

# Yankee Hill Historical Society

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

## *Yankee Hill Dispatch*

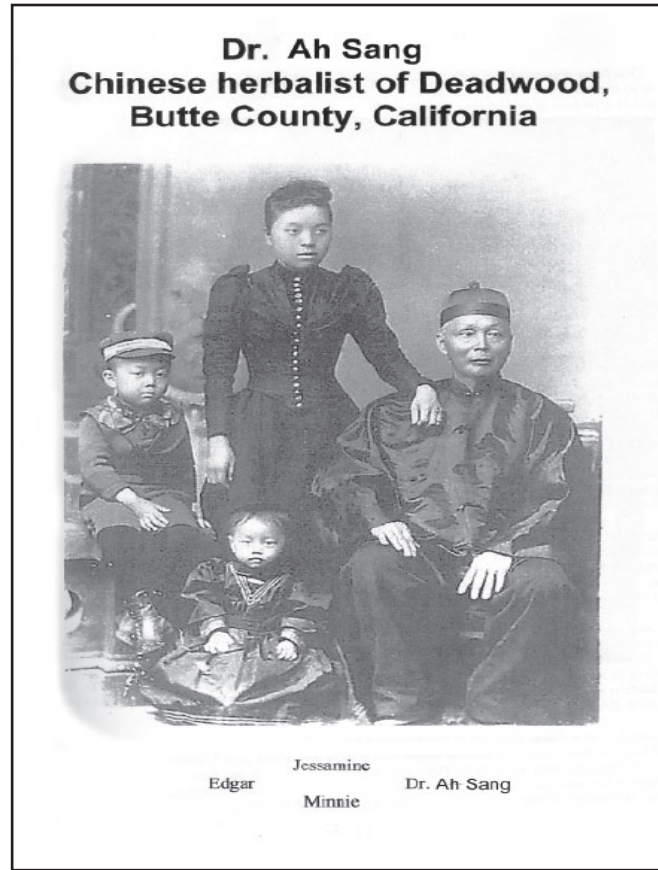
The following was reported in the Butte Record on 9-20-1879. "There has been a new hospital erected at Deadwood City. It is under the immediate supervision and sole management of Ah Sang, the celebrated Chinese physician. Ah Sang, who we are indebted for this information, says he has 43 patients under his treatment, all of whom are in a fair way to recover. Among these are Mr. & Mrs. Richards and Mr. Shaw of Gridley; Messrs. Pierson and Henderson of Chico: Mrs. Peterson of Plumas: Mrs. Updyke, Mr. and Mrs. Gilett and others." The buildings were owned and built by the Tebbe family. The family had a home there and ran a hotel, the doctor ran the hospital. In the 1870 census there were 200 Chinese in the Concow area, mining and working as laborers. It was a regular stage stop. The hotel was so popular that it was expanded in 1882 with improvements costing \$40,000. The hospital and hotel were located at the corner of Concow and Deadwood Roads. In 1921 a grocery store was operating in a log cabin at the site. But the buildings were starting to become run down and most were torn down at various times during the late 1920's. The last original building burned down in 1937. A large private residence is located at the site now.

### **Christmas at Deadwood**

How the Time Was Spent by the Chinese Doctor's Patients  
Deadwood, Dec. 26, 1881

While all the world at this joyous and happy season are making merry about us, why should we not endeavor to have a little share of the general joy and good feeling amongst our own miserable selves; has been the question asked and discussed during the past week by the majority of the invalids sojourning at Mr. Tebbe's hospitable hostelry, undergoing treatment at the hands of the celebrated Chinese doctor residing here; and after discussing at length and with considerable animation, the pros and cons, we came to the unanimous conclusion that the project was a worthy one, and also that it was entirely feasible. Once having determined definitely on making an effort, we set about with due diligence to make the affair a success. Having broached the subject to our landlady (Mrs. Tebbe), that lady became at once our coadjutor, and entered into the scheme with great spirit and earnestness, assuring us that she would leave nothing undone in her endeavor to make it a memorable Merry Christmas. So it was resolved to begin with a ball on Christmas eve, that Christmas trees, with stocking concomitants should be provided

