

# *Yankee Hill Dispatch*

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*The Yankee Hill Dispatch is published one time per year. In each issue we include an article about the area's history. We also publish the Yankee Hill Newsletter two times per year. A smaller publication with some history and articles about what the Yankee Hill Historical society is doing.*

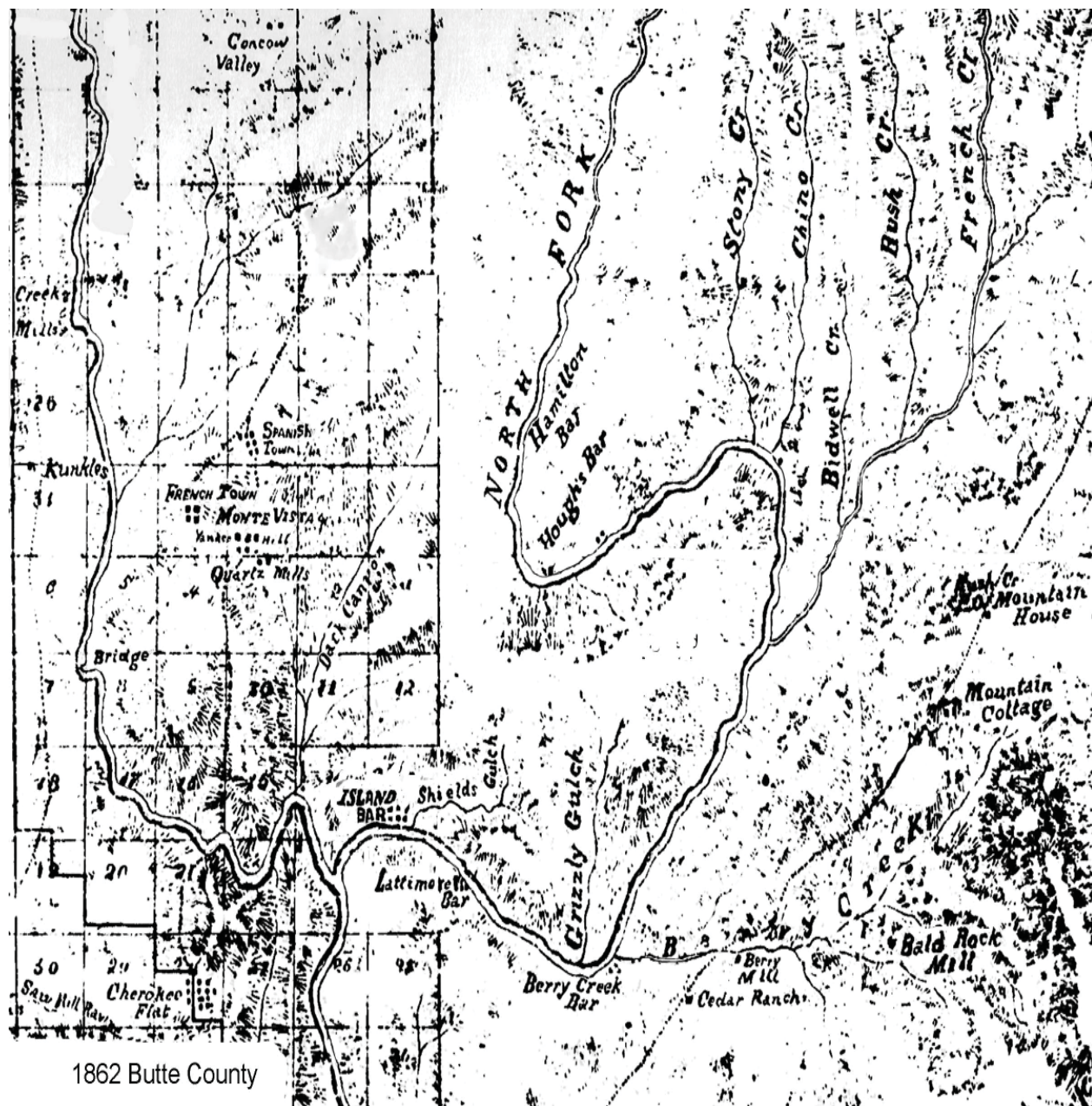
1850 to 1859 was a time when gold seekers were flooding to Butte County. Nelson Bar, Rich Gulch, Frenchtown, Spanishtown, and Yankee Hill were mining areas that got their start during this time. It is difficult to understand the relationship between these areas during this time because the records available are scarce. The 1850 census lists the name, age, place of birth, and profession of people in Butte County, but it does not identify where they were located within the county. Mining claims were not recorded in the records of the county until 1852, prior to that they were a notice attached to a tree or a post at the site only. The first newspaper in the county, the Butte Record was not established at Bidwell Bar until 1853. The tax records, which for the first several years, identify only a small fraction of the people in the county, were not available until 1857. Because of this, the 1882 history of Butte County, at least for this area, really starts at 1860 with some anecdotes from earlier times. The section on Concow Township (there was no town of Concow, it's just the center of the Township), which includes Yankee Hill, only gives a brief mention to the above areas as former names associated with the history of Yankee Hill. But by consulting all these records along with maps of the period and the brief anecdotes in the 1882 history of Butte County, you can piece together a better understanding of the relationships between these areas, which is the subject of this newsletter. The accompanying land ownership maps offer information about later development of the area as well.

For more information, read the April 2008 Yankee Hill Dispatch on Yankee Hill. This article does contradict some of the information about how Michael Wells acquired the Yankee Hill Hotel and when he was postmaster. This current article supersedes that information. Also, the April 2010 Yankee Hill Dispatch on Spanishtown adds some interesting insights to the short lived town. Both articles can be read online at [www.yankeehillhistory.com](http://www.yankeehillhistory.com)

Please note that spellings of some names, places, and buildings vary throughout this article, as the original spellings from each source were maintained for historical preservation.

## The Paths to Yankee Hill

By late 1850, many people were searching for gold along the Feather River in this area. On the West Branch, Benjamin Nelson, Asa Wheeler, and James White were mining at Nelson Bar in October 1850. Many others soon followed. On the North Fork below what we call today Big Bend, James Shield was mining at Shield's Gulch, and just up the river William and Robert Lattimore were mining at Lattimore's bar. Farther up the bend in the North Fork of the Feather River, Giles and Barton Hough were mining at Hough's Bar. Many others would follow these men as well.



**1862 Map shows areas that were divided into numbered sections for better location identification on county deeds. Big Bend area had not yet been formally surveyed, the shape of the river would change.**

By December 1852, men had ventured inland and were mining at Rich Gulch and Frenchtown. The same day as the following *Daily Alta California* article, another appeared in the *San Francisco Alta California* about the Chief of the Concow Indians being hanged at Pence's Ranch after he bragged of killing people while in Frenchtown.



New and rich diggings have just been discovered, between the West Branch and North Fork of Feather river. Cayote diggings at Frenchtown and flat diggings at Rich Gulch, one mile from Frenchtown, which have been opened less than a week, yield from one to four ounces per day, to the hand. One lump of pure gold, taken from the cayote diggings at Frenchtown weighed \$129. Some very rich quartz veins are in the neighborhood, which have never been worked.—*Herald*.

San Francisco Alta California 1-22-1853

### Marysville.

**MORE INDIAN DIFFICULTIES—DEATH OF A CHIEF.—**A correspondent of the *Marysville Herald*, writing a few weeks since from Lyon's Ranch, gave an account of an affray with the Indians which resulted in the death of eighteen or twenty, writes again under date of 15th inst.:

Yesterday evening, information was received that the old chief was at Frenchtown, a mining settlement across the West Branch, four or five miles distant, openly threatening vengeance upon the whites for the severe castigation they had received.

A party of eight was immediately formed, and at 6 o'clock set out from Hasty's Ranch, crossed the river, arrested and brought back the old chief, arriving before 11 o'clock. After binding him, a strong guard was placed over him to prevent the possibility of his escape, until this morning, when he was removed about a mile, to Lyons' Ranch, and after a short deliberation, it was unanimously resolved to hang him at once. Arrangements were soon made, and the redoubtable old brave, who has figured so conspicuously in every Indian affray of importance in this region, since the introduction of the whites, after calmly surveying the preparations made for his execution, met his fate with consummate bravery. He was suspended by the neck to the limb of an oak in the neighborhood.

