

The

1976

GOLDEN

FEATHER



YEAR BOOK

Published by

EIGHTH GRADE  
STUDENTS

CONCOW SCHOOL  
1976



# edication



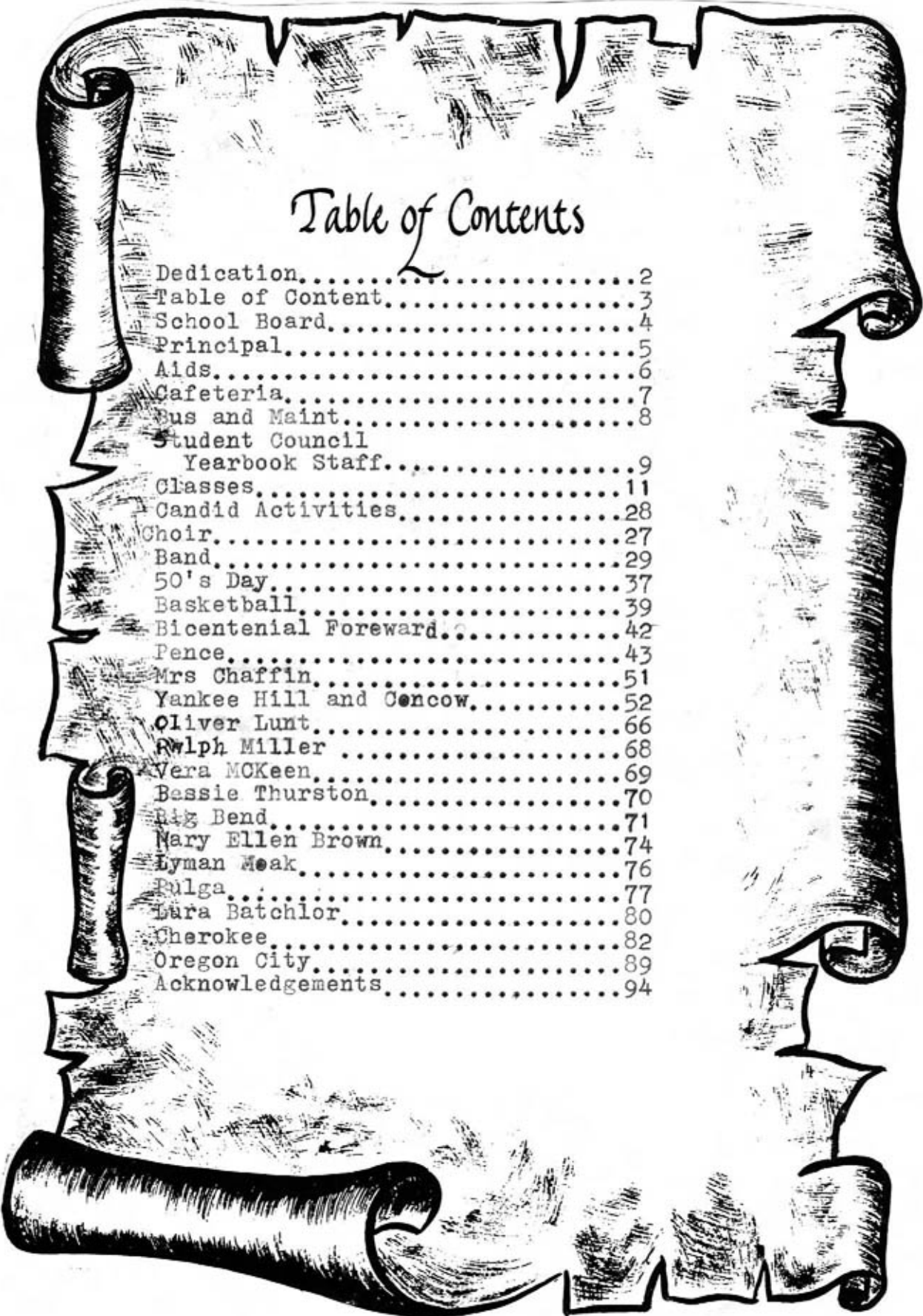
The students in the eighth grade class of 1976 would like to dedicate this first yearbook to Mr. Jack Cox.

Mr. Cox has put so much into our year with activities such as this yearbook.

In this annual Mr. Cox made sure we had everything we needed along with pushing us along to completion.

We would like to dedicate to him this book. To him we hope in the years to come, he will remember.. what things we did together, the fun we had.

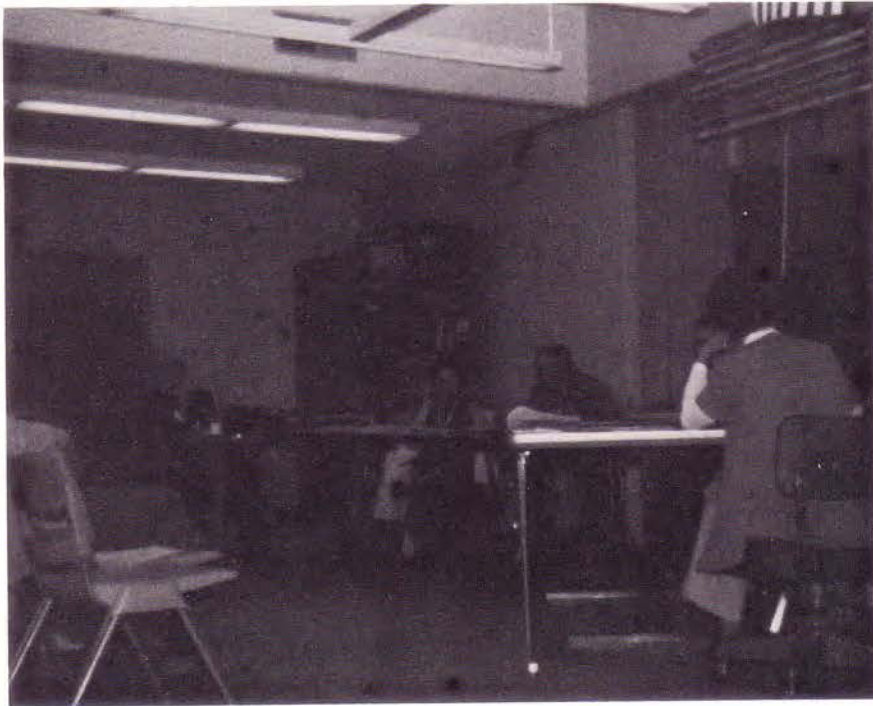




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# School Board Administration



Chairman of The Board  
Myron Openshaw

The members of the GFUSD schoolboard are President Myron Openshaw; Trustees Tobe Moak, Jake Harris, Bernadette Morris, and Don Williams.



Mr. Tobe Moak



Mrs. Bernadette Morris

Their job is adobting laws, rules, teachers, programs to benefit our school. They try to make sure our education is the best. We, the students, think it is.



# Principal: Leader Of School & Faculty



It was quite timely to have the first school annual in the bi-centennial year 1976. Appropriately the yearbook will have the community history as the theme. The local history is not only unique but has played an important part in the development of the state and nation. It is a year to reflect on our heritage and to consider what we might be doing today that will affect the lives of those that come after us.



A most unusually fine group of students with guidance of teachers and the help of parents and residents have made the book possible. Through student cooperation, student leadership and efforts several firsts have occurred during the year. The annual will depict these along with community history.

The exemplary attitude and conduct of students during the year 76 will give us many pleasant memories.

*Guess Who?*

*James M. Quilter*



# Cafeteria Workers



Jan Brown-Mary Ellen Brown

Mrs. Mary Ellen Brown and Mrs. Jan Brown are our cooks at Concow. Mrs. Betty Nehr is the cook at Spring Valley. We have three subs when one of our originals doesn't make it: Alberta Courtney, Jeanne Moore and Lesta Williams. They, just like all Cafeteria Workers, listen to you talk or complain, cook and serve your food, then clean your dishes.

Most of the students at Concow have become very devoted to the Browns. I think it might be because when they serve, cook and make the menu, they're doing it for the people eating to enjoy and not as a production or hassle line. I think every one a long with myself, appreciates this.



Jeanne Moore-Mary Ellen Brown



Mrs. Betty Nehr

# BUS DRIVERS



Now, you listen to me.



Look, No Cavities



Face Life



Look, No Hands



Working on a Lemon



Peek-A-Boo





# Student Council

- (Spring) Pres.-Robyn Ausmus  
Vice Pres.-Donna DeCanti  
Sec.-Roxanne Yelland  
representatives  
8th-Clay Gunn-Kathy Clark  
7th-Mike Henderson-Lorrie Knight  
6th-Hillery Hight-Carol Chaffin  
5th-Sтивен Horne-Marie Smith  
4th-Bill Chaffin-Stacey Courtney  
Treas.-Jerry Openshaw
- (Autumn) Pres.-Robyn Ausmus  
Vice Pres.-Donna DeCanti  
Sec.-Roxanne Yelland  
Treas.-David Horne  
representatives  
8th-Hank Carlson-Robert Brown  
7th-Karen Courtney-Lorrie Knight  
6th-David Williams-Jenny Openshaw  
5th-Sтивен Horne-Terri Boone  
4th-Michele Oberdorf-Becky Saville



## President's Message

This was the first year for Student Council and it was fantastic. We've accomplished a lot with the candy sales, treasure hunts, contests, dress-up days, and the '76 on the hill.

The eighth graders this year, I hope, have influenced you 7th graders to keep enthused with school activities and not get the reputation of a country school.

I really have enjoyed being the Student Council President for Concow. I also hope you have enjoyed this year too.

A special note to the seventh grade, keep up "our" good work.

*Robyn Ausmus*



1975 autumn representatives

## Yearbook Staff



Editor in Chief-Clayton Gunn  
Assistant Editor-Robyn Ausmus  
Secretary-Donna DeCanti  
Class Editor-Robert Menefee  
Sports Editor-Robert Brown  
Assistants-Jerry Openshaw,  
Jeff Goodwin, Denine Rogers,  
Lynn Barba, Kathy Clark.



## Interviewers

Robyn Ausmus  
Robert Brown  
Kathy Clark  
Donna DeCanti  
Shanon Fox  
Jeff Goodwin  
Clay Gunn  
Irv Leen  
Robert Menefee  
Jerry Openshaw  
Roxanne Yelland



## BLAB Staff

(Spring) Editor-Clayton Gunn  
Asst. Ed.-Donna DeCanti  
Press-R. Ausmus, V. Pando  
K. Clark, J. Goodwin.



(Autumn) Editor-Glen Swinney  
Typist-Donna DeCanti  
Press-R. Yelland, R. Ausmus,  
R. Brown, L. Barba, K. Clark,  
J. Stanfield, J. Goodwin.



## Honor Students

### 7th

Karen Courtney  
Mike Henderson  
David Horne  
Irv Leen  
Christin Patterson  
David Williams

### 8th

Robyn Ausmus  
Donna DeCanti  
Clay Gunn  
Kathy Clark  
Bob Menefee

# KINDERGARTEN

# FIRST GRADE



Sarina Clark

Heather Daniel

Yoga Devine

Sheila Diaz

Dennis Ellard



Billie Jo Giles



Sandra Hoppenrath



Wendy Jo LeRoy



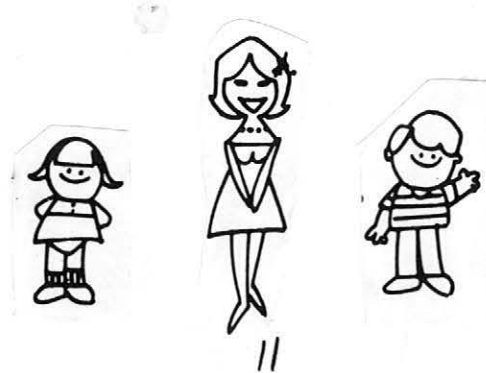
And I am the teacher.



Geramy Michaud



Bernadette Morris



River Nelson



Tish Nortac



Julie Norvell



Michael Norvell



Wendy Richins



Mikeal Saville



Sid Saville



Everybody Listen!



Gary Taylor



Jerry Taylor



Joe Trawick



John Will





# SECOND GRADE



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John Cuny



Joe Councilman



Kristine Courtney



Michael Courtney



Jeff Ellard



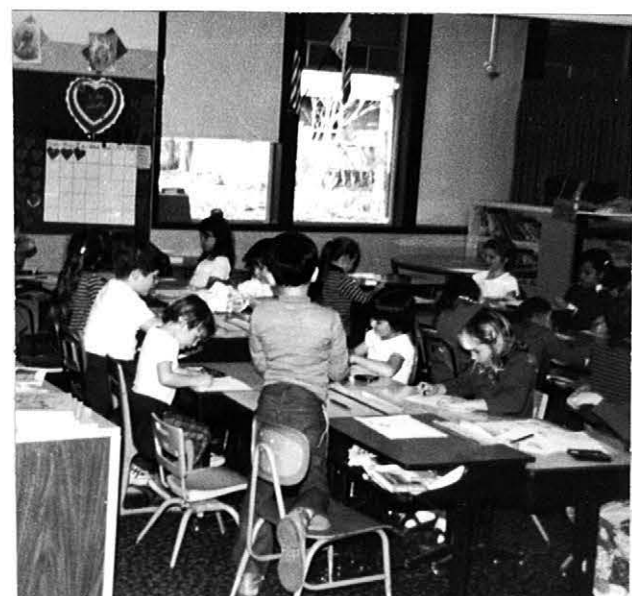
Dana Gamette



Dale Harris



Marc Ingvaldsen



All we do is work!



