about 1945

Bert lived in Cherokee for several years, striving to make a living by panning and sluicing for gold in the "Diggings". Times were tough for him, and he told of numerous occasions when all he had to eat was the small birds he could shoot with a sling shot to go with his pancakes. When he had an opportunity to go to Nevada and work with Arnold and sons, in their hauling and garbage service for the Forest Service, he grasped the opportunity. Probably Zelma was an influencing factor as well, as they were a long distance apart from Cherokee.



The work was good, and their courtship blossomed. They were married in Carson City on February 9, 1946, and returned to Cherokee to live. Carl and Kate had left Cherokee the year before, moving to Weott, in Northern California to work with their oldest son Fritz in the lumber mill.

Bert found a job working in the Morris Ravine Gold Mine on South Table Mountain as a laborer, helping to tunnel under the lava cap in search of the gold bearing gravel of the ancient river beds. He received \$10.00 a day, during the 15 years he worked there. They rented the old house that Carl and Kate originally lived in when they first moved to Cherokee.

Bert Saville and Zelma ... photo taken in Genoa in 1946



My father was 46 years old when he married my mother, who was 22. This photo, taken in early 1947, shows me being held by my mother. It was common to visit the neighbors, and here we are on the front porch of Lew Jones' small house in lower Cherokee.

It seems that the older we get, the more we reflect on the “good old days”... and in many ways they were good. Living was not easy, but it moved at a different pace, families were closer, and neighbors became an important part of daily life. When Carl and Kate came to Cherokee, there was an Indian couple that lived next door to them. I don’t know how long they had been there, but they seemed to be well established residents of the old town. Antone “Tony” and Belle Rau were their names, but not too much is known about them. The County Indian Agent claimed that Belle was from the Maidu Tribe, and Tony was part Mexican and Indian, of unknown heritage. According to their headstone in the Cherokee Cemetery, Tony was born in 1881, and Belle was much older, born in 1868. They became good friends of the Juchtzers, coming to their house quite often for coffee, and to play cards. Dorothy Juchtzer remembers Tony very well, as he would take her, her sister Elizabeth and brother Harvey salmon fishing on the West Branch of the Feather River. They would walk the back road behind the school the three miles to the river, and spend the day during the salmon run, each spring and fall. She recalls the fish being so plentiful that you could almost walk on them across the river. In the fall, they would pass an old apple orchard along the way, and pick apples to eat on the long hike. Because Tony was Indian, he had no limit on the amount of fish he could get, and picking the best looking ones as they struggled to go up the river in the shallows, would spear as many as they could carry back. Dorothy said her Dad made a yoke type carrying devise, so each could carry two large fish without too much struggle on the uphill, return trek. Making the fishing trip nearly every other day, they would get an ample amount for themselves and their neighbors... and everyone eagerly anticipated the smoked salmon that her father Carl would prepare.



Tony would tell lots of “tales” to the kids, probably stretching some of them a bit... as they would hike in the local area. One interesting outing was to go to the “Princess Rock”. That was what he called the large, flat topped rock that was located in a pasture behind Sugarloaf Mountain. The rock, nearly five feet in length, had numerous etchings of ancient origin on its top. He claimed that an “ancient one” had carved the inscriptions to tell of his lost love, and although no one is sure of the origin or the meaning of the symbols, it made a good story for the kids. The rock has since been moved, and is now resting on the grounds of the museum in Cherokee.

The “Princess Rock” with its etchings... Tony would take the Juchtzer kids to see the rock and tell them the inscribed story of a warrior’s lost love.



Bob (with straw) and Ed Saville with Blackie, in Cherokee about 1952

I need to digress from the Juchtzers for a bit, and move ahead about 10 years, to finish the story of Belle and Tony. My first recollection of them began about 1950 as a four year old boy. We lived in the same house that the Juchtzers originally did, and had the same Indian neighbors. They would come often to visit and play cards, seeming to enjoy the reluctant company of us kids. I don't remember any stories, but vividly remember Tony, a small man with no teeth, showing us how to eat earthworms, and his laughter when we wouldn't. My memories of their house are of a small three room shack, with two single beds covered with very dirty blankets in the front room, with a small wood stove between them. A cluttered table had empty tobacco sacks, lots of scattered coin, with some spilled on the floor, lying among all the Bull Durham cigarette butts. There was a handgun lying at the table's edge near the bedside, next to an almost empty wine bottle. Two rifles were leaning in the corner next to a door that led to an adjoining room filled with more clutter and spider webs

everywhere. The other doorway led to the "kitchen". A larger woodstove holding blackened pots and a greasy frying pan stood next to a woodbox, beneath a web covered window with broken glass. Another cluttered table held a large screened in box that had lots of flies buzzing around it. Inside I could see what looked like pieces of very dark colored meat hanging on hooks. The smell in the room was such that you didn't dare breathe through your mouth, lest you taste it as well! We boys didn't spend too much time in the place. Since they didn't have a car, and couldn't drive one if they did, my father would take them to town about once a month for groceries and other needed items. One summer our old Chevy broke down and we needed another car. To replace it, my father asked Tony if he could loan him \$200. Telling my Dad to come back the next morning, and under the cover of darkness during the night, Tony went out to his secret location and dug up his underground stash to get the money. My father purchased a gently used 1949 Chevy and made small payments to repay the loan.

One morning in the fall of 1955, my brother and I saw a shiny black car parked in front of Tony and Belle's, and two strangers entering their house. During the night Tony had died, and the coroner had come to pick him up. This was the first time that as young boys, we had even thought about death, and stood amazed as he was carried out on a stretcher with Belle was chanting some Indian death song. I can recall some days later as our family attended his funeral at the cemetery that Belle chanted some more rituals and placed some objects in the coffin before it was lowered into the grave. She rode with us that day, but nothing was said... her way of mourning. Belle was 87 years old when Tony died.

My father kept a closer watch over Belle after Tony's death. He would take her to town with us at times, riding in the back seat of the two-door Chevy with us boys. We would always make sure to get a window to feel the fresh air, as she was a very large woman and her hygiene wasn't too good. She would buy macaroni, potato bread, some canned goods, and a gallon of wine each time... and give me and my brother a quarter for a soda and comic book. I remember two Indian words she taught us... "Wenna-coloo" meaning goodbye, and "Wenna-Mikki" meant hello. Sometimes when we would see her coming to visit, we would both say "Wenna-Coloo", and she would laugh thinking we had it wrong... little did she realize, us bad boys meant good-by!

