

THE SIERRAN

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Photo courtesy: Downieville Museum

*The ALEXANDER Family. Standing: Dryden, Roxie, Mary, Amy, Henry, Bertha (Henry's wife), James.
Seated: Mary Hardy Alexander (mother), Joseph Dryden Alexander (father), Belle.
Not pictured: Ellen, Hetty.*

Belle Alexander (1873 - 1953) **Superintendent of Sierra County Schools 1908 to 1940**

The following information is only a small portion from material written by Belle Alexander and found after she died, tucked away in a closet. It was published as "Aunt Belle's Story" by her sisters in 1968. [Note: In order to maintain the author's "voice", wording, punctuation, etc. are as found in the source document.] The Sierra County Historical Society is indebted to Jeff Chandler, a relative, and his wife, Carole, for loaning the book to us for use in *THE SIERRAN*.

During my thirty two years as School Superintendent of the little County of Sierra I had many interesting experiences — some laughable and some to me rather serious for the time being. The law required that each school be visited at least once each year and if a Superintendent failed to do so he forfeited \$10 for each school not visited. I was able to visit very few schools more than once a year for several reasons.

[Please turn to page 3]

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 quarterly meetings, publishes a semi-annual 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!

1998 OFFICERS, DIRECTORS and STAFF

President.....	Bill Copren
Vice President.....	Bill Long
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Membership Chair.....	Maren Scholberg
Directors.....	Rita Bradley
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Sierran Production Staff.....	Bruce Madsen
	Lauren Ranz

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

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	\$10.00
FAMILY & INSTITUTION	\$15.00
BUSINESS & SUPPORTING	\$25.00
SUSTAINING	\$50.00
LIFE (per individual)	\$250.00

Please send dues to the Membership Chair:

Mrs. Maren Scholberg
PO Box 141
Sierraville, CA 96126

SIERRA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Office Address: Kentucky Mine Museum
PO Box 260, Sierra City, CA 96125
(530) 862-1310

FROM THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BOARD

With Anne Eldred doing a great job as curator and tour guide, we have completed another successful year. We extend our thanks to her, to all the summer volunteers and to all who helped with the Friday night concerts.

SIERRA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP REPORT

New Individual and Family members for 1998:

W.T.W Ashbrook III	Los Angeles, CA
Louis Christian	Dallas, TX
Bing & Colleen Dotta	Sattley, CA
George & Claire Filippini	Loyalton, CA
Kathryn Kelly	Berkeley, CA
Ruth Neubert	Sierra City, CA

Supporting Members:

Dick Alvarez	Menlo Park, CA
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Loren & Anne Cantrell	San Jose, CA
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Larry & Glen Doyle	Fresno, CA
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Margaret Finlayson	Salem, OR
Bruce & Marie Franks	Los Altos, CA
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Sara Hagerty	Carlsbad, CA
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Ray Schneider	Corte Madera, CA
Kenneth & Barbara Van Gundy	Roseville, CA
Beverly White	Walnut Creek, CA
Dr. Robert & Irene Winchell	Loyalton, CA

Sustaining Members:

Evan & Joanne Dailey	San Francisco, CA
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CORRECTION

In the *BARN BOOK* (page 64) and in the last edition of *THE SIERRAN* (page 7) the ranch with the WEBBER-CHURCH BARN is still owned by the Church family, not by another ranch as stated. In the *BARN BOOK* (page 9), the owners should read HUMPHRY-RUSSELL-ROEN. My apologies for these and any other errors. — Maren Scholberg

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Belle Alexander, Superintendent*[Continued from page 1]*

The Superintendent's salary was but \$625 a year — much less than that received by teachers under his jurisdiction, so the Superintendent was forced to teach, too, in order to make a living; hence, there was little time to make extra visits unless a substitute could be secured and there were very few substitutes to be found in Sierra County. Then, too, the expense of hiring horses and vehicles was great and while traveling expenses were paid by the County, the Supervisors were loath to approve exorbitant bills for visiting schools. Due to the isolated sections to be visited the expenses were very high. There were no highways in Sierra County and for many years after I was elected I have traveled in nearly every way one could in Sierra County — on horseback, in buggies and horse stages, sleighs and even, in one instance, a dead wagon [a large wagon drawn by four horses]. Later I went by auto, though the only one I could secure from the garage in Downieville was a Model T Ford, and I used it until the Supervisors passed an ordinance limiting traveling expenses to 15-cents a mile. The owners of the garage would not even let the model T Ford go out of the garage for that amount so I had to scour the town to find someone who owned a car and was willing to make the trip. ... I have also ridden in stage sleighs over the snow as well as on horseback and have walked down steep narrow trails where it was easier to walk than ride, or over snow where my weight, added to that of the horse caused it to sink in the snow.

