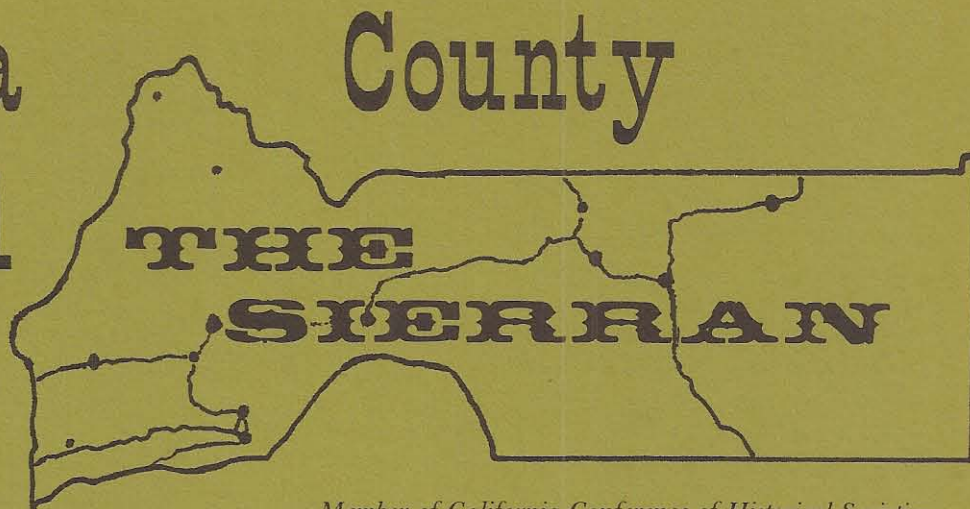


# Sierra Historical Society



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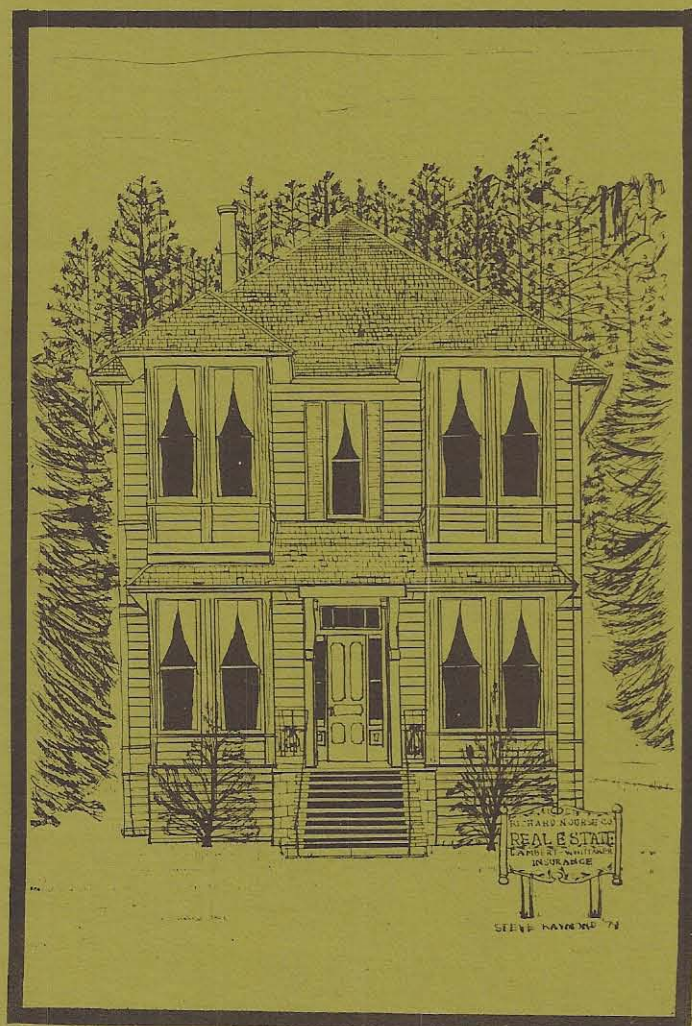
Winter 1979