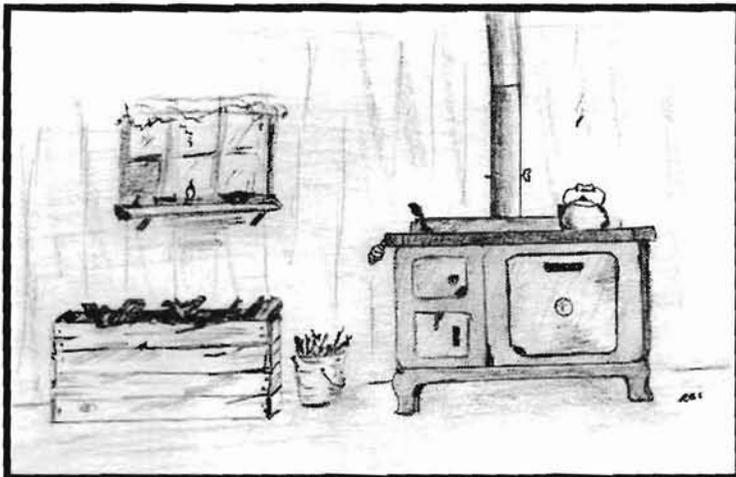
During the summer of 1958, my parents purchased a mining claim about three miles south of Cherokee, and we moved. Although we still had to use an outhouse, we now had indoor running water, and every room had a floor! My father would still go to check on Belle about once a week. She must have missed her neighbors of twelve years, because one day she came slowly walking down the road to pay a visit. My father took her home that evening after dinner. A few weeks later, making one of his many trips after work to check on her, we found her on the floor, unable to get up. She had been down for quite a while, and not doing too well. With the help of a neighbor, he loaded her into the car and took her to the hospital. After a week's stay, she recovered somewhat, and was able to leave the hospital, but was not well enough to take care of herself. Elmer Smith, the County Indian Agent placed her



in a small cabin in Oroville, and arranged for some care. When we went to visit, she asked my father to feed her cats, still hoping to be able to return home. Apparently the Indian Agent felt she would never go home, and he removed everything of value from her house, supposedly to help pay for her care. When my father told her of this, she became very despondent, and seemed to lose the will to live. She asked my father to look in the wood box to see if a large tobacco can was still hidden there under the firewood... and if so, to take it home and keep it for her. The following day, accompanied by us boys, we went to feed the cats. I can vividly remember my father removing the fire wood from the box, and lifting out a large, red Velvet tobacco can, and placing it in the cat food bag to carry out to the car. At home, with some very anxious on-lookers, he opened the can and removed a small, black hand gun... and more money than we had ever seen. Also in the bottom of the can were two gold rings. He counted the money, and there was almost \$1100 in cash. Telling us to keep quiet about this, and that we were keeping it for Belle, he hid the can in the bedroom. The next

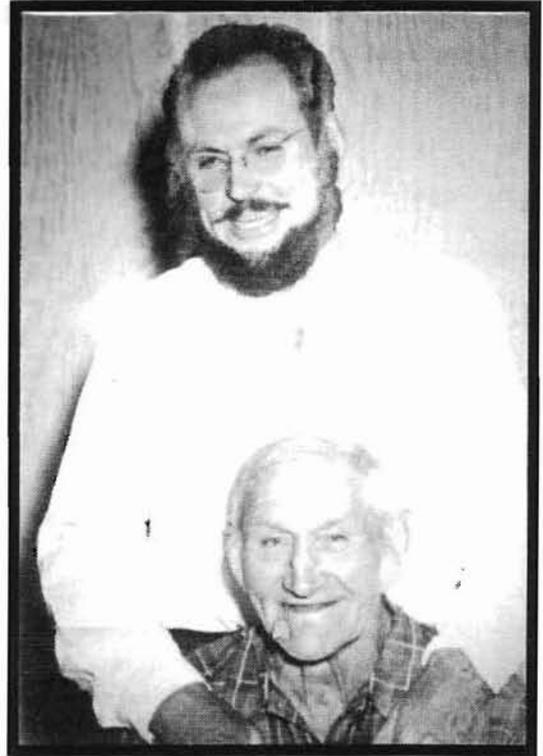


week we went to visit Belle, and the cabin was locked up with no one around. Contacting the Indian Agent, we were told that Belle had died several days before, that she had been cremated, and her ashes were buried in the Cherokee cemetery next to Tony. My father did not tell the Agent about the tobacco can, and felt that Belle would have wanted him to have it, for all the years of friendship and care... and we all agreed!



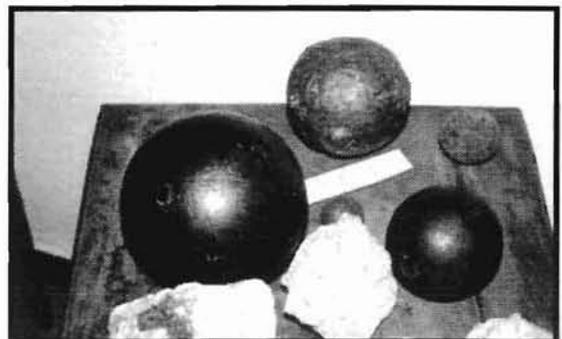
Fritz and his father Carl... about 1942

Let's get back to the Juchtzers, and more about why they lived in Cherokee for those six years, from 1939 to 1945.... Having lived through the difficult depression years of the '30's, the possibility of opening a rich gold mine must have been intriguing to the family. The brush covered hillside near the headwaters of Spring Valley Creek had all the elements of a promising find. Numerous other mines had been worked in the surrounding areas over the years, and some, like the famed Spring Valley Mining Company's hydraulic operations had proven very lucrative. The gold in the Cherokee diggings, was washed from the gravels of an ancient river bed... but all the "gold experts" know that over the eons of time the precious metal found in the river gravels, had originally come, through erosion, from the "Mother Lode"... that of being imbedded in Quartz rock. The gold bearing Quartz rock, was naturally formed within the bowels of the Earth in layers or mineral streaks, called "veins", and it's in these veins that the sought after golden metal is found. The "Louisiana", the "Banner", the "Hornet" and "Morris Ravine", were names of just a few



