

The Sierran

— A Publication of the Sierra County Historical Society —

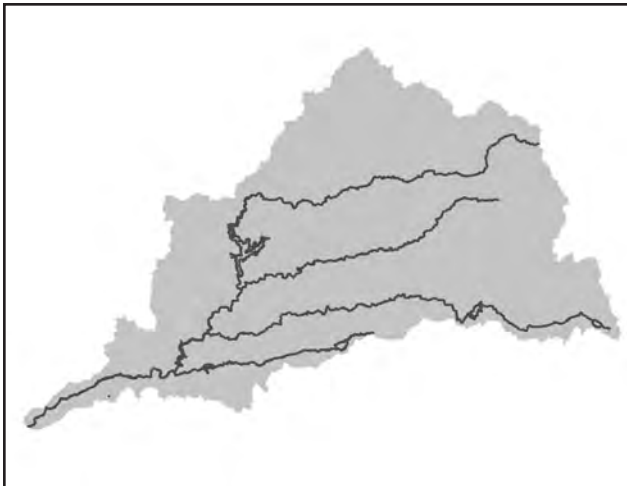
In this Sierran we pick up Joshua D. Breyfogle, Sr.'s Overland Trip to California During the Gold Rush in 1849. The group has reached California and are heading for the mine fields.

Diary Of Joshua D. Breyfogle, Sr.

Covering experiences during his overland trip to California during the gold rush in 1849.

- Contributed by Skip Breyfogle

Friday, 1st March, 1850: Here I go again through the snow and across the mountains bound for the Forks of the river. The Waldo boys, Dutton and Armstrong have been very kind and hospitable. I expect to see them up the river in a few days.



Yuba River Watershed

Saturday, 2nd March: I arrived at Goodhues's camp last night through snow from five to ten feet deep and now in a tent belonging to some Tennessee boys. I leave here in a few minutes for the forks of the river 8 miles above. It is now snowing very fast. Got to the forks this afternoon after a very hard day's climbing, creeping and sliding. Got the privilege of sleeping in a tent belonging to some Missourians.

Sunday morning, March 23rd: The people are all preparing to dam the river as soon as the snow will permit. There is nothing doing here at present on account of the snow and high water. Provisions are very dear; beef \$1.00, pork \$2.00, tea \$3.00, sugar \$2.50, flour \$3.00. Boots from forty to eighty dollars. The extreme difficulty in getting them here is the cause of the high prices, as it is necessary to have them brought most of the way on men's backs through the deep snow. There were some eight or ten men came up when I did packed with from fifty to eight pounds.

Wednesday, 6th: Still at this place. Was out prospecting one day and got some twenty-four dollars. Yesterday went 3 miles down the river to buy provisions and found Dutton and bought provisions of him, flour two dollars per hundred, pork five per hundred. Last night Dutton and myself got in the cabin of Messrs. Mar, Barry, Potter and Kelly, a very fine comfortable house, and lucky it was that we got in, for we had one of the worst nights I have seen since I have been in California, raining, blowing, and snowing the whole night and is still storming. We can do nothing at present. Intend staying here some time.

Thursday, March 7th: Still in the cabin of the above gents. I find them first-rate men. It has been storming all day and still continues. Mr. Dutton and myself went down three miles to his tent for provisions. The snow about three feet deep. We packed an Indian up with quite a load. This is a terrible time – the snow about three feet deep, and can do nothing at mining, but we have good quarters, thanks to the owners of this cabin Mr. Mar and Berry, of Mississippi, Potter and Kelly of Illinois – four as fine men as God ever let live, and it is a great pleasure to find a few specimens of real humanity in the wild and inhospitable region. I am now one hundred and some sixty miles from Sacramento City at the forks of the Yuba, thirty or forty miles from the Sierra Nevada.