## HOLLY HOUSE



by Jeanne McMahan



The Holly House is one of the older structures in Sierra City, having been built prior to 1885 by H. Watt Hughes and was called the Hughes Mansion. Hughes built it for his bride who came to this undeveloped area around the year 1885. Hughes was a partner in the very productive Young American Mine and was an officer in the Swastika Mine so he had the money to build the 14 room, 2 story mansion which included a garret and summer kitchen. (Mrs. Hughes, after some years in the area found she could not tolerate the primitive conditions. So she returned, with her two sons, to her home which has variously been claimed to be the Bay Area and Boston.) Hughes then sold the property to L. H. Holley and his wife. At that time Mr. Holley owned the Red and White Market and Mrs. Holley ran a rooming house at the Holley House. At the time she also served meals. Mr. Holley sold the property to E. M. Ennis in 1922. It was then incorporated into the property owned by Sierra Buttes Development Company, in which Mr. Ennis held an interest and was a hotel or annex to a hotel owned by Mr. Ennis. The property was deeded to Victor Bellini on April 15, 1946 and then to John and Athey Pestana on July 26 of the same year. Mr. Pestana ran a restaurant-bar with rooms until it was deeded to Orval & Mary Coffins in February 1955. Forrest and Jeanne McMahan purchased it from the Coffins in 1958, then Mary and Rich Nourse, who are the present owners, purchased it in Oct. 1974. The name Holley became Holly with the planting of several large



by Mary R. Hope

This article has no title, as it is about men back in the late 1920's and 1930's when they still lived hard, played hard and died hard. No last names are mentioned, and only a few first, but all the incidents actually happened and were experienced by Elliot C. (Al) Hope while he was employed in the local mines mentioned. Those were also the days of very small wages and at a time when a man had to take good care of his job, put out a full day of hard labor, and show appreciation as there was always a line of men waiting to take a fallen fellow's place. But no matter what, there was always a humorous incident just waiting to break out into the blue. Some of these follow for your reading enjoyment.

Al was working at the Original Sixteen-To-One Mine in Alleghany. On this particular day, he had to come out to 2100 station and went to the surface to get timber. While stopped at this station around 11:00 A.M., he got aboard the skip. The foreman inquired as to where he wanted to go to which he replied, "1300 station." The foreman was about to signal to the hoistman, when a fellow by the name of Gilligan appeared on the scene, calling, "Wait, I want to get aboard the skip." He got aboard O.K. and the foreman asked him, "Where do you want to go, Gilligan?" He replied, "1700, the Dog House, to eat lunch." (The Dog House was the 1700 level where the men ate their lunches and where there were heaters.) The Superintendent, who was also present, told Gilligan, "It is only 11:00 A.M. and we do not eat lunch around here until noon." To this Gilligan replied, "Look, I eat lunch whenever I get hungry, and if you don't like the way we are running this mine, why don't you quit? We can get along without you."

And then there was a mule by the name of Mae West, she was one of the two mules who worked down in the Original Sixteen-To-One Mine in Alleghany. Mae was a large light gray lady, all 1500 lbs. of her and she was mighty smart. Then there was the temporary "mule-skinner" whose name was Erik. This fellow was not especially liked by the other men at the Sixteen, and definitely disliked by Mae West as he was not too kind to her and she knew it. All other employees liked this great lady and treated her with respect. They enjoyed feeding her the choice tidbits she liked--chewing tobacco and/or cigarettes. All except Erik kept Mae well fed on these treats. Therefore, she had Erik's number and would just wait her chance to get him up against the timbers down in the mine, where she would lean hard with

all her weight against him, keeping him pinned there until he would have to yell for help and assistance from the other men. Finally after her friends would coax her off Erik with chewing tobacco and cigarettes, he would walk away muttering his dislike for that mule!

There are two other interesting items on Mae West and her natural instincts. A carbide light was always attached to her head, just like the men, but if that light was not burning and anyone tried to make her pull the four cars of "muck", which was her usual amount, she would not budge, no matter what! Nor would she budge if she heard a fifth car click on to the usual four she pulled from the Tightner Pocker to the 250 Pocket.

The two mules employed at the Original Sixteen-To-One Mine were constantly rotated by the Superintendent who always treated them in a kind and special way. While one was spending time topside, the other was working down in the mine.