Tamara Kirkland



James Kirk



Christine Mason



Brian Sampson

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Carri Saville



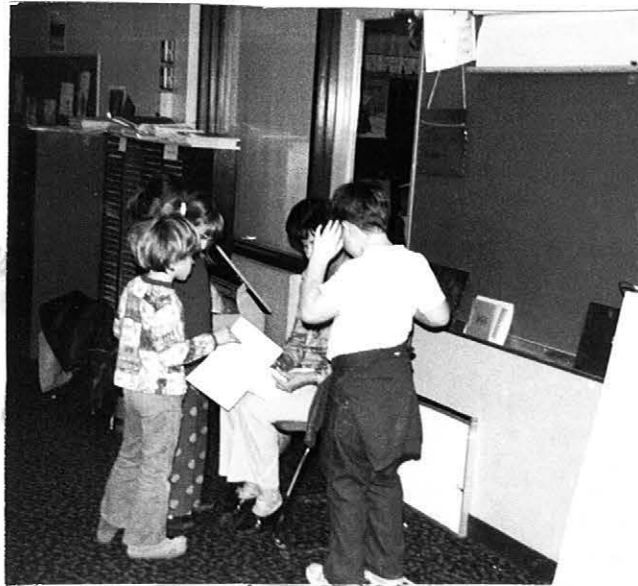
Terri Saville



Sara Schooner

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Chris Stegall



What'd ya say?



Raymond Taylor



David Truitt



Dale Udell



Jimmy Joe Vavalette



Charlee Wanzo



Candy Yelland

# THIRD GRADE



Janet Arp



Tami Ausmus

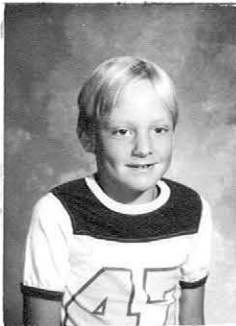


Kim Clark

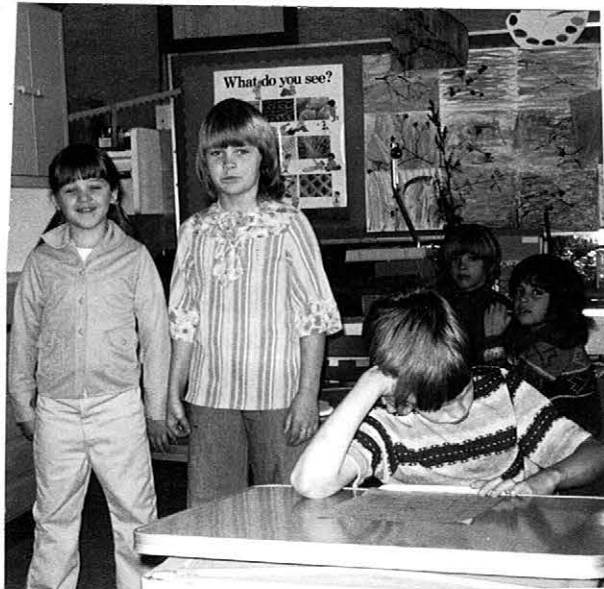


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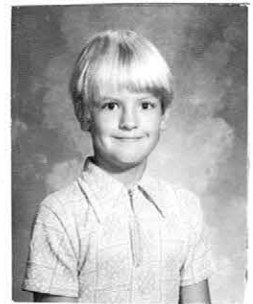
Teresa Cort



Robert Culver



Oblivion.



Frank Cuny

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Stephanie Diaz



Casey Earls



Eric Ellard



Sean Gamette



Charmon Hubbard



Jason Meraz



Joan Morris



Barbara Nichols



Marcy Noreiga



Shane Oberdorf



"HELP! A Dragon"

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Eric Roberts



Eddie Rodriguez



Sean Shanahan



Tim Sousa



Eddie Stewart



Tim Truitt



# FOURTH GRADE



Tim Ausmus



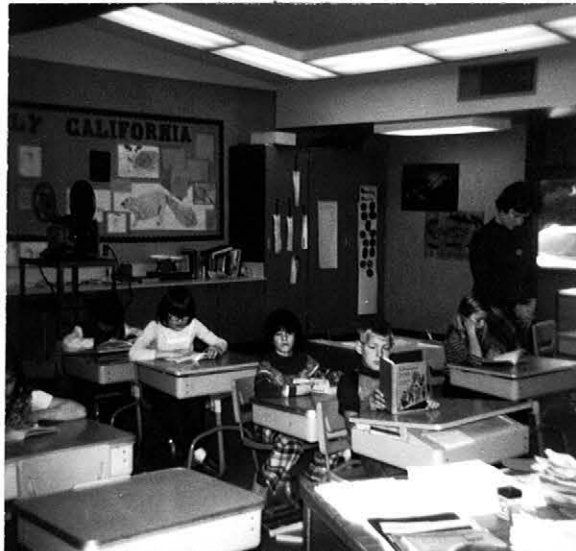
Keith Baber



Jesse Burns



Bill Chaffin



See Chuck. See Chuck read.



Stacey Courtney



Miriam Cuny

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Dorothy Gramps



Gary Kirk



Molly Leen

PHOTO  
NOT  
AVAILABLE

David Meraz



Michele Michaud



Doni Jo Nichols



Michelle Oberdorf



See Chuck! Chuck is still reading.



Eric Pyle

PHOTO  
NOT  
AVAILABLE

Byron Rodriguez



Joe Rumsey



Becky Saville



Charles Taylor

# FIFTH GRADE



Annette Arp



Michele Baber



Terri Boone



Carole Carlson



James Clark



Lance Clark



Who's got the glue?



Korina Goodwin



Barry Henderson



Melba Hill



Bob Hoppenrath



Steven Horne



Dennis Hubbard



PHOTO  
NOT  
AVAILABLE



Warren Kenyon

Laura Nichols

Jose Pando

Krista Rogers

Ricky Rodriguez



Marie Smith



I think it says....



Joey Sousa



Photo not  
AVAILABLE

Adam Stewart



Rozalind Van Gooden



Gail Williams



Nancy Wright



# SIXTH GRADE



Don Archer



Carol Chaffin



Stacy Councilman



Don Ferry



Bucky Gramps



The Chicken Chasers.



Porfirio Gutierrez



Hillery Hight



Dorena Horne



Rebecca Kirk



Nancy Morris



Lori Nott



Jenny Openshaw

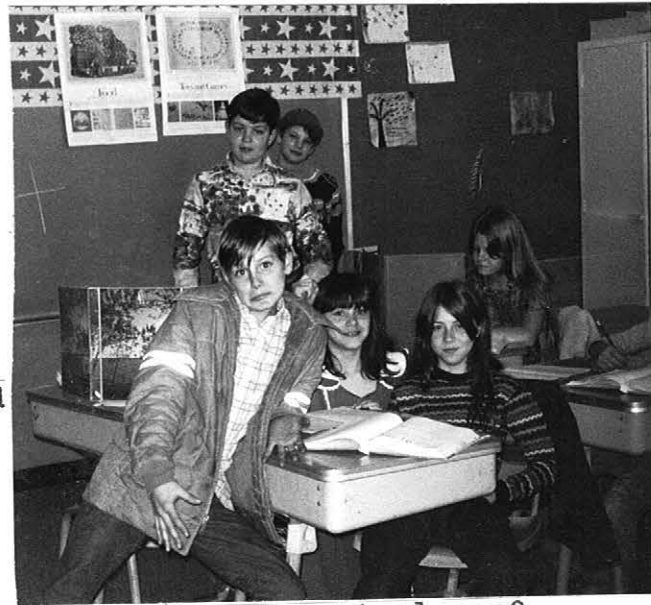


Christina Parra

Eva Schleiger



Amelia Stanfield



Who turned him loose?



Tammy Taylor



Robert Truitt



Bill Wanzo



David Williams

# SEVENTH GRADE



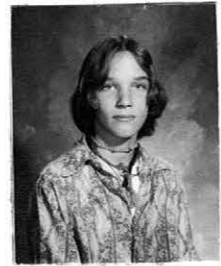
Aleta Anderson Karen Courtney Jerry Everett John File Randy Goodwin



Mike Gutierrez John Harris David Horne Micheal Henderson Debbie Hubbard



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Lorrie Knight

Lorretta Gramps

Rusty Lee



Irv Leen

Jeff Lewis

Susan Merrifield



Bill Morris Trina Norvell Leonard Orcutt Lisa Parra Cristin Patterson



Jim Pyle



Ricky Pyle



Sherrie Rodriguez



"....And that's the way it was...."



Paul Truitt



David Williams



Tiffany Williams



Debbie Wright

# EIGHTH GRADE

# GRADUATES



Robyn Ausmus



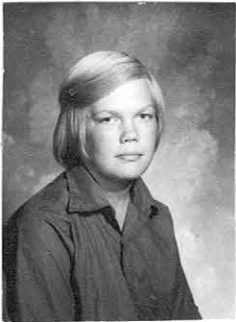
Lynette Barba

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Evelyn Bowen



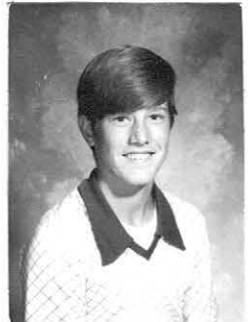
Robert Brown



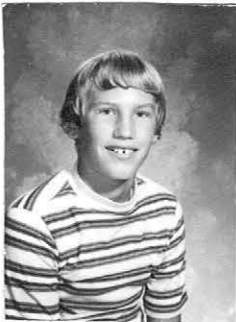
Kathy Clark



Donna DeCanti



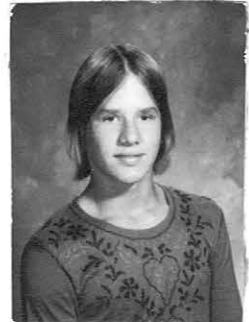
Shannon Fox



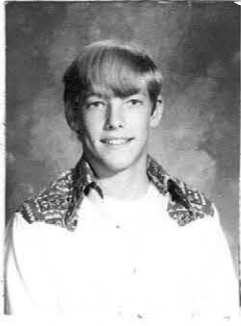
Jeff Goodwin



Hands off!



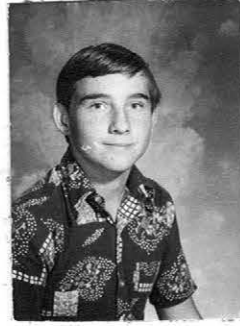




Robert Menefee

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Gina Mueller



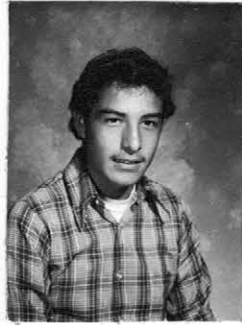
Tom Nalley



Jim Norvell



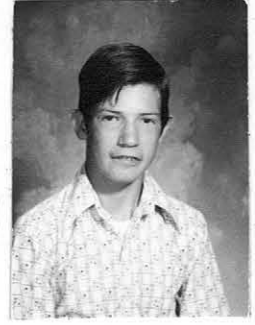
Jerry Openshaw



Vic Pando



Robbie Pyle



Joe Stanfield

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John Stewart



Glen Swinney



Roxanne Yelland

In  
pages you  
of general  
Pulga, Pentz,  
Yankee Hill,  
Big Bend.

We have  
information  
itable "Old  
articles written  
history

The students  
hard on this  
yearbook.

We would like  
one, young and old  
of their time and

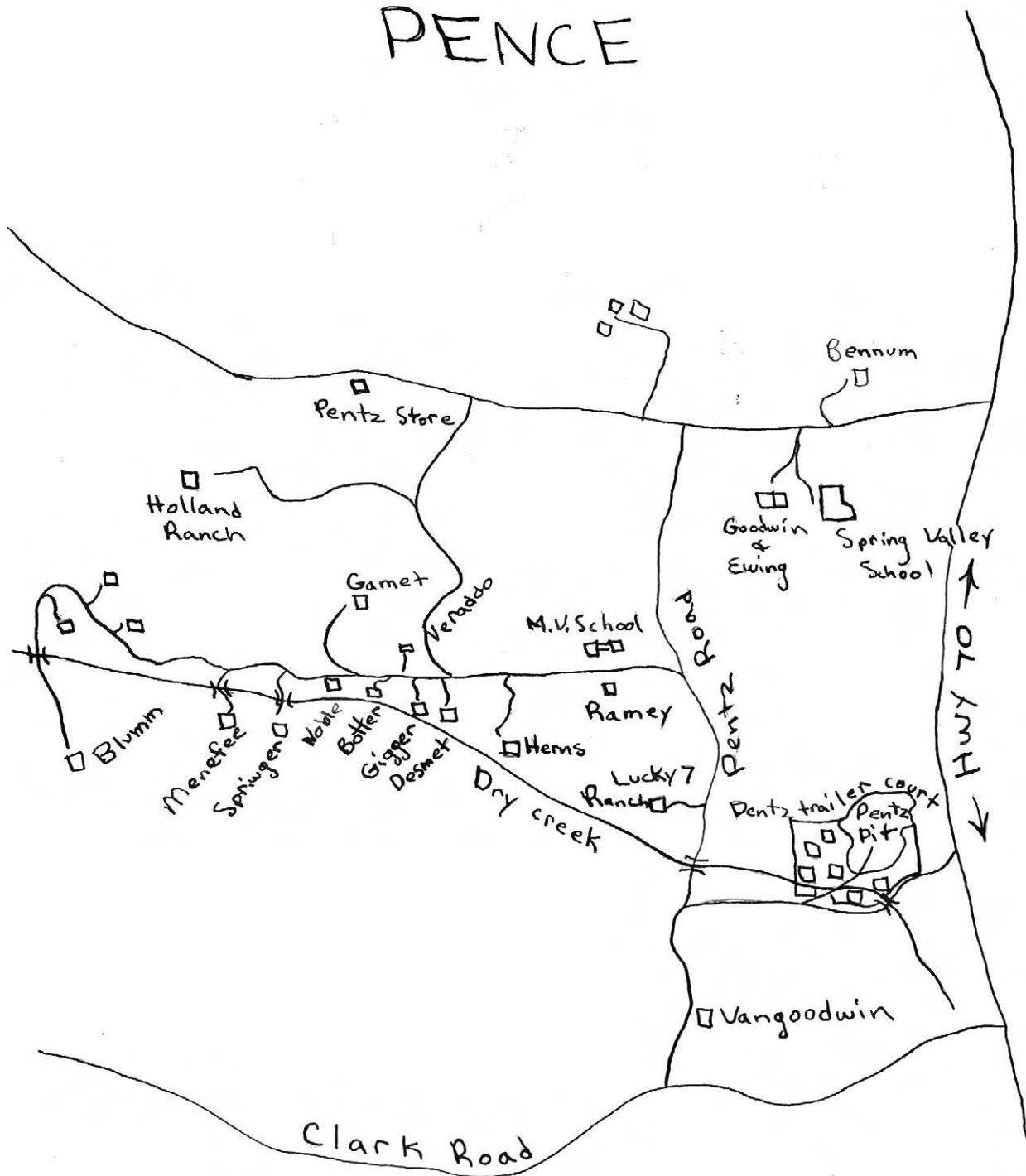
the next few  
will find a lot  
history of Concow,  
Cherokee, Oregon City,  
Coal Canyon, and  
gathered some  
from some hosp-  
siners" and from  
about our local

