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PROMOTING A PROSPECT

The 1912 Journal of Rebecca Beatrice Lane

Donated by Jennifer Johnson



Beatrice Lane and her sister Harriet.

Not until you have experienced the simple sanguineness of the gold mine promoter do you truly know the thrill of great expectations. Oil ventures have their charm but they lack romance. The lure of gold all down through history has stimulated man to commit strange deeds.

Being endowed with a romantic nature and affection for the mountains, combined with business experience, fitted me for such an undertaking.

Sister and I were sojourning in the wilds of the Feather River canyon whither we had gone to enable me to raise the scale record from 95 lbs. to 125lbs.

In addition to my work as cashier for a big corporation, I had been for several years trying to promote a gold mine. The money received for the stock that I sold had all been expended. We were forced to close down before we could prove that the interior of the hill in which we were running the tunnel as a "veritable mint."

To get away from everything that suggested business we decided to go to the wildest spot left in the once wild west, sleep in the open and rough it generally. Immediately upon our arrival we put away dresses and pumps and wore khaki trousers and coats, pongee shirts and high-top hiking boots. Thus we lived the entire summer.

No sooner were we settled in our little tent-house about a quarter of a mile from the combination general store and post office in Belden, when we met the best known character in the district; a miner who had been working on the

same prospect for twenty years and still had faith in it. Not only did he possess the optimism of the born miner, but he was able to keep another man interested sufficiently for twenty years to grub stake with him. We met him at the store when he came down one day to have more supplies packed up to his cabin about four thousand feet higher up the mountain side.

My resolution to forget finance vanished. I began at once to picture to this old miner, whom we will call Smith, the possibilities of our own hill of gold near Downieville in the Yuba River country. We talked to him each time he made his weekly visit to the settlement until he



The General Store at Belden

began to show signs of interest. At last he promised to take a trip with us to inspect the property. Sister and I had planned to take one long hike before we left the hills for the season. This arrangement fitted in to our program. We would go by trail across the divide between the Feather River and the Yuba River. This would enable us to go through the region made familiar to all by the parties of Bret Harte. Gibsonville, Howland Flat, Table Rock, Whiskey Diggings, Port Wine and Poker Flat would be on or near the trail that we would take.

To avoid taking up the time to hike over near-by trails which had lost their mystery for us, we arranged to start from Quincy, the county seat of Plumas County, which was about an hour's ride from where we were camping. We took the evening train and got there in time for supper. The very air of Quincy seemed charged with gold dust. It was court week. The docket was filled with cases pertaining to mining claims.

We found so much to interest us among the old miners from all parts of the county that we gave up the idea of starting out at daybreak. We would "do" Quincy until eleven o'clock, then take the auto stage as far as Onion Valley. From there we would start on our hike and make Downieville by evening of the second day.



Map showing the route of the Lane sisters

When we took the stage it seemed strange to ride once more on a road. For about six months we had camped where there was nothing but trails and the only conveyances were burros and wheelbarrows!

For about fifteen miles we climbed the mountain road through forests of tall fir, spruce and pine trees, when we reached Nelson Point on the Middle Fork of the Feather River, where we were to stop for lunch. We were met with profuse apologies by Mrs. Pauly who owns the road house. Had she known there were going to be ladies on the stage that day she would have had a better dinner ready! With visions of beans and bacon, we followed her into the house. Just so there was enough for all, I would be happy. It would be a long time before we would have another meal. (How long we little dreamed).

Mrs. Pauly led us into a big dining room, the neatness of which would have satisfied a Holland housekeeper. First she brought us noodle soup. The soup proved that Mother Pauly was a master of her art. Then she served both fried chicken and stewed chicken, roast, ham, mashed potatoes, fried sweet potatoes, baked macaroni, tomato salad, home made preserves and pickles. She finished this frugal (?) dinner with huge pieces of elderberry pie, coffee with thick cream, and a plate of rich cheese. When we were finished I made a vow that if ever again I should need to hunt health in the hills, I'd sojourn a season with Mother Pauly.

In one end of the house was an old store room of curios; relics of mining days in that district. It is an easy matter to feel thrilled over romantic California after having had such a dinner as we had eaten. What wonderful pictures formed themselves in our minds as we looked at the old gold-dust scales, dinner gongs, crude fire arms, etc.!