This way neither became blind and this routine kept them much more healthy. Mae West had finished her shifts in the mine and was retired during the late 1950's. She wandered the streets of Alleghany, ate folk's gardens and loved everyone who also loved her. Then she was gone from here--probably moved to a lower climate and greener pastures. She was a "good ole gal", that Mae West!

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#### THE HOLLY HOUSE (Cont'd)

holly trees in the front yard about 1959.

In construction, it was board and plaster insulation, considered a fire hazard now, all square nails and the original window glass was quite distorted. In the 12 foot ceilings of each room are elaborate rosettes featuring cherubs. The timber was cut and milled locally and the bricks came from the brickyard now called "The Flat". All of the hardware, i.e. hinges, door knobs, etc. came over Emigrant Gap by mule back. One bath tub must have been put in before the walls were up since it was far too large to have negotiated the turn in the stairs.

The expression ("If the walls could only talk"), held true for this old house. During the recent restoration a large bundle of postcards were found in one wall. They could only be called love missives from Armando Brusco of San Francisco to Adeline Castagna of this city.

The restoration of this magnificent building is nearing completion with the outside getting a final coat of paint.

Part of the lore surrounding the old house is the legend of at least one and possibly two ghosts occupying the house from time to time.



## FAMILY PORTRAIT

An Interview with Dr. Louis J. Payen  
on the Payen Ranch  
August 23, 1979

by Maren Scholberg

Dr. Payen's maternal grandfather, Joseph Woodard, came across the Plains from Vermont in 1849 and landed at Sutter's Fort. He brought out a wagon load of supplies- pans, picks, shovels and everything he thought the miners would want to buy. He sold them and started mining that fall in Walltown, a mining town 10 miles south of Folsom.

That next year, 1850 was a bad drought year. The Sacramento River was knee deep on a horse. The Spaniards dumped all the dead sheep, hogs and cattle into the river and so the river was really polluted. People were dying from cholera in Sacramento. Mr. Woodard couldn't mine--there was no water--so he went to Sacramento and dug graves for \$10.00 a day from sun-up to sun-down.

Later he went back to mining and stayed with that until 1852, then homesteaded a 160 acre ranch four miles south of Folsom. This was on the main road from Sacramento to Hangtown (Placerville) and Mrs. Woodard baked pies to sell to the teamsters passing by. They told the Woodards about all the grass up in Sardine Valley and Davies Canyon on the Henness Pass road. (In those days it was called Sardine Canyon And Sardine Creek.)

So in 1867 Mr. Woodard and a man named Light came to Sierra County. They drove about 125 head of cattle which took nearly 8 days. They stayed in the St. Mary's Hotel in Davies Canyon. The mining town there, started in the fall of 1865, was already abandoned so there weren't many people around. They did have one luxury in the hotel--that of running water. There was a trap door in the floor of the kitchen and as the creek ran right underneath, all they had to do was raise the door and dip in!

One spring while Joseph Woodard was dairying at St. Mary's meadow, some of his cows drifted through the pass into Bear Valley. When he went to get the cows that night, all he found was their tracks plus some horse tracks behind them headed toward Sierra Valley. When Mr. Woodard caught up with them at the head of Antelope Valley, a man named Smith Raines and his brother were taking them to Big Spring Ranch which Raines owned. On being stopped, he insisted that it would make more sense to continue on down to his ranch with the cattle, corral them there and then

get an early start in the morning to take them back to St. Mary's meadow. However, since Smith Raines was a known rustler and had a butcher wagon route, Mr. Woodard was sure that his intentions were to butcher all night and then claim that a bear had stampeded the cattle out of the corral and scattered them in the dense forest. Mr. Woodard would have none of that and he made the brothers help drive the cattle back to St. Mary's. They got back about 10 o'clock that night.

Joseph Woodard stayed in St. Mary's Hotel 5 years then moved to a place a mile or so up the canyon, now called St. Mary's Meadow, where he built some houses using lumber from the deserted mining town. After that his wife moved up with him each summer. Later each summer, the family moved down to the forks of the canyon, presently called Groundhog Rock, and lived in Junction House. Mrs. Woodard again baked pies and served meals to the teamsters going by on the Henness Pass Road. Each fall, the family moved on into Stampede Valley thus making three moves each summer to make use of the best pasturage for the cattle.