of the many local mines that, over the years had been tunneled into the mountains by pick and shovel (and dynamite), to seek the rich gold bearing rock... some with great success, and others going bust. All of these mines originated from prospectors who were looking for "float, or pieces of the white colored Quartz that had been exposed and was lying about on the hillsides and streambeds, scattered by nature. By searching with pick and shovel, they would seek the source of the rock, and with luck, find it to be gold bearing. The bigger and richer the find, the bigger the operation would become. The "lode mining" as it was called, was very hard and dangerous work. The deeper the tunneling to follow the "pay streak", the more difficult the operations became. Besides all the hard work with picks and shovels, many problems would be encountered...unstable ground needed to be shored up with timbers and planks to prevent collapse or cave-ins, sometimes ground water needed to be pumped, ventilation was necessary for deep shafts and tunnels, and a method was needed for hauling the rock and "muck" from the diggings. Many times following the vein would require a vertical or incline shaft, and wheelbarrows would have to be replaced with hoists and ore cars on tracks. Once removed from the mountain, the process of extracting the gold from the hard rock, also presented a major challenge. The brittle Quartz was sorted by size as it was dumped onto a "grizzly" or separator. The small pieces fell into an ore bin, and the larger pieces filled a "hopper" that fed the "jaw crusher" to break them into the smaller pieces. The smaller Quartz rock was then reduced to dust by either a stamp mill, (usually in the larger operations), or a ball mill, that used the tumbling weight of steel balls revolving in a large and heavy drum to do the job.

This photo shows the steel balls used in a ball mill to pulverize the Quarts rock. Starting the size of cannonballs, they would be worn away to nothing by the brittle rock.... Note, the well used smaller ones.





A recent photo of some of the large Quartz boulders that lie scattered on the brushy hillside around the Juchtzer mine. The abundance of this "float" led to the discovery of the gold veins and the mining operations.

Fritz and his Dad must have been convinced that there was still gold to be found in that mountainside. There had been at least two other mining operations within a few hundred yards and closer to the creek, from times past. One had the remnants of a stamp mill, and both had large tailings dumps. The creek was covered with large boulder piles, also an

indicator that it had been worked extensively... all this was good sign, that there definitely had been gold found, and every prospector knows that there is always more yet to be found... it just may not be quite as easy! They must have taken some samples of the better looking Quartz, (the bright white stuff usually doesn't carry gold), to be crushed to determine the gold content. In some areas, other prospectors may have needed an assayer to process the samples, using a furnace to melt the rock, with chemicals to extract and determine the mineral content. The ore with such microscopic gold content required large volumes to be processed, and complicated extraction methods, involving the use of acids to recover the sought after metals. Fortunately, as it was to be for the Juchtzers, when you can see the gold in the rock strata, all that is needed is hard work to follow and remove the Quartz veins that are gold bearing, to have a method to crush and pulverize the rock, and then be able to incorporate a simple process to recover the sought after treasure.

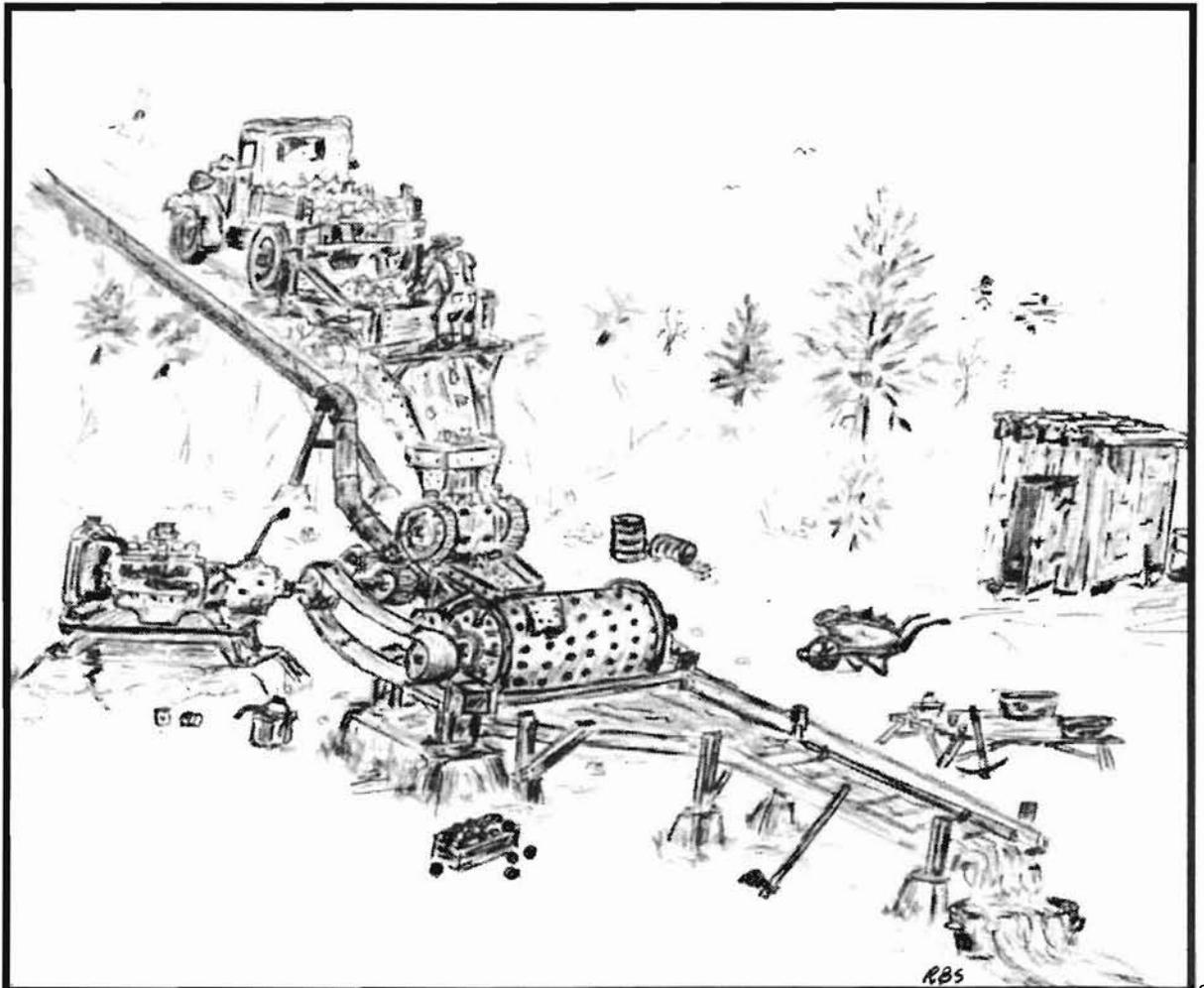
With a good outlook from the results of the sampling, and possibly more digging just to be convincing, Fritz filed a mining claim in his name on the twenty acres of Government land. In those days, it was a fairly easy process to file a claim, and required very little money... just a small filing fee. A legal description was required, and a copy of the claim certificate had to be posted at the boundary, usually sealed in an old fruit jar and secured to a post with haywire. To maintain the claim, each year a proof of assessment work was to be filed, to indicate that at least \$100 worth of work had been done. There were very few restrictions, and hardly ever did any agencies come to see the workings... at least not for a while, for the Juchtzers!