My trip to Northern Sierra was made on horseback, a distance of perhaps 75 miles for the round trip and took four or five days as I had six schools to visit.

There were three ways of reaching these schools by trail from Downieville, all of which cross Canyon Creek, a deep gorge second only to that of the Yuba River, at different points. Four of these towns Howland Flat, St. Louis, Port Wine and Scales lay along the ridge between Canyon and Slate Creeks. Slate Creek forms the northern boundary of Sierra County with the exception of a small section in the extreme north beyond Slate Creek, and here lay the fifth school I visited in the town of Gibsonville.

In those days one of the trails leading to Northern Sierra followed the North Fork of the Yuba River for five miles and then wound up the mountain side to the ridge overlooking the once famous town of Poker Flat nestled on the bank of Canyon Creek two miles below. From Poker Flat the road wound up the mountain on the opposite side — a road so steep just above Poker Flat

that drivers of wagons bringing supplies from the towns across the ridge to Poker Flat to cut down small trees and fasten them to the back of the wagons in order to hold the vehicles back, as they did not trust to brakes alone. After the top of the ridge, four miles beyond Poker Flat, was reached it was but two miles to Howland Flat. Another route to the north was by a road which was built about five miles up the mountain from Downieville in another direction from the termination of which a trail crosses a gorge and on to Eureka. I usually used the two mentioned routes in visiting schools going by one and returning by the other thus making a round trip with a detour to Gibsonville.

I was not afraid to travel alone over the mountains as the horses were used to the trails and were usually trustworthy. ... I had to have a "telescope" a canvas or wicker hamper fastened to the back of my saddle for my clothes and any things needed for the schools and if the horse went faster than a walk the hamper was prone to bounce up and down unless one held it with her free hand. ... When I first commenced visiting schools, I was given the one side saddle on hand in the livery stable as riding astride for ladies was very uncommon. The livery man was averse to the use of the side saddle as some riders did not sit erect in the saddle but put too much weight on the stirrup causing the saddle to move back and forth and making the horse's back sore. Soon, however, divided skirts came into use and then the side saddle suddenly disappeared and I had to use a man's saddle but I usually rode sideways on it. ... It really tired me less to ride sideways, as being lame, one leg tired more easily if I bore much weight on it. ...

[A rented horse] Bridget was my companion on many interesting trips. One spring after an unusually snowy winter I found upon reaching Howland Flat that the road to Gibsonville was not yet open. The road from a point some distance from Howland Flat wound around the shady side of the mountain to Whisky Diggings which had once been a thriving mining camp but was at this time merely a name. It was this section of the road that was impassable and the people had not yet turned out to open it, as they sometimes did, by blasting the worst snow drifts. Not wishing to go eight miles to Port Wine and then across Slate Creek to LaPorte in Plumas County and up the ridge to Gibsonville, a round about detour which would take much more time, I decided to try a short cut leading down to Slate Creek and up on the other side thus avoiding the snow. ...

[continued]

Belle Alexander, Superintendent*[Continued from page 3]*

I thought, if the creek were not too high, I could probably ford it as Bridget was gentle and usually willing to go wherever urged. I had first taken the regular route, ridden around the mountain until I reached the worst drift and decided I could cross it. I got along very well, as the snow was well packed, until I reached a place where a sapling had been bent down by the weight of the snow and I was afraid to cross as I did not know how much the snow might have melted away around the young tree. I had often as a child seen quite a large tree bent and held down by a heavy weight of snow suddenly burst its bounds and spring upright revealing a deep hollow that had been formed by snow melting under the imprisoned tree. Realizing the danger of trying to cross near the tree and deciding the snow was more extensive than I had imagined, I decided upon the short cut and retraced my steps to where the path led to the creek. I had no trouble until I reached the creek. It was high, but not dangerously so and I decided it could be forded but, to my surprise, Bridget absolutely refused to even put one foot in the water. She did not prance or act mean but was adamant when it came to stepping into the water. ... Just as I had dismounted to see if I could lead the horse into the water to overcome her fear, which proved futile, she suddenly threw up her head and listened as if she heard something on the hillside above. Thinking it might be an animal, possibly a bear, and deciding I'd prefer being on the horse than off of it if she became frightened and wanted to run, I hastily mounted. After a moment she seemed unconcerned and we retraced our steps to the main trail where I decided to again try crossing the snow, possibly at a higher or lower place. What was my surprise upon reaching the drift to see the tracks of another horse and now my horse's behavior at the creek was explained as it was this horse she had heard or smelled. I followed the steps of the other horse and finally reached the other side. This was the only bad drift as it was on the shady side of the hill. ...