Sierra county was just used as summer pasturage of course. The cattle were driven to it in the middle of June to stay until the middle of October. That was the deadline in Mr. Woodard's book; otherwise you might get trapped in the snow going over the summit. When the cattle were brought up in June, they went over Donner Pass because they couldn't ford the Yuba River on the Henness Pass Road that early in the year. Then they crossed over from Highway 40 (presently highway 80), came up past Bowman and in by Meadow Lake into Webber Lake and on down to Davies Canyon. In the fall, the Henness Pass Road was used with no difficulty.

A man named Francis G. Newlands owned Sardine Valley and he sold it to the Woodard family in 1905.

Dr. Payen's paternal grandfather, Louis Payen of Paris France, came across the Isthmus of Panama in 1849. There is an interesting story he told about this trip. Louis was greatly enjoying a stew one night. Being French and considering himself quite a connoisseur of good food, he really thought the mulligan he was eating was excellent---until he looked into the pot and saw three monkey heads in it!!

Mr. Payen arrived in San Francisco, from there he went to Sacramento and then on to Mokelumne Hill. He hit it rich in the mines there. One night he overheard some Americans who had been working right along side of him say, "That Frenchman has sure hit it rich and it's not going to



do him any good. We've already knocked him down for the foreign miner's tax but he still has all that gold. He isn't entitled to it being a foreigner, so we'll just knock him over the head in the morning when he's in his hole digging. Then we can bury him in his own back dirt and take the gold!" Louis Payen didn't wait for morning to see if they were bluffing or not--he left in the middle of the night. Very likely they did mean it for such stories were not uncommon in the mad rush for gold.

Mr. Payen then went back to San Francisco and started cooking in the restaurants there. He later had his own French Restaurant in Sacramento. After that he bought a ranch 11 miles south of Folsom, about halfway between Sloughhouse and Folsom. This became known as the Home Ranch and Louis gave it to his son, Edmund, for a wedding present. Ed began renting summer pasturage in Sardine Valley from the Woodards. Later he bought all the land Davies owned in Davies Canyon--about 6000 acres. This was at a later time sold to the U.S. Forest Service.

The Woodard and Payen ranches were near each other and with the marriage of Jessie Woodard a school teacher, and Ed Payen in 1909, it became a combined operation in Sierra County.

Ed Payen had quite a time with a cook he hired for the cattle drive one summer in the mid-20's. The cook came highly recommended by someone in Truckee. His good qualifications included being very conscientious, a good cook, and always having everything ready when cowboys came in to eat after a hard day's drive. The cowboys began to question these qualifications the first night out when, right after the horses had been watered at the scum and algae covered watering trough, the cook dipped the coffee pot down into the same trough for water to make the coffee! They were even more alarmed the next night when they discovered the cook had boiled the potatoes in 5 pounds of lard!! The matter came to a head the third night. A big thunderstorm came up and rain was pouring down. Tents were supposed to have been set up and supper ready when the cowboys arrived but instead, all they found was a note stuck to a tree with a butcher knife. In the note, the cook informed them that he wasn't going to cook for "any damn cowboy outfit and get himself wet;" he was headed down the road to a hotel. Ed Payen took a tired and hungry group of men to the same hotel for food and lodging. He tracked down the so-called cook, gave him a piece of his mind and fired him. Later Ed Payen learned that people in Truckee thought the man was going berserk and someone had suggested putting him on a cattle drive to get him out of town before he

killed someone. Ed never thought much of any recommendations from Truckee after that!

Joseph Woodard was the first one to ship any cattle on the railroad from the lower country to Truckee. When things were tough in the depression days, Ed Payen thought he would beat the freight rate and drive the cattle like they did in the old days, but it didn't work out too well.

There was a terrible cloudburst and flood in 1910 that is still remembered. On Sunday afternoon in August of that year, the rain hit on Babbitt and the adjoining Bald Range. Part of the downpour went down Badenaugh Canyon, part down Merrill Canyon and a larger amount went down into Dog Valley. Eighteen logging horses, tied up to mangers on that fateful Sunday, were drowned. Water was 20 feet deep. All the fish in Merrill Creek, Little Truckee and Big Truckee as far as Floriston were dead.