The vote deciding upon this course was unanimous, but there is at least one who strongly doubts the policy or justice of the proceeding. Time will show. There are still two chiefs remaining, and a tribe that can muster at least 250 fighting men, in the immediate neighborhood of a small scattered population of exposed and defenceless whites. What course they, together with their allies, the Tigres and Nimakews, will pursue, remains to be seen.

About this same time, James and John Peairs arrived in the area. They would establish a 320-acre ranch and build a ditch and reservoir at Frenchtown. The locals called it the "Pierce Boys Ditch." The tax records for 1857 indicate the Peairs Boys had 2 horses, 71 head of cattle, 25 hogs, and had made \$600 in improvements to their place in 1857. It is possible it was the Peairs Boys who named the place Frenchtown, since they were its largest land holders at the time.

By March 1854, J.I. Steward had a store in Frenchtown, where a meeting was held about the problems with miners harassing the local Indian women who were looking for food in the cold winter months. A proclamation from Steward and other residents of the area was printed in the *Butte Record* at the time demanding protection for the Indians.

**Frenchtown, OR, Township, February 14, 1854, *Butte Record*, Oroville, CA**

At a meeting called by the miners and friends of humanity in Frenchtown and vicinity held at the store of J. I. Stewart (Steward) & Co. for the purpose of taking into consideration the content of those men or fiends in human nature, who are in the habit of committing outrages upon the Indian women of this vicinity, the meeting was called to order by L. C. Goodman, Esq. F. Y. Johnson, was chosen President, and Edward Pope appointed Secretary.

It was moved that a committee of three be appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, whereupon L. C. Goodman, James McKay, and James Cannon were appointed as such committee. On motion, T. E. Cannon of Spring Valley was added to the committee.

The committee after retiring for a few moments reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

**Whereas**, the peace and quietude of this neighborhood has been disturbed by the frequent outrages committed on the Indian women by lawless characters – and

**Whereas**, the Indians have been driven from their ranches and have come into the cabins of the miners with their feet frozen and nearly famished. And *whereas*, even children, from ten to twelve years of age, have not been spared by these *fiends* in human shape – Therefore, we, the citizens of this community in meeting assembled, do

**Resolve**, that complaint be made before a Justice of the Peace, against all those persons when proof can be had that warrants may be issued for their arrest. Be it further

**Resolved**, that if the civil law cannot reach such offense to meet out to them the punishment their crimes so justly merit – that we, after due trial of the law, will feel ourselves in duty bound, to take the law into our own hands, however severely we may deprecate such a course. Be it further

**Resolved**, that the District Attorney be requested to use all just and legal means in his power to convict those who may be sent before the proper court for trial. And be it further

**Resolved**, that we will support the officers in enforcing the law and each other in carrying out these measures.

**Resolved**, the proceedings of this meeting be published in the “*Butte Record*.”

On motion the meeting adjourned.

F. Y. Johnson, President

Edward Pope, Secretary

The miners and Indians in this area appear to have achieved some level of mutual understanding as there are only a few mention of incidents between the two in this area until 1863.

In March 1854, the *Butte Record* reported that Rich Gulch and Frenchtown diggings were doing well although not reporting any large strikes. In December it was reported that the Frenchtown and Rich Gulch Mining Company Ditch was complete.

In 1855, Enoch Miller and his brother Thomas, German immigrants, moved to Frenchtown. Enoch was a butcher by trade, and he remained in Frenchtown until 1862 when he left for Cincinnati, the place he resided in before coming to California. Enoch sold his business in Frenchtown to James Williams and James Voght, both from Germany.

Meanwhile, in June of 1855, Charles Stubbs Curtis moved to land on the opposite side of the Feather River from Frenchtown at Nelson Bar. Curtis had been in Butte Creek Canyon mining since 1851. That same month William Gwynn of Marysville started a lime kiln just down the road from Curtis at what is today called Lime Saddle. Gwynn sold his lime in Cherokee at Moore and Perry's Store.

Soon after arriving, Charles Curtis established a ferry business at Nelson Bar ferrying passengers across the Feather River to Frenchtown. Prior to that time, people forded the Feather River about a mile and a half down the road at what was called "Natural Crossing". Curtis's ferry was a more direct route to Frenchtown from Pentz or the Paradise Ridge. The 1856 tax records assessed the value of Curtis's ferry at \$500. The ferry would prove to be a timely investment for Curtis, 1856 would bring a period of rapid growth around Frenchtown.

## 1856

In July 1856, Francis Malin would sell his house on the Nelson Bar wagon road near Frenchtown to Charles Smith for \$200. In August 1858, Smith sold the same house for \$1200.

In late 1856, a new town was starting just a mile up the road over the hill from Frenchtown called Spanishtown, and the Frenchtown and Spanishtown area was starting to get attention in Oroville.

### **Oroville, *Northern Californian*, September 10, 1856**

"Spanishtown is going ahead very rapidly. There have been thirteen fine new buildings put up in the last three weeks in the town and immediate vicinity. There are a number of others in the course of erection, but the difficulty we find is the want of lumber. There is no sawmill for fourteen miles, though we have now made arrangements with Mr. Nance of Dry Creek Mills to establish a lumber yard here. He has four ox teams daily hauling lumber, and there will soon be plenty for all to build. You would say this was a young Oroville, to hear the sound of the hammer and saw. The ditch so long talked of will be in full operation next week. If we had the water here now, with the diggings that we have, I will venture to say that there would be more gold taken from this precinct this winter than from any other in Butte County. There is a company of Chilenos just below our town that take out daily from three to five ounces to the hand. There is an old colored man that has been mining here that took out a little over seven hundred dollars as his share in three weeks' work, and then he sold out his claim and went below to get his wife. Yesterday he prospected the same ground to show his wife

the prospect, and washed out eleven dollars the first pan. We have but one American lady living in this vicinity, Mrs. Marquis. She washed out one pan of dirt yesterday and got one dollar thirty-seven and one-half cents. We have a daily stage from Oroville running here. There have been quite a number of persons here in the last four weeks who have good claims recorded. This is a new place, and the diggings here were first struck last winter by a company of Chilenos and Mexicans. The town is situated on Spanish Ravine, which empties into Chub Gulch. These and Blair's Ravine are considered the richest diggings. Our town is twenty miles from Oroville and one mile from Frenchtown. We had two gentlemen to call on us yesterday who came in a buggy, the first buggy that was ever seen in this part of the country. There is a good mountain road from Pence's Ranch to the place. Mr. Snyder, Mr. Pierce and Mr. Reed have been sinking a shaft on what is called Yankee Hill for hill digging."

***Butte Record, September 23, 1856***

## DYER'S DAILY EXPRESS!

From Oroville to Spanishtown  
AND FRENCHTOWN.

**T**HE undersigned will run a Daily Express between Oroville, Spanishtown and Frenchtown. All letters and packages entrusted to his care will be delivered with promptness and despatch.

Agents,

WM. C. PAYNE, Oroville,

DR. WALDRON, Spanishtown.

sep19-1m\*

An article in the October 21<sup>st</sup> addition of the *Oroville Daily Register* mentioned the Golden Gate Hotel run by Carry and McClellan in Spanishtown was now full.

On November 1<sup>st</sup>, 1856, C.H. Turner, S.S. Snyder, J.R. Beckmith, J.H. White, Jack H. Branson, Frank Houser, J.R. Simpson, and John Verjan filed a claim for the Virgin Quartz Mining Company. The name implies Verjan found the claim and the others were either working partners or financial backers. Consequently, Verjan may not have been the largest shareholder.

On November 14<sup>th</sup>, 1856, M.H. Wells, J.C. Johnson, F.H. Pratt, J.D. Pollard, E.G. Green, J. Anderson, G.L. Dockler, John Conner, Daniel Ring, and H. Marco filed a claim by the 49 Mining Co. and the 56 Quartz Mining Co. The claim would be known as the 49 & 56 Claim.

Both of these claims were on the Rich Gulch Quartz Ledge and were hard rock claims where they tunneled for gold. The ledge was located at the base of a hill below what would later be known as Yankee Hill. The



gold in Rich Gulch found in 1853 had washed out from this ledge.

Michael Wells, one of the 49 & 56 founders to whom the history books attribute the founding of Yankee Hill, came to the area in 1856. In an article in the papers written in May 1882, the *Oroville Mercury* states Mr. Wells first lived in Spanishtown.