Several years after this I had a similar experience in trying to take a short cut to avoid a long round-about trip to LaPorte and back into Sierra County because of snow. I had gone to Scales first and had to go from there to LaPorte in Plumas County and on up to Gibsonville. Wishing to go across Slate Creek to St. Louis without having to retrace my steps to LaPorte and so shorten my trip I decided to cross below Thistle Shaft, a mine about two miles from Gibsonville. When I reached the creek Bridget, the horse I was riding, refused to cross. I was about to retrace my steps when a young man appeared

and seeing what I was attempting to do, offered to try to get the horse to cross. He was no more successful than I — in fact, he appeared to me to be somewhat afraid of the horse, though she was gentle. Since all efforts were futile I was obliged to retrace my route to LaPorte and up the ridge to St. Louis, some fifteen miles I should judge, while the short cut would have been but four or five miles.

The greatest experience I had in crossing snow was a trip I made the latter part of May or early June. The winter had been a severe one. ... Realizing conditions I took the precaution to inquire in regard to the snow, as a man had recently made the trip. He assured me there was snow that was quite deep in places on the trail up the North Fork but said it was hard and a horse could easily cross it so I decided to make the trip. I reached snow while I was still a number of miles from the divide separating the Yuba River Canyon from Canyon Creek, at first in patches but later so deep the trail was entirely obliterated. Knowing when I reached the top I could easily determine where to go on the other side (as my childhood was spent in a little mining camp a short distance below the top of the ridge on the Canyon Creek side) I chose the easiest route. The hillside was covered with tall trees and, while the bushes were entirely covered, each tree had a ridge of snow on the upper side as the branches prevent the snow from piling up close to the tree. While it was only a few inches deep in a circle of several feet in diameter around the tree, outside the circle the snow rose in an abrupt bank six or eight feet high. I had to choose my way. It is needless to say I walked and led the horse as anyone who has tried it knows that riding horseback in the snow is not easy. Sometimes I found myself in one of these open circles around a tree and the only way I could get out was dismount and climb the bank, literally pulling the horse after me. He could hardly refuse to follow when I pulled on the halter and a good snow horse will go almost anywhere, in reason, on the snow. When I reached the top of the ridge I could look down into the gorge through which flows Canyon Creek and almost see the little town of Poker Flat, two miles away, while across the Canyon rose Table Rock and Mount Fillmore, two mountains between which was the pass over which I would have to go to reach Howland Flat. It seemed to me to be a wilderness of snow as I could see no bare ground from where I stood though for perhaps a mile above Poker on each side the snow was gone. I started down the hill, still walking, and knowing about where the trail should be, I followed it.

On either side were two streams of water, the larger of which the trail crossed about a quarter of a mile below the little deserted settlement in which I had lived as a child. What was my surprise when I reached the stream to find I could not cross. A high narrow ridge of snow only a foot wide at the top crossed the creek where the trail was, while on one side was high brush and on the other the stream fell over a steep bank. There was nothing to do but retrace my steps and then I noticed traces of tracks going down on the opposite side of the stream. As I could cross to this side after going back, I did so. I had not thought of going down on this side as in summer it was just a steep hillside covered with brush and with no semblance of a trail. The snow was deep enough to cover the brush, however, and the snow was soft enough to insure a good foothold. At one place I found I had to go down a steep declivity and, being a little afraid to go ahead of my horse lest he lose his footing and slide on me, I took hold of the bridle with one hand and we slid down side by side. ... When we reached the old trail again, some distance below the point at which I had retraced my steps, we stopped at the stream to get a drink. ... Finding a place to climb the bank of snow I was soon on my way again and before reaching Poker Flat was delighted to find bare ground. Finding that a man I knew was living at Poker, I stopped to speak to him. He was greatly surprised to see me traveling alone and insisted upon my stopping long enough to get a cup of tea, but I refused as I knew the snow above Poker being on the sunny side would be softer and was anxious to get to my destination. It was so nice at Poker that I remarked that I imagined the worst was over, but he hastened to assure me it was not and that there was plenty of snow ahead. I had not climbed

very far up the steep hill above Poker before I realized the truth of his statement.