Sunday, 24th: Set in with rain and continued showery all day. This afternoon we had to work on the dam as the water was running over it. It is getting to be pretty tough times here as there is very little provisions, and no communication with the lower country and consequently

Diary Of Joshua D. Breyfogle, Sr. - (Continued on Page 3) —

— THE SIERRA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY —



The Sierra County Historical Society is an organization of people interested in preserving and promoting an appreciation of Sierra County's rich history. The Society operates a museum at the Kentucky Mine in Sierra City, holds an annual meeting, publishes a newsletter and conducts historical research. Members are sent notices of Society activities, receive THE SIERRAN, and are admitted free of charge to the museum and stamp mill tour. If you would like to become involved in these activities or would just like to give your support, please join us!

Officers and Executive Board of The Sierra County Historical Society

- President:** Mary Nourse, Sierra City
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- Museum Curator:** Virginia Lutes
- Assistant Curator:** Judy Lawrence

If you have any suggestions or comments, feel free to contact any board member or email at info@sierracountyhistory.org

Become a Member! Dues for 2013 Payable Now!

Membership in the Sierra County Historical Society is open to any interested person, business or organization. Members need not be residents of Sierra County. Dues are due and payable each January for the calendar year.

Membership categories are as follows:

INDIVIDUAL	\$20.00
FAMILY & INSTITUTION.....	\$25.00
BUSINESS & SUPPORTING.....	\$35.00
SUSTAINING.....	\$50.00
LIFE (per individual)	\$300.00

Please send dues to: S.C.H.S. Membership Chairperson, PO Box 54, Sattley, CA 96124

Are You Ready For Some Mumbo Gumbo?

Get yourselves up to the Kentucky Mine and Museum July 13 at 7:30 pm for the must-see-and-hear concert of the season when Mumbo Gumbo rocks the amphitheater once again! A Music at the Mine favorite for many years, Mumbo Gumbo never fails to get concertgoers off their seats and on their feet with their unique instrumental arrangements and talented ensemble of musicians. From rock to soul, afropop to lush balladry, zydeco to country, Mumbo Gumbo creates a sound that is sheer joy! At just \$25 per person, the concert offers incredible music at an incredible under-the-stars venue. And don't forget to bring your appetite for the finger lickin' good barbeque beginning at 6 pm. Cost for the barbeque is \$15 and is first come first served.

Purchase tickets, \$25 for the concert, online through PayPal at SierraCountyHistory.org, call (530) 862-1310, or visit the Kentucky Mine Museum or Old Sierra City Hotel in Sierra City; the Graeagle Mill Works; Sierra Valley Feed & Ranch Supply in Sierraville; and La Sierra Beauty Boutique in Downieville.



Diary Of Joshua D. Breyfogle, Sr. - (Continued from Page 1) —

are getting very dear. This is a very droll community – Layers, Judges, Merchants and Tailors, gentlemen (very nice) blacksmiths and sailors, Indians, Kanacers, Spaniard, French, and Dutch, and such a costume here you will see a judge, lawyer or merchant with fine cassimere pants, patched with half a yard of blanket on the seat, another on each knee, and some no patches at all. Coats they don't pretend to. On a cold day they stick their head through a blanket which answers them for a coat, cloak and over-cloak. Some are lucky enough to have boots with their toes peeping out. Others none at all, and cannot get them. The snow from two to twenty feet deep. Their destitution is not for want of money for they nearly all have plenty of dust but can't use it.



The Forks (Downieville) during the gold rush days

Tuesday, April 16th: Weather still continues very fine and river still rising and will continue to do so till the snow is gone from the head of the river where it is very deep. It is ascertained that gold is very plenty and coarse about 20 or 30 miles up the south fork of the river and there is a great anxiety to get there first by the miners. Scarcely a day passes but some of them leave here to find the rich spot, but they generally come back in two or three days with dismal accounts of the deep snow and steep and high mountains, but others try it again and return the same. One, however, more energetic than the rest has brought a few specimens that he picked up some 20 miles from here, but it is a secret between himself and me and Mr. Everson. In the morning they start to test the matter thoroughly and if it proves as we expect they will return home and the three of us will pack our provisions up and gather what we wish in a few days and start for home. God send that they may find it to exceed their most sanguine wishes. Since the 2nd of March the number of miners has increased from about sixteen to near six hundred and provisions are now selling for one dollar per pound all around which is considered very low.