have worked  
portion of the

to thank every-  
who has given  
interest

Yours,  
The Staff

# PENCE





Messilla Valley School  
Originally near Van Goodens Place.  
Moved to present location. Moved on  
skids by oxen and horses. Pence  
deeded a couple of acres to the  
school for activities.



Leah Martin and horse "Queen"  
when she was twelve years old.



Haying time at  
Cooper"s Ranch

Seems Manoah was always in the thick of Indian trouble. That same year, 1853, some Indians, Mill Creeks, came out of back country of the West Branch of the Feather and killed ten Chinese miners. Yer right, away went Manoah, thirty whites, and thirty Chinese.

They trailed the Indians about a mile upstream and found them. When the shooting was over there were about forty to sixty Indians dead.

Things sort of quieted down after that. Many of the Indians of the area were taken up to the Round Valley reservation. They didn't stay but they were pretty scarce for awhile.

You know, with the Indian trouble, a family, ranch, store, and hotel, Manoah should of been happy and busy enough. Guess not. He just kept planting and building. In 1864 he got himself a Post Office from the Federal Government. He didn't want the place named for himself, I guess, 'cause he got a paper spelling it Pentz. We old timers still pronounce it Pence, though.

There 's the school. Pretty isn't it? Let's tie up there and I 'll tell ya some more. Kinda gabby, ain't I?

Ya know, I was telling you about the Indians and Manoah? Well, in 1863 he had another run-in with them. Happened sort of indirectly in the beginning. It began up in Helltown; that 's west of the Paradise-Magalia area. Those fellas' hung five Indians for one thing or another. This increased the hatred of the Mill Creeks for the whites. Between March and July of '63 after the hangings, the Indians killed several men, women, and children near Pence, Dogtown, and vicinity. When they kidnapped the Lewis kids from their home, they went too far. The Lewises lived over the hill there to the west in Berry Canyon on Little Dry Creek.

The Indians lit out across Hamlin Canyon going north. They hit Neal Road, crossed over and camped in Nance Canyon. The next day they crossed Little Chico Creek and the Humbolt Road.

When they came to Big Chico Creek just above the Old Thomasson place one of the girls, Arenia Thankful Lewis, managed to get away. She ran until she met some men working in a field and they took her to the Thomasson house.

Harmon Goode, Sim Moak, N. Thomasson, and a bunch of men trailed them over into Mill Creek. They shot them up pretty bad.



## PENTZ-MESSILLA VALLEY

Hey, boys, saddle up. We're going to Pence. Thar's gold in them hills.

Where's Pence? Well, from where we sit, Cherokee Flats and Sugar Loaf Mountain are behind us to the South and Paradise is to the North. We get off Highway 70 at the Pentz-Magalia Road and head North. We'll ride about a mile and turn off to the left. Then it 's follow our noses until we get to the little white school. We're in the Messilla Valley. I tell ya, we'll be pickin' gold up all over the place. Tell ya what, as we ride along I'll give ya all a little history lesson. Well, guess I'll start with Manoah Pence.

Manoah Pence used to do some mining up at Rich Gulch which is over the hill from Yankee Hill. In fact, Rich Gulch heads just down the road from Yankee Hill, then winds down the mountain and into the Feather just below Dark Canyon.

Well, Manoah did right well. He was up there for about two years, averaging right around \$37 dollars a day. I don't know why he left, I don't think I would have.

Let 's see, it was 1850, and he came here to Messilla Valley and bought the Lyons Ranch. Somehow he acquired himself four partners.

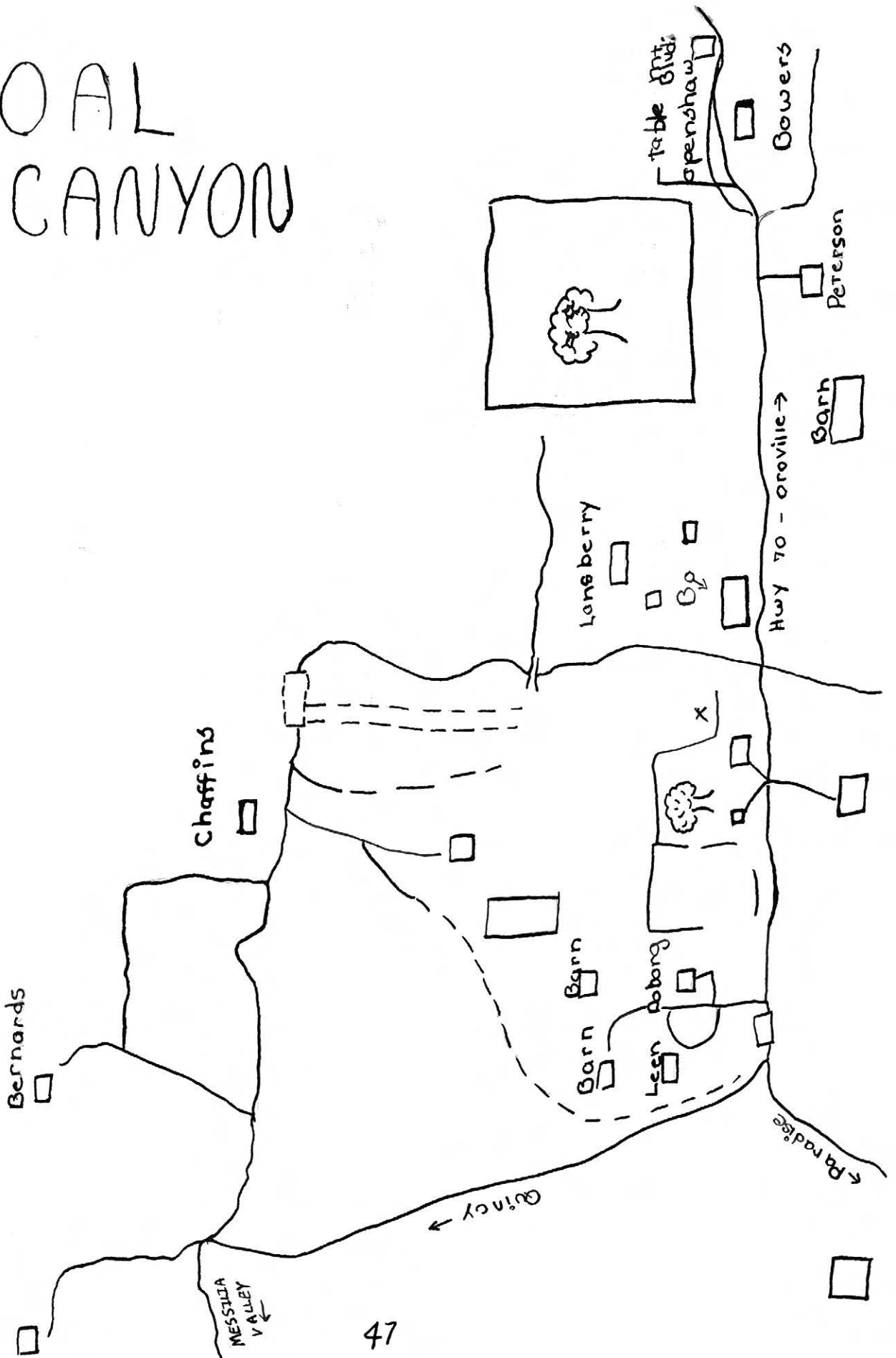
Messilla Valley? Oh, some female by the name of Burnham named it.

Manoah and his partners went into business. They built a store because there were a lot of miners coming through to the diggin's. They added a restaurant, for business was growing. Miners from Cherokee Flat and the canyons around here found it easy to get to Pence for supplies, a snort or two, and talk of the latest strikes.

Manoah found himself a girl, and on December 16, 1857, he up and married Sophia Finn. Wasn 't long until they were blessed with a couple of kids, Watt and Layton.

For one reason or another Monoah's partners pulled out. Now I tell ya, Monoah Pence was a hard worker. He kept business going and built himself one of the finest farms in this part of the state. He raised stock, fruit, and grain there on the Lyons Ranch (about the present site of the Lucky 7 ranch owned by Leah Martin).

# COAL CANYON



Manoah was a worker, I tell ya. He fixed himself up a hotel and a dance hall. Come Saturday nights, the miners from Cherokee Flats (Cherokee) congregated at Manoah's and had a fine time of it.

Indians? Peaceful? Not to hear Manoah Pence tell it. About a year after Manoah settled on his ranch in Messilla Valley, New Years Eve I think it was, he was visited by a bunch of Indians headed by a chief of the Con Cows. They wanted to stay the night on the ranch. Manoah didn't want to let them, but his friend Bartee (Bartee's Bar on North Fork) told him to let them. They would be grateful and do nothing.

Well, Manoah should not have listened. Those Indians showed their appreciation by running off some of Manoah's cows. Manoah was mad. He and a bunch of his neighbors trailed after them, caught up to them, and a little shooting took place. The chief was shot in the leg and got away.

That Con Cow chief should have kept his mouth shut, but he made several threats about getting Manoah's scalp. He got himself captured up in Concow and Manoah found out about it. He and some of his neighbors went up to Concow and got the chief. They brought him back to the ranch.

Manoah and his neighbors talked it over and after very little discussion in the chief's defense, reached a democratic verdict, guilty. They strung the chief up from a conveniently placed limb near the front of the Post Office.

You would think that those Indians would have learned a lesson, but about three years later some Indians, called "Tiger Indians" and I don't know why, stole some cattle from a neighbor of Manoah, named Clark. Well, Manoah and seven or eight men followed and watched their chance. They saw one Indian who they recognized as Express Bill. He came out of hiding to get salt and they captured him. The men reached a unanimous verdict and hung him on the spot.

Thinking that there were too many Indians for them to handle, the group went on up the ridge to Dogtown (Magalia) to get some of the people up there to help them out. Well, nobody would go. I guess they didn't want to leave Mrs. Bassett's cooking and her dogs. She was the only woman around there to speak of.

Back down the hill rode disgusted Manoah and his men. Somehow they found the Indian village and surrounded it. They opened up on the Indians. The Indians didn't have guns, only bows and arrows. They put up a good fight and one of the men was stuck in the neck by an arrow. Somewhere around twenty-five of the Indians met their maker that day.

About 350 Indians were rounded up and Manoah kept them here on his ranch. He and a bunch were going to take them to a reservation up in Humboldt County. Old General Bidwell convinced them not to, but some of the white men present, figured some of them were connected with the Hickok kidnaping. They picked out four and told them to run. Two Indians made it to safety and two died running.

Don't see much around the valley now, do you? Well, Pence grew. By around the 1870's Pence had sort of expanded. There were a couple of hotels, a feed yard, restaurant, barber shop, and grocery store. The grocery store was owned by J. R. Buffington. Of course they had a saloon, and the hall there was built in '79.

There was even a regular stage run. One stage was sent out every day from Oroville. Henry Morrison, over in Chico, ran one stage over here twice a week. It went on from here to Concow Valley and to that Chinese Doctor's Sanitarium. Actually, the Sanitarium was past Spanishtown (present Concow School) and Concow Valley on Deadwood Creek.

Say, I'll bet you that you would never guess that logging brought a lot of people here to Messilla Valley.

The Flea Valley Lumber Company built a V-Flume down here to Pence. It dumped right out behind the school. ( In the swampy region behind the school toward the Mass property. ) They made one small mistake though. They cut the best sugar pine they could find for their flume. By the time the flume was finished, so was their timber. They went broke and sold out. Don't know what Manoah thought of that; probably laughed his head off.

After the big deal with the Flea Valley Lumber Company things kind of slowed down for a while around Pence. Oh, there was still cattle and hogs. Hogs got so thick and wild that they were rounded up, chased into pens, and shot because they got so wild.