Tom Pisley's 16 year old daughter drowned at the logging camp in Dog Valley. Pixley tried his best to hang on to her and did until her clothes were torn from her body and she was then swept downstream. Pisley and the other men with him then ran into the office for shelter. They had no sooner gotten in when the building was uprooted and turned around in the wild torrent of water. It slid up against the cook house with the door and window blocked by that building. The men had to chop a hole through another wall in order to get out.

The flood left six inches of silt on the Pat Conley ranch (the present Julio Genasci ranch). The Pixley girl's body was found miles down stream--nearly to the Don Ramelli ranch in northeastern corner of Sierra County.

There were Indians of the Washoe tribe around and in those early years when white man first came into the area Indians had camps in Sardine and Stampede Valleys, Groundhog Rock, St. Mary's Meadow, Bear Valley, at the mouth of Davies Canyon and in Kyburz Flat. One Indian, called Washoe Jim, attached himself to the Woodards in Davies Canyon and the Fleckensteins at Sardine House. He had only one eye and there were big angry marks down the side of his face which he claimed were a result of a barehanded fight with a grizzly bear which he, as shaman of his tribe, tried to kill to prove his superiority over the bear. It made him rather a fearsome person to look at, but he was harmless. He was always fed if and when he came around.

An aunt of the Payens came out from the east to visit one summer and she was left alone at the house one afternoon while the folks went into town. She stood petrified and speechless when Washoe Jim opened the door unannounced, walked



## STAGECOACHES

An Interview with Arthur M. Strang  
on the Strang Ranch  
October 18, 1979

by Maren Scholberg

Sierraville was the main hub for the stagecoaches in the Sierra Valley. A stage ran from Truckee to Sierraville, and from there stages ran to Loyalton and Summit (Beckwourth Pass), to Beckwourth and Johnsville, and to Sierra City and Downieville. "In my time," said Mr. Strang, "owners of the Truckee stages were Sol Rousseau, Al Nichols, Linus Dolley, Julius "Duggan" Johnson, Hunt and Dubourdiue. The drivers included Sol Rousseau, A. S. Nichols, Clark Kibbee, Al Richardson, Al Street, "Duggan" Johnson who later became sherriff of Sierra County and Myron Manchester." At the time that Hunt and Dubourieu were driving, they used autos in the summer and horses in the winter. Charlie Bonta of Loyalton was a driver of the stage over Yuba Pass to Bassett's Station and Mr. Strang has a picture of him and others breaking through 9 feet of snow on the highway in front of the Strang home.

Mr. Strang remembers making a trip at the age of 4 years with his Grandfather to the old Sattley store. A stage coach was there and he remembers that instead of having springs, it had a kind of rocker made of leather about 6 inches wide and 6 inches thick. It must have had snubbers at the back and the front to keep the stage from tipping into the horses or back onto the road. He also remembers the unique idea it had of having sleigh runners under the stage about 4 to 6 inches from the ground so that in the winter time, when the stage reached snow, the sleigh runners took over. That saved a lot of unloading of mail and passengers to another vehicle.

The sleigh at Marcel Bony's ranch in Sierraville was used on the Sierraville to Truckee run and was driven by A.S. Nichols. It is a good reminder of days gone by.

For awhile, some horses used snow shoes but it took a mighty intellegent horse to learn to walk with the awkward, square steel plates attached to thier hooves. A horse that could use snowshoes was a valuable one as not all horses could adapt to them. Some men wrapped numerous sacks around the horses feet to aid them in keeping on top of the snow. It took an intelligent horse too, to break roads and follow the track which might be covered with a foot of more of snow. Mr. Strang's father used to haul concentrates out of the Walker Mine in Plumas County and one old horse he owned, called Old Tom, was the only

horse of a 150 head that could lead the rest through the heavy snow that caught them on one trip.