Sunday, 5th: This morning we found about one half of our dam gone. The river has risen very much since yesterday. From appearances we will have to commence a new one as soon as the water goes down. It is rather a hard hit but we must stand it as well as we can. If this weather continues the snow will soon be gone when the river will fall as we will have no more snow till next Fall.

July 4th, 1850: This has been a great day. Some two or three thousand people gathered in the Forks to celebrate the fourth and to see Judge Lynch execute his law on a poor devil for stabbing a man 8 times. Had the man died, he would have been hung. As it was, he received 40 lashes on his bare back by a very strong man with a very severe whip and it nearly killed him. Charles was one of the Judge's Jurymen. Last week another man died. Our new dam is nearly finished and I am quite sick but getting better.

Wednesday, 9th: Went to town today for provisions. Bought two sacks of flour, sack of potatoes and a box of sugar. In climbing the mountains the jackass slipped. I tried to save him by slipping my hand in the girth and away went jack, flour, sugar and myself down the mountains, head over heels, one over the other, till the girth broke, when we went on our own hook. I landed some 30 or 40 feet below the mule against a ledge of craggy rocks, badly bruised. The jack was not hurt, but we lost one sack of flour and all our sugar. I was quite bruised for the first day but went to work the next morning. I. U. White is still sick and the greatest child I ever saw in my life. He is a perfect baby. Requires two to wait on him and would have more if he could get them.

October 28th: This has been an unlucky day for me. I had a canister of powder blown up in my hand and shattered it very much.

November 30th: My hand is still very bad. I have done about two days work since I hurt it, but it got worse and is now worse than ever. I cannot use it at all and not much prospect of using it soon. White is still under the weather, but is gaining slowly.

This concludes our series of excerpts from the Diary of Joshua D. Breyfogle, Sr. We hope you have enjoyed this firsthand account of the cross-country trip and California gold mining adventures of Joshua Breyfogle.

Joshua died in 1868 and is buried in Delaware County, Ohio.

Tony Lavezzola Interview

By Melvin and Marcella Ponta In 1951

Michael Lavezzola came from Genoa, Italy, to Downieville, California in 1867. He looked for a ranch near here, found some ground (known now as the Lavezzola Ranch), and purchased it. He stayed a year and then went back to Genoa to bring his wife over here. They came to Virginia City and from there to Downieville on mule back over the various trails. Mrs. Lavezzola stayed at another ranch for a time, and then moved to the Lavezzola Ranch in 1869. The family lived in a very small house – one room with a cellar beneath it. During the winter, the clothes would often freeze in the house through the night. They built other houses gradually. Mr. Lavezzola cleared and excavated the land and raised hay, fruit, vegetables. Between this ranch and five or six others like it, they supplied all the mines for a twenty-mile radius. They supplied potatoes, cabbage, onions, carrots, and beets, but not a much larger variety of vegetables. These ranches were the only means the miners and townspeople had of obtaining vegetables. They also supplied apples and pears.



Tony Lavezzola's Pack Train - Circa Early 1900's

The family would get up at 2 a.m. during the vegetable season, and the children had to help in the garden when they were old enough. While working in the garden, Mrs. Lavezzola would use a heavy pick instead of a garden hoe – she did so until she was 85 years old. The ladies did the cooking and most of the farming; they would get up at 2 a.m. to bake bread. They relied on their own stock and chickens for milk, butter, meat and eggs. Salt pork, corned beef, and so forth were all made at the ranch.