About this time, James Monroe Smith, his wife Mary, and daughter Nancy came to Frenchtown from Dogtown (Magalia) where he owned a store. He had been in the Rich Gulch area in 1852 when he first arrived from North Carolina looking for gold, but did not stay. (Smith settled in the area near the intersection of today's Nelson Bar and Lunt Roads.) The Smith home was across from the Peairs Boys ranch and ditch mentioned earlier on the Nelson Bar wagon road. Smith does not appear in the late 1850s tax records, so his presence in Frenchtown at first must have been modest.

### **Understanding the Early (1850s and 1860s) Tax Records for Butte County**


The tax records for Butte County that still exist start in 1857. The records list acres of property owned, the value of the property, the value of improvements made that tax year on the property, the various livestock owned, and the value of household furnishings and jewelry owned (primarily gold jewelry). The acres owned and value were taken from formal deeds filed at the county offices. So there was not a lot of incentive to file a deed, thus avoiding taxes, unless you were worried about someone claiming your land. This was not an issue in many of the rural areas, as land was plentiful in the early 1850s. But the tax collector could visit the area and see your dwelling and any cattle, sheep, or hogs you had and collect taxes. If the dwelling had previously existed, it would not be taxed because they only taxed improvements made in the current tax year. The livestock, if they saw it, would be taxed each year. Household furnishing and gold jewelry would also depend on if they saw it or you were honest enough to mention it. Once you were on the tax rolls they would follow up each year to see if there were any changes. In the case of a person who had a house that he or she built or expanded in the current tax year, but no title for land, the improvements were usually assessed at \$50 to \$150, with most in the \$100 range. If a dwelling was not a permanent structure, as with a tent, it would not be assessed. Consequently, there are few people listed in the Rich Gulch, Frenchtown, Spanishtown, and Yankee Hill tax records, perhaps 25% of the population, or about 100 people or corporations (usually mining ventures, cattlemen, a mill, store, or other establishment owners) in the late 1850's. Obviously the tax records for Oroville, which was the county seat and consisted of primarily permanent structures with many business owners, were more complete than the records for this area. It wasn't until the 1870s and 80s in rural areas that the tax records became more comprehensive as people started filing large land patents and homesteads, usually because they wanted to sell their property and the new owner wanted legal title.

In the November 1856 presidential election, Frenchtown cast 133 votes, while Spanishtown cast 253 votes. Yankee Hill was not a voting district in 1856, so the miners cast their votes at Frenchtown or Spanishtown.

The papers in November also mention the Pioneer Hotel in Spanishtown. The following month in December an add ran for the new Union Hotel in Spanishtown.

Union Hotel & Stage House,  
**SPANISHTOWN, BUTTE CO.**

RIPLEY & STANIELS,.....Proprietors.

 THE UNDERSIGNED inform their friends and the public generally, that they have just opened a NEW HOTEL in Spanishtown bearing the above name, and having provided it with all the arrangements that constitute a first class Hotel. clean and comfortable Beds, bountifully furnished. Table, and a Bar supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars, they solicit the patronage of the travelling public.

The California Stage Company make this house the head quarters for their Coaches in Spanishtown.

J. P. RIPLEY,  
JOHN S. STANIELS,

Spanishtown, December 20, 1856. d20-16

1856 would close with the Frenchtown Canal and Mining Co. advertising they were holding a meeting in January in Marysville to expand their stock offering to \$60,000. The trustees were M. Fuller, C.C. Addison, O.M. Evans, and W.S. Watson. They were all businessmen, none from the immediate area.

## 1857

In February 1857, a post office was opened in J.I. Steward's store in Frenchtown. That same month, an article was published about Spanishtown. A portion of the article by Philus Julius, a pseudonym, describes the town.

"Last July there were no frame structures, now there are three hotels, eight billiard saloons, four dance houses, three stables and numerous stores and private residences. A number of worthy ladies, the wives and relatives of the better class of citizens, now abide in Spanishtown. A number of people have now pulled up stakes to go to the rich diggings of Helltown and Dogtown."

In March 1857, the Industry Quartz Mine was established at Yankee Hill.

"We the undersigned claim eleven claims 150 Ft each of this quartz ledge now known as the Rich Gulch Quartz Ledge commencing at this notice and following the meanderings of the ledge, also sufficient ground for working the same. The above claim commences at an oak stump about 100ft South of Butte Ravine and runs North on the ledge 1500 feet to an oak tree blazed on two sides near the top of Yankee Hill, March 6, 1857. S. D. Hasey, Capt Hasey, E.K. Dodge, G. Dodge, John Rollings, C. Billing, J.M. Feney, A. Snook, A.H. Nelson, G. Rung, F.J. Wilbun."

In March 1857, the Frenchtown Canal and Mining Company purchased the Peairs Boys ditch and reservoir in Frenchtown for \$200, and the Frenchtown Ditch owned by a Mr. Chabot, who lived in San Francisco,



for \$500. The ditch ran from Deadwood Creek to the mining regions in the area. With the purchase they also acquired Chabot's surveys for an extension of the ditch to the East Branch of the West Branch of the Feather River.

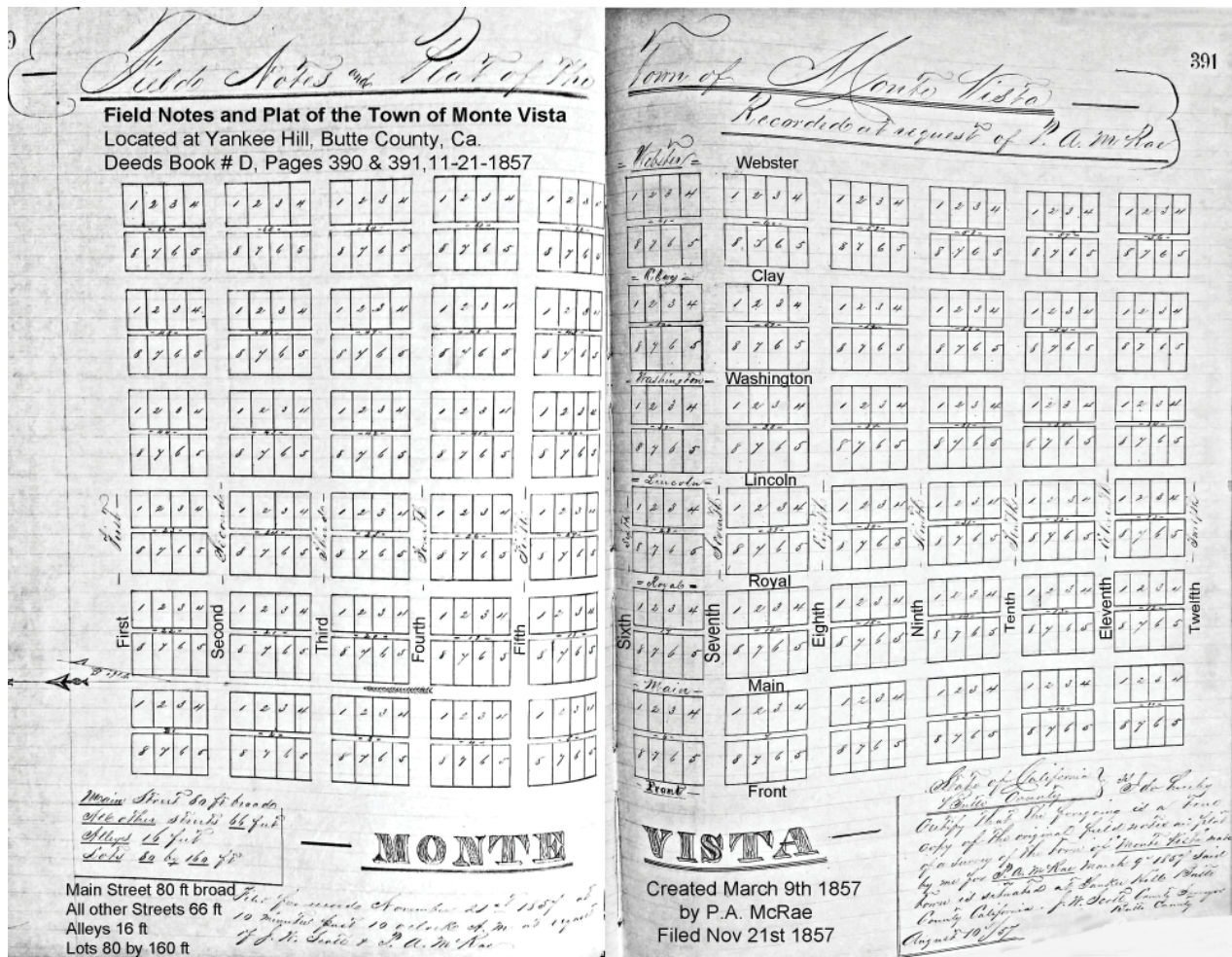
Things were busy in the area but in April 1857 there were signs of a slowdown based on an article in the *North Californian*.