A man by the name of Shorty Pastiello used to run a horse freight train from Oroville to Downieville. He ran this line for years before the advent of auto trucks. Then some man came in with a truck and while Shorty was making his usual trip to Downieville, this truck and driver made three trips and hauled much more freight. On seeing that, Shorty Pastiello sold his horses!

The first stage station in this end of the Valley was on a knoll on the present Cavitt Ranch, not far from the Strang Ranch. The old barn at that station burned in the 1924 fire. Going west, the next one was Dorsey's Station followed by Bassett's Station. These stations were necessary because the fresh horses kept there were needed to replace the tired ones in order to complete the run. Arthur Strang remembers staying at Bassett's Station on several occasions when they were moving cattle back and forth. There were always accomodations for weary travelers.

Mr. Strang started school in 1910 and he remembers well the stage coaches drawn by horses. One driver then was Al Street and the latter used to pick up young Arthur and give him a ride the mile to his home.

The old Henness Pass Road ran from Virginia City to Marysville, with stations along the way providing accomodations for overnight passengers and barns for horses. This was a much used road but with the coming of the railroads to Truckee in 1869, it became more economically reasonable to haul freight by rail.

The days of Sierraville being an important hub of transportation were brought to an end too by the railroads when the Western Pacific came through the northern end of the Valley and then into Loyalton.





## A MOUNTAIN MYSTERY

The following is transcribed from a taped interview with a summer visitor of Sierra County, taken by Jim Fajardo in August 1977.

One August day in 1977, our story-teller started out to hike to the tip of a nearby mountain. About half way to the top, he came across a little flat spot with the remains of an old cabin. The rock foundation was plainly visible with the deteriorated log walls just a pulpy mass along each side. His first thought was that this was an old miner's cabin so with his metal detector, which he always carried with him on such hikes, he started looking around.

Pieces of broken glass indicated that there was probably a one pane window on two sides of the cabin. He chose the middle of the area to hunt in first and piled the bits of metal he picked up into a pile to the side. After about two hours of searching with no big find, he decided to continue his journey to the top of the mountain which had been his objective for the day.

After arriving at the tip and taking a good look around with nothing of particular interest showing up, our friend felt drawn back to the old cabin so he proceeded to back track to it. Beside the metal detector, he always carried a small shovel which he used for a walking stick so this time he did a little digging in the area of the old cabin.

Near what appeared to have been the door, he found an old hinge, then working back to one end of the cabin, he uncovered a lot of old small nails but nothing of importance. Suddenly there was a loud BEEP from the detector which was set for non-ferrous metals. "Oh! Oh!", thought our story-teller, "I've really hit something good here."

With his hand trowel, he started digging and pulling away the debris until he came to an old brass harmonica. This was quite a thrill and the find spurred him on to look further. Another loud BEEP came through, and this time he brought out an old music box. The wood was all gone but the metal part was intact. After more digging, there was another signal and this time he found a two-reed instrument similiar to a harmonica, but very small. Our friend thought that the old miner had probably kept his valuable possessions in this small 3' by 3' area so he continued his hunt here. He located a coffee grinder, an ax and an ax head, a pair of shoes and a leather knife sheath with the leather in very good condition.

By this time, our friend was mentally picturing an old miner in this remote cabin "living by himself with all these little things to amuse him and make his life a little more pleasant. I imagined there was a mine there for I had found one cyanide cap,

and he probably had a couple of mules and this was his life way out in the boonies."

It was getting late, so with no further time to excavate, he glanced around the area and found the remains of two stoves--the pieces indicated on was for cooking and the other for heating. He found a bottle laying right on top of the ground and as he reached down to pick it up, he saw the bottom of another one sticking out of the ground. He picked it out of the dirt and held a small ink bottle in his hand in perfect condition.

This had to end his looking for the day for he had a long hike home before dark. However, three days later he was back. This time he started working around the inside of the foundation in an area that seemed most likely for the old miner's bed. He dug out a shoe and with a little more digging, brought out the other shoe as though they had been placed underneath the bed. Suddenly there was a loud BEEP from the metal detector. He found nothing until he got down on his hands and knees and dug with his hands, pulling away the decomposed wood. Sifting through the debris with his fingers, he found a slug which appeared to be a 45 caliber.