We could not leave without taking a picture of this historical spot on the Middle Fork. First, I posed Mrs. Pauly on the steps of the house as if she were coming down to meet the stage. Then to get a correct view of the entire house, I needed to be on an elevation higher than the road. Smith, with the true miner's gallantry, hunted until he found an old step ladder. This he steadied while I climbed up and focused for a perfect picture.

It was then time for us to be on our way. With promises to send back pictures we started off. Slowly the stage climbed the steep switch-back grade over the divide between the Middle Fork and the headwaters of the South Fork. When we got to the top of the grade and looked down, there lay Nelson Point right at our feet, and after all that five miles of chugging! We reached Onion Valley, which boasts one building, about four in the afternoon. When I took out

my camera for a shot at the stage as it was leaving, I discovered that I had taken both pictures on one film at Nelson Point. Tough luck for one who objects to being called an amateur.

On the old road out of Onion Valley we passed close to Pilot Peak on which is situated the lookout for that district. It is an interesting cone-shaped peak and quite imposing when seen from a distance.

Our first objective was Howland Flat. We were now high up on the flat mountain tops and walking was easy. We had gone about eight miles when the town of Gibsonville presented a desolate front to us. Situated at an elevation of about 6000 feet where the timber had all been ruthlessly cut off years before, the place was not conducive to fanciful speculation of a pleasant sort. At one time this place teemed with the life of the flourishing gold camp. It now had scarcely an old building left intact. Here the snow falls to a depth of 20 feet on the level. 'Tis said that the first recollection of the native is of his learning to walk on snow shoes as soon as the crawling period is over'.



Onion Valley with Pilot Peak in the background, 1906

The fact that night was near may have had something to do with making us all feel “creepy.” We wanted to hurry out of Gibsonville. We made inquiries about the trail from a man who Smith said looked like Black Bart, the notorious outlaw. He directed us towards Howland Flat. Out from town half a mile or so we came to a little home where we thought it would be safer to make further inquiries. The man of the house was away at work but his wife was there. Leave it to a woman to give directions!

She told us of three ways we could travel to reach Howland Flat. It was well that she did. First, we could keep on the old wagon road and go out by the way of Whiskey Diggings. That would take us several miles farther than if we followed a trail that cut across over the mountains. Third, there was the old ditch trail which she had helped brush herself years before. It was the shortest way. But the night was dark and the trail was overgrown with willows. We had but one flashlight with us. We agreed that it was best to follow the woman's advice and cut across by the hill trail which would bring us into the old road at the top of the grade.



The last vestiges of Gibsonville in 1965



The mining town of Howland Flat, about 1918

To be sure that we got started right, the woman lit her lantern and went with us on the road until she got us off on the hill trail. All went well for a while. Smith was in the lead with the flashlight. He had just been telling us how other men always called him “the pathfinder” because it was impossible for him to get lost in the mountains; he had lived so long in the wilds he could instinctively follow a trail. Suddenly he stopped. Did you ever try to follow a trail where the manzanita grows over lava rock? That is what we had been trying to do. Smith was game and admitted that he had lost the trail. After due consultation, we decided to try to cross the ravine just ahead of us and climb the hill on the other side if we could find any way up. When we reached the bottom of the ravine, we found a pretty well defined

trail which we thought best to inspect for a few hundred feet. Imagine our surprise! We found ourselves on the ditch trail.

If it had been in the early part of the summer, Sister and I might have felt timid, but we had not roughed it all season for nothing. The woman had not exaggerated any when she said that the ditch trail was overgrown with willows and weeds. With constant duckings of the head, and with admonitions to “look out” we kept up with Smith, but left a trail of hairpins, hairnets and buttons behind us.

Finally the trail left the ditch and led up the mountain side. We reached the top and came into the road just as the moon rose. I doubt if Moses from the top of Mt. Pisgah as he viewed the Promised Land felt any more elation than we did at that moment when we looked for miles and miles out across those desolate mountain tops, flooded with the light of that great harvest moon.

We traveled several miles of easy grade, heading off one ravine after another until we reached Howland Flat. All was as still as death except the dogs and the wind; both howling like hungry hyenas. I always think of the place as “howling flat” since that night. All we found was a roughly built miners' boarding house for the employees of the famous Table Rock Mine, and the private residence of the mine superintendent. We rapped and shouted until we awoke the cook and her husband. They did all the work of the mess hall and the bunk house. We convinced them that we were not hold-ups. They fixed us up the best they could for the night. It was then we gave thanks that Mother Pauly's joy was in her culinary qualities. We retired without supper.