See that white building west of the school? Well, that was a stage stop and hotel. The ranch used to belong to the Chico Meat Company. They used to raise a lot of hay there and also a lot of cattle and hogs. That's what all those pens across the creek were used for. A lot of cattle was raised in this area. Leah Martin owns it now.

On down the road there, is the Van Gooden Place.

You know, just to look at Messilla Valley you would never guess that a lot of Butte County Agriculture took in this area. Why, down the road from here back towards Oroville, Jesse Wood started a cannery. A lot of canned fruit went out of here. They started drying French prunes and the dried prune industry began here.

Up on the Durban Ranch, that's up the road here at that log house on Dry Creek, they raised grapes; some for wine, some for raisins. They dried tons of raisins there. I think most of the wine that came from the Durban Ranch was drunk by that bunch of miners up in Cherokee Flat.

Where are all the vineyards? Well, about 1894 the grasshoppers came through and ate all the raisin grapes. Nobody wanted to replant. They weren't as lucky as those fellows over in Utah.

Believe it or not, there was even cotton and tobacco grown. Cotton didn't do well, but Joe Freydt won a second prize of three dollars at the Second Citrus Fair in Oroville in 1888.

This school building? Naw, no kids here now. They closed her down and built a new school. They go to that new Spring Valley School up by the highway and to Concow up on the mountain.

Building looks good for having been moved about three times. They built her on skids. Used to be over behind the Chico Meat Company corrals. In 1877 the board decided to move it. They didn't want to tear it down so they hooked every horse and mule they could find to it and slid it over here. Porch on the side here has been added but it's pretty much the same.

You know, with all this talking I'm getting thirsty, how about you.....? Say, wake up. I don't think you all have been listening.....



## GRANDMA CHAFFIN

Drive along Highway 70 northward from Oroville. To the left, round hills, rocks, and cattle. To the right rising above the valley floor, beautiful Table Mountain. What a grand sight, but one often passed by as we hurry to return to our homes.

Further northward along the highway, we pass olive trees, then a road; Coal Canyon Road. How many times have we gone by and never turned to investigate?

Grandma Chaffin and Her family know the road well. Mrs. Chaffin was born in Chico in 1895. That means she is now 81 years old.

Mrs. Chaffin found and captured her man in 1924. A year later the newly wed couple moved to their new home in Coal Canyon.

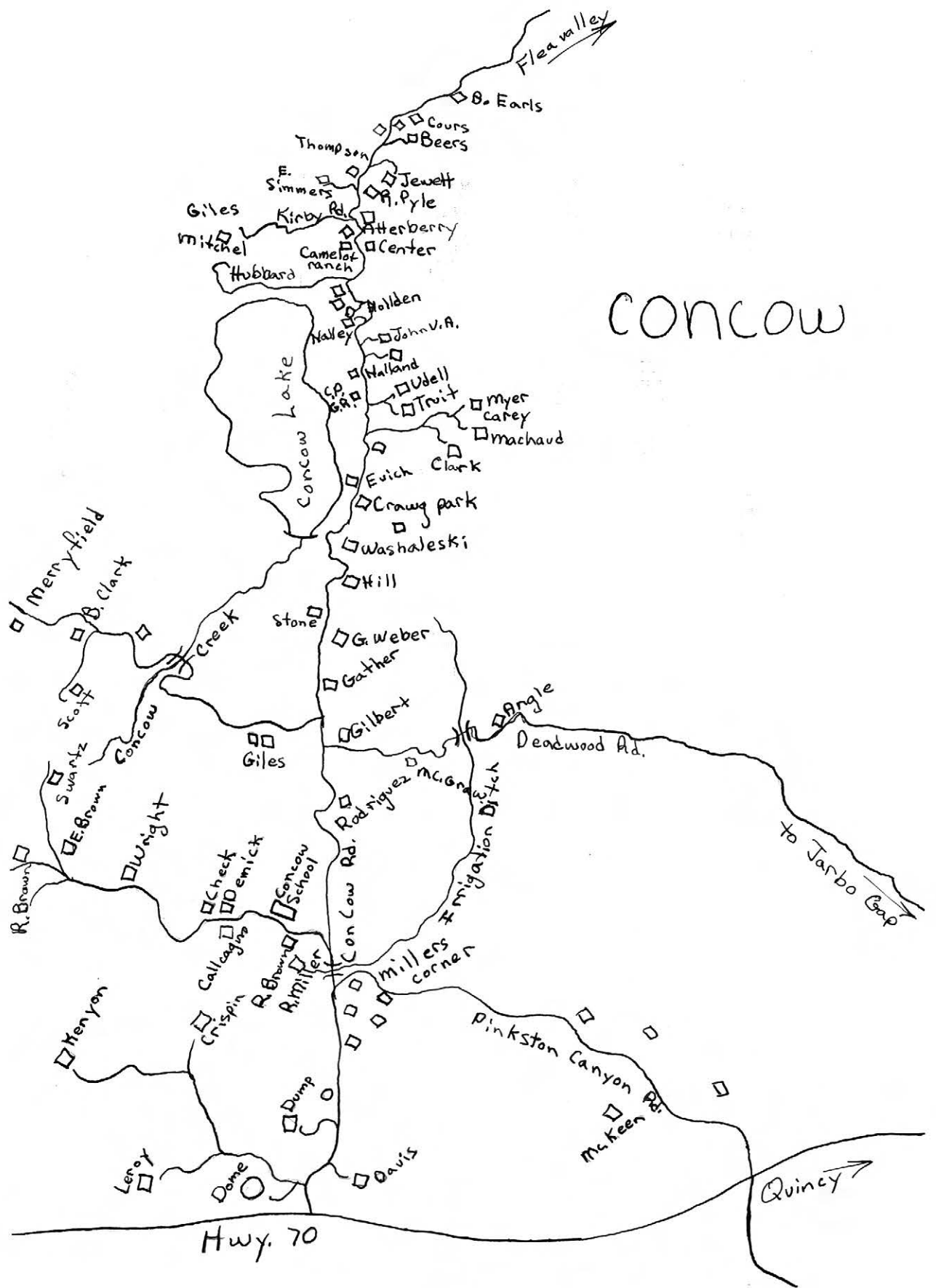
Adellbert Chaffin built her a house. He built it to last. The walls of Grandma Chaffin's home are built of lava and are three feet thick.

The Chaffins were not only interested in building houses that would survive a century. About the property the Chaffins began planting trees, and more trees. A lot of activity. Into the scene came two helping hands, their children George and Barbara.

Grandma Chaffin has seen many changes in her time. She can remember the Indians who lived in labor camps and who came to work in the Chaffin orchards. She can remember that the Indians used to hold some ceremonies in the canyon.

Grandma Chaffin remembers how the hills and Table Mountain looked in the early days as you see, Grandma Chaffin and Adellbert had time to look as they drove along the dirt roads of the valley going home.

# CONCOW



## YANKEE HILL AND CONCOW

Want to leave Pence and Messilla Valley? No gold here? Where you going? Concow Valley? Ha, you better wait for me. I 've been there. I 'll ride along and sort of point out a few of the landmarks.

That's Sugar Loaf and Cherokee Flats there to your right. Naw, nothing big going on there in that diggin 's. Indians looking for color I heard.

This is Vinton Gulch. Over there to our left where you see those corrals ( corrals on left of Highway 70 above James). Used to be a camp there. Guess it belongs to the Van Goodins. Well, there was a little excitement there. Fellow by the name of Dick Johnson was playing an Indian game with three Indians. The Indians had been drinking. Johnson had had more than one also. The game continued. One of the three Indians accused Dick of Cheating. 'Course Dick now had a lump on his head for one of those Indians had picked up a nearby chair and had used the chair to win the argument. Good thing Dick had a hard head.

Dick was rather aggravated, so not to be outdone, he pulled out a knife. He said something to the affect that he was going to get some satisfaction. He proceeded to cut upon all three Indians. Two of them died from the wounds, and the third, Salvadore, lived to tell the tale to the authorities in Oroville.

Old Dick got himself a jail cell. I don't know. Do ya think Dick cheated?

The road through Vinton Gulch was known as the "Cherokee Road". In May of 1857 a license was given to O.M. Evans to build a toll road from Cherokee Flats to Dogtown.

This road goes east now between the West Branch here and St.Clair's Flat (that's near the Walker and Wilson water ditch). The road drops down to a place called "Natural Bridges".

After we cross the river we go Northeast and we'll join the road leading from Nelson 's Bar to Frenchtown (Lunts) about three quarters of a mile from Frenchtown.



May Miller, grandchild of Joseph Miller who lived in what is now known as the Worcester Place.



Concow School, 1933. Washington's Birthday. F.L. Virginia Lindsay, Betty Barton. Bk. L., June Stevens. School burned --1939.



Freight team hauling goods to mountains such as Yankee Hill and Concow.



Albert Busch, woods above Concow Valley



The bridge was to be at least 14 feet wide on the roadway and able to hold up twenty tons. Evans built the bridge and road in eighteen months.

The bridge washed out during the flood of 1862, again in 1865, and Evans must have given up for the next bridge was built in 1866 by E. W. Slater.

Here 's the bridge. Sign says it 's going to cost 12 cents to cross. Kind of expensive. It says hogs, 5 cents, horse and man, 25 cents, team of six mules and loaded wagon \$2.00, \$1.25 unloaded.

Steep climb out, isn't it? This flat in here belongs to A. Duensing (now Truex). Yankee Hill, ahead at last!

Let's rest a minute. We still have a climb ahead.

Yankee Hill has heard the cry of Gold, Gold. You can bet that there were a lot of tired and excited men strung out over this road.

While yer cooling yer heels, let me point out a few landmarks and settlements. To the South of us is Cherokee Flats, Oregon City, and Ophir (Oroville).

To the West across the canyon is Pence, The Dump, and the Parrish Place. (Remains of lime kilns can still be found in this area. It was suggested by Mildred Forester that the lime from these kilns may have been used on the courthouse in Oroville).

Back behind us to the East is Rich Gulch (you can get there by going down the road that went to the Albrecht Place off Yankee Hill Road), Dark Canyon, and Big Bend.

North of us is Yankee Hill, Frenchtown, Spanishtown, Blairstown, Jordan Hill, Deadwood, Concow Valley, Crane Valley, and Flea Valley.

The river? Well, down below us on the West Branch is the Curtis Place, the Ferry at Nelson Bar, and Cape Horn.

Aw, the North Fork has put out a lot of gold. Miners have tacked a name to every rock down there. Let 's see, there's Island Bar, Lattimore Bar, Whiskey Bar, Hamilton Bar, Yankee Bar, Liveoak Bar, Bardee Bar, Monteral Bar (known also as Big Bar and Pulga), and.....good grief, there must be a million of those bars. Let's get on up the hill. Mr. Wells can help us out.





Edwin R. Lunt, first teacher at Concow. Walked from Maine to California.



Lunt home. Large basket used by Indian women to carry a load of wood. Rosewood piano.



Albert Lunt helped to rebuild Concow School when first one burned.



Albert Lunt Busch, carpenter

There she is. Surprised? Yep, Yankee Hill became quite a settlement. Back in '51 a store was first opened down on Rich Gulch. Do you know the Smiths? Ya, I know, common name. This is J.N. Smith. He and his wife made the big crossing in '52. Settled in up here in Rich Gulch. Spent their first Christmas up here. Mrs. Smith cooked up a big Christmas dinner and invited all the miners in for dinner. Then everyone sat around and talked about home.

Seems they found out that most of them had come from New England. That's how the place got it's name.

The Smiths moved out that next year and went over to Dogtown. Their daughter was born there in 1854. Um, that Francis was a pretty little thing and kind too.

That Oliver Lunt married her, they moved back over here to Frenchtown. Their son, Oliver, still lives on the old home place.

I guess that supply building over there was the first building up here. It was built in '54. By 1856 Yankee Hill had become a village with about 300 people scattered here and there. Two years later, 1858, they had a Post Office up here. Why'd it grow so fast? Gold, boy, gold!

Why, on the Yankee Hill Ledge alone, they were taking out \$6,000 a day in gold.

Michael Henry Wells located the '41 and '56 Ledge. These and several others put out over \$800,000.

People came in so fast most of the houses were built out of logs or rocks (some of the rock houses still remain).

In 1854 the Frenchtown Canal and Mining Company built that depot I told you about. 'Course that was only the beginning. In 1856 the Virginia Company put up the first stamp-mill here at Yankee Hill. That was the first of several. It burned down in '62.

Wells located the '40 and '50 Quartz Mill in '59. It burned. The Fuller Mill was built in '59 and burned in '60. Folks around here were kept busy putting up and putting out.

Take a look at all those Digger Pines around you. Not much for lumber. On over the hill here the pines grew pretty straight. At one time or another there were five sawmills located in the Yankee Hill-Concow area.



Nelson Bar bridge.



Early Nelson Bar Road  
leading to the ranch  
home of Oliver Lunt



Ah Sang's hospital  
at Deadwood. Had 200  
patients at one time. 58

The first was put up in 1856 by Bill Leonard. It was up at the head of Spring Gulch in Sawmill Ravine. Yep, that's the same Leonard that put together that mill over there in Paradise near Clark and Elliot Roads.

Another mill was over in Dark Canyon in '58. It didn't hardly get going when it burned in '59. The one up in Concow Valley burned in 1864. The fourth mill, the Defiance, was built in '73 and the fifth one was the Rock Creek one built in 1876.