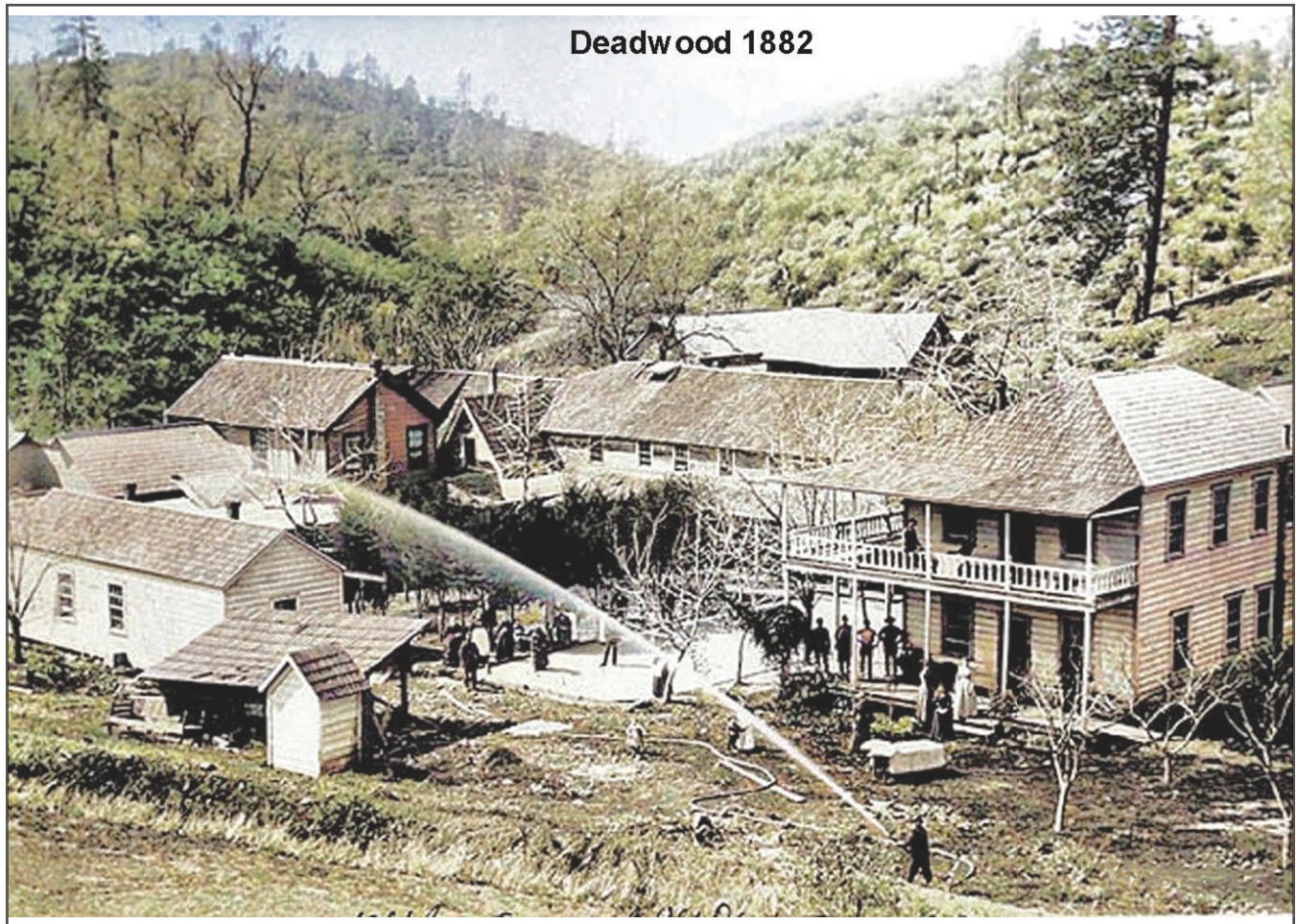
for the children, of whom there are quite a number here, and that on the blessed day the usual Christmas beverage, i.e. egg-nog, should abound in moderate quantities as spiritous liquors is tabooed by the doctor, it conflicting with his treatment; and lastly, that a bounteous repast be prepared in the form of a Christmas dinner.