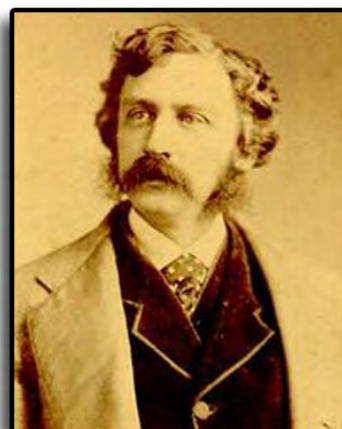
The following morning we were served with a breakfast of native steak, which would have taken one of our prehistoric ancestors to masticate, potatoes sogged in synthetic suet and weak coffee. I took but one picture of that windswept desolation which had at one time boasted of many mills and mines.

With light hearts we started climbing the grade out of Howland Flat. Long and steep it was. The scenic beauty kept up our spirits. When we reached the top we feasted our souls on the scene before us.

We were thankful to have once more down grade travelling, uncertain footing though it was. Sheep had been driven over the trail the day before. Every loose rock and every slippery rock had over it a thick coat of dust. Many were our near falls. The thought that we would soon be in Poker Flat kept Sister and myself keyed up. Smith did not share our enthusiasm. He had lived and loved in his own lifetime very much as Bret Harte portrayed the loves of Poker Flat.



The town of Poker Flat in 1905



The author Bret Harte

Can you imagine the sensation of coming into a place that had at one time been the liveliest mining town in California, and finding not a soul alive in the place? To see Poker Flat as it is today, and then to try to people it in your fancy as it was sixty years ago, taxes the imagination. Old stone warehouses and banks, some with windows boarded up and some practically rock piles; houses made of logs of shakes and of stone, with their windows all broken and their yards grown up to tall weeds; old stamp mills with the machinery still in them. Every way we turned, things seemed to cry out “deserted!”

We searched every place in that once roaring camp to try to find one living soul. At last we discovered a little cabin which showed signs of human habitation. No one was at home. The effect on us was most peculiar. I imagine it was to some degree what we would feel if all the rest of mankind were dead and we were the only remaining specimens of the species.

Our one thought was to get out, and to do it at once. There were several trails leading out of the canyon. We were afraid of following the wrong one. We thought of Bret Harte's “Outcasts of Poker Flat” until every trail suggested tragedy. If we lingered longer we knew that we would be unable to reach Downieville that night. We agreed on the most likely looking way out. We had gone about half a mile up the trail, which we later learned was the one described in the Outcast story, when we saw a man working on an old ore dump not far up the mountain side. He proved to be the one and only inhabitant of Poker Flat. I wonder if anyone can tell us why during the rest of the morning I kept repeating to myself that poem “Oh, Why Should The Spirit Of Mortal Be Proud.”

The food situation was now our greatest concern. Climbing a long steep grade with packs on our backs taxed our tempers. Passing historical places of interest like Bunker Hill Mine which had been one of the richest mines in that district, and the thought that our own property might produce likewise, helped to preserve peace. We had planned on eating a bounteous lunch at some lively café in Poker Flat! The inhabitant of Poker Flat had told us that we would be unable to find food until we reached the Fir Cap Mine. That would not be until we had climbed to the top of the grade and gone down about two miles into Rattle Snake canyon. Then we reached the top of the grade, we forgot our hunger. Looking out across at the next range of mountains, we beheld one of the most beautiful skylines I have ever seen.



The Bunker Hill Mine, 1915

Sister and Smith, as usual, kept patient while I took plenty of time to focus for the picture I wanted. If you have ever been unfortunate enough to travel with someone who hurries you when you are focusing for a picture to be proud of, you can appreciate what their patience meant to me.

By the time Sister and I got there, three extra places had been set at the long, bare, rough-board table where several miners were having their mid-day meal.

Did you ever eat a codfish mulligan? I never had before, and if I ever do again, I hope I'll be as hungry as I was on that memorable day. There are some sensitive souls in this world in whose opinion the odor of cooking food is vulgar. Would that they might have been with us!

The mulligan was concocted of codfish and everything. To us it tasted like manna from heaven. It and elderberry jam, also made by these men, completed our menu. The proof of our appreciation of their hospitality pleased them greatly.