There was a war here at Yankee Hill. Nope, nobody got himself killed but it sure was lively for awhile. Some of those Chinese miners down in the Canyon came up here to spend a little money and see the sights. Can't remember exactly what set the whole thing going. I heard that those bunch of Yankee Hill women swinging brooms. Those women chased that bunch clean out of town.

What was Mike Wells doing? Right well! Finished his house, built himself a large store and hotel. That same year, 1858, he was made Postmaster for his new Post Office. He got himself elected Justice of the Peace and kept the job for over 30 years.

Wells was certainly well liked in the community. He built and furnished the schoolhouse in Yankee Hill in 1882. At that time the town was down to one store and the hotel.

Wells married Dora Spencer, a native of Wisconsin, in 1876. He was at his home when he died on July 5, 1891.

Dora continued to live in Yankee Hill for another 17 years and kept the Post Office. Their home has since burned to the ground.

Judge Lott conducted the funeral of Wells at the Plaza on the Courthouse grounds in Oroville.

Here, we've sat long enough. We're gonna drop over the hill here to Frenchtown. Downhill all the way.

Lotta springs in here. This is the Nelson Bar Road. Yeh, first place you come to down the road is the Hodap Place. Raised a few cows. Keep on going and you'd come to the Curtis Place. They have a few lime kilns. Lime? used in mortar.



Back row-Rhonda Evans, Oliver Lunt, Lena Hendricks, Grover Evans, Miss May Moak, Vern Chrogan, Lewis Thomas.  
Front row-Johnny Evans, Ralph Miller, Johnny Miller, Oreley Chrogan, Bertha Chrogan, Susie Miller, Charlie Chrogan.

Concow School-1901.



Back row: Milo Moore, Ray Moore, Tobe Moak, Bertis Shelters.

Center row: Fred Croghan, Naomi Moore, Ira Rowe.

Front row: Don Shelton, Eddie Brown, Betty Barton, Maxine BBrown, Harold Moore, Ralph Moore.

Concow School 1930.



Ed Gallagher, area logger. Early 1900's.



There is a wooden bridge across Nelson Bar. They worked both sides of the river in there. Used to be a Ferry. Nelson Bar got itself identified in 1852. C. S. Curtis came in 1855, built himself the Ferry which he operated for ten years. He built a wooden bridge across the river and charged for crossing.

Curtis must have been a pretty sound sleeper for I heard that one night in May, '62, someone snuck into his house while he was sleeping. His pants were laying on the floor by his bed and the thief just helped himself. Never did find out who helped himself. Just shows a fella, that with all these new people in the area we're gonna have to start locking everything up at night.

Well, come on. Just around the corner here is Frenchtown. Look at all the piles of rocks. Lot of people here between 1850 and 1860. This town was kind of a mixing pot. French, Spanish, Chinese, and whites from New England lived here together. There were two hotels and two stores to make life comfortable. A couple of stages came through here daily on their way out to Concow Valley.

In 1856 J. J. Stewart had a store house 14 by 24, a barn 30 by 75, and a house 35 by 20 a story and a half high.

Frenchtown got themselves a Post Office which eventually ended up in the Lunt home. Oliver and his wife took care of it until it was abandoned.

One of the more notable occurrences here in Frenchtown was a meeting held by its citizens. A meeting of the miners of Frenchtown was held in 1854 to protest against miners who had Indian women on their minds and not gold. They decided at this meeting that if the law did not punish these men, they, the miners, would deal out the punishment and it would be of the type that was swift and final. They thought mining was more important than plugging up leaks in their bodies.

Up this hill and around the corner is Spanishtown. That house over there belongs to Joe Miller (Woosters). Does a little farming and mining.

School? Yeh, that's Concow. The only schools around before the 70's was over in Cherokee Flats. People up here organized a district in the 1850's but didn't put up any money for a school. Wasn't until 1875 that they got their school.





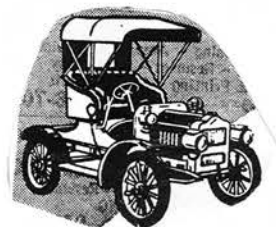
Concow School. Located in area  
of old Spanishtown on Nelson  
Bar Road.



The home of Bessie Williams,  
1910. on Nelson Bar Road



Ralph Miller's Pines Store, once  
one "hub" of activity in Concow. 62



This one is the third school. The first burned down. Oliver Lunt and his brother Albert helped rebuild the second one. While the school was being rebuilt the kids went to school across the road here ( same building that the Browns live in across from present school). New school was built then in the 40's.

Road forks here. We're gonna go North. Back the other way though is Spanishtown. Main Street was about a mile long at one time. The town began at Hendrix Corner, (Millers) and ran on up the hill toward Yankee Hill. Spanishtown was visited by two stages daily. They had a couple of stores, bars, and hotel. Yankee Hill replaced Spanishtown in importance.

Several stones used for crushing quartz, arrastras, have been found in the general area.

Well, we've gone a couple of miles. This is Deadwood. Interesting story about this place. Seems that a miner by the name of Gerhardt Tebbe moved his family over here to the old Deadwood Ranch. He did a little mining and worked for the Cherokee Gold Mining Company.

After moving here in '75 their daughter, who was born in Oroville in 1865, died. He buried her on a hill just West of the house. His wife passed away in 1884, followed by the two youngest sons in 1885. They were all buried up on the hill by the daughter.

Tebbe's eldest son had injured his hip in a fall before coming to Deadwood. The boy got around on crutches. A Chinese gardner, Ah Sang, saw the injured boy, felt sorry for him, and talked to Tebbe convincing him that he was also a doctor. If Tebbe would have a little faith and patience, Ah Sang would cure the boy. Tebbe didn't have anything to lose.

Poultices, powders, and tea. What a cure. The boy got worse. Then to the surprise of Tebbe he began to get better and soon threw away his crutches.

Ha, it didn't take long for people to forget that Ah Sang was a gardner. He became a walking miracle worker. The news spread and Ah Sang began to receive patients. They made additions to Tebbe's house to the point that they could keep 50 to 100 patients. (The hospital site is where the present white Trickle house now stands on Concow Lake Road. At one time the hospital had 54 rooms, a five room storeroom, and a two room wash house.

Two stages brought patients to the hospital. One stage came from Oroville, the other from Chico. The stages continued on up the hill to Concow Valley and the Mullin Hotel. Later the hospital was abandoned and it was used as a hotel and store. It burned to the ground and now the Trickle house rests upon the site of Ah Sang's hospital.

I don't intend to walk out there, but if you follow this road you'll end up on Jordan Hill. Used to be a quartz mill out there. It was built in 1865 and burned in 1880, the McGrath mill was built in 1879.

Well, there she is, Concow Valley. A long walk. Hope it was worth it. First settlers here in the valley were Dr. A. W. Thompson and his nephew. They came out here from Illinois. Built their house right down there. Bout the same time Charley W. Mullen and his son, W. H., put up a log cabin towards the upper end of the valley.

Mohawk, Mandan, Kickapoo, Cree, Yakama, Seminole, Crow, Shawnee, Madieu, Kan Kaw.....?

Here we sit in the heart of the Kan Kaw Indian country surrounded by mountains of history. You've never heard of the Kan Kaws? They were a tribe of Indians that lived in the general area between the West Branch of the Feather River and the North Fork of the Feather. It is reported that "Kan" means plains and "Kaw" means place, or earth.

Valley Indians seemed very quiet to early settlers who thought they sat around a lot. The Mountain Indians of the area caused early settlers of the area some problems just as the settlers in return disturbed the ways of the Indians. Much of the trouble caused by Indians came from the North-eastern area towards Mill Creek.

Indian troubles? On August 7, 1865, Mrs. Workman and Miss Rosanna Smith were visiting at Mrs. Workman's home. A knock on the door. Mrs. Workman pulled the door open. Good grief! An Indian stood there with a gun in his hand. Rosanna ran out the back door. Mr. Workman was grabbed, beaten, and left for dead. The Indians were gone.

Mrs. Workman managed to reach a neighbor's house. The alarm was given. A rescue party returned to the Workman's home. Behind the barn they found Rosanna, dead. Out in the field the men found John Banks, or Scotch John as he was known, also dead.

Hi Goode and a group of 17 men went after the Indians. On the 15th of August they found the trail. They surrounded the Indians on Mill Creek, 16 miles from Tehama. They weren't in any mood to take captives and they didn't.

Indians of the area didn't think much of gold. One report is that some Indians on the Hopkins place had a gold nugget which they used to see who was the strongest. They threw the nugget. It is said that the strongest was not able to throw it over twenty feet. The nugget, says rumor, is now buried in one of Hopkin's fields.

I think I told you that it wasn't just gold that brought men into this country. Down in the valley, towns were springing up and some men saw the timber as another kind of gold. Into the area came the lumbermen building their mills.

The largest mill in the county was built about two miles above Flea Valley in 1874, by the Sugar Pine Lumber Company. It was equipped with a 125 horsepower steam engine.

Two years later the company had built a V-flume twenty miles long. It went from Flea Valley out across the West Branch of the Feather River, and then on down into the Dump, which was located near Pence. You could have some ride down that chute.

All of the sawmills burned eventually.

School bells? Sure they had a school here. In 1880 they got one built. The Reservoir District was formed up here. They built the school next to the Mullin Hotel and from the school you could see the Spring Valley reservoir constructed for the mines in Cherokee. When the doors to the school were first opened, they had 17 students.

The reservoir? It was first built in 1873 by the Spring Valley Mining Company of Cherokee. Held plenty of water as it covered 125 acres. Broke once and washed out the bridge at Vinton Gulch.

What! You want to go fishing.....

MR. AND MRS. OLIVER LUNT

Several years ago the residents of Concow and Yankee Hill could drive past the Concow School, follow the road around many curves, arrive at the Nelson Bar Bridge, cross the West Branch of the Feather River, and drive to Oroville, Paradise, or Chico. The bridge is gone as the new Oroville Lake covered it. What, you say, does this have to do with an old family of the Concow area?

Well, it's easy to get on good old Highway 70 and never take the time to drive down past the Oliver Lunt home. The old Nelson Bar road doesn't go anywhere. Someday in your spare time slowly make the trip down past Oliver's home and step back into the past.

Let us tell you about the Lunts. After all, they do have a road named for them by the State of California Highway Department.

Oliver Lunt was born in 1888. That means Oliver has been around the Concow area for about a spry 88 years. Oliver Lunt's father came to California from Maine in 1852. Did Oliver's father ride or walk to the Golden State from Maine? He walked ....driving a herd of sheep.

The Lunt home was once the Post Office for the area. Mrs. Lunt ran the Post Office for ninetenn years.

In 1912 Mrs. Lunt became a teacher at Concow School. She taught readin', riten', and 'rithmetic there for three years, and then went on up the hill to the Yankee Hill School to do the same for another year.

In 1917 Mr. Lunt got his first car, and Mrs. Lunt can remember that she used to make her dresses ankle length....NEVER floor length.

The Lunts recall that entertainment in those early years around Concow and Yankee Hill was not always easy to find. They used to go to the dances in Pulga. Pulga was not easy to get to before the railroad and highway were built.

One of the big highlights was a trip to Oroville or Chico to see the Traveling Circus. How many of us remember the circus?

Mr. Lunt remembered a game that he used to play in school that was popular at the time. It was called Black Man. He said that first the group was divided evenly. Each team tried to run across the line to the other team's side without getting caught. Do you remember when....?

Remember the Lunts. If you really want to enjoy our little area of history, try walking down Nelson Bar Road. There are a lot of people to meet like the Lunts.



## RALPH MILLER

Ralph Miller can still be seen chugging about the Concow area in his white van. Ralph was born in one of the most interesting buildings of the area, the old Deadwood Hospital. The hospital has vanished from the local scene, but Ralph continues to go about his business.

Ralph Miller was born December 7, 1895. Ralph's family continued to live in the area for seven more years. Then they moved about California.

About thirty - one years later Ralph returned to Concow with his wife. He bought property in the area known now as Miller 's Corner. There at the junction in the roads, Ralph went into business selling groceries, gas, and what-have-you. The store was known as the Pines, and was a gathering place for local Concowites.

In 1967 another landmark of the area burned. The remains of Mr. Miller's enterprise can still be view and memories of wooden floors and groceries brought to mind as the people of the community drive down Concow Lake Road.

VERA McKEEN

Vera McKeen was born in 1902. That means she is 74 years young. Almost all of her life has been spent up here in Yankee Hill.

Vera told us this story. One Saturday night there was to be a dance up at the Yankee Hill school. It was just the kind of dance mountain people like, lots of music that was lively, friends, and good eats.

Well, Vera did manage to convince her mother to go. Why? They had a surprise planned and they wanted her out of the house.

Mother McKeen went and had a fine time. When the dance was over she happily walked home.

Surprise! Surprise!....Surprise? They took Mother McKeen to see what they had done for her. What did the lantern show? A clean chickenhouse, that's what.

On, oh! A second surprise for all. They had washed the chickens also....nothing like clean chickens in a clean chicken house. Too bad though. The wet chickens were frozen solid. Surprise...surprise...surprise?

## BESSIE THURSTON

Bessie Thurston was born here in Yankee Hill in 1898. She has never lived anyplace else. This is home.

Bessie had nine aunts and uncles on her father's side of the family. That's a bunch.

Bessie's family was busy up here on this hill. To earn money, her father often mined the surrounding gulches and canyons.