I tried riding over the snow but the horse kept sinking to his knees so I decided to walk and did so to the top of the ridge. Here I again mounted the horse as, being now on the shady side, I found the snow harder. Howland Flat was about two miles from the top of the ridge but no trace of the trail appeared. I knew about half way down the hill a large stream crossed the trail. When I reached the stream I could hear the water running beneath the

snow. I had no means of knowing how thick a crust of snow covered the stream as the snow melts above the water leaving a hollow and the snow cover becomes thinner until it finally caves in. Had I known where the trail crossed there would not have been so much danger as I would have gone down in the old road bed, but at any other point I might have fallen into holes or underbrush. Judging by the sound that the snow crust was not very thin I dismounted and led my horse by as long a halter as possible across the stream. I hoped that the snow might bear my weight so I could get across safely even if the horse went through and I might be able to lead him out in that event.

I had one further difficulty on this trip when I crossed another ridge between Port Wine and

Scales. On ridges the wind frequently blows the loose snow over the ridge forming an arched comb of snow on the sheltered side. This appeared from a distance an insuperable barrier but when I reached the comb I saw where someone on foot had crossed, and by dismounting and leading my horse, I was able to get over the barrier by following the tracks. ...

[continued]



Belle Alexander, Superintendent

[continued from page 5]

When I related my experiences people asked why I did not turn back but there were several reasons why I continued my journey. When I reached the deep snow I was already about half the distance to Howland Flat and did not wish to return after going so far. I was teaching and had secured time off for the trip so it would upset my schedule greatly should I return and venture another trip in a few weeks as these schools had to be visited before the end of the school year on July 1. ...

I know of but one time that my horse got away from me and this was on a return trip from Howland Flat. When I left soon after noon the clouds were very threatening. I wore my rain coat until I was about six or seven miles from Downieville when the sun came out and I concluded it was too warm for such a wrap. I dismounted at a little stream called Whisky Creek, a misnomer if there ever was one for a creek with such pure sparkling water. Knowing stable horses were sometimes tricky. ... I tied him to the alders while disposing of my rain coat by placing it in my hamper or "telescope" as it was called. I had to remove it from behind the saddle and fasten it on again. After doing this and refreshing myself with a drink of the cool water I placed one foot in the stirrup and, with my hand holding the bridle on the horn of the saddle and the other on the back, was about to mount. With one bound, which jerked the bridle from my hand, the horse sprang across the creek and trotted down the trail. I held to the strap of the hamper for an instant but let go immediately as I would have been dragged along. The horse disappeared around a bend with me hurrying to try to catch him. When I came in sight of him he was browsing along the side of the trail but the instant I appeared he threw his head up and started along the trail. This was repeated many times as the trail wound in and out of ravines but the horse never let me get near enough to even hope to catch him. Once I tried to get ahead of him by making a detour above the trail but he espied me and hastened his steps so I saw that maneuver was useless. About three miles from Downieville the trail widens into a road. Some distance below was a deep horseshoe bend leading into a deep ravine known as Coyoteville ravine. At the bend where the road turned toward this ravine one could see the road far below on the other side. At this point was a very steep trail leading down the mountainside to the stage road which crossed Coyoteville Creek further down. Hoping I could reach Coyoteville by this short cut and get a boy who lived there to run up the stage road and intercept the

horse as he came into the main road nearer town I hastened down the steep trail clinging to bushes in order to keep my feet and it was a very much disheveled person, with a face red as fire and wet with perspiration, who hurriedly explained matters to the boy's mother when I reached the house. Fortunately the boy was home and was at once dispatched to catch the horse while I walked on at a more leisurely pace though I was urged to stay and rest. I knew that if the horse reached town without me a search party would be organized at once. I only stopped to adjust my hat and clothing which had received rather rough treatment in my hurried descent. Imagine my delight when I met the boy returning with the horse. Wiping the dust from my shoes I mounted and rode into town as nonchalantly as if I had not walked five miles in the dust and heat trying to capture a tricky horse. ...