Now our story-teller began to wonder, "Could this old miner have been murdered in his bed for his gold?" He continued digging, found nothing more in that area so moved on into another corner. There he uncovered his eating utensiles--two halves of a plate, a broken cup, a knife, a spoon and part of a lamp. This all indicated the cabin had been occupied by just one person.

Going to the outside of the foundation, he found lots of nails---and then came another loud BEEP. This time he came up with a two-tongued pick, then a second one. Many old cans and miscellaneous junk were scattered by the foundation and leaning against a young tree which had grown up there was a beautiful peppersauce bottle. On the other side of the cabin, he found a small green medicine bottle and again other miscellaneous junk. Evidently the old miner had tossed his garbage out the window or door!

Searching further away from the cabin, another cyanide cap showed up, lots of metal connected with mining and a startling find--an old lard can with lard still in it! A curry comb was also uncovered.

This ended this day's search. Our friend felt that he was seeing living history and he could visualize this old codger in his mountain home, working his gold mine with no other company but his mules. The idea still persisted, "Could there have been a murder here?"

On a third trip, our story-teller scouted still further from the cabin site. He found another



## FAMILY PORTRAIT (Cont'd)

in, sat down at the table and declared, "I want some supper!" She was horrified at this sudden intrusion by this amazing and dreadful looking Indian. He turned around, looked at her, gave a snort and repeated, "Where's my supper?" At this she panicked and ran from the house yelling loud and long. About that time, the folks were returning from town and met her a quarter of a mile down the road. When the aunt could talk, she insisted she was about to be scalped by a wild Indian! They calmed her down, went up to the house and found Washoe Jim calmly sitting at the table, still waiting for his supper.

The present Bear Valley Forest Service campground was first an Indian camp site--a sizable village by the number of artifacts found there through the years. Then it was the site of Grant City, a mining camp. This was followed by the Verdi Lumber Company logging camp. Next it was the location for the amid Land and Sheep Company's sorting corrals before becoming the present campground.

Drs. Louis and Ernestine Payen now reside on their ranch two and a half miles west of Loyalton.

This ranch is part of the original Big Spring Ranch owned by W. Smith Raines. In 1890 Raines sold the ranch to P.J. Lombardi and the area by the main buildings is still called Lombardi Point. The ranch passed on to Louis Lombardi, was later sold to Robert Overman before the Payens purchased the valley portion.

## A MOUNTAIN MYSTERY (Cont'd)

good ax head and then came another loud BEEP. With some digging, he came up with a 12 foot chain. Nearby he found blacksmiths tongs, a sledge hammer, and a beautiful anvil which all pointed to the fact that this must have been the site of the miner's blacksmith shop.

Back near the door, an old oil can that seemed to have been converted to an oil lamp was found. Other than more small bits of metal, nothing else was found except another cartridge found by the door. Now came the question, "Instead of being murdered in his bed, could the murderer have shot the miner while he was standing in his own doorway?"

Well, this detective story comes to a close here with no conclusive ending. If we can get another interview with our story-teller, perhaps he will have turned up more evidence, more clues which could add another chapter to this story. In the meantime, the reader can draw his own conclusions to this intriguing true tale.

New Curator

Tom Jones of Sierra City is our new curator, hired under the CETA program. Tom has lived in Sierra City for three months and has bought the old Moore house and is remodeling it. He came from southern California where he worked for 12 years with the Chula Vista police department. He took an early retirement due to a disability, and moved to this area. He has been coming to Sierra County for the past 5 years for vacations where he was able to enjoy his interest in old mines and their history. He has two teen age sons living in San Diego and a brother, Fred, who owns Mt. Shadows Restaurant in Sierra City.

Tom's enthusiasm for the Kentucky Mine Museum and its future is great. He has taken visitors on tours at any time during open hours even if it is only one person and we have many favorable reports of his tours. We welcome him to the Museum.

Acknowledgements of Past Curators

Jim Fajardo was the first curator and he actually started the Museum. He worked long and hard hours to learn the "ins and outs" of museums, and did so very much to get it where it is today. The Historical Society owes him a big THANK YOU for all he did.

Having worked the maximum time allowable under the CETA program, he left the Museum last November. Steven Strauss was then hired and we especially thank him for his efforts and help on the two Bulletins. Steven left for other work on August 1st.