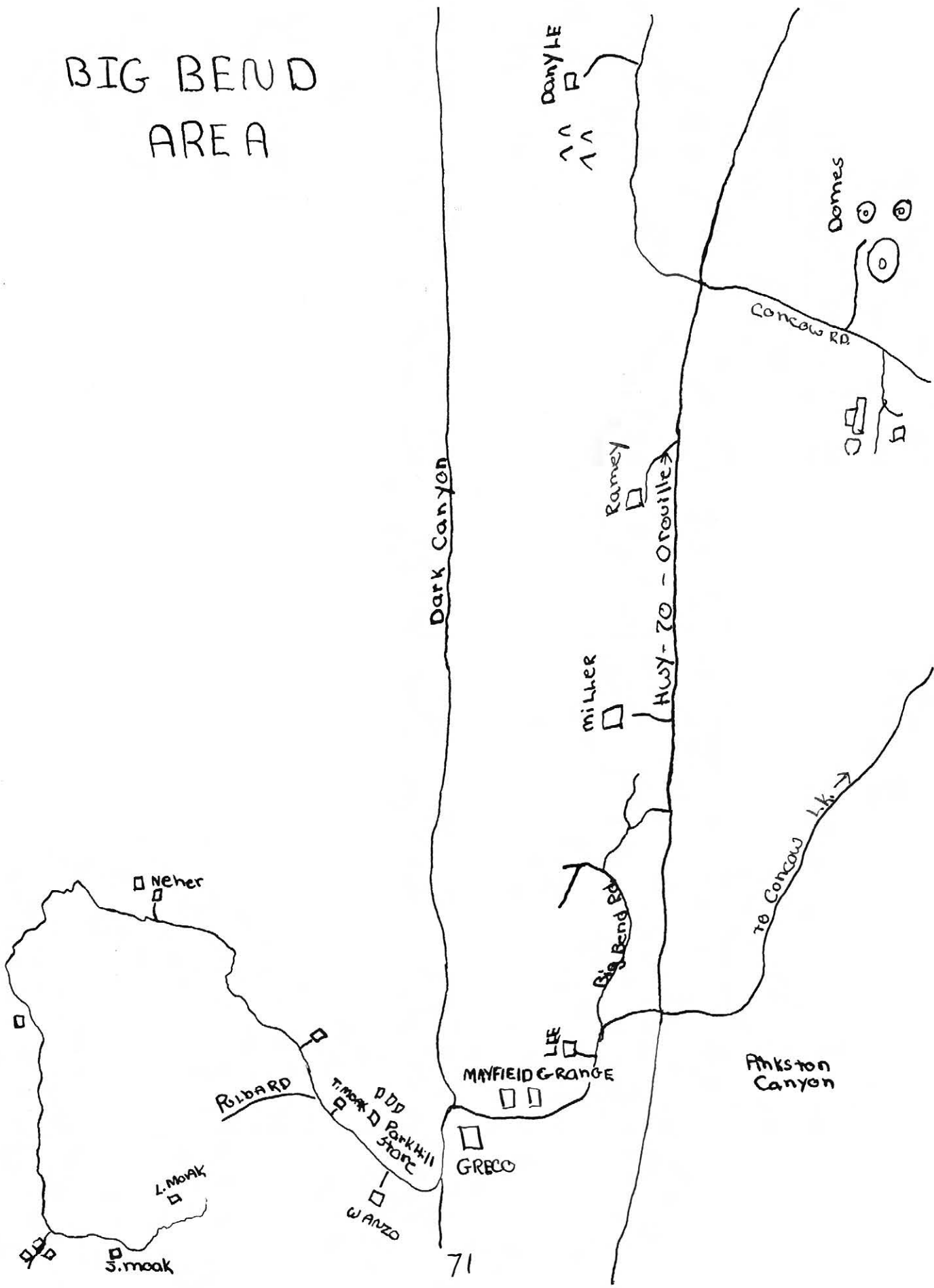
Her mother and father raised a big garden and either canned the fruit and vegetables or dried them in the sun.

On the hillside around their home they raised a few goats. They earned a little money by shearing them and selling the hair.

Bessie can remember how busy her mother was. To help get everything done, Bessie recalls her mother hiring an Indian woman to do the washing while she did the more important things.

When Bessie was young, she would walk to her school every weekday with her little dog for company. She can remember two of her teachers at Concow, May Moak and later, Cally Hagan.

# BIG BEND AREA



## BIG BEND

1880! Oh, sweet fortune. Into the picture steps a man with a vision. The North Fork of the Feather River makes an enormous "ox-bow" bend sixteen miles above Oroville. The bend is only about twelve miles long. \$600,000 in gold had come out of Cape Claim, a million in gold out of Toland Bar in one year, and Union Cape coughed up \$275,000 in placer gold in one season. McLaughlin, master mind of Cherokee, was going to drain the river and get it all.

Dr. Ray Pierce of patent medicine fame, went into partnership with McLaughlin. Together they formed the Big Bend Tunnel and Mining Company to dig the tunnel and drain the water into Dark Canyon. They organized a second company, the Eocene Placer Mining Company to do the actual mining.

The tunnel cost \$750,000. They made an error. The tunnel was too small. They made it bigger. Its final size was sixteen by twelve feet and about 12,000 feet long.

A dam was built at Whiskey Flat. The water of the river began draining off into Dark Canyon. The river bed of the Feather began to dry. The two began to count their dollars. They had begun the tunnel in 1880 and they had waited seven long years for this day.

Failure! Unbelievable! The huge boulders in the Big Bend area were too costly to move. They couldn't get at the gold. The spots that were easy to work....had already been worked over by the earlier '49'ers.

Eventually the tunnel was put to a more practical use. P. G. and E. improved the tunnel and until several years ago it sent water down to the Las Plumas, or Big Bend Powerhouse. That same Powerhouse is now under the water of the Oroville Lake.

Yankee Hill prospered from the work down below. Workers and miners alike brought some business to Yankee Hill.

1905 came to Yankee Hill and with the year came prosperity. The railroad was on its way. John Norris had surveyed from Oroville to Pulga; a one per cent grade all the way. The Goulds backed the railroad.

It took five years. Materials for the railroad went through Yankee Hill. It all ended on November 1, 1909 when the last spike was driven in the Spanish Creek Bridge in Plumas County.



Benjamin Jarbo



Jim Smith, Oliver Lunt's  
uncle and Indian partner



Pancho Beavers



Feather River Canyon  
above Big Bend, 1905



Hospital at Camp 6 along  
Highway 70



MARY ELLEN BROWN

John Moak, young lawyer from New York, came to California about 1870. Why, was it gold fever, the yearning for adventure, or the need for more elbow room? At any rate he got here, not by walking, but by coming around the Horn by ship.

John's brothers were already here in California. They made the big crossing as scouts for a wagontrain.

John came to Chico. A man needed a wife and he found the beautiful Wilhelminia Darge. She and he took the vows and settled down to business and raising a family.

About 1884 John and Wilhelminia agreed that it was time to leave Chico. Off they went with their family to the Camp Six District (out in Big Bend country).

Camp Six was a bustling community with its inhabitants involved in lumbering, mining, and tunnel construction. The tunnel was to drain the Feather at Big Bend so that the river bend could be mined.

Camp Six had everything a growing community could expect to have. There was a hospital, livery stables, stores, a school, and yes, the ever popular saloon or two.

John had hoped to practice law but found out two things. First, everyone out there seemed to be a lawyer and there just wasn't enough people to go around.

Second, out here in the West, legal problems and the like, were usually settled without the aid of a lawyer or a court. People took care of the problems with whatever seemed handy, gun, club, bottle, or knuckles.

The family packed up and left Camp Six and moved down to Oregon Gulch (general area of Oregon City) and then back to Chico.

John and Wilhelminia's children grew. Their son George (Mary Ellen Brown's father) followed the path made by his father in '84. He and his wife, Nattie, brought their three children up out of the valley to Big Bend. George Jr., Huldah, and John could move around without having to worry about what the neighbors would say.

George and Nettie had a nice little mountain ranch of 240 acres purchased from a fellow named Nolton.

Peace and quiet.....then an addition to the family. It was Lyman Moak. He settled right in however, and all was at peace once more. Didn't last long. George now had Mary Ellen to bounce upon his knee. (Both were born in the old house where Lyman, LaRoe, and their three young' uns now live).

Nettie decided she was going to town. Guess she had that yearning that women get. Anyway, she didn't make it and neither did James A. (Tobe). He was born in the old Worcester house on Nelson Bar road. Pa George had his knees full.

What did George do to keep all those hungry ones fed and clothed? Well, he drove team hauling supplies up the canyon to build that railroad. He raised hay, cow, and hogs. He planted fruit trees and raised vegetables.

Mary Ellen says that Lyman was a terrible rascal to keep in school. Their parents thought education was so important that at one time all the kids were taken to school down in Chico. Lyman? He lasted a year, drove their mother crazy trying to get him to school, and landed back up on the ranch.

Mary Ellen can remember the school at Yankee Hill and Mrs. Wells who ran the Hotel and Post Office after the death of her husband.

While down in Chico, Mary Ellen's grandmother thought Mary Ellen should be introduced to the culture of the town. She took her once a week to the Sewing Club at Anne Bidwell.

Mary Ellen can remember sitting on a tiny stool, trying to be quiet and to sew. About all she can remember seeing are the big old legs of the piano.

## LYMAN MOAK

Big Bend, Concow, Yankee Hill....names known for a lifetime. All a long way from Holland in 1614. New York .... sounds familiar, a little closer. More years and the urge to move. The sea, the coastline of South America, the Cape, at last California. The Moak family had arrived.

On a point overlooking the Feather River Canyon on Big Bend Road lives Lyman Moak and his family.

Lyman was born in 1914, and has lived it all in the Concow-Yankee Hill area. Modern plumbing and electricity had not arrived before Lyman.

To the younger generation no story is complete without having heard the older generation say, "When I was a kid, I walked to school." Well, it's true. Lyman will swear to the fact that there was no bus to ride. His feet carried him where-ever he wanted to go.

Lyman's feet carried him from his doorstep to the old Concow School. He can remember being greeted by his teacher, Mrs. Childres. Recess! Out the door as fast as today's students. Football! Nope, tag! No one wants to play tag. So it's hide and seek. For around Concow School there were plenty of places to hide.

When Lyman outgrew tag and hide and seek, his next entertainment was the dances held at the Yankee Hill School and the Concow School. Lyman says that the money collected from the dances was given to the schools to improve them.

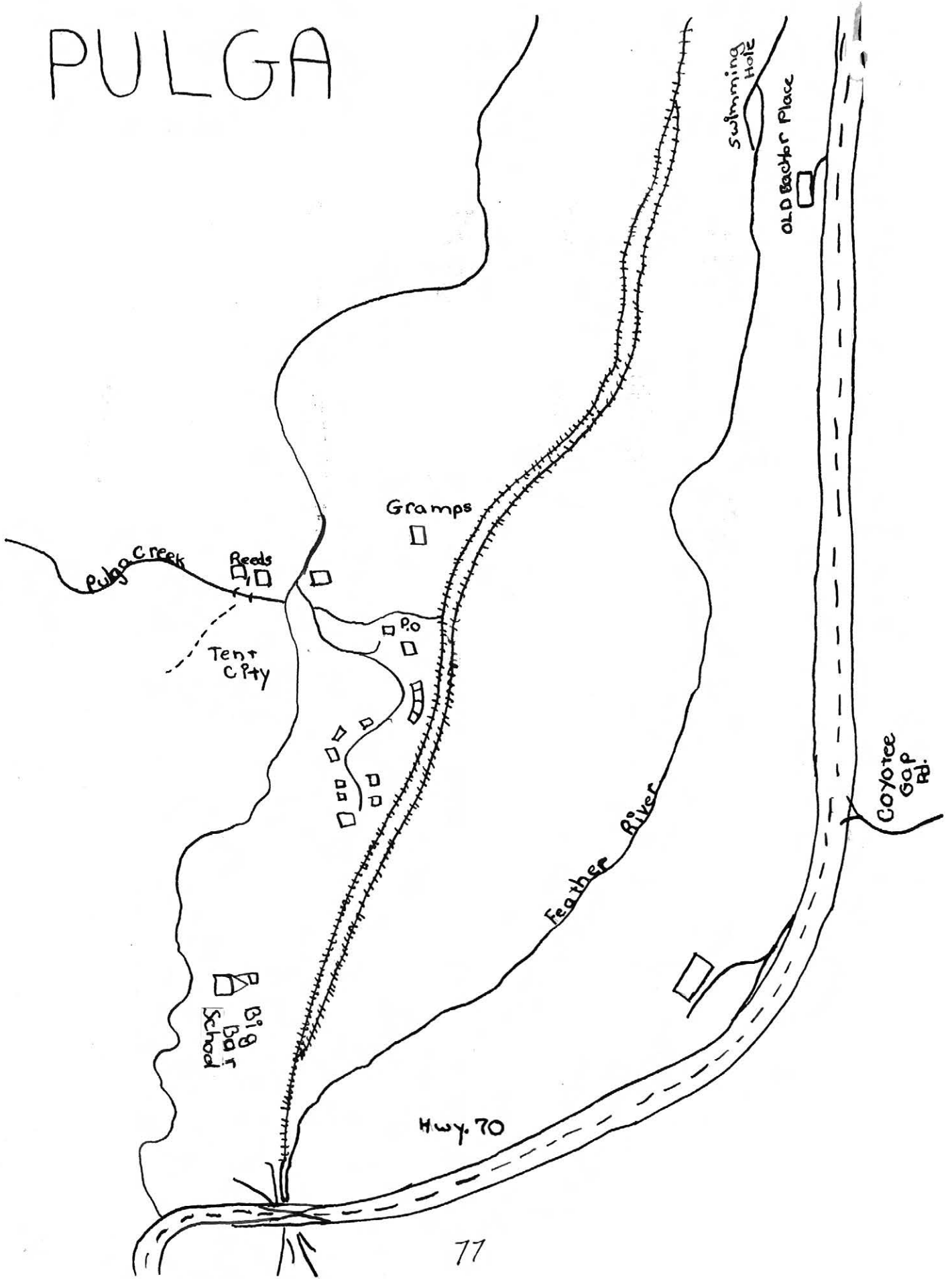
Music became a part of Lyman's life. He put together a band that didn't have the help of modern electrical equipment, but made a lot of noise. The band had a guitar, fiddle, harmonica, and you name it. Party or dance, Lyman and his mountain noisemakers were ready to entertain.