On one of my last "round" trips however I had some difficulty as far as my horse was concerned. I had two schools to visit as the other three had lapsed. I started early and reached Howland Flat where I planned to visit the school, stay all night and go down the ridge to Scales, about 15 miles, the next morning to visit that school, returning home the third day. I would have had no trouble whatever in securing a room for myself in Howland Flat, though there was no hotel there at that time, but I could find no feed for my horse as no animals were kept there during the winter and no hay nor grain had been brought in at that early date. Accordingly, I mounted my horse after visiting the school and went on to St. Louis where a few families were living. Here I found the same condition — food and lodging were gladly offered me but there was no food for my horse. Four miles further was Port Wine where a lady lived with whom I had stopped many times and I was told I could probably find accommodations for my horse there. I was doomed to disappointment for I found that there was neither hay nor grain to be found. By that time it was getting late, I was tired and so was my horse but nothing remained for me but to go the seven miles over the summit to Scales, or to go within a few miles of Scales and turn off to a ranch several miles off the road. I chose the latter course, as I was comparatively sure of securing accommodations there. It was a very weary person — with a weary horse who surprised the woman living at the ranch and, though she had a number of persons staying there and her house was full, she found room for me and good shelter and food for my faithful steed.

It was only a few miles to Scales so I was able to visit that school next morning and return home a day earlier than I expected, thanks to my strenuous trip of the day before. ...

The southern part of the County, wherein lies four school districts, is connected with Downieville by road. It is a narrow mountain road winding in and out of ravines but steadily climbing upward until in five miles from Goodyears Bar on the river to the Mountain House one ascends over 2000 feet. From the Mountain House to Forest and on to Alleghany is a narrow dirt road, rough in places and dusty in summer, but often impassable in winter because of deep snow. Another district fourteen miles from Alleghany was reached by following a ridge road, the old Henness Pass road traveled by early pioneers, to a road house known as Plum Valley House which teamsters used as a stopping place while hauling supplies from Nevada City. Twelve miles from Alleghany a branch road led through dense woods to another town Pike City where, at one time, there was quite a large one-teacher school. ...

The first time I visited [this] small district ... I went to Comptonville on the stage expecting to hire a buggy with driver as there was livery service in that town. To my surprise not a vehicle was to be procured and not even a saddle horse. I was in despair when I met a man whom I knew well and who was traveling from a school supply house. ... He offered me the use of his horse and buggy. ... He assured me the horse was gentle. One of my traits is a dislike for turning back, or giving up when I have once commenced, so I decided I would try it, though I had never driven a horse and the road was new to me. I had never even visited the place in which the school was located. Had I known what sort of a road it was, I doubt if I should have even thought of attempting it. I have often wondered at the man's confidence in my ability for when I started down the grade from Comptonville and saw that slanting expanse of solid rock reaching to Oregon Creek far below above which the road on the other side gradually extended for quite a distance, my heart sank but I could not turn back. Nothing remained but to proceed so I grasped the reins more firmly and watched the road. The horse was easily guided and I breathed a sigh of relief when we left the bare cliff behind and began a steeper descent with an occasional sharp curve. As the road grew steeper I began to wonder if the brake would hold and to picture what would happen if it shouldn't. However, I reached the bridge in due time and commenced the ascent on the other side. Luckily few people traveled the road excepting the mail stage and an

occasional private vehicle so I reached the ridge safely and did not mind the rest of the way. ... My return trip was not quite so terrifying.

One fall I decided to go to Forest on the stage and get a mode of conveyance there, or at Alleghany, ... I was unable to get a buggy in Alleghany but they had a saddle horse at the livery stable so I decided to go on horseback. ... The horse was brought to me at the hotel by a boy who must have saddled the horse, as a man accustomed to saddling a horse would have cinched a saddle properly, especially for a woman who expects her horse ready to mount when brought to her. Supposing everything to be satisfactory, I mounted and rode out of Alleghany. I did not hurry the horse as it would have been difficult to go faster than a walk with my "telescope" ... fastened back of the saddle. ...