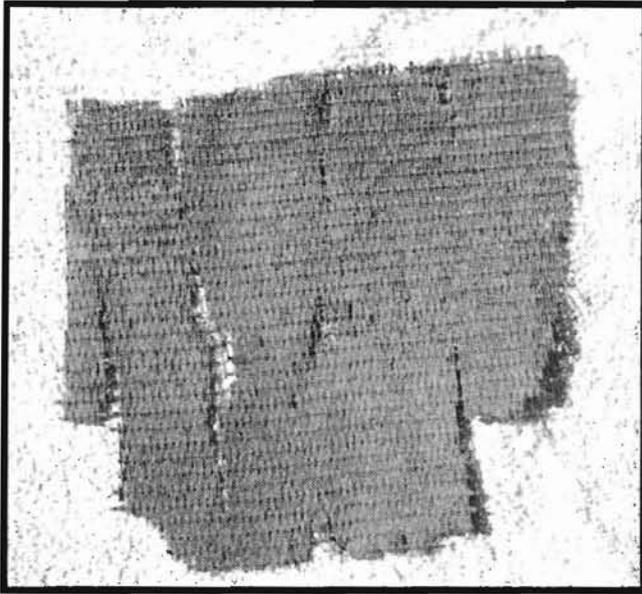
One of the biggest challenges for mining endeavors in this area was an essential need... that of having enough water for the operation. The creek had a small flow, but was too far away to be pumped up the hill. The first task to begin serious year round mining was to create a reliable water supply for the workings. The northern California rainy season provides ample water, but it runs off quickly, especially in the lower elevations, leaving a hot and dry summer and early fall. Fritz managed to acquire an old cable operated Bulldozer, probably through connections with his mining friends, and began scraping out a holding pond on the hillside, to be filled by winter rains. This pond would be the "working" pond that would provide the gravity flow to the milling and sluicing operation below. Its small size could not hold enough water for the dry season, so he began dozing out a much larger reservoir farther up the ravine, quite a distance above the headwaters of the creek. This area was not on his claim, but perhaps he had some sort of agreement with the landowner... as most locals would have welcomed a reservoir for livestock use in that arid region. A large dam was built in the drainage, and a control gate installed that could regulate the amount of released water.

It is interesting to note that as boys, me and my brother, and our friends spent a lot of time fishing and swimming in that reservoir, with no inclination as to who built it, or even why it was there in the first place. The problem of getting the water up the hill to the working pond was overcome by creating a much smaller coffer dam in the creek below the mine, and by pumping a pipe line, they were able to keep the upper storage pond filled. By carefully managing the water discharge from the reservoir, and the pumping operation, the mine had adequate water for the entire season. The sluices were run only when enough rock had been processed to warrant the use of the water, and did not flow continuously.

Fritz used the dozer to strip away a good portion of the hillside to remove the overburden and find the most promising Quartz ledges... and this is where the real digging began. It was a pick and shovel, and often dynamite, operation, using wheelbarrows to dump the ore into an old truck, and when loaded, they would back it down to the hopper to be offloaded by hand. A small, jaw type rock crusher was acquired, and a very well used ball mill was put in place, to begin processing the hard rock. A motor and transmission from an old pick-up truck provided the power to run the machinery, and a lot of muscle power was needed to keep the rock fed into the hopper, and moving down the chutes. Dorothy relates that it was her and Elizabeth's job to free up the rock jams with sticks, and throw the spilled pieces back into the crusher. Besides helping to load and unload the truck, they also used a wheelbarrow gather as much of the scattered hillside rock as they could, for the crusher... in their spare time!

A rough sketch of what the Juchter mining operation may have looked like





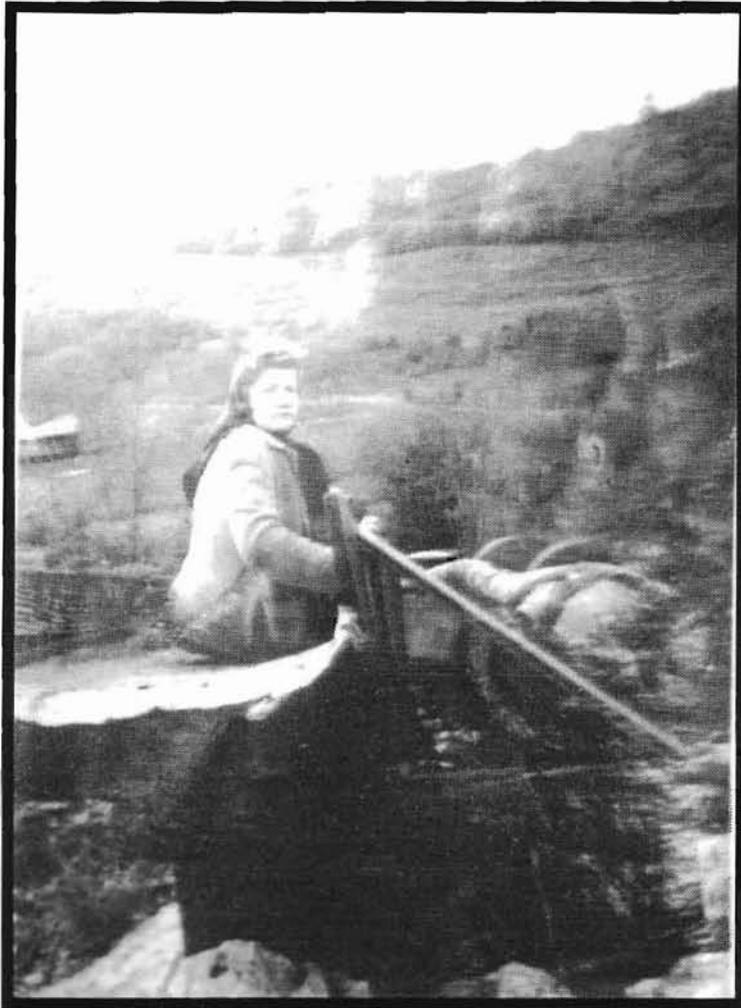
A piece of metal screen from the Juchtzer's mine. This would have been used in the bottom of the sluice to catch the fine gold