“Spanishtown April 25<sup>th</sup>, the town is dull the last several months because while the diggings are rich they unfortunately require water to work them. But after months of waiting, June 1st the ditch is promised to be complete.”

The Frenchtown ditch had not been extended to Spanishtown yet.

Meanwhile at Nelson Bar, Charles Curtis had announced he was going to renew his ferry license and also build a bridge at Nelson Bar. Unfortunately for Curtis, O.M. Evans, one of the investors in the Frenchtown Canal and Mining Company, also announced he would build a bridge and grade a road from Cherokee to the diggings at Yankee Hill across the West Branch of the Feather River, at the site of the “Natural Crossing” mentioned earlier.

In September 1857, a new town name appears on a deed for the sale of Hastings Trading Post in Monte Vista. The deed states Monte Vista was formerly called Yankee Hill. Philip McRae purchased the Hastings Trading Post. He had drawn up a plat plan for the town of Monte Vista in March, and filed the plat plan in November 1857.



In October 1857, an article states the Frenchtown Canal and Mining Company had 20 miles of ditch valued at \$23,000. It also states the Virgin Quartz Mill, a steam powered mill, was paying \$30 to \$40 per ton and the assessed value of their equipment was \$9,000. The 49 & 56 Quartz Company, also a steam powered mill, had recently made \$10,000 in improvements to their operation. Both mining companies were listed as being at Monte Vista. McRae would also buy the ditch that ran from above Dogtown to Cherokee for \$1500 in December 1857.

The mining companies located at Yankee Hill above the Rich Gulch Ledge would soon appear to be overshadowed by the new town of Monte Vista.

## 1858

J.I. Steward of Frenchtown appears to have purchased the Pioneer Hotel in Spanishtown in late 1857. He made \$500 in improvements to the hotel in 1858. He also appears to have abandoned his store in Frenchtown as the post office was closed by December 1857.

In February 1858, a reservoir had been established at Spanishtown by the Frenchtown Canal and Mining Company, but it burst in the heavy rains and wiped out everything in the water's path. The losses to the company were large.

In March and April of 1858, all the shares in the Industry Quartz Mine were sold to G.F. Whiteman. The Industry Quartz Mine was involved in a dispute between its owners prior to the sale. Whiteman would call his operation Whiteman's Mill located at the 49 & 56 Quartz Ledge near the south end of the Virgin Quartz Ledge. The Industry Company name and reference to the Rich Gulch Quartz Ledge were dropped by Whiteman.

In July 1858, F.E. Cannon, who lived between Cherokee and Oregon City (Cannon Reservoir still marks the site) sold the 320-acre ranch he acquired in Frenchtown from the Peairs Brothers when they left the area that same year to John Pringle for \$100.

In August 1858, Charles Smith sold the house on the Nelson Bar Wagon Road for \$1200, as mentioned earlier.

In October 1858, the post office was reestablished at Yankee Hill, probably in the offices of one of the two mining companies operating there. The name of the post office was officially the Yankee Hill Post Office. The first postmaster was James J. Billings, followed by Hiram M. Clemons in March 1859. Clemons would be the postmaster until 1864.

In December 1858, the *Butte Record* reported the 49 & 56 Mine took out in three days approximately 800 pounds of gold. They stated that it appeared the company had struck a vein of decomposed quartz of remarkable richness. This was the largest single payload of gold in the mine's history.

Meanwhile at Nelson Bar, Curtis had completed his bridge, and his home, land, and the bridge were assessed at \$2000. It is worth noting an article in the papers about Butte County taxes, which usually did not list incomes, said the income for Curtis in 1858 was estimated at \$1500 to \$2000.

In 1858, O.M. Evans had also built his bridge across the West Branch of the Feather River.

## 1859

Michael Wells was still involved with the 49 & 56 Mining operation; he had established a store with \$300 in merchandise, according to the 1859 tax records. He did not own any property in his name. Was his store in the 49 & 56 company offices along with the post office? It is impossible to tell, but probable.

What was certain is that the post office officially being named the Yankee Hill Post Office secured the name for the area.

But things were slowing down in 1859. The single independent miner was slowly becoming a thing of the past. McRae did manage to sell a few lots in Monte Vista, but it was not going well. In December 1859, he sold S.D. Hasey, formerly with the Industrial Quartz Mine, a lot on Third Street for \$800. But in 1861 his lots were selling for \$50, if at all.

In December 1859, the Union Hotel in Spanishtown was insolvent. J.H. Marple bought it at auction for \$10 and sold it to H.H. Hobart, a judge in Oroville, for \$25 three days later. It turns out the Union Hotel was not actually in Spanishtown at all, but rather located at Yankee Hill. The Spanishtown gold rush had caused the local papers to generally refer to the entire area as Spanishtown. It ended up the 49 & 56 Mining Company used the hotel as a bunk house for the employees.

J.I Steward, who had purchased the Pioneer Hotel in Spanishtown, was the proprietor of the Cherokee Hotel in 1860. The Pioneer Hotel is not mentioned anymore after that. The history of the Golden Gate Hotel is also unclear, but it too closed down.

## 1860

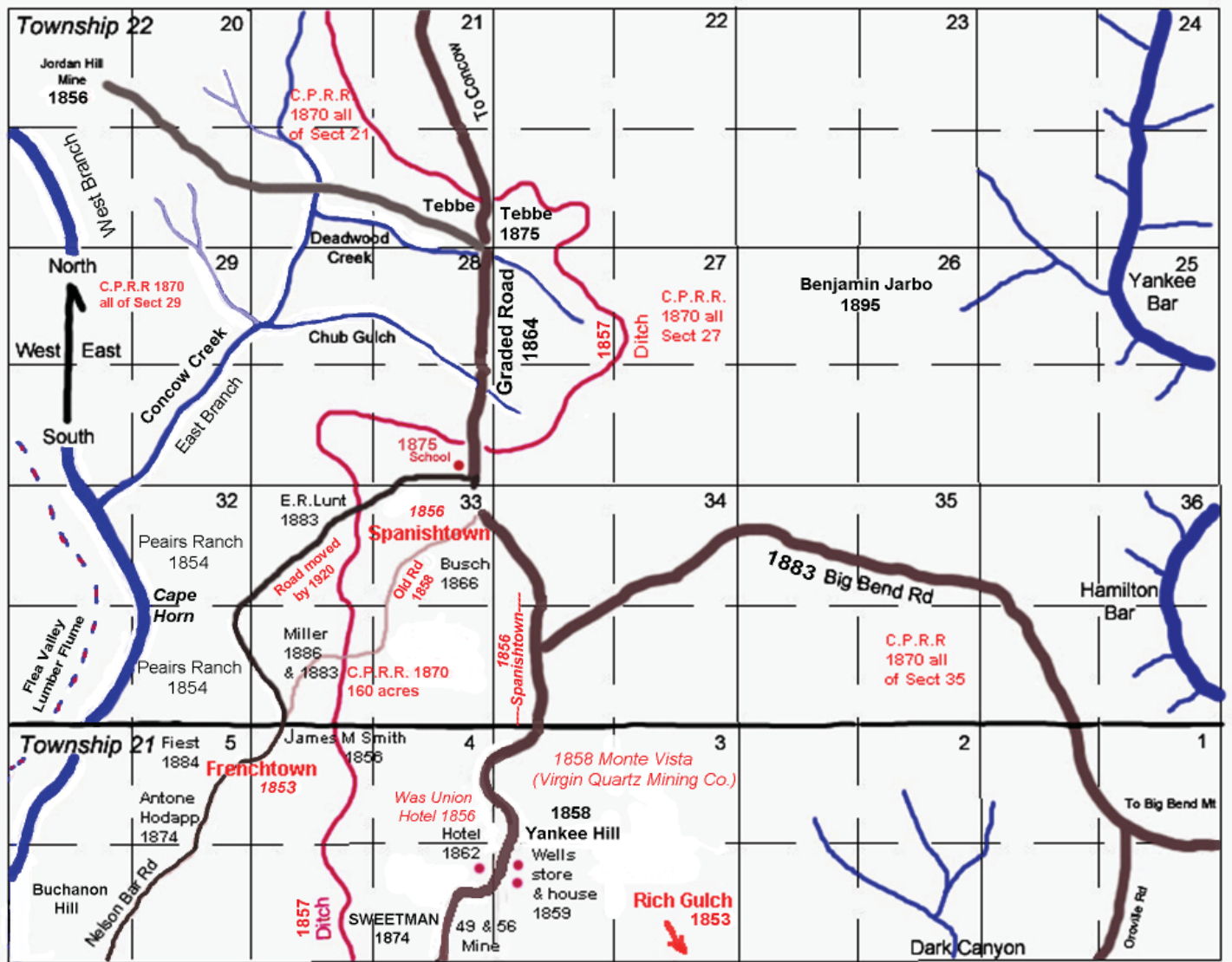
Michael Wells & Co. built a store in Yankee Hill per the tax records; it was assessed at \$500. The July 1860 Census lists 9 empty cabins in Yankee Hill and 11 empty cabins at Spanishtown. That same month, G.F. Whiteman sold the machinery and boiler from his Whiteman's Mill in Yankee Hill to W.D. Shallcross in exchange for the release from a \$1100 note and \$500 cash. It appears the equipment was sold for salvage.