When I was about a mile from Alleghany the saddle suddenly commenced turning. Fortunately I was able to loosen my foot at once, as I was always careful not to have it pushed too far into the stirrup.

As soon as the saddle commenced turning, the horse, frantic with fear, started turning in circles and kicking to rid himself of the saddle which had turned completely under his belly. As I jumped, I fell, and scrambled out of reach of the horse just in time. I hurriedly arose to my feet in time to see the horse running back toward Alleghany, kicking as he ran. Without even stopping to pick up my belongings — not even my hand bag — I started after the horse, as I knew when he reached Alleghany people would be starting out to see what had happened. As I went I saw a stirrup in one place, blankets in another and not far from the scene of the mishap, the saddle from which the horse had freed himself.

Great was my relief after going a few rods further to see a man approaching leading my horse minus all the equipment that had so frightened him.

Explanations were in order and then I hurried back to the place where the accident occurred as I happened to remember that my had bag with cash for my journey and other things was probably laying in the road. As we proceeded, the man gathered up saddle and other things belonging to it and when he had them all, he saddled the horse. ... [I] thanked my benefactor who was a stranger to me and went on my way. My horse traveled on as if nothing had happened. ... I was very thankful that the gentleman happened to be taking a walk at just that time for he saved me much annoyance and many explanations.

[to be continued in the 1999 edition]



In Memorium Sophie S. Tschopp

Born in Brig, Switzerland she immigrated to America with her parents and younger brother Harry and sister Hilda in 1911. They settled in San Francisco where the family was active in the Swiss community. Sophie graduated from Immaculate Conception Academy and worked for General Engineering Drydock Company. She married Henry in 1936 and while honeymooning in Sierra City the scenic beauty reminded them of their Swiss heritage. They purchased property from the Devine family where Yuba River Inn was developed and opened for business in 1938. Henry continued his seafaring career until 1970 when he retired as an engineer with American President Lines.

Sophie not only operated the Inn but was active in local government. She was a member of the School Board for twelve years, served on the Planning Commission and was involved in all community activities. They sold Yuba River Inn in 1979 and spent more time traveling around the world so Sophie could visit places and ports Henry had related to her during his seafaring days. Their daughter Frances joined them when possible and after Henry's demise in 1990 she and Sophie traveled incessantly to appease her ever inquisitive mind. Her last trip in February was a cruise from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil to Santiago, Chile highlighted by a flight over antarctica. She was diagnosed with a brain tumor three weeks ago and passed away peacefully at her San Francisco residence.

She is survived by her only child Frances Brett; granddaughter Lindsay and John Barbison, Great-grandchildren Sierra, Nathan and Tyler. Grandson Walt and Candy Brett, Great-granddaughters Diana, Kirsten and Kyla; grandson Russ and Debra Brett, great-grandsons Alex and Ryan; and sister Hilda Davies of Chester.

[continued in next column]

Sophie and Henry Tschopp were Charter Members of the Sierra County Historical Society. Sophie was a Life Member of the Sierra County Historical Society. Memorial donations to Western Sierra Medical Clinic, Downieville, CA 96936 or Kentucky Mine Museum Memorial Fund PO Box 260, Sierra City, CA 96125.



In Memorium Charity C. Clover

Long time resident of Sierra City, Charity Conklin Clover died on November 6, 1997 in Santa Rosa at the age of 92. Born on November 5, 1905 in Freedom, New Hampshire, her family moved to Hartford Connecticut when she was a young girl. She attended Smith College, working in the summer as a society editor for the Hartford Times. She was married to Bill Clover for 58 years. Bill died in 1983 and is buried in the Sierra City cemetery.

Charity was active in Republican Women's Club and a member of the United Methodist Church. She also volunteered at the library and at the Kentucky Mine Museum. She loved to play bridge, and at 90 still drove her friends to bridge and church.

Her sister Faith Conklin died in June of this year at the age of 82.

Two daughters survive her, Constance Clover of San Diego, and Cicily Beckwith of Sebastopol. She had four grandchildren: Troy Byram, Hannah Beckwith, Brett Byram, and Jennifer Infante.

Charity belonged to the Sierra County Historical Society for over 20 years and was a faithful volunteer at the Kentucky Mine Museum.

Donations may be given in her name to the Kentucky Mine Museum Memorial Fund at PO Box 260, Sierra City, CA 96125.