As the crow would fly, it was only about two miles from their house in Cherokee to the mine on the creek, but to drive the roads, about five miles. Dorothy, Elizabeth, and their older brother Harvey would walk to the mine after school each day, as they were expected to do their share of the work. They would go by way of a trail that left Cherokee road near the cemetery. It went over the poison oak and brush covered hill, where they would cross the creek, and after a cool drink, would follow it up to the site. They would work until well after dark, using carbide headlamps for light, and return home with their Dad for a late supper. As

the tunnel progressed into the mountain, the work load increased, and it became very obvious that more help was needed. Fritz was still living in Auburn with his new wife Ruth, working as the supervisor on the dredger works. He would come to Cherokee whenever possible to help his family, especially with the heavy equipment. Three of his crew men from Auburn were recruited to come to Cherokee to work at the mine.... two were younger, and the other was an older, but veteran miner. There were two old cabins still standing near the creek below the mine, relics from the gold seekers of days gone by. The hired help stayed in one, and the other became a "camp" for the Juchtzers, when the kids weren't going to school. Kate would fix the meals for the working crews that were now running an around-the-clock operation. With the extra help, production picked up significantly, and the proceeds were such that good wages could be paid, and the outlook was good for the family. After about a year the pay streak they were following into the mountain gave out. After more exploratory digging, it was decided to abandon that tunnel and start another at the same level, but about 70 feet away, where the Quartz had made a good showing from Fritz's dozer work. Work began on the new location, and it wasn't long before it too exposed some very visible yellow streaks of gold in the white rock strata that they eagerly followed. This new find seemed to have the gold scattered more throughout the Quartz, and required more quantity of rock to be excavated and processed than the old dig, but all the work was paying off, and things were looking up for the miners.

As a boy, I found this redwood post standing along the trail near the creek, quite a distance from the mine. Possibly one of the boundary markers for the claim, it has "C. Juchtzer 1942" carved into it





This historic photo, taken about 1943, shows 13 year old Dorothy sitting on the hopper at the mine with her father bent over, probably trying to get the rock moving down the chute. It was from this photo that I was able to locate the mine. One of the old cabins is in the background.

After several weeks of working the new tunnel, the receipts from the operation were barely keeping up with expenses. With three hired workers, the wages, food, and needed equipment costs kept the profits very low. It was decided to use the two younger men and begin a third attempt to find a better pay streak. They began digging about a hundred feet south, where a substantial amount of Quartz had been uncovered. With two different digs going, the production slowed down for a while. The restrictions placed on purchasing gasoline, due to the war and rationing, forced them to cut back on some of the equipment's run time. Dorothy tells, that as kids, they were not allowed much free time. If they wanted to go to a movie in town, they would have to get the gold pan, and could pan enough gold in a couple hours time from the creek drainage just to the north of the mine,

to pay for the movie and a few snacks... but that didn't happen very often. With Harvey out of school, he worked in the tunnel with the men, digging and hauling. The two girls were keeping the crushing, milling, and clean-up operations going. After the rock had been reduced to the consistency of fine sand, it was washed over the "amalgamation plate". A large copper covered metal plate was located at the head of the sluice where the gold bearing sand was washed over it as it came from the ball mill. It was the job of the girls to keep the plate coated with "quicksilver", as the liquid mercury was called. Used in gold recovery for years, quicksilver has a unique characteristic of being able to coat a copper surface, and capture the gold that had been ground and freed from the rock. It would combine with the mercury on the plate, creating a silver colored "mush" called amalgam. Any fine gold that may have been missed by the plate, would be captured by the riffles and screens of the sluice, and the worthless sand would be washed away. When the coated plate lost its shiny liquid appearance, it was time to stop the operation and clean up... as the plate would be "loaded" and to continue washing would mean the possible loss of gold. The amalgam had to be scraped from the plate, and the globs of silver looking mush were collected into a can or pan to be processed later. The clean-up of the sluice did not happen very often, as the accumulation in the lower box was very slow. But when necessary, the screens were removed and the contents washed down into a tub or bucket to be panned. The process of recovering the gold from the amalgam involved heating it in a pan to a temperature that would "evaporate" the mercury, leaving the gleaming gold behind. The fumes from the mercury were very toxic, and were usually captured by a retort, to be condensed for reuse... a process that Carl would always do.

By today's standards, liquid Mercury is considered an environmental and biological hazard. To acquire and use it for any purpose is very restricted... but back in those mining days, it could be purchased over the counter in Vintin's store. Elizabeth and Dorothy would pour the very heavy silver metallic liquid from its thick glass container onto the copper plate. Spreading it over the surface with a flat tool, they would coat the surface with as much as possible, and they were then ready to begin operation again.

After a couple of weeks of hard digging by the men, the new third tunnel struck the "Mother Lode". After a dynamite charge dislodged a few good chunks of the heavy Quartz from the face of the tunnel, the dim light of their carbide headlamps easily lit up some very impressive golden streaks in the rock. They began as somewhat small and scattered fingers throughout the whitish rock, but more digging and blasting soon exposed a vein of the precious metal that seemed to be getting wider, the more they dug. Hastily abandoning the other diggings, all hands were eagerly put to work, mucking out the laden ore for the crusher... as fast as it could be freed from the mountain's grip. Dorothy recalls going into the tunnel numerous times, and in the flickering light, could see the very visible gold veins imbedded in the Quartz rock. The main streak was about six inches wide and as thick as her hand. The work load increased for the sisters, because the clean-up on the amalgamation plate that they had been doing about once a week, now had to be done nearly every twelve hours, due to the heavy gold accumulation.