## 1861

In May 1861, McRae sold Hannah Pringle of Frenchtown a 68 ft. x 60 ft. lot in Monte Vista for \$50. The original town plat said the lots would be 80 ft. x 160 ft., but perhaps that is all she could afford. Her husband, John Pringle, had died in January. She was planning on selling the property in Frenchtown and perhaps she was preparing for a future place to live if needed. In July 1861, she did sell the 320 acres in Frenchtown for \$300 to John Nash. Before John died, Hannah's husband, the Pringles had a house, butcher shop, barn, and corral with 22 cows, 380 sheep, and 40 hogs. Frenchtown was a successful ranching area since its beginning.

In October 1861, the Virgin Quartz Mill at Yankee Hill burned to the ground. Some thought it was arson as the mill had not run for the two weeks prior. (In 1866 the mine was reopened as the Venus Quartz Mine, but met with minimal success.)

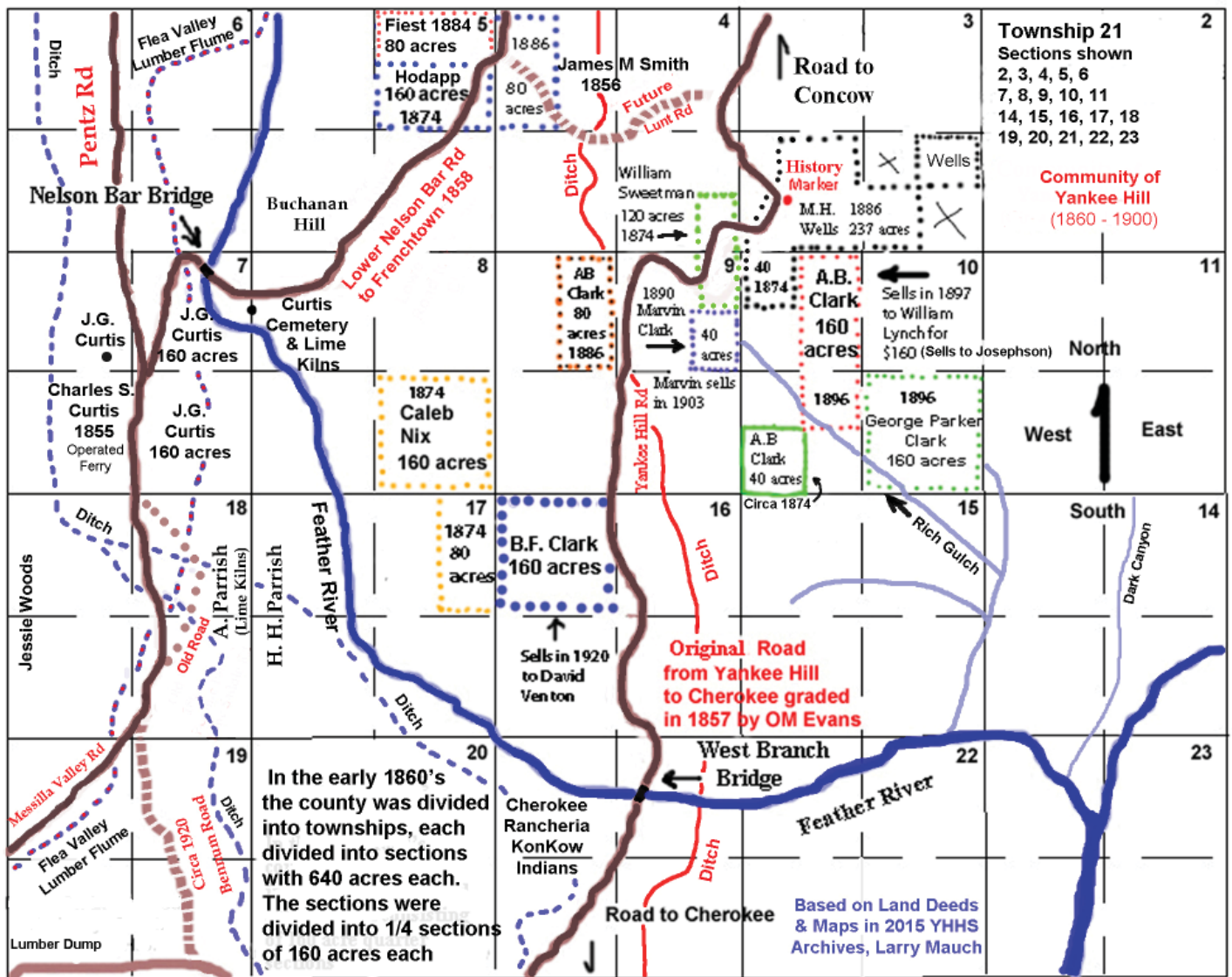




### Nelson Bar, Frenchtown, and Yankee Hill Continue On

By 1862, Spanishtown was, for all practical purposes, gone. The miners left and the reputation for violence in Spanishtown had tarnished its image. The area was commonly referred to as Frenchtown or Yankee Hill. Monte Vista was also a thing of the past that never really got off the ground, it did however appear on the 1862 Butte County map.

**Nelson Bar** - Meanwhile at Nelson Bar, Charles Curtis and his brother Joseph Curtis continued to operate the ferry and the bridge. Sometime in the early 1860s, they also tried their hand at producing lime by building a single kiln nearby. Gwynn's lime operation, just down the road at Lime Saddle, was now burning three kilns. The Curtis kiln would later close for 10 years before opening again in 1875 for a brief period. The Gwynn lime kilns would eventually be purchased by Augustine Parrish, who operated them until 1900. The Curtis home is not marked by a house, bridge, or lime kiln anymore, but rather by the olive trees along Pentz Road, which were planted in 1882. Joseph Curtis was a very successful grower who owned the third oldest olive grove in Butte County. In 1883 the Curtis family did approach the county about further reimbursements of nearly \$4,000 for constructing the Nelson Bar Bridge which had washed out twice in heavy rains and grading the road to Frenchtown, but the claim was denied. The county had already taken over maintaining the West Branch Bridge constructed by O.M. Evans a mile and a half down river. In 1903 the wooden Nelson Bar Bridge washed out again and the county replaced it with a steel bridge.



**Frenchtown** – In 1866, Lorenzo Feist had a 15-acre home on the hill in what was part of old Spanishtown. He sold the place to Theodore Busch, who had been living at Rock Creek prior to that. Busch also was given the rights to 1000 yards of mining claims along Chub Gulch, and 40 sluice boxes that Feist owned, the price of which was \$500. In 1870, Busch would marry Nancy Smith, James Monroe Smith's daughter from Frenchtown. In 1872, they had a son, Albert Franklin Busch. Theodore Busch, Nancy's husband died around 1875.

In 1874, Anton Hodapp settled on 160 acres on Nelson Bar Road. There he established Hodapp Ranch, where he and his family lived. Anton died in 1898. His son Emil Hodapp continued to live on the ranch until the late 1940's.