Once a year, Mike Lavezzola went to Marysville with a horse and buggy to get materials, tools, “bolts”, and dry goods in general. He would buy two bolts of cloth – one red and one white from the Marysville Woolen Mills. This cloth would last for a year.

The women made most of the clothes for the family, but he would also buy some readymade clothing.

He supplied mines nearby – including the Sierra Buttes Mine, which he contracted for and supplied, for twenty-four years straight. He packed enough supplies for three hundred men who were employed the year around. This supply was carried on mules from the Lavezzola Ranch to the Mine (20 miles round trip). He usually ran a string of nine mules over the trails. For the winter supply for the Sierra Buttes Mine, he packed twice a day from the ranch to Downieville and then hired a wagon and hauled by team over the wagon road to the mine. He also supplied many other mines at the same time, but on a smaller scale.

After Mr. Lavezzola had been on the ranch a short time, he needed an extra man, so he sent to Downieville for a friend, John Ponta, who had landed in Downieville by horse drawn sleigh in the late 70's. He worked for five years at the Lavezzola Ranch and never drew any pay. At the end of these five years, he drew the entire amount (\$1 a day for 365 days a year or a sum of roughly \$1800). With this, he bought a ranch in Downieville from a Mr. Garibaldi. He lived on this ranch for 63 years and raised a family of three.

Mike Lavezzola, who died in October of 1896, at the age of 65, raised six boys and one girl. Mrs. Maria Lavezzola died at the age of ninety-two in April of 1938.

A son, Tony, went into the hotel business in Downieville in May of 1904; this business he conducted for forty years and one month. He sold it on June 1, 1944. His hotel had been built in 1865 by William Erschbaucher, who had the business for a few years and then sold it to a Frank Gardner and son. They also conducted the hotel for a time and then sold it to the Owen brothers. They were in business just a short time; then they sold it to John Costa, who conducted the hotel for eight years. He sold it to J.T. Lavezzola and Tony Lavezzola. At the end of two years, J.T. passed on, and the hotel was run by his widow and Tony Lavezzola for eighteen years. At this time, Annie sold to Antone who conducted such until June 1, 1944. On July 27 of 1947, the hotel burned down. (This was known as the St. Charles Hotel).

While Tony Lavezzola was still in the hotel business, he ran a pack train. He had to hire a man to take over the hotel business while he packed. He would pack lumber, timber, rails, mining cars, stoves, and everything else used at a mine. There were no roads to these mines.

On June 1, 1902, he took a contract to pack 47,000 feet of green lumber to the White Bear Mine for William Belcher. The distance was three miles and it took 36 days to complete the job using six pack mules and making three trips a day. Joe Lavezzola, a brother of Tony's, helped on this

Tony Lavezzola Interview - (Continued on Page 5) —

Tony Lavezzola Interview - (Continued from Page 4) —

job. The contract was for \$1,000, which was paid to Tony in \$20 gold pieces – all were coined in 1902 – the same year as the work was done. This mine with a crew of 30 men took out \$700,000 in six summers. Most of the gold was carried by Tony to Downieville by mule.

Tony also packed timber for the Monte Cristo Mine, which had a crew of twenty-five. They took out \$600,000 in six years. He also took a contract with the Blue Nose Mining Company of Plumas County and packed, on mules, fifty tons of rails and supplies, including five thousand feet of lumber. The work was done with three mules making three trips per day at five miles a round trip. It took thirteen days to do the work. Included in this packing were mining rails twenty feet long and each weighing 106 pounds. He packed mining pipe to the Excelsior Mine for John Costa. There was 4,000 feet of pipe that was twelve inches in diameter and twelve feet long. Each joint weighed 130 pounds.