Well, everything took place in the order named, and was such a perfect success throughout that I deemed it worth a few lines. The dance proved to be an amusing and famous fandango, as you would suppose naturally, that a ballroom filled with invalids would not be exactly the best material or the proper caper to cut pigeon wings, reels, etc., although there was an abundance of the latter motion to be seen during the dancing. The daring and audacity displayed by some of the rheumatically afflicted old boys was admirable indeed. In their endeavor to appear light and agile as in the days of yore, they weaved about in a manner truly ridiculous, and yet they never faltered for an instant, nor could all the torments and twinges of their ancient enemy compel a groan or cause them to weaken, in fact, the old timers exhibited more spirit than did the convalescing ones, although all enjoyed it heartily. The hostess, Mrs. Tebbe, was indefatigable in her attempt to get all hands and ditto feet to moving, and by her tact and amiability succeeded in a wonderful manner in promoting the pleasure of the evening. Those that were so badly crippled as to be entirely unable to shake the light fantastic were let off, but they had to show good cause, and enjoyed the antics of the dancers seemingly as much as the participants, and the ladies, bless their hearts, how pleased they were. Some of them, poor dears, I know must have kept up through great efforts, yet determined to do all in their power to make it a merry meeting, under no matter what difficulties, vied with each other in pleasing and entertaining the party, and indeed all hands joined with each other in mutual endeavor to dispell care and sorrow.

Worry and pain were for the once forgotten, and had a stranger casually dropped into our party and witnessed the capering and prancing, the antics of the jolly old invalids, and seen the harmony and good feeling prevailing and the mirth and hilarity shown, I wen it would have been no easy matter to have convinced him that he was among a band of invalids. Many of them suffering constantly acute pains, others afflicted with stated fatal maladies, relying on a miracle being worked in their behalf, and all a stranger to heaven's great gift – health. It would indeed be a matter of wonderment for a stranger to realize the fact and contemplate the scene.

After literally tripping the light and airy dance until after 11, and the ladies showing symptoms of weariness, a light collation was spread in the dining hall, and the edibles thereupon discussed and enjoyed highly. After a vote of thanks to our landlady for the masterly manner in which we had been entertained, preparations were made to retire. To those who know the character and nature of long residents of California, yeleft ye pioneer, it would not be a matter of surprise to know that after such an admirable first part, such a starter, as I may say, to make a night of it, that they did not go to bed immediately – not just then. In the interior, however, the juveniles were not idle. And you may be sure “the stockings were hung by the chimney with care”.



Testing the new fire equipment in 1882, water from Concow Lake

After the ladies had retired the gentlemen withdrew to their sitting room, and then before a rousing fire in a spacious fire place (what more comfortable?) began recounting recollections of the past. Happy is he who is able to recall interesting events of the pleasant past, and has the faculty of relating them in an interesting manner; but thrice blessed is that man who combines the power of memory with the gift of conversation, and can conjure up the days of his childhood and relate the scenes and incidents thereof in a charmingly vivid and pleasant manner. At our Christmas eve convivial gathering, there were several of the former class – capital storytellers, who apparently never tired of describing the glorious golden days of the old California – in truth, reminiscences of California seemed to have the swing of the circle, as their memories seemed to cling and linger over California. And recounting over again their lives and doings, one became unconsciously sympathetic in following the thread of the narrative of the ancient argonaut, and one there was who possessed the latter qualification above mentioned, and who remembered way back of the early days of California and told us of the dear old home so far away, and the many incidents and pleasures connected with childhood in the happy Christmas time of long ago, in so vivid a way, that many an eye was moistened that even that had not borne the brine for scores of years; for who

has not been a child and who ever forgets the dear old mother, and her tender solicitude and thoughtfulness in providing amusement and pleasure for her children during this holiday season and the cheerful heart and happy home with its dear delight, the expectant wonderment of the children on that blessed eve when Kriss Kringle, arrayed complete in furs and equipped with his inexhaustible store of toys and confection, is soon to make his appearance? How glorious were those times for all of us; "how fleeting and how transitory."