Once more we took up our packs and started down the trail. We had to go to the bottom of Rattle Snake canyon then climb up and over another grade before reaching the Yuba River at Downieville. Walking down the trail the afternoon of our second day out we had come into a big clearing. Both up the mountain side to our left and down the mountain side to our right there was nothing but chaparral. The warm October sun shone brightly on the dusty trail and on the aromatic manzanita. Smith began to show evidences of dread that we would not reach Downieville that night. We knew then that he was growing tired. When we first started out on this trip, he admitted being afraid that Sister and I would be unable to keep up with him on a hike. Dwelling alone in the mountains a greater part of his life, Smith lived too much in the past. Women in the old days did not hike the hills with hobs in their heels.

Sister and I had been in Downieville once before. When we reached the North Fork of the North Fork of the Yuba, we had no more fear of getting lost. The lights of Downieville showed up in the distance. We all began to speculate on what we would have for supper. When Smith looked down on the bars of the river, where, in the early days, a miner considered a tin-cup full of gold a fair return for a day's work on his claim, he became once more the true miner and forgot that his feet had grown heavy.

We were given a true mining town welcome when we reached the St. Charles Hotel. One never leaves the table hungry at any of the old-time mountain houses in California.

We had sent word to Reid, the former superintendent of our property, that we would reach Downieville that night. He came to see us at the hotel soon after supper and we all sat talking mining until after midnight.

The next morning when we looked out of our window and once more viewed the picturesque streets of Downieville, all the trials of the trail were forgotten.

Breakfast over, the four of us, the men with their gold pans, started for the mine about two miles up the river. At Downieville right in the heart of the town, the North Fork of the North Fork and the main fork of the Yuba River unite. The bar at this junction, called Jersey Flats, was the richest nugget deposit found on the Yuba River.

Our first thrill that morning was in crossing the North Fork on a swinging foot bridge. Mountain streams with their wild waters dashing against big boulder play havoc with your equilibrium when you cross one on a little swinging bridge. About the time you are half way across, you have the sensation that the water is stationary and that the bridge is traveling up stream with you at the rate of ninety miles an hour. If someone else starts across before you reach the other side, and the bridge begins to swing worse, you make a vow when you reach the landing on the opposite shore that you'll round the headwaters of the river before you'll return by the foot bridge.

As soon as we reached the mine, Smith and Reid panned dirt taken from the lower tunnel, about on a level with the creek that runs through the property. Then we climbed up the steep mountain side to tunnel No. 2; there we took out more dirt, then on up to tunnel No. 3 and did likewise, then farther up to tunnel No. 4.

The first superintendent of the mine made the mistake of running too many prospect tunnels. It looked as if he had tried to run a tunnel for each stockholder. Had he used all of the funds and time on just one tunnel, we might have had a mine. I suppose many prospects have had their "ifs" for which the future prospector will benefit.

Last, we climbed to the top of the hill. There we took samples from the shaft. We started down again for the creek, slipping on pine needles as we came.

Sister and I watched the men pan for colors; Smith trying to cover up a color when it would show, but Reid was too keen for him. What Smith saw would determine the sort of report he would give to his financial friend. What he did not see would be the basis on which he would make an offer for the property. We had taken a supply of little ore sacks with us. These we filled with samples, half for Smith to send to his assayer, and half for me to send to my assayers.

Once more the thought of food assailed us. We were invited to dine that day with the Reids. Knowing the kind of dinner Mrs. Reid serves to company, Sister and I decided to return to the swinging bridge.

Storm clouds were gathering on the higher mountain peaks. Our friends advised us not to return by trail. At that time of year, it was unsafe, especially by the way we had planned, which was much farther than the trail by which we had gone over.

The next morning we took the auto stage that runs from Downieville to Blairsden. This took us up the North Fork through Sierra City, and past the Sierra Buttes, over the divide by way of Gold Lake and down again into the Feather River Canyon. From there, we took the train to our own camping place, fifty miles down the river.

'Tis said that our happiness is not in the thing achieved but in the process leading to that result. I wish to add, that, according to my philosophy, there is just as much pleasure in the effort even though the thing sought is unattained. Had Smith's assayer and my assayer reported the same on the specimens sent them, it would not have made that hike of ours any more interesting. Why should I not get more pleasure out of the fact that the prospect is still there and that I may again hike across the hills with some other miner?