In October and November of 1896, he packed in mining machinery for Isaac Copeland to the Slug Canyon or Triple Pocket Mine. The packing included “scantling”, 6” by 6” and 8” by 8” twenty feet long. He loaded one piece to a mule and made four trips a day. Three mules were used on the three-mile-long round trip. In 1915, he packed one wooden pulley into the Telegraph Mine. It weighed four hundred pounds and was seven feet four inches in diameter. It was packed on one mule a distance of five miles. In 1932, he carried one mining engine weighing four hundred twenty pounds on one mule to the Big Boulder Mine – a distance of seven miles.

He got out of the packing business in 1940, when he sold the last two mules to Frank Trozi, a sheep man in Reno. Thus ended the packing train known as Lavezzola Pack Train, which began in 1870 and continued until 1940. All his packing was done with the diamond hitch. Tony had the name of being the best in Sierra County. His average load of lumber was ninety-six feet of rough lumber which weighs from two hundred fifty to three hundred pounds. He would take it as far as twenty miles and return the same day. He broke all the mules for packing lumber himself.

Tony was born at the home ranch in 1881 and lived in Downieville his entire life. Tony and his parents would go to Downieville to Mass on horse or by foot – women and all – every Sunday during the summer. Mrs. Maria Lavezzola would walk to Downieville by trail (six miles) in one hour and fifteen minutes. There was no road for sixty-two years and they always had to ride a horse or mule or walk. All the supplies were carried over this trail during this span of years.

The mother and children would work every day except Sunday, which was the only day of recreation. The old folks would sit around home or sometimes go into town. The children could fish or hunt on Sunday. During the winter,

there was always some repair work to be done – this was done by all of the family.

In the spring of 1890, there was fourteen feet of snow on the ranch. Some provisions ran low. Mike Lavezzola and a Chinese employee made trips to Downieville on skis to carry provisions, food and feed. The Chinaman would carry a hundred pound sack and Mike a fifty pound sack. They made a trip a day. Also, the water ditch broke but the men were too busy doing other chores and it was too dangerous to go out on the ditch to look for the trouble. Mrs. Maria Lavezzola had to melt snow on her stove for water for the 36 head of stock and the humans for six weeks. She also carried the water from the house to the barn – a distance of two hundred feet. Later, when the weather cleared, the ditch was fixed.



Lavezzola's St Charles Hotel - circa 1935

In late spring of the same year, the town of Downieville ran short of meat, so the stock of the Lavezzola Ranch was driven over frozen snow from the Ranch to Downieville (six miles). The town was also short of food, but there was no starvation. During that winter, there were tunnels running between the stores in town.

Tony, at one time, carried the U.S. mail (1911) for two weeks to Camptonville. It took him two days for a round trip. In 1914, again, he carried it for two weeks on skis. He would meet George Pezzola half way. In 1916, he carried it for Grissol and German. He would carry as much as 47 pounds to start with, but his load would diminish as he progressed.

When at one time butter became short in Downieville, Tony decided to make a little extra money by buying some out of town. He packed it for twenty-eight miles on skis and sold it rapidly in Downieville for \$1.15 a pound – he bought it for sixty cents a pound.

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Tony Lavezzola Interview - (Continued from Page 5) —

In 1918, he carried the mail to the mines – the Monte Cristo (five miles), the Telegraph (eight miles), the Reese Ravine Mine (thirteen miles), and the Bunker Hill Mine (fourteen miles). This was all done in one day, but he stayed at Bunker Hill overnight. He did this each Wednesday through the winter and received \$45 each trip and side money. Usually, it was a forty pound load. He would leave Downieville at 7 a.m. and arrive at Bunker Hill at 4 p.m. (if he was lucky). This was done rain or shine, but he had no serious accidents over all this period of time.

During his hotel management, Tony collected the nicest group of nuggets in Sierra County.