In 1875, Edwin R. Lunt came to Frenchtown. Edwin was the first teacher at Concow School, which was built in 1875. He married Nancy (Smith) Busch in 1877. In 1883, he purchased 40 acres from the Central Pacific Railroad for \$90 and built a home, which still stands on Nelson Bar Road today. The Lunt family still owns the property.

In 1886, James Monroe Smith from Frenchtown died at the Deadwood hospital, located on the Tebbe property. Albert Busch, his grandson, moved into his home on Nelson Bar Road near what is now called Lunt Road. Albert Busch died in 1934 and the property was taken over by his mother, Nancy (Busch/Smith) Lunt. His stepdad, Edwin R. Lunt, had died in 1903. The Lunt family would continue to add to their land holdings on Nelson Bar Road over the years.



Enoch Miller's brothers, Wendell and Joseph Miller, returned to Frenchtown in the 1870's. They later purchased land in Frenchtown, 120 acres in 1883 and 120 acres in 1886 and operated a butcher shop selling the meat in their shop in Cherokee. In time, the Miller brothers would own over 4000 acres in Butte County. The brothers died in 1901 and 1908 respectively. In 1907 Wendell Miller's estate sold 40 acres on Nelson Bar Road to Butte Williams, whose family still lives on the land. In 1917 the Miller estate sold 200 acres across the road to Lyman Brown. The two story Miller home built on that property in 1883 burned in 2000.

Lorenzo Feist, an early resident of Spanishtown bought 80 acres on Nelson Bar Road in 1883, next to Hodapp Ranch, which he purchased from the Central Pacific Railroad. His Nephew, Andrew Armbruster, lived with Lorenzo and his wife, Theresa. Theresa Feist died in 1894 and Lorenzo Feist in 1902. Both are buried in the Yankee Hill Cemetery. Andrew Armbruster continued to operate the family farm until his death in 1935. Andrew sold his 80 acre property to the Lunt family for \$1,600 only months before his death.

**Yankee Hill** – Michael Wells bought the Union Hotel at Yankee Hill from W.W. Hobart in 1864 for \$1000. He became postmaster the same year. The 49 & 56 Mine was abandoned in 1866. In 1883, he added a second hotel building. Wells would file a Homestead application in 1889 claiming the surrounding area, 71 acres. Wells died in 1891, at the time he had over 200 acres. His wife Dora Wells closed the store in the 1920's and operated the hotel, living upstairs until her death in 1936. The Hoefling Brothers acquired the property with the old house, store, old Union Hotel and the 2nd 1883 hotel building after her death. Included in the sale was the deed for the Venus Quartz Mine, which was the old Virgin Mine, which the Hoefling Brothers tried to sell in 1945, unsuccessfully.

Where exactly was the town of Monte Vista supposed to be? Probably on Yankee Hill Road in the flat between the Yankee Hill Cemetery and Lunt Road. More research must be done to uncover this mystery.



**Michael Wells 1883 addition**

*Photo circa 1920  
Both structures burned in 1949*

**1856 Union Hotel,  
later in 1864 Michael Wells  
Yankee Hill Hotel.**



The wife of Joseph G. Curtis, Lucy Augusta Beale Curtis taught school at Messilla Valley School in the 1880's. In 1886 she submitted a short story to the San Francisco Overland Monthly which was published in December that year. The attached story is charming but mostly fiction.

## Overland Monthly

622

*An Episode of Chub Gulch.*

[Dec. 1886

### AN EPISODE OF CHUB GULCH.

[THE Forty-Niner usually sits in an easy chair on the south side of the piazza of the Santa Cruz House, these sunny afternoons, and smokes a funny manzanita pipe. We think he made the pipe himself. It is in the shape of a head—a dog's head, perhaps, or it may have been intended for the head of a sheep, or a horse; there is a delightful uncertainty about it.

There is also a delicious flavor of mystery about the Forty-Niner himself. He is not one of the fashionable sea-side boarders, yet the handsome proprietor and his sweet-faced mother treat him with a consideration suggestive of plethoric pocket books and an awe-inspiring bank account.

He is modest and quiet, and seldom indulges in the luxury of a coat, yet his navy blue shirt and his brown duck overalls are scrupulously neat and fresh. He has a peaceful and contented demeanor and spends much time reading the San Francisco papers through spectacles quite too "young" for him. His Mexican sombrero, and his long beard, white and silken, give him a picturesque appearance, which our artist delights in. She has at least a dozen sketches of him in her portfolio, very good ones, too.

He seems to live in the past, that golden era of romance in the annals of California, of which he is the most charming chronicler. We gather around him in the mellow sunshine, the half dozen early comers, and a hint from one, an adroit question about old times from another, strikes a chord in the old man's memory, and, as by fairy enchantment, we are transported to

"The days of old,  
In the days of gold—  
The days of Forty-Nine."

Yesterday, in response to a suggestion

from the golden-haired school-mistress, he discoursed as follows :]

Women, did you say? Wal, they was as sca'sc as nuggets in a snow-bank for the first two year; but along in fifty-four'n five, they begun to come in right smart.

Lemme see—'twas the summer of fifty-three that Sandy Wright an' me made our big strike at Sky High—took 'out seven thousand dollars in less'n two months; then the claim petered out, so't we couldn't make grub. I s'pose ther was two hundred men at Sky High and nary a woman.

Then we went over to Chub Gulch, an' ther was three women thar—no, four. We sot a heap by Eunice Lowry. She was tall, an' bony, an' cross-eyed, an' hadn't a tooth to speak of; but she was a stavin' good woman, you betcher life! If anybody was sick, first ye knowed here comes Eunice, right in without knockin', just like yer own mother or sister, with a bowl of nice meat broth or somethin'—none of yer pasty gruel—an' if it was fever, she'd bathe yer face an' hands, an' shake up yer piller, 'f ye had one, an' tidy up yer cabin; not once or twice, but ev'ry day, till a feller got round again. Doc. Conway used ter say Mis' Lowry used to save more lives'n he did. Ther aint many women like Eunice Lowry.

Then ther was Mrs. Judge Dunn. The boys called her stuck up, but mebbe she was only shy. She was from Maine, and they say Maine women are as shy as partridges, afraid to speak to a man, 'f he happens ter be a stranger. I don' know why.

Cap. Williams' wife, and Doc. Conway's wife war pretty young things, and gay and lively as kittens. They seemed to sorter brighten things up like.

Then came Mary Winter an' Danny. Did I tell ye about them? I tell so many

goldarn yarns, I forget sometimes who I tell 'em to.

Wal, ye see, when me'n my pard got to Chub Gulch, one of us had to take the dust to the bank so I took a run to Frisco while Sandy prospected for gold diggin's.

I deposited the gold, sent a check home to Sandy's folks and mine back in Illinois, bought up a stock of minin' tools an' clothes, an' started back steamer day.

Thar was a powerful lot of passengers that trip, an' the Sacramento and Marysville boats was just swarmin'. I went up on the *Henry Clay*. I knowed the cap'n, Web Snow. Him'n' me was chums on a Mississippi flat boat.

The *Henry Clay* was a little, dirty, ornery looking craft as ever you see, and she wheezed and squeaked all the time 's though she was jest goin' to pieces. Ther was another spick'n' span little steamer on the Sacramento—I disremember her name; she was pooty's a pink—but lor' bless ye, the *Henry Clay* alwuz left her out o' sight the first ten mild.

I didn't see any women aboard on the trip, but when we got alongside the Marysville wharf, I seen a woman leanin' over the rail holdin' a six-year-old kid by the hand, an' watchin' out as if she expected somebody.

Ye didn't see the Marysville wharf in '53? Thunder and Mars! Of co'se ye didn't. Ye wasn't borned then. It was a funny kind of wharf, though. Nothin' in the world but the hulk of an old ship, that some o' them cute Yankees had towed up from Frisco, and was jist gitting rich collectin' wharfage on. Didn't cost him a blamed cent, nuther, 'xcept the towin'. Ye see, they used to load up old condemned craft in New York 'n' Boston, with Yankee notions, sail 'em round the Horn, and before they got into port they would sell the ship, cargo and all, to the Jews that come aboard with the pilot. They knew they couldn't get a crew back to save 'em, even

if they wanted to. Sometimes they jist give the ship away; then the cap'n, crew, an' all would strike out for the diggin's. Men e'en-a-most went crazy for gold them times. They bought the old ships for storehouses at Friseo.