#### CHRISTMAS MORNING AT DEADWOOD

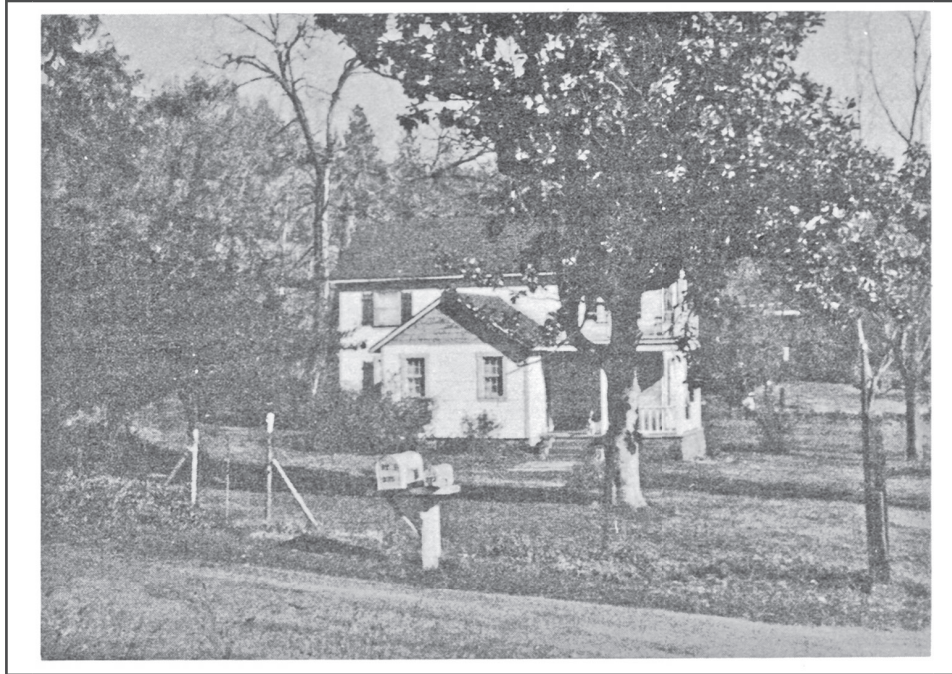
At dawn of day all were aroused by the shrill cries and joyful acclaims of the youngsters, who had been visited in the night by Santa Claus, and who, after inspecting the bountiful bonanzas of toys and trinkets left for them by the good St. Nicholas, were wild with delight and were giving vent to their joy in true boyish fashion. After that there was no more sleep for the sluggard. The day dawned bright and beautiful, and after passing the morning pleasantly, great anticipations were indulged in, with regard to the rapidly approaching Christmas dinner. A young bear had been killed, and turkeys no end. The pastry cook had been bustling about with a business-like air for several days and other suspicious circumstances led us to the conclusion that the denizens of Deadwood would not be left at the Christmas dinner. And sure enough, the result justified the prediction. About 80 persons sat down to the Christmas board and it is needless to say that the bear behaved well to the numerous guests, and left a farewell impression. The turkeys also rapidly took wing, or the guests did at any rate, they disappeared with amazing celerity, and when the plum pudding, flanked with the richest and most tempting looking pies of mince, apple and custard, and cakes of fruit, pound, jelly and others (whose names I have not at hand), made their appearance, it was agreed in general chorus that such a bounteous spread could not be beat in Butte or any county, and that it deserved a notice in the columns of the Record, and your humble servant was appointed a committee of one to write an account of how we passed the Christmas at Deadwood. If I have not done it justice, it must be attributed to the egg-nog producing a prosy effect. Hoping that the good cheer so lavishly dispensed may be duplicated at each returning Christmas, I wish a Merry Christmas to all.

Don Leandro



Gerhard and Ellen Mary(Sauer)Tebbe

EDITORS NOTE: Ah Sang bought the Deadwood facilities from the Tebbe family in 1885 after Mrs Tebbe died. Ah Sang sold the facilities in 1891 and moved to Chicago where he died in 1903. Several families later purchased the site and tried to make a go of it. Several hired a Chinese doctor to carry on the legacy of Dr. Ah Sang. But times were changing as the automobile allowed people to travel further to nicer hotels and better hospitals. In 1932 with most of the original buildings gone, a small two story home was built at the site and it became a fox farm. The current home at the site was built in the 1980's.



Deadwood property 1972, photo by Ramona Kimrell

For more articles on Concow and Yankee Hill as well as the surrounding area, see past newsletters at [yankeehillhistory.com](http://yankeehillhistory.com) under the Newsletters tab or watch several slide shows under the Presentations tab. For the serious lover of history, check out the Archives tab for old newspaper articles, maps and other items of interest.

***Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!***

*From the staff of the  
Yankee Hill Historical Society*

*Looking forward to seeing you in 2022*

Yankee Hill Historical Society  
P.O. Box 4031  
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