Antone Lavezzola married Teresa Tamola in June of 1922. The Tamola family came to this country in 1885. Mr. Tamola mined for a time then he bought the Cleveland Mine. He was originally a stone-smith and blacksmith. He met his three girls in Truckee in May. The road had just opened – that is the snow had just been removed – from Truckee to Downieville. The trip was made in a wood wagon, which served as the stage. This type of stage was very uncomfortable to ride in, as may be exemplified by the fact that planks were put across the bed and used as seats. The distance from Truckee to Downieville was approximately sixty miles, but the stage had to go through the open woods part of the time because there were no roads in certain areas. Four horses were used in pulling the stage; these being relieved by four others at the way stations. At one of these stations, they ate lunch and the father asked for oyster soup. The girls did not know of such food. They had a poor estimate of food. They only had to pay twenty-five cents for the meal. It took them a whole day to come to Downieville, even though the driver, Julius Johnson, drove the horses fast – he could see but very little.

In the old country, the women packed hay and did most of the farming. The men cut the hay, however. Ovens were used for baking bread that was used by the Italian pioneers. It was built of stones, bricks, and so forth. The fire was built in it first and after it was hot, the fire and coals were removed and the bread put in to bake. They even built ovens in their temporary camps because bread was their main dish. They did not like hot cakes and such. Cheese, wine, and bread were the principle foods used.

Thank you to Mel and Marcella Ponta, via Marian Lavezzola Kinzler, for this article. You will note that the name Tamola is spelled differently in this article than that of Megan Brandon who spells the name Tomola. The importance of family interviews or oral histories is documented here – our Historical Society is pleased to bring you this history that was done in 1951.

- Virginia Lutes, Oral History Committee Chairperson

Where Did I Come From

By Megan Brandon

Before the advancement of audio technology that we know of today – CD's, cassette tapes, and even reel to reel tape recorders – the only means of voice recording was by a machine which cut grooves onto plastic, and later vinyl records. It was during this era; the 1950's that my grandfather, Peter Antone Lavezzola, took the opportunity to record his parents' history on these vinyl records.

How fortunate for me, fifty years later to be able to listen to my great grandparents', Teresa Maria Tomola and Antone Lavezzola, histories as told by them in their own voices.



Lavezzola Family

This is their story...

My great-grandmother, Teresa Maria Tomola, was born on July 18, 1882, in Domodossola, Italy, to Bartalemao and Augustina Baste Tomola. She lived in the farming community of Piedimulero, Italy, in the Province of Nevada for eight years. As a child, "Tessie" was full of vim-and-vigor. She tells of attending school where each student brought crusts of homemade bread and a quart of wine for their daily lunch.

One of the most interesting stories she tells of her childhood is becoming familiar with the monks of St. Bernard Parish. The monks resided on St. Bernard Pass, near Tessie's home. St. Bernard pass was the only route across the Swiss Alps linking northern Italy to Switzerland. Travelers would stop at the Hospice of St. Bernard and there they were given a bed and food free of charge. The monks of St. Bernard Parish raised what we now know as St. Bernard dogs. Sometimes people tried to cross the pass during the winter in the deep snow and would become lost.

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Where Did I Come From - (Continued from Page 6) —

The monks would accompany a pair of St. Bernard dogs with casks filled with brandy, tied around their necks. If the dogs found a stranded person, helpless in the snow, the person could have a sip of brandy, which would help revive them. The monks never allowed anyone who could walk to get hold of the brandy because they needed to walk without the aid of it. Sometimes, if the person was so tired that they couldn't walk any farther, the dogs would get hold of the person's clothes and drag them as far as they could toward the hospice.

In 1882, when Tessie was merely an infant, her father left Italy for the United States to seek his fortunes in the gold mines of California. It was not until the spring of 1891 that her father sent for her mother, older sister Mary, and Tessie to join him in California.

They packed their belongings and left by train from Lyon, France, through Paris, to the coastal city of Le Havre, France. The *Escone*, the ship that was to take them to America, was standing in the harbor. It was a magnificently beautiful French liner. Tessie, her mother, and sister were somewhat uncomfortable, as they did not speak English or French, but only Italian.