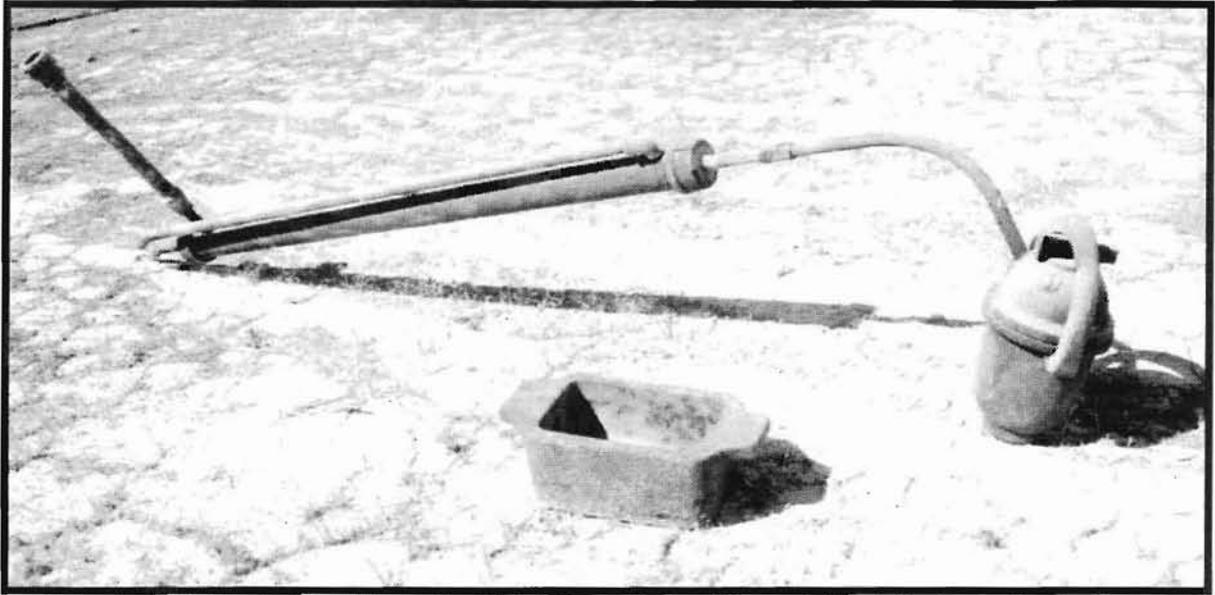
Sometimes twice a week, Elizabeth and Dorothy would each carry two gold ingots up the trail to the Cherokee Road and stop the mail carrier to mail the bars to the San Francisco Mint

The gold bars were four inches long, two inches wide, and one inch thick.



Each time the plates were cleaned, the scrapings produced enough gold to be melted down in the melting pot and poured into an ingot mold, to form one small gold bar that was four inches long, two inches wide, and one inch thick. Her father or big brother Fritz would take the bars to the U. S. Post Office in Oroville to be mailed to the San Francisco Mint. The Mint would assay the bars, and return a check for their value. She said they received more money for the Platinum content than for the gold. At times during the summer, when a town trip wasn't made, she and Elizabeth would each carry two bars from the mine, by way of the trail to Cherokee.

They would catch the mail carrier at the school, where he would give them a receipt, and the heavy packages were mailed to the Mint. She said that they would do that quite often, about twice a week.



A water cooled Retort and gold mold...used by Ralph Miller of Yankee Hill – probably similar to what the Juchترز used

The process used to make the small gold bars or “ingots”, was fairly simple. After the amalgamation pan was scraped, the mercury coated gold (amalgam) was placed in the retort pot. A “gasket” of wet ashes made a seal for the heavy lid that was tightened by the wedge driven under the handle. Placed on the wood stove or forge, Carl would heat the heavy cast iron pot to a temperature that would vaporize the mercury into a very toxic gas. Forced into the small tube, the gaseous mercury was cooled as it passed through the water filled larger pipe. This cooling process triggered the condensation, and it once again became a liquid, dripping from the small tube into a container for reuse. Dorothy said that the retort they used had a coil of copper tubing for cooling, instead of the water pipe. After cooling, the pot would be opened and the gleaming pile of valuable metal removed. In order to make the gold more manageable and easier to mail to the mint, it had to be cast into small bars. Placed in a heavy cast iron melting pot, and heated on the forge, the gold became molten at just a little over 1260 degrees. It could then be carefully pour it into an ingot mold to cool and solidify. An interesting comparison... the value of gold in the ‘40’s was \$32.00 per ounce. In Troy weight, it took 12 ounces to make a pound, and the small bars probably weighed about five pounds each. With allowances for impurities, each bar’s approximate value was probably around \$1900... so it sounds like the Juchترز were finally doing pretty well with the proceeds from the mine.

In comparison... as of this writing, today’s gold price is over \$1200 per ounce, and the described bars would now be worth over \$72,000 each!



A rusty gold pan, iron melting pot, steel crusher ball, and assayer’s crucibles ... tools used in gold mining.

**Drilling the hard way... hand-held drill
Bit and hammer "Double Jacking"**

All the hard work and investments in the mining ventures were finally paying off for the Juchtzers. Over the next few months, as the digging to follow the pay lode continued deeper into the mountain, the gold vein in the Quartz began a steep downward incline. It soon became necessary to begin a vertical shaft to follow it. The difficulty and danger of rock removal from the shaft as it deepened, became a serious problem. Fritz spent more time at the Cherokee mine helping his father and the workers in their struggle to keep after the rich vein. A framework was constructed that would incorporate a windlass, or hand cranked winch, for raising and lowering a large bucket to remove the ore as it was blasted free. The hard rock drilling to place dynamite charges, the winching of the rock-filled bucket up the shaft, to fill

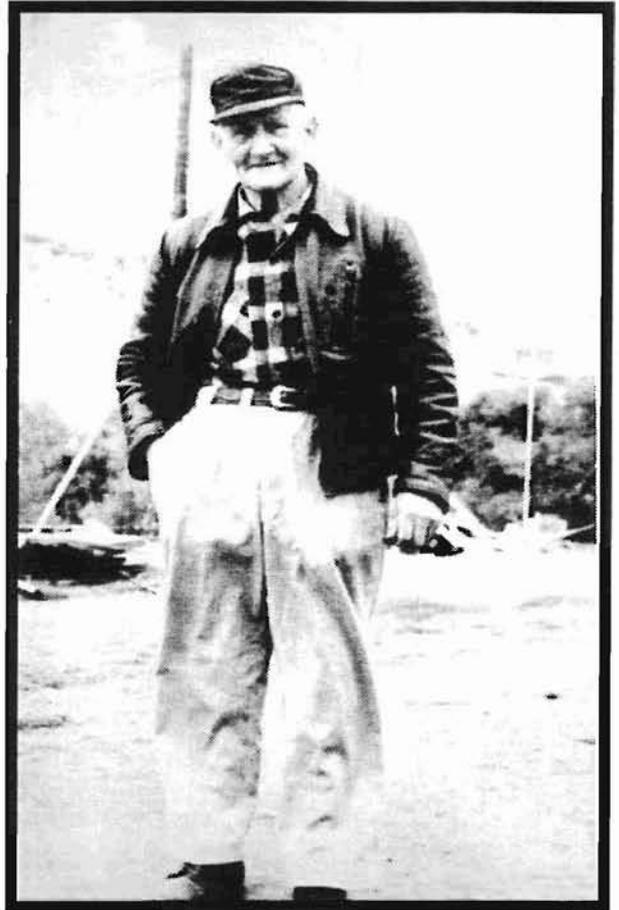


the wheelbarrow, and loading and unloading the truck was very hard work, but well worth it as the pay streak continued... and continue it did! As the shaft deepened, the work increased, and ventilation was also becoming an issue. They began to make a plan for another tunnel farther down the hill, with the intention of intersecting their diggings at a lower level, which would make their operation much easier and productive. Fritz used the old dozer to carve an access road for the truck, and began removing as much of the hillside as possible at the newly selected, lower site.