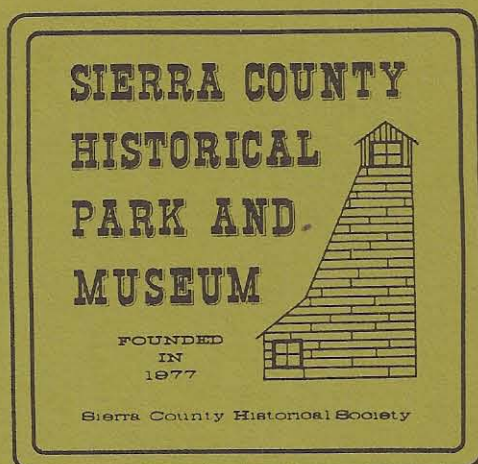
Charlie McCarty was then hired as an interim curator and we were very fortunate in having him "hold down the fort" while the process of interviewing applicants took place. Charlie really helped us out of a tight spot and did a great job of conducting tours and "selling" the museum to all visitors. His enthusiasm for the job was contagious! Our thanks to Charlie also.

Attendance Report

The Museum will close its doors for the season on October 31. It has been open 5 days a week, Wednesday through Sunday, with an average of 50 to 60 visitors a day during the three summer vacation months. Although attendance diminished after school started, there have still been a good many visitors who have seen the Museum sign on the highway or have been referred there by Museum friends in the area. For the first two weeks in October, 158 visitors signed the register. That's very good for this time of year.







### FROM THE CURATOR by Tommie Jones

The construction at the museum is coming along well with Cy Rollins' crew working steadily even under adverse weather conditions at times. A large 10,000 gallon water tank has been completed about one quarter of a mile up behind the blacksmiths shop. Electricity has been brought into the mill giving us lights in much needed areas. Now we can run tours at later hours.

Construction has begun on the amphitheater with the stage foundation in. It is located a short distance from the blacksmith shop. Hopefully, it will be completed by our 1980 season, then giving us opportunities to stage special functions.

Cy's crew is presently working on the water system and also installing automatic sprinklers inside the mill.

I have been informed that the priorities are the water systems, sprinklers and the amphitheater.

All should be completed by our 1980 season, weather permitting. The blacksmith shop and miners shack will be last on the priority list.

Caretaker Pete Prince has begun to thin out the small trees so as to make room for the planned barbeque pits and additional picnic tables.

As the curator since September 1979, I have taken in several interesting donations and items on loan for our 1980 season. Presently I am changing some displays in the museum and have plans to do much more this winter.

The museum is in dire need of old or new picture frames. Any donations size 8" X 10" or 11" X 14" would be greatly appreciated. For any donations or loans, please call 862-1310 or 862-1432.

We will need volunteers for next season to help at the desk and answer questions, so if you could give a day every week, semi-weekly or monthly, call Tom Jones at the above numbers or Georgene Copren at 994-3376. Thank you.

### Recent Acquisitions--With our thanks to all contributors!

A 10 foot monitor has been donated by Harvey Sheehan of Rackerby (Yuba County). It was used in Sierra County by him, his father and his grandfather.

An ice saw and a hay knife were brought to the Museum by Mrs. Marcel Bony of Pioneer Ranch in Sierraville.

Large pictures of Ezra and Jane Church, Sattley pioneers, were presented by Margaret Burelle of Sierraville.

Forrest McMahan of Sierra City recently made a large donation of numerous mining and construction items. However his most unusual donation was a very large grizzly bear trap, used by A. K. Morrison in Sierra County in the early 1900's.

### Returned to Owner

A very fine Chinese display loaned to the Museum by the Nevada County Historical Society was returned in October with our sincere thanks.

## Society Officers

President—Jeanne McMahan  
Vice President—Ray Darrah  
Treasurer—Georgene Copren  
Secretary—Maren Scholberg  
Corresponding  
Sec.—Darlene Messner

## NEW MEMBERS

Lynn Skillings  
Charlie McCarty  
Mary Larson  
Emile L. Labadie  
Harold L. Pratt  
Margaret Burelle

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