They boarded the ship as only second-class passengers, but yet they were well-fed while on board. There were always tables loaded with delicious food, but Tessie and her sister Mary liked simple foods, such as salami and bread, better. While on board, Tessie and Mary made friends with a family in steerage and would sneak candies, nuts, and oranges to their friends who were not afforded such delicacies.

Tessie remembers a deck hand on the ship warning Mary and her that they "had better abide by the law in America, because if you don't, they will hang and quarter you!" This certainly gave ten-year old Mary and eight-year old Tessie a fearful vision of America!

Mary and Tessie were always up early and on deck. They had beautiful weather all through their trip across the Atlantic Ocean. Tessie and Mary never got sick during the journey, but their mother did. It was while their mother was ill they met a couple of students from Venice, Italy, who were going to New York. "They were very nice young fellows," and they told Tessie and Mary's mother that they would look out for the young girls if she was ill and not able to be up on the deck.

All together, they had a very, very pleasant trip. It took them six days to go from Le Havre, France, to New York, New York.

They went through Ellis Island when they arrived in America, were interviewed and let through. They had a companion, a Mister Bompadeli, who looked after them very well. Tessie said, "He was a peach!" Mister Bompadeli, took them into New York City to a hotel. They stayed at the hotel for two days. From there they boarded a train headed west to California. Their longest stop was in Council Bluff, Iowa, where they were introduced to their first pie. They had to stock up for their meals on the train, so their mother bought a pie. It was a meat pie, and it was just full of gristle and fat, so at the next stop, they handed out the pie to the "Indians". Tessie recounts that there were Indians at every train stop from the east to the Midwest, and all the way to the western states. Tessie does not indicate exactly how long it took them to cross the United States from New York to California by train. They arrived in Truckee, California, on the train in late May of 1891. It was there that her father met them. Imagine being eight years old and "laying eyes" on your own father for the first time you can remember!

Early the next morning, Tessie and Mary, and their mother and father – as a family for the first time in nearly nine years – boarded a stage for the remainder of the trip to Sierra City, California. Julius Johnson who was driving the stage was a dare-devil driver – and what a ride it was! The stage was a wooden wagon, drawn by six horses. There was still quite a lot of snow as well as many snow drifts where the snow was almost impassible. Finally, they arrived in Sierra City, California, and disembarked in front of the Soracco Hotel.

The Soracco family was very congenial and were good friends of Tessie's dad. They had two daughters – Mary, who was Mary's age, and Aurilia, who was Tessie's age. The Soracco girls spoke Italian and became best friends to Mary and Tessie. Mary and Tessie were in awe of the Chinese cooks that they met at the Soracco Hotel. What an exciting new world was opening its doors to the young immigrants from Italy.

Thanks to Marian Lavezzola Kinzler, this school paper written by her granddaughter Megan in 2007 was shared with our Historical Society, and permission to print was granted by Megan.

Determination by Joleen Torri, SCHS board member and Vice President, has paid off with the delivery of this large piece of mining history delivered to the Kentucky Mine Historic Park on May 18, 2013. This trommel was used at the "One Thousand to One Mine" circa 1920-1944, and was donated by claim owner Jerry Wentling. The trommel had been stored at Joleen's property for about 4 years while Joleen worked to find a way to have it brought to the Kentucky. Thank you Joleen, Jerry and Dan Wentling, and Al Pombo for donating, delivering and placing the trommel.



Trommel

- Virginia Lutes

We are pleased to announce that the
Annual Sierra County Historical Society Picnic
will be held at the Sierra City home of Evan and Joanne Dailey on Sunday, September 8.

Their lovely historic home, located at 27 Hayes Road, was once the headquarters of the Sierra Buttes Mining Company. The festivities will begin at 1:00 p.m.

Please check our website, or call Mary Nourse at 530-862-1123 for further information.