I missed a lot o' my shovels, an' me'n Cap. Snow went below to hunt 'em, 'n' when we came on deck again, thar she was standin' yet, watchin' an' waitin'.

"'Xpecting friends?" says the cap'n. She kinder started as though she was frightened, then she smiled.

She was a little, slender thing, them days, with fair hair 'n' big blue eyes, 'n' the sweetest smile ye ever seen I 'low. The tears were standin' in her eyes, but I could see she was a brave, high-sperrited little creatur by the way she looked up. She was a born lady, too.

"I'm lookin' for my husband," says she; "he wrote he'd be sure to meet us at Marysville. But mebbe the steamer got in sooner than he 'xpected."

"Yes, that must be the reason he didn't come," says Cap. Snow; but, land alive! he knowed the Panama steamer was two days overdue, 's well as I did; but Web alluz was soft hearted.

"Ye better go up to the St. Charles," says he, "an' when Mr.—"

"Winter, James Winter," says she.

"O yes," says he. "When Mr. Winter comes I'll send him up. He's sure to be along in an hour or so."

Then she brightened up, amazin'. Cap. Snow was one o' the cheeriest fellers alive. She said she'd go to the hotel 'n' wait, if he'd show her the way. I knowed by that she didn't have any money to spare, for thar was two or three cabs waitin', so I says if she would wait a bit till I got my freight out I'd walk up with her. She thanked me with her sweet smile an' says, "Come Danny, papa 'll soon be here now."

On reachin' the hotel, I showed her into the ladies' parlor, and told her I would



look round for her husband, "though like's not, he's concluded to go to Frisco to meet ye thar, 'n' you've passed him on the way,"

She laughed right out, 'n' said it would be just like him, for he was alluz makin' blunders.

But night come 'n' Winters didn't put in an appearance. She looked dretful anxious, an' wanted me to get her a *cheap* room to stay all night. I took out my purse to lend her a couple o' twenties, but she got so red, an' looked like she was goin' to cry, that I had to put 'em back again.

She said she had ten dollars left 'n' mebbe that would hold out.

Then I asked her where she was goin' an' bless ye, she says, "Chub Gulch, west branch of Feather River." She was pleased as a child when she found I was goin' to the same place, 'n' when I told her I was goin' along with the mule train to look after my freight, she wanted to go that way, too, for she was dead sure, now, that Winter had gone on to Frisco. Then she talked to Danny 'n' told him how nice it would be to go home 'n' fix everything up fine 'n' tidy, 'n' have a good nice supper ready when his papa got home, 'n' they laughed like two happy children.

I saw Scott, the boss packer, an' when I told him the story 'n' how she only had ten dollars, 'n' axed him what he'd charge to take 'em up, he says:

"What in — do you take me for? Do you think I'd take a woman's last dollar? Go to Sheol!" says he, "'n' pack yer shovels on yer own back!" says he, only they didn't call it "Sheol" them days. Scotty had a heart as big as an ox's. Better'n that, he had a gentle mule 'n' a side saddle. Danny rode a-straddle some soft freight on a pack-mule, the happiest boy in the kentry, while Scotty rode his vicious little black mule he called Lightnin'. He said he named him Lightnin' because he was lightnin' on dogs when they came out to bite his heels. He led an old gray mare

with a bell on her neck. It's funny how mules think thare's nothin' on earth half so fine as an old gray mare. They'll foller her right into the fire. Packers alluz used ter have a gray bell mare on the lead o' their pack trains; then the mules 'ud go along stiddy, an' tend right to business.

It kinder seemed to me as if that was the pleasantest ride I ever had in my life. All along o' Mrs. Winter. Everyth'ng was new to her, an' she jist enjoyed it every minute. Scotty picked manzanita blossoms for her, and she thought the quails looked like 'nchanted princes and princesses. She sung little bits of songs, jist like a bird; 'n' when she sung "Do they think o' me at home?" I hed to fall into the rear 'n' cry like a baby. I suspicioned Scotty, too, for he seemed to have a powerful bad cold in his head about that time. Ye see she had settled it in her mind that Winter had gone to Frisco, sure. She never thought of nothin' else. 'N' every little while she would laugh and joke about it with me 'n' Danny.

We got into Hamilton 'bout four o'clock. This was the stoppin' place. Jist as Mis' Winter went into the hotel, here comes Poker Dave on his pided mustang.

"Howdy," says Dave, 'n' we both says "Howdy."

"Who's yer passengers?" says Dave.

"Jim Winter's wife 'n' boy," says Scott.

"Good God!" says Dave, 'n' he turned white's a ghost.

He sort o' dropped down onto a pack of overalls as if he was sick. I pulled out my whisky bottle—beggin' yer pardon, I don't kerry none now—I thought he was faint. Ez soon ez he could speak, says he:

"Didn't you hear 'bout it? Jim Winter's dead 'n' buried. Shot in a scrimmage at the Alhambra, night afore last, by accident. God-a-mighty! don't she know?"

My knees felt powerful weak, an' Scotty had turned the color of a dandelion. I wouldn't ha' knowed his voice when he said:



"A mighty sorry Christmas for them poor things! You go 'n' tell her, Dave."

"Heavens! I'd sooner be shot!" says he.

"So'd I, a hundred times over!" says Scott.

Ef a Californy lion had attacked that woman, or the kid, Dave or Scotty would 'a' bounced him in an instant, bare handed, an' I dunno but I would myself, leastways I always kerried a revolver them times. But now we were three of the miserablest, mean-sperited cowards in the kentry. I always felt ashamed of that part of the business. It don't seem quite manly to shirk such work, an' we was mean enough to shirk it onto a woman, too—poor Eunice Lowry!

"Somebody's got to tell her," says I.

"I'll go straight back," says Dave, "an' tell the boys she's coming. Mebbe Parson Kelley will tell her, when she gets to Chub Gulch. He knows how to talk. He made the speech at Jim's funeral yesterday, I never heard such a tarnation good prayer's he got off in all my life."

"No, you get Eunice Lowry to tell her," says Scott; an' Dave says, "By George! that's better!"

"I'll send her on in the stage," Dave," says Scott, "I can't stand it to see her laughin' an' chirpin' about surprisin' him. Did Winter leave any money?"

"About two 'n' a half. He was jest openin' up some new diggin's. But the boys'll make that all right. Here's a twenty, Scotty. Give her that in the mornin', and say as how Jim's pard went along in the night and 'lowed she might need some money. Tell her it's Jim's money, ye know."

"All right, Dave; she's a proud-sperited little thing, but dainty an' sweet as a rose."

I 'lowed I would ride back with "Poker Dave," as they called him. I never knowed his other name.

It was nigh onto ten o'clock at night when we tied up at the Alhambra.

I believe our painter gal here would like to ha' made a picter of the old Alhambra s'loon that night.

["Tell us all about it, Uncle Solomon, and perhaps I can paint it from your description; you make such delightful word pictures; one can almost see those old scenes," said our Artist, drawing nearer to the old man, and looking caressingly into his face. How did she know his name was Solomon?]

Wal, the Alhambra was built outer logs, a kinder long, low building, an' a canvas ruff. One part was the dwellin' house, another was the store, an' the biggest part was the s'loon. That night the s'loon was fixed up mighty pooty, with green branches, manzanita flowers, an' those bright red berries they call "holly-berries," though they ain't real holly, ye know; fer next day was Christmas, an' the proprietor of the Alhambra was alwuz getting up something to please the boys—sometimes it was a horse-race, or a gander-pullin', or a shootin'-match, or chuck-or-luck, or the like.

There wa'n't no cheers to set on, but ther was plenty of benches, an' a big fireplace made things cheerful. Ther was card tables, an' newspapers, an' crib an' checker-board. But the bar took the cake. I hain't no jedge of picters, though our painter gal, here, makes dredful pooty ones of wild flowers an' babies; but I used ter think that bar was quite magnificent. It was made of sugar pine an' the top was painted to look like white marble with veins in it. Most everybody thought it was real marble, till they drummed on it. Then underneath was panels, an' every panel had a beautiful picter on it. One was a ship sailing on a stormy sea, that made you think of the v'yage round the Horn. Right by the side of this 'ere, was a painting of autumn woods, all red an' yellow an' the leaves a fallin'; a squirrel was a settin' on a limb, an' two boys an' a gal was gatherin' nuts. Wal, I'd ben *thar* too. Next to this was a "castle on

the Rhine"; then came a picter of coastin' an snowballin'. I knew all about that, ye know. An' last of all was a fambly a settin' round, father, mother, children, an' gran'mother, an' the old gran'sir a reading outer the Bible. I tell ye that made a feller think of home. An' whenever I looked at that, I didn't take any more drinks that night, you bet.