Later that week, on a hot mid-summer morning in 1942, Carl and the men were taking a break from the sweltering heat in the only cool place around... on a bench just inside the tunnel. As a couple of the men were smoking their Bull Durham cigarettes, and watching Fritz work the dozer below them, they saw a gray sedan slowly coming down the rutted dirt road, and stop just below the mine. Two men in suits got out and cautiously picked their steps as they walked up the hill in their city shoes. With little fanfare, they identified themselves as Government Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Military Affairs, and wanted to talk to the mine owners. Fritz saw their arrival, and sensing something of importance due to their appearance and demeanor, shut down the dozer and joined the group. They asked for the ball mill to be shut down, silencing the resounding vibrations of the tumbling balls and rock, and then got right down to business. They handed Carl a paper, and explained that it was a copy of a National Emergency Directive signed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. In so many words, its legal jargon required the immediate cessation of all gold mining operations in the United States, and that all able bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 were to report within 24 hours of receiving this notice, to the nearest recruiting office, to be considered for military duty. The only explanation to be given was that gold mining was not conducive to the military demands of the Nation during this war crisis, and that manpower was desperately needed.

I won't take the liberty to try and assume what their reaction was to the foreboding demands being put forth by these representatives of the Federal Government. Undoubtedly, they may have harbored thoughts of whether or not their German ancestry had any bearing on these actions, as now in this World conflict Germany was a dire enemy to the U.S. Knowing Carl, he probably was about ready to help his kinfolk in their cause by waging his own little battle here on this hillside! No amount of reasoning or rationalizing was to be listened to by the official visitors. They would not even allow any consideration to the fact that this was their livelihood, or to their plea to at least finish running the ore in the hopper for one last paycheck. They were further informed that henceforth it would be illegal to buy or sell gold in the United States, and violators would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. With a repeated warning of the serious consequences for not following the orders of the Federal directive, the two doomsayers left the stunned miners to watch as they retraced their tracks up the rutted road.

Dorothy recalls the somber attitude of her father and brothers as they came home that day. The following day Fritz and the two younger workers returned to Auburn. The same action had occurred on the dredging operations there... it too had been shut down. They reported as ordered, to the local recruiter's office, and all three were inducted into the Army, and given 24 hours to report to Livermore for duty. They were placed in the CB's (Construction Battalion) as trainers for heavy equipment operators and welders, a position they held for the duration of the war. Young Harvey had already felt



the pull of his sense of patriotic duty some months earlier, and joined the Army just out of high school. He trained in Arizona as part of the 8th Army Brigade as an operator in the Tank Corps. Wounded in Africa, he was awarded the Medal of Valor for his courageous action in battle. His family received the medal on his behalf, as he was killed ten days after his 21st birthday in 1944. Although wounded, he valiantly held off the enemy's attack single handedly with his tank at a strategic bridge crossing, long enough to allow what was left of the Brigade to escape the overwhelming number of enemy tanks coming at them.

Harvey was not the only member of the family to give their all for their country... Older sister Emma's military career ended at the age of 32, when she was killed during the Korean Crisis on January 8th, 1951.



Emma Juchtzer

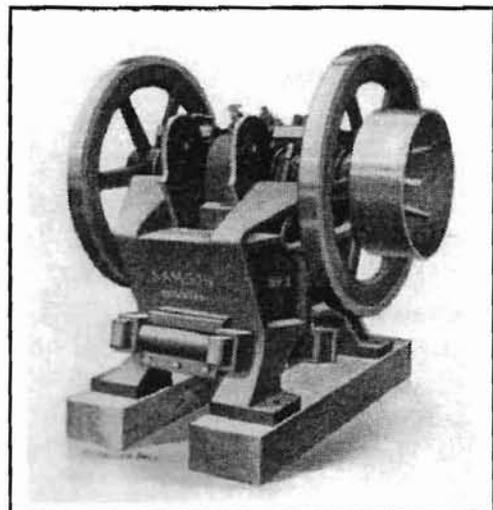
Well, German audacity seasoned with a good portion of stubbornness and determination seemed to be the main ingredient of Carl's make-up. The older worker that wasn't drafted went back to Auburn after the shut down, leaving just Elizabeth and Dorothy to help their Dad. After waiting about a week to be sure the unwelcome Fed's wouldn't be returning, Carl began to plan on how to finish running all the ore still waiting to be crushed and processed. The chute and hopper was nearly filled with the heavy, gold rich Quartz from several days work, and he wasn't about to leave it for someone else to get their hands on... and he needed the money! He felt the safest way to avoid being caught was to do a night time operation with his two helpers. He took the boards off the back of the sheds to get to the hand tools since they had placed Government locks on the doors, and cut the locks and chains they had placed on the machinery with the cutting torch. He wasn't too concerned about the night time racket of crushing and milling in that remote area, and the work seemed almost easier in the cool night air. Dorothy recalls that it took several nights to finish their task in the dim carbide lamp light... one time Elizabeth even caught her hair on fire with the flame of her head lamp when they were close together scraping the



amalgam plate, causing a few moments of excitement as they slapped it out. The carbide lamp in the picture is the type they used. It made a bright flame from the acetylene gas that formed from water dripping into the carbide granules in the bottom.

Dorothy said that a good amount of gold was recovered from their covert operation and was melted down to form several small ingots... which brought about another serious problem. They no longer could sell it to the Mint, and although not legal to do, desperation dictated the need to find a buyer. Through a connection with some friends in Nevada, a sale was made to the owner of one of the Casinos in Reno, turning their hard work into some much needed cash.

It was time for Carl to make a difficult decision. He couldn't continue mining, with the threat of legal prosecution if he got caught, and not enough help, even if he wanted to. He was determined that no one else would do any high-grading from their mine. Since they had planned to start a new tunnel anyway, the only sure way to prevent intruders would be to close it up. He purchased a couple of cases of dynamite from Vintin's store to do the deed. Dorothy vividly remembers that late summer afternoon, when her Dad made the two girls go down the hill and across the road. Carl had divided the dynamite and placed it in the two old tunnels and a larger portion in the working mine. Using enough powder fuse to allow time, he came down the hill and joined them. Anxious moments soon gave way to three separate explosions. Each one lifted the hillside in a dusty, debris filled rise, and settled into a hardly noticeable, shallow depression... where the tunnels once were. She relates that few words were exchanged on the ride home. During the next few weeks, Carl found buyers and sold the equipment... rather than have it stolen. In the summer of 1944 a wildfire crossed the hills, destroying all the evidence of the mine's existence. Carl and Fritz planned to come back after the war and start over, but that never did happen.