The Model T Ford, 1929, skinny tires, great horn, and a fifteenth birthday. Lyman Moak, boy driver, got his first car. He did his best to straighten out the roads of our mountain area.

Excitement? The area wasn't quiet even when Lyman wasn't making music or driving his car. Several robberies and murders took place in the community. There was even a small feud, ending with the death of a member of one of the families.

Dixie Johnson and Frank Clark were old friends of Lyman.

# PULGA



## MONTERAL BAR

Just another shallow part of the North Fork of the Feather River? What can it be named for? Every bar on the river needs a name if you find a few colors. Miners called it Monteral Bar. In 1855 a miner stopped, liked what he saw, and settled down to eventually raise a family. By now the shallow spot was known as Big Bar and the miner was Martin C. Gramps.

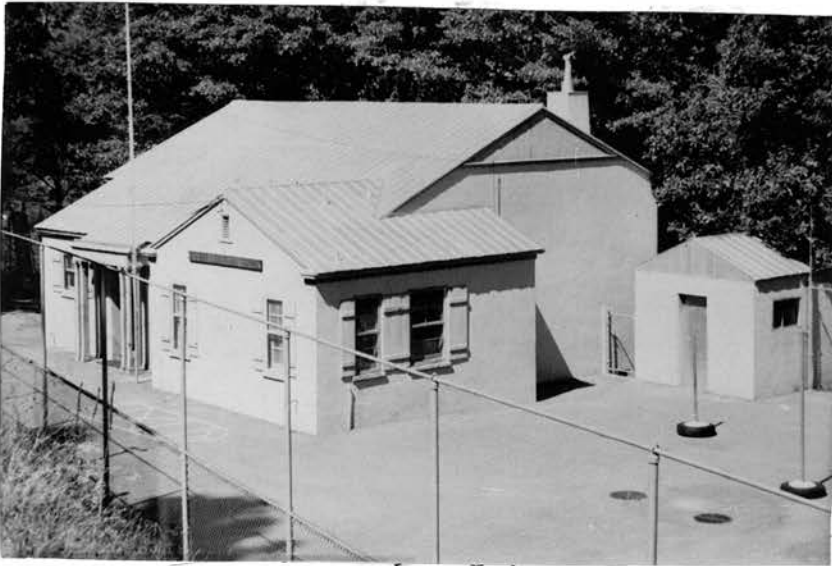
Everything was quiet except for those passing on the river. A few good claims were found. The Portuguese and Chinese came up the river looking for what the white miners had missed. Some leased claims and mined them for their owners. The Perkins mine was active for awhile in 1876.

Peace, as the water ran on. Oh, oh! Stakes in the ground. Rumor says the railroad is going to come through.

1905 the Western Pacific started up the canyon. New name for Big Bar, Pulga. It meant flea in Spanish. Didn't quiet down after that. Dances, Post Office, stores, cabins for guests, bar, band stand. Would it never end? Yes!

The highway came through, the rush was over.





Big Bar school, Pulga.



Early Big Bar school attended by Mrs. Batchelor, Kings, Woods and Gramps.



Feather River above Las Plumas Powerhouse.

## LURA BATCHELOR

Up through the canyon of the Feather came the Western Pacific Railroad. Time to stop on a siding for sand, water, and coal. A lively but small town growing. Store, Post Office, bar, homes. They gave it a Spanish name, Pulga. It meant flea, and in the early days the town on a weekend lived up to its name. It really hopped to a real swinging band.

Want to see it? All you have to do is drive over Jarboe Gap, down the canyon to where the highway bridge crosses over the railroad bridge, and enjoy the scenery. Take that tiny little road to the left before crossing the bridge. Driver, forget the scenery! This little road can scare the new-comer to the mountains to death. Keep going for it is worth it as the road passes a small school and then drops down into a beautiful little hollow. You are in Pulga, the early home of Lura Batchelor.

Lura was raised in Pulga. All about her was the wilderness of the most beautiful canyon in North America. It is still there for you to enjoy.

How did one go to school? That was easy if you lived in Pulga. But across the river lived the children of the Gramps. They walked to the river, got out the old row boat, and across they came. In the winter they hooked the boat to a cable and flooding waters or no, across they did come.

Mrs. Batchelor remembers going to school with some of the older families of the area, such as Gramps, Woods, and Kings.

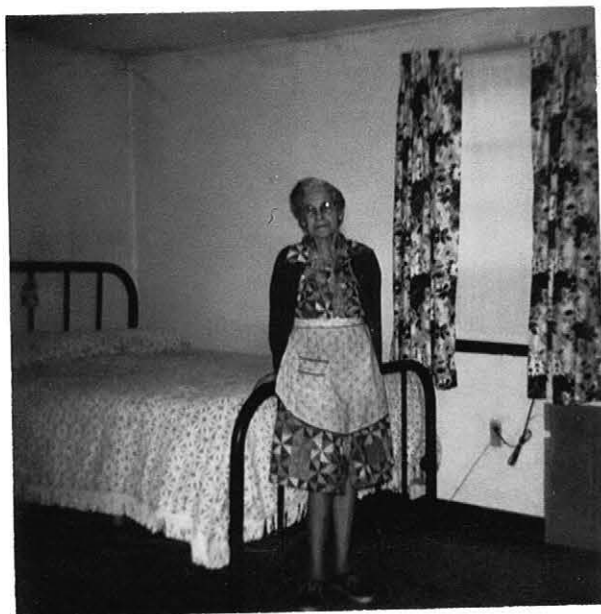
Mrs. Batchelor met and married Wayne Batchelor. Of their four children, one of them was born in Pulga.

The home that was built by the Batchelors remains today in Pulga. The store that Mrs. Batchelor's parents ran and later the Joe Kings, remains, but is no longer in use.

The Batchelors earned money in those years at Pulga in various ways. They collected ladybugs and sold them to farmers in the valley. Mr. Batchelor worked part time for the railroad, and they spent some time prospecting for gold. Gold sold at the time for 18 dollars an ounce, a small fortune.

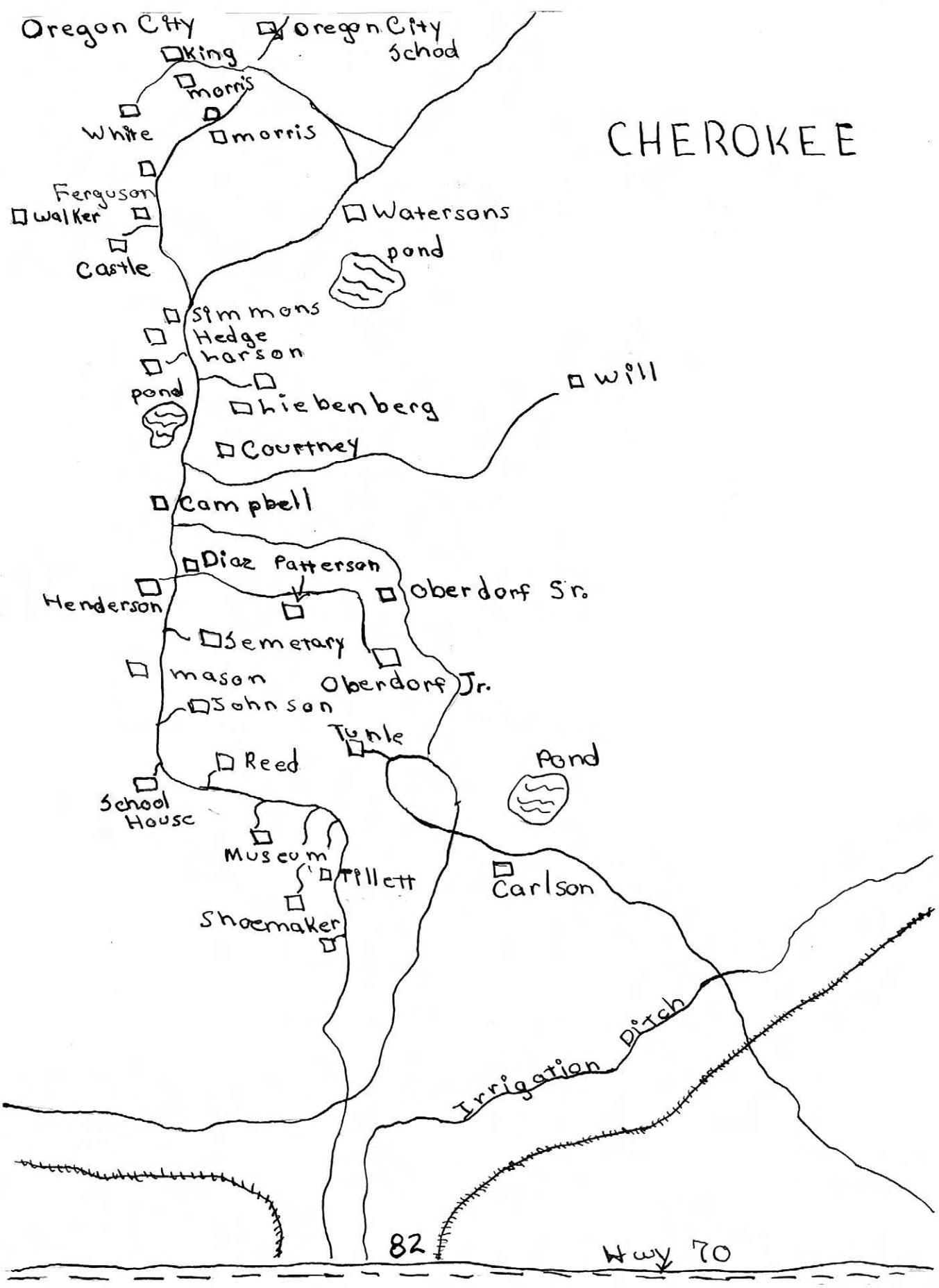
The Bachelors attended the dances that were held in Pulga. There was a bandstand and wooden floor for the dancers. People came by train from Oroville and then returned the same way. Local people walked or drove a twisting road to enjoy an evening of fun.

Today the Pulga that Mrs. Batchelor knew still lies at the bottom of the Feather River Canyon. The steam engines are gone, replaced by the diesel, but visitors can still stand on a warm summer day, smell the creosote of the ties, the warm rich smell of the small creek, and take home a little of Mrs. Bachelor's town, Pulga.



Mrs. Wayne Batchelor

# CHEROKEE



## CHEROKEE

Step down, boys. Yer walking on streets of gold and diamonds. This is Cherokee. She sort of got started in 1850.

Seems that when fellers started arriving they found that some Maine school teacher had brought in a bunch of Cherokee Indians and those rascals were taking out a pretty good pinch everyday. Teacher? Could of been J. C. Potter. He was a teacher and from Maine.

Ya know, I'll bet those Oregonians and old Peter Burnett (later first civil governor of California) gave themselves a pretty good kick years later 'cause in 1848 they crossed through here down to Oregon Gulch and Long's Bar. Walked right across it and didn't know it.....

Sure, named after those Cherokees from Oklahoma. Bout 1853 some of those tin miners from Wales moved in and put up the first stores. I guess 'twas them that named it.

Population of this town grew as fast as a wart on a nose. Claims were limited to a hundred square feet was the rule. That means about 10 by 10 feet.

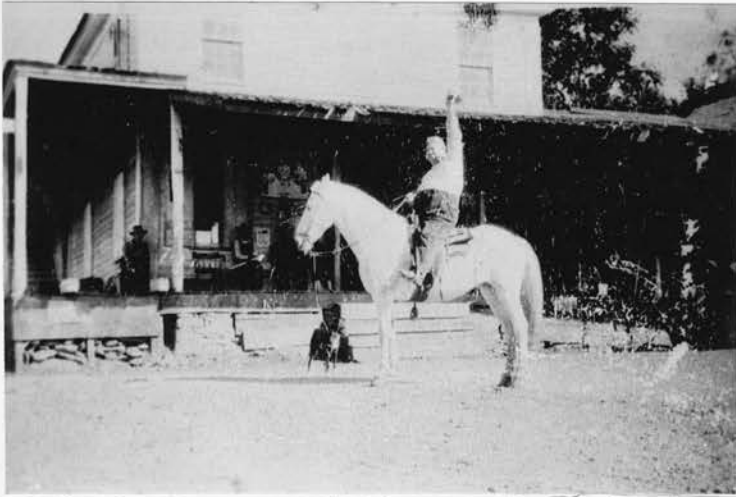
Kinda kept a person busy checking on the feller behind you to see that he wasn't reaching over to grab of some of your ten squares.

Oh, they were taking out anywheres from \$20 to \$50 dollars a day. Had to so they could stay around. Things weren't cheap up here. Flour and provisions were sold at around \$1.25 a pound. Whiskey cost about a \$1.50 a glass (a pinch and a half of gold dust). A feller could get about \$4,000 for a barrel of whiskey.

Cherokee Flats had stores opened up by 1853. E. A. Pearson, Thomas McDanel, and Mr. Moore did a land office business.