Variel Home Docents Needed

We are in need of volunteer docents who will be responsible for giving guided tours of the Museum's historic 1878 Variel Home. These tours are very popular with our spring and summer visitors, so we would like to have this opportunity available every weekend. Our season for the Variel Home tours usually runs from May through October depending on availability of volunteers, weather, etc. We usually ask volunteers to be on duty on Saturdays from 11- 3, you get to pick which Saturdays you would like to work! We'll give you all the training and information you'll need to lead happy successful tours, and even a commitment of one Saturday a month or three or four during the season would be of great help to us. This is a great way to meet interesting visitors from all over the world while showing off a slice of early Plumas County history. Give us a call today! 530-283- 6320.

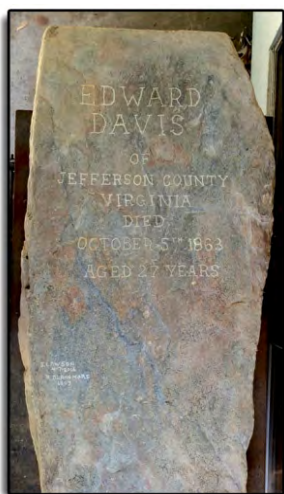


Joshua Variel Home circa 1900



Rich Bar Cemetery

The Storrie Fire of 2000 burned a significant part of the historic Rich Bar Cemetery, destroying at least one grave fence and tombstone. Fortunately, Scott Russell of the East Branch had taken photos of most of the graves and in particular the resting place of Edward Davis, a miner from Virginia who died October 5, 1863. His best friend Robert Blakemore hauled natural stones from the river to his grave where he chiseled Davis's name and particulars into the rock, then bolted them together. In that spirit, Scott Russell provided a similar rock which Scott Lawson engraved with Mr. Davis's information using a Dremel. The Plumas National Forest is planning to do a hazard tree removal from the cemetery as well as repair and rebuild fences around several of the graves. Chilcoot Monument Company of Portola will provide a monument at a significantly reduced price that will have the names of Rich Bar area deceased who are in unmarked graves. We have obtained all the names and particulars we can find on these people up to about the year 1900.



Replica of the Davis gravestone

News Around The Museum

We want to extend a big warm thank you to our volunteers who have been busy at the Museum this spring:

Randy Kelsch, Quincy High School Shop Instructor, has been working with some of his students to rebuild the engine in our 1922 Studebaker pickup. Assisting him with milling and machining expertise is Plumas County Supervisor Terry Swofford. Rich Knoettgen is diligently working on his portion of our upcoming Maidu Indians book; Nancy Nicoles has taken on the Herculean task of cataloging and documenting the Museum's large doll collection; Linda Wallace has been working through trunks full of clothing and sewing handiwork; Keith Nicoles is closing in on completion of the Photo Panels; Calin Turcotte has been helping scan photos and file records; Lisa Hopman continues to plug away at the thousands of historic Superior Court and Probate Court cases; Ken Green drops in to clean up leaves and limbs, and Ann Castaldini and Denise Russell provided tours of the Variel Home.



Pam Bolton, an Experience Works employee, has been working at the Museum for the past two years and has been diligently scanning photos and filing the originals safely away as well as entering historic Superior, District and Probate courts cases into our database.



Hi Octane Donation: Kay Pierson recently donated a Keesee brand visible gas pump to the Museum. It was a gift to her late husband, Orphie, over 40 years ago. It is thought it may have been used at George Cotter's Flying-A gas station that was in business where the Plumas County Planning & Building Services are located now. Almost all the parts are intact including the huge glass cylinder that held the amount of gasoline sold. Kathy & Leland Cotter and Larry Trotter moved it from Pierson's to Hi Tech Frame & Finish, off Lee Road in Quincy, where owners Levi & Patty Pence have generously offered to give it a new paint job. Most of the original paint and decals have been weathered off. This rare piece of early auto history will make a great addition to the Museum's collection.



Our gas pump begins its new life at Hi Tech Frame & Finish.