A jaw type crusher, similar to that used in the mine



Carl and Kate Juchtzer

For the next couple of years times were very difficult for the Juchtzers, as they tried to stick it out in Cherokee. They were hoping world conditions would improve and the Government would lift the mining restrictions. It must have been especially hard and discouraging when they learned of Harvey being killed in action in Africa. Carl continued to drive the girls and others to catch the high school bus in Pentz, and was able to keep beans on the table, and gas in the car by working in the fruit orchards or wherever he could find a job. The following summer they stayed at Lake Tahoe, helping his nephew Arnold, during the peak season, with his trucking business and garbage routes for the Forest Service.

To make their lives a little brighter at home, especially at night, Carl hooked up a series of about 20 used car batteries and wiring to provide electric lights for their old house in Cherokee. He had a gasoline motor that could run a couple of automobile generators to keep them charged. It

worked so well that, as a community minded citizen, he ran wires to the school that was just across the field, and provided the first electric lights there as well, lighting up the building for night time meetings and activities.

On an early spring morning in 1945, the Phantom of Misfortune once again paid a visit to the Juchtzer household. As he had done so many times in the past, Carl arose early and built a fire in the kitchen cook stove to warm the house and heat the coffee pot. Perhaps the pitchy kindling wood burned a little hotter than usual on this fateful morning, and it caught the winter's accumulation of soot and creosote in the stovepipe on fire. This is not a real unusual happening, and in most cases, after closing all the dampers on the stove and few minutes of fierce roaring in the pipe that may glow a rosy red in places, and throw sparks from above, burns itself out. But on this morning, nothing went as usual. The aged terra-cotta flue pipe that went from the kitchen ceiling, through the attic space and then the roof, must have been cracked and allowed fire to vent into the attic and spread to the shake roof. The very dry lumber of the aged house that had probably been milled over a half century before, caught fire, and the entire attic space became involved before Carl even knew it was happening. When he did realize it, the fire had totally engulfed the roof and attic and the house was quickly filling with smoke. He woke Kate and Elizabeth in the two front rooms, allowing them to escape in their nightclothes, and went to the rear of the house to arouse Dorothy. As they attempted to return down the hallway, the front rooms burst into flames, blocking their exit. As they turned to the rear door, Dorothy reached into her burning bedroom and grabbed a smoking shoebox containing family photos from the dresser... the only thing they managed to save from destruction. At the back door, they were forced to jump about three feet to the ground because the old porch and steps had long since rotted away.

One of the few scorched photos saved from the Cherokee house fire.

Carl and Kate Juchtzer standing with son Fritz and his wife Ruth. Elizabeth and Dorothy sitting, with nieces Rosalie and Vivian.

Photo taken in Cherokee, about 1944, a short time before the fire.

Dorothy followed her Dad as he quickly went around the house to the front to make sure everyone was safe. Through the smoke she saw her brand new bicycle on the front porch where she had parked it just a few hours before. Rushing forward to try to save it, she was grabbed by her father just as the burning overhang came crashing down, covering the bicycle with flaming debris. Everything was a total loss.

Grateful for one another, and with friends and neighbors help to clothe and temporarily house them, they once again persevered and made plans for their future. With the mine shut down and their house gone, there was no reason to remain in Cherokee. They contacted Fritz who, after his discharged from the Army, had moved to Weott in northern California where he started a lumber mill in the redwoods. He came and helped move his family to the small but beautiful little town on the Eel River, where his father could work in the saw mill. Dorothy began her sophomore year in high school there. Fritz and his family remained in the lumber business there for several years... until a raging forest fire came through and destroyed all but the planing mill. He tried to reestablish the saw mill by purchasing some equipment from Scotia, but again bad luck pushed aside the good. The purchased equipment was being dismantled and loaded onto a railroad flatcar, when a welder accidently set fire to the creosote soaked bed of the rail car, and most of the loaded equipment was destroyed. Discouraged and financially drained, he gave it up and sold what was left of the mill. He moved with his wife to Crescent City to work in the fishing industry and eventually purchased a crab fishing boat. Dorothy recalls working with him on the boat for one summer helping to check crab pots.

Fritz worked out of Crescent City on his crab boat



After the loss of the lumber mill in Weott, Carl and Kate returned to the Angels Camp area in Calaveras County, to be closer to family and friends. Elizabeth had been living there with her husband Renaldo Broglio since their marriage in 1948. With the help of the Broglio family, Carl found work in the growing area as a stone mason, and built a very nice home for them in nearby Vallecito. He and Kate spent the remainder of their lives together in that home. Carl passed away on January 28, 1970, and two years later, on December 23, 1972, Kate joined him.

At their hilltop home in Vallecito, Carl constructed this beautiful rock wall. The Juchtzers were proud to be Americans, and that pride is easily seen as they stand in front of this impressive mosaic of the United States flag that he built into it.

This photo taken in 1966 has Carl, Kate and Dorothy with her children, and I believe Kate's sister Rosie. Arnold and Lottie Juchtzer... visiting from Genoa, are standing in the center of the group.



YHHS Happenings

First Saturday of every other month, Bunko Party!! - The first Saturday of **Jan, March, May, July, September and November** at 1:00pm we have a bunko party at the old school. Prizes and a raffle are held to raise funds for the school restoration. SEE YOU THERE!

Yankee Hill Historical Society Web Page - You can visit our web page at www.yankeehillhistory.com. The web page has copies of all our newsletters and articles that can be read on line or printed.

In 2011 - We will be featuring a 2 part article in February and April on the Indians of the Concow Valley. The Indians in the Concow Valley played an important role in the history of Butte County and the Northern California Indian Reservation system.

Officers and Contact Information

President: *Bob Huffman (530) 533-4132*

Vice President: *Patty Dummel*

Treasurer: *Debbie Ingvoldsen*

Secretary: *Don Saul*

Director: *Marji Corey*

Newsletter Editor: *Larry Mauch (530) 532-0706 editor@yankeehillhistory.com*

General Correspondence: information@yankeehillhistory.com

*“Dedicated to Preserving Our Local History”
Visit Our Web Page @ www.yankeehillhistory.com*

Yankee Hill Historical Society
P.O. Box 4031
Yankee Hill, Ca 95965