Nope, not much water up here in Cherokee. Miners had a rough go of it to get the gold out of the slickins. Fluming water was the answer but nobody by himself could afford it.

Talk about fluming. Usually think of a little box a foot or so square, don't you. I tell ya, the miners thought big in the '50's. In 1856 there was one head dam on the river that cut the water down to a trickle. The flume ran for two-thirds of a mile. Big? It was thirty-five feet wide and six feet high, and held up off the ground by timbers.



Thomas James and his horse Lightning  
in front of the Vintin Store.



In the town of Cherokee,  
there was a Catholic  
church.



Class of 1917 Yankee  
Hill School.



Darby Saloon, Cherokee, 1890. Was located by  
the post office in the old town of Cherokee.



With the flumes in the '50's came hydraulicking. That's where you use a hose and a nozzle and wash down the dirt through a sluice.

You guessed it. Some fellers got together, pooled their money, and started building ditches and flumes. The first water got here to Cherokee in 1870. The water came from Big Butte Creek to supply power for the giants of the Spring Valley Company.

I won't bother to tell of all the mergers and wheelings and dealings that went on, but by 1881 the Spring Valley Hydraulic Gold Company emerged as the giant landholder of Cherokee.

Altogether they owned around 500 acres, including the town of Cherokee, no less than a 100 miles of pipe, ditch, and flume, and land on either side of Dry Creek for a distance of 40 miles. (About 23,000 acres at a cost in the neighborhood of \$582,000 dollars.)

The main source of water for the mine was Butte Creek. The water was stored up in Concow Valley. From Concow Valley, the Miner's Ditch is 20 miles in length. Crossing the West Branch of the Feather was one section of iron pipe 13,100 feet long. It was 30 inches in diameter and dropped 890 feet. There were three sections of iron pipe whose greatest thickness was three/eighths inches. The cost for all of the ditches and pipes was about \$750,000.

At its peak, sixteen giants were in use, having nozzles from five to eight inches in diameter, and throwing out 40,000,000 gallons of water each day. Those monitors were shut down only once in the twelve years of operation and that was when the President was killed.

Sure, the town was larger than what you see now. There used to be two streets, Main Street and Ophir Avenue. There were at least eight hotels, three schools, three churches, a couple of lodges, town hall, and a race track. Almost forgot, there were seventeen saloons and a brewery.

Where'd it all go? In 1947 a grass fire caused by the explosion of a powder-house blew most of what remained of Cherokee down.

Yah, the school's still there. Used to be two stories high. You could see the tower of it from Chico.

President Hayes, his wife, and Old Sherman came to the Cherokee Pit and played. Mrs. Hayes took home a little gold and diamonds.



Cherokee School in 1846 before top story was removed. Top story was used for Odd Fellows hall.



Leonard Campbell and group on the way to school in Cherokee, early 1900's.



Cherokee school and students. Picture taken in front of school with school marm. The school was very crowded in 1846 with only one teacher. Later, it became less populated.

Cherokee school after top story was removed. Picture taken in 1960.



No, the miners usually kept the diamonds that were found. Sure, there was crime around here. What would you expect when there's 1,000 miners, gold, spirits from seventeen saloons, and a few pretty females. One of the worst crimes in the eyes of the miners happened here in Cherokee in June, 1871. George Sharkovich wanted to marry Sue McDanel. He'd never asked her, but then he'd never been given the chance to either. Anyway, there had been a wedding at the home of Justice Glass followed by a dance at the Hall. Well, Sue was walking back from the hall to Justice Glass' house. She was with a couple of friends, the daughter of Justice Glass and Doc. Sawyer.

They were almost to the gate, when Sue heard footsteps and thought Justice Glass was coming. Turned out it was George.

George grabbed Sue by her hair, yanked her head back, and drove a long knife into her throat to her heart. He ran. Sue ran after him ten or twelve steps and then fell dead to the ground.

Bystanders shot at the rat, but he got away. All of this happened at three in the morning. Miners met in the Cherokee Hotel, where an award of \$5,000 was offered for the capture of George.

People looked everywhere. Indians were put on his trail. He couldn't be found.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday passed. George was thought to be on Bloomer Hill, but the hunters couldn't find him.

George McBride and Frank Ketchum guarded the Bidwell Bar Bridge. A lone figure stepped onto the North end of the bridge and started across. McBride saw him and told him to come on across. He said that there was someone in the office who wanted to talk to him. Ketchum stepped out and recognized Sharkovich.

George Sharkovich carried a Henry rifle, but never tried to use it. Ketchum put his shotgun on Sharkovich and he gave up his gun. He said he didn't know what was going on. He was a Frenchman going from Oroville to Downieville.

Ketchum and McBride took him to Mr. Bendle's to keep until morning. Bendle saw Sharkovich put his hand inside his coat. From inside the coat Bendle took the long-bladed knife used on Sue. Bendle then demanded the pistol carried by Sharkovich.

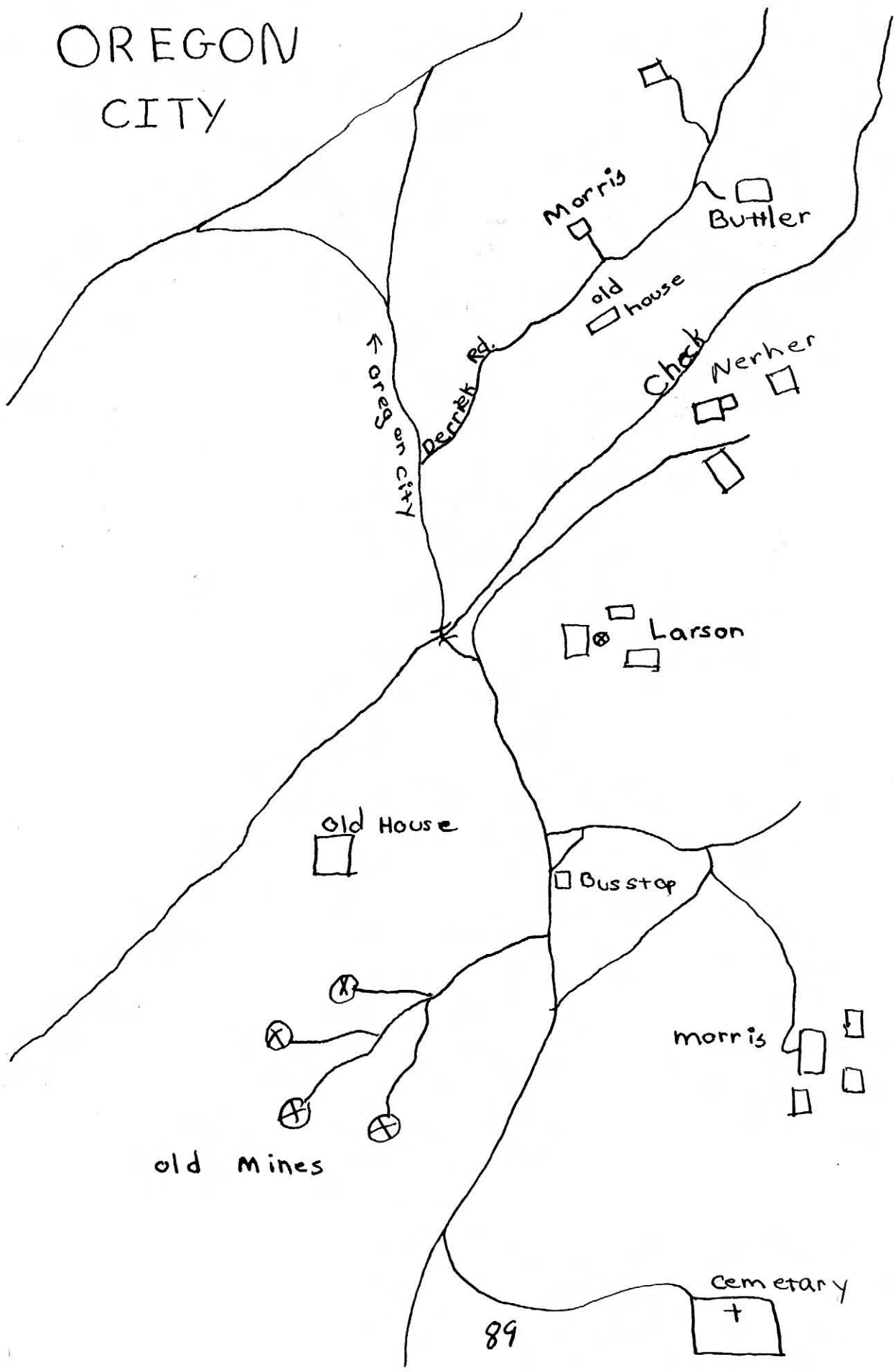
Sharkovich pulled the pistol, tried to shoot himself, and when the gun didn't go off, he ran. Bendle picked the gun up, aimed, and plugged Sharkovich with three shots. Sharkovich died then and there.

Monday morning the body was taken back to Oroville, and then carted to Cherokee. Two gallons of oil were poured into and over Sharkovich and boards from his cabin were piled around him. Then a match was thrown onto the whole thing and everything went up in smoke.

Not a pretty story, was it? Stage is ready to roll on down to Oregon City. Guess we'd better get on board not much left here.



# OREGON CITY







Concow School 1931



Las Plumas School. Feather River Canyon. Now covered by waters of Oroville Dam. Early bridge across West Branch at Nelson Bar.



Big Bend School



Oregon City School 90



## OREGON CITY

A lot of scrub oak, dry grass in the summer, beautiful flowers in the Spring. The Cherokee road from Oroville has a lot of twists and turns. It looks like every dry streambed has been turned upside down. Hey, you people from Oregon, pay attention. We're almost on top of Table Mountain.

Oregon City? How did it get here atop this flat rock so far away from Oregon?

Well, I'm glad you asked that question. You see, the news of gold in California did travel East, but it also traveled northward into Oregon. Now in the 1840's there were a lot of Oregonions just sitting around waiting for adventure or looking for a way to get away from their wives.

When they heard the news of gold in 1847-48, about two-thirds of the ablebodied men in Oregon put on their walking shoes. Morris Ravine, which you passed without looking, was named after an Oregonion who led a group of men down from Oregon.

The group of miners that moved into the Oregon City area numbered about 1500 men and 50 wagons. There went the peace and tranquility of the countryside.

The Oregon miners dug. They panned. Not much water. Sure made a mess out of the landscape.

The quartz of the area looked promising. Gold was there but it was tough to get out. Time to try a little powder. It worked. The Banner Mine Mill near Oregon City soon had twelve stamps going.

A lot of activity around Oregon City. Someone had to get back to the basics. In May of 1858, Oregon City built themselves a school. The Oregon City District Number 2 included Cherokee and they didn't have trouble finding students, only trouble was to keep them in school.

The school stands empty of children and the district has now become a part of the larger district called Golden Feather Union.

It kind of slowed down around Oregon City until the old Banner Ledge was bought from its owners in 1879. The new owners dug a shaft that went 300 feet down into Table mountain. Out from the shaft at 100 foot intervals, they extended tunnels.

Frank McLaughlin bought controlling interest in the Banner Mine in 1894. By now the Banner was one of the oldest of its kind. McLaughlin set up a ten-stamp mill and the old mine continued to pay its owners.

Today little is left to remind people of the past of Oregon City. But once upon a time.....

## MIGHTY FEATHER RIVER

Mighty Feather River roaring onward toward the sea,  
Your wildly tumbling waters sing lullabys to me.  
Through a flowery woodland - By many a mountain steep,  
You are flowing ever onward - ever onward toward the deep.

We have boated over your bosom as we watched the sunset's  
gleam.  
We have fished along your boarder with many a boyhood's  
dream.  
We have mined your golden gravels day by day for many a  
year.  
Oh glorious, golden river - so wide and deep and clear.

Roll on thru our Fertile Valleys - go water our arid lands.  
Go turn the wheels of industry - to lighten the work of  
man.  
Roll onward ever onward toward the sea.  
Your waters wildly tumbling,  
Sing lullabys to me.

George Moak

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We wish to acknowledge the people who have helped us with information about our community. They invited us into their homes, told us about themselves, and made us excited about our heritage.

We hope we have not left anyone out for each and every person we talked to was important to us.

Thank you,

The Eighth Grade, Concow 1976

Mrs. Wayne Batchelor  
Oroville

Mr. Bus Bennum  
Parrish Camp  
Messilla Valley

Mrs. Mary Ellen Brown  
Nelson Bar Road

Butte County Weekly Newspaper

Butte County Record

Mrs. Katherine Campbell  
Cherokee Road

Mrs. Chaffin  
Coal Canyon

Mrs. Mildred Forester  
Pearson Road  
Paradise

History of Butte County, California-1882  
Howel North, 1973

Mr. James Lenhoff  
Oroville



Mildred Forrester,  
local Northern California historian.

Mr. Oliver Lunt  
Nelson Bar Road

Mrs. Leah Martin  
Pentz Road

Mrs. Vera McKeen  
Pinkston Canyon Road

Mr. Ralph Miller  
Nelson Bar Road

Mr. Lyman Moak  
Big Bend Road

Mr. Ramey  
Pentz Road

Mrs. Adeline Read  
Cherokee Road

Reflections of the Historic Feather River  
American Historical Publishing House, 1974

Mrs. Bessie Thurston  
Nelson Bar Road



The Staff of Kon Kow wanted to thank Mrs Everett. We ran out of room, but she did so much, we did find room on one of the most important pages of the book.

Thank you, Mrs. Everett. We hope you understand how much we appreciated your help.

The Staff