When Dave 'n' me went in, most all the boys round Chub Gulch, Yankee Hill, Frenchtown and Spanishtown—about a hundred an' fifty were thar. They were surprised to see Dave back fer he had started for Frisco.

"What ye back for?"—"Po'ny buck ye off?"—"Hamilton poker sharps clean ye out?" was what they were saying; but when Dave told em how Jim Wjnter's wife 'n' child wor at Hamilton an' would be in on the stage in the mornin', ye might 'a' heard a pin drop in that 'ere sawdust. Even the gambling games all stopped.

"That's what he fixed up his cabin so tidy for," says one.—"An' he never let on to nobody they was comin'," says another.—"Poor devil! says Baldy Bulow, "why didn't some o' the rest of us get that stray bullet, what haint' got no wife nor child?"

"Parson," sez Cap. Strover, "didn't I tell ye that Providence makes dretful mistakes sometimes? an' this 'ere's one of 'em. You'll give in now, betcher life!"

Cap. was awful contrairy, an' he never missed a chance for an argiment with Parson Kelly. The parson often came to the s'loon to read the papers an' talk with his neighbors—he wasn't a bit stuck up, always jolly an' good natured. Now he just laid down his paper an' rose up sort of solemn like, an' says he,

"Let us not discuss theology to-night, Cap'n Strover," says he, "This is a time to remember the widder an' fatherless in their affliction."

"D——it! Them's my sentiments," says Dirty Dick, who was alwuz the rag-

gedest and dirtiest fellow in the s'loon; but he pulled out his dirty old buckskin purse, an' rung a twenty dollar piece down on the bar. Every man in the room took a hand in that game and followed suit, an' before you could say "Jack Robinson," there was seven hundred an' eighty dollars piled up on that bar, tens an' twenties, nuggets in all shapes an' sizes, packages of gold dust, coarse an' fine, an' the owner of the Alhambra capped the pile with one of them old-fashioned eight-sided fifty dollar pieces. Never see one? No, they don't make 'em now.

"Let the parson take charge of the dust," says somebody.

"Not much!" says Poker Dave. "Not that I've got nary thing agin the parson, only he's too much like George Washington—can't tell a lie, ye know. He'll take that 'ere pile" says Dave, gittin' sort of 'xcited, "an' go an' set that poor woman up for a pauper, to wonst. He'll walk in, take off his hat, make his perlitest bow, an' say, 'My dear madam, yer poor late husband left nary a red, and the Chub Gulchites heard you were reduced to the small pittance of ten dollars, so they beg you will accept this small token of their sympathy an' esteem in this time of sorrow.' No, parson, you ken go 'an pray with her, an' you do make a thundering good prayer; but we want the biggest liar in the Gulch to handle this dust, an' Doc. Conway's the man!"

"That's so!" says the crowd.

"He ken trump up some sort of darn story about bein' Jim's pard, ye know, and tell us how he hez jist sold out their claim, or suthin', and this 'ere dust is Jim's sheer o' the plunder, don't ye see? an' spare the poor thing's feelin's."

The crowd cheered, Doc. looked kind o' modest an' pleased, and even the parson said as how he thought Doc. was the man for the racket. Not jist in them words, ye know—I disremember his 'xact language; but he made the purtiest kind of a little



speech about how the Recordin' Angel when he reckoned up his ledger account that night, would pass several items to the credit of the Alhambra s'loon in favor of the miners who chose to give alms without lettin' ther left hand know what ther right hand was a doin' of. I tell ye Thomas Kelly was a parson to swear by. I believe he thought Doc. Conway's fibs about bein' Jim's pard, went right down on the credit side of the 'ere Judgment Book.

Wal, poor Mary Winter came home next day, laughin' an' smilin', to the neat little cabin poor Jim hed fixed up fer her. But Eunice was thar an' told her about Jim, in her plain, lovin' way. An' Parson Kelly went over an' talked with her, an' told her what a good, stiddy man Jim was, an' how they all liked him. Thet kind o' talk seemed to comfort her more'n tellin' about meetin' him in heaven, Eunice said.

Eunice stayed thar two days. She got her to eat a little towards night, an' take some notice of little Dan. When she had tasted of a chicken, an' drank a cup o' tea, Doc. came in togged out in a biled shirt an' an old black suit of clothes thet hed been layin' in the bottom of his trunk fer five year. They were powerful wrinkled but Doc.'s tongue was smooth enough. He hedn't forgot his college larnin' an' Eunice said she thought he was tellin' the gospel truth, till her husband told her Jim didn't have no pardner, nor no diggin's to sell nuther.

Wall, Mrs. Winter, she had money enough to get along fust rate, an' in a year or two she took to keepin' school, an' she sent Danny to college; an' she showed up the bravest little woman an' the pluckiest ye ever seen in yer life. Thet was my Christmas at Chub Gulch. Not much of a yarn, but I kinder thought you'd like to hear about it.

[Then Mr. Summers, the handsome proprietor of the Santa Cruz House, came round the corner with a superb bunch of Cloth of Gold roses.

"Here are some flowers for you to paint, Miss Maurice," he said, giving them to our artist, who blushed very red. Then an idea dawned upon my sluggish brain, as the artist hid her face in the fragrant flowers.

"Uncle Solomon been telling some of his 'goldarn '49 yarns?'" asked Mr. Summers, laughing.

"Now Dan," says the Forty-niner, "don't you go for to spoil my credit with the gals fur a first-class story-teller."

"Not for the world, Uncle Solomon," he replied, offering the old man a cigar.

The idea brightened and expanded. Was Dan Summers the little "Danny" of the old man's tale. Was the sweet faced, motherly matron, who presently came out and sat on the same sofa with our Artist, and petted and patted her disengaged hand—the other clasped the roses—was she the heroine of this episode of Club Gulch, on that long ago Christmas?

And might it not have been—the idea was full-blown now—might it not, indeed, have been the old man's nuggets, Uncle Solomon's that built this seaside mansion, soon to be filled with summer guests of wealth and fashion?

And when another Christmas rolled around, might it not be just possible to find our Artist still an inmate of the mansion, when all the summer guests have flown, lighting up the winter days with her spring-like youth and beauty; while the choicest place on the parlor walls would be filled by the portrait of a pleasant-faced old man with long, snowy beard, in navy blue shirt and a broad-brimmed, Mexican sombrero?

Well, stranger things have happened.]

*L. A. B. Curtis.*



**Yankee Hill Historical Society**  
Membership Application

Please printout, complete form and mail with check payable to:  
Yankee Hill Historical Society  
P.O. Box 4031, Yankee Hill, Ca 95965



Messilla Valley School House built in 1856

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Comments: (use back of page for comments if needed)

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with news about  
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The Newsletter includes  
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# YHHS Happenings

**Yankee Hill Historical Society Web Page:** You can visit our web page at [www.yankeehillhistory.com](http://www.yankeehillhistory.com). The web page has copies of some of the newspaper articles used as reference in this newsletter article, so you can read them for yourself!

**It's Time to Renew!** If your mailing label says 2014 or earlier, please use the enclosed membership renewal form. Your membership helps support this newsletter and other activities of the Yankee Hill Historical Society. If you receive this newsletter via email please see the body of the email for notification if your dues are due. Thank you!

**Annual General Meeting this October!** The annual general meeting will be held Saturday, October 17th, 2015 at 10 a.m. at the Old Pulga Schoolhouse in Pulga off of highway 70. The presentation will be on the history of Pulga. Carpooling is encouraged, as parking is limited. We hope to see you there!

**Photo Archives:** We are always looking for old photos we can scan for our digital archives. We are looking for old photos of Pulga, the Rock House, Scooters and Grandview on Highway 70.

## Officers and Contact Information

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

**Vice President:** *Marji Corey*

**Secretary and Treasurer:** *Debbie Ingvoldsen*

**Directors:** *Geneva Harris, Don Saul*

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

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