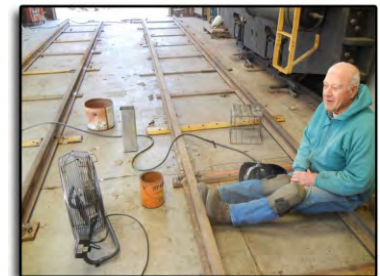
SPL Co. No. 2

Since 2001, we have been working on the 1926 Whitcomb locomotive formerly owned by the Spanish Peak Lumber Company at Spanish Ranch To get it moved, Jeff Brawley of Jeff's Diesel provided expertise and Ken Myers support to once again fire up the S.P.L.Co. No.2 locomotive in preparation for its move this spring (we haven't run it for 10 years); Steve Habeck and Ethan "Zeke" Dodd of Western Pacific Railroad Museum in Portola are working on the air compressor system for the locomotive. Thousands of volunteer hours have



Ethan "Zeke" Dodd and Steve Habeck figuring out the air compressor system on the S.P.L.Co. No.2 logging engine prior to its move from the Art Barn at the fairgrounds.

been expended on restoring it to operational condition. We have finally set a deadline of June 1 to move the locomotive out of the Art Barn and into its new home behind the grandstands. To help see this through, Joy Engineering of Portola is donating 60 yards of gravel for the rail bed, Soper-Wheeler Company is providing the truck to haul the gravel and Sierra Pacific Industries will provide equipment and railroad construction advice in laying out the gravel, ties and track. With the ties and track in place, we anticipate being able to give rides by this summer!



Leland Cotter takes a short break from welding together the two 33-foot track panels to be used in the move of the Spanish Peak Lumber Co. locomotive.

Wagon Trails

During the past fall and this spring we have accompanied members of Trails West and Oregon-California Trails Association (OCTA) in an effort to exactly locate the Beckwourth Emigrant Trail and the Jamison Emigrant Trail in Plumas, Butte and Sierra counties. Other plans with the group include trying to locate the exact site of Peter Lassen's Trading Post in Indian Valley.



Gardens

Jeff Rockholm reset a number of bricks in our walkway; Faith & Piers Strahley have reworked the circle in front of the Museum this spring since all the tall grass took it over. As a way to spruce up the garden ring in front of the Museum and hopefully generate a few dollars to help out the Museum, the Strahleys and members of the Quincy Green Thumb garden group have repotted woolly thyme, grape hyacinth, daffodils and various groundcover. You can get some of your garden needs right here, for a modest donation.

Sally Nichol, Nancy & Keith Nicoles, and Elsa & Jerry Thomas did some heavy duty weeding and yard work on the Variel Home Gardens, while Mike Woodlee and Adrienne Johnson's Quincy 8th grade classes, all 46 of them, spent three hours weeding and sprucing up the historic Hall-Lawry Home yard.



Piers & Faith Strahley tackle the ring.



Moving the "Giant".

Moving Our Monitor

We moved the Museum's monitor or "Giant," to better preserve the artifact and to help the visitor understand how it was used in hydraulic mining.

Nick Polzack of Mountain Craft Landscaping used his excavator to help shift the 600 pound iron object. This is just one of the objects from Plumas County's early mining days that can be found in our outdoor Exhibit Yard.

Living History Days Turns 20

20th Anniversary-- Our 4th Grade Living History Days will commence Wednesday, May 25 and run through Friday, May 27. Participating schools are C. Roy Carmichael, Indian Valley Elementary, Long Valley Charter, Plumas Charter, Plumas Christian and Quincy Elementary. Long-time volunteer coordinator Lindsay Vert is once again spearheading this wonderful experience for Plumas County's young minds. This is the 20th year we have held this program and we want to thank everyone who has helped to make it possible.

Artifact Donations Since November 2015

Jadelle Andrews: Collection of billheads from the Darby business enterprises at Oroville and Bucks Ranch, Pig Tail Mine documents, Austin Darby diaries 1910 and 1913, three partial photo albums of Darby, Hoke, Wells, and other families, and scenes of Bucks Ranch, Letterbox, Meadow Valley, and Oroville; **Bargain Boutique:** Leather holster and ammo belt for six-shooter; **Janet Crain:** Three boxes of Feather River Bulletins, 1972, 1974, 1984; **Pete Dryer:** Three paintings of Model A Ford cars by Ken Roller and Bob Pfenning; **Dennis Eck:** Master's Thesis, Entering the Devil's Gate Ophiolite, Northern Sierra Nevada; **Andrew Elsken:** One oil painting from the Leiss family of Meadow Valley, c.1885, one wood and glass display case from the Keddie Store; **Tati Erickson:** Wool blanket from WWI, New Testament given to Pearl Day Penman, celluloid baby rattle, class of 1945 graduation cards, Canal Town book, Smokey Bear comic, Freedom Train book; **Bob & Dorothy Farnworth:** 1912 Keddie Map of Plumas County; **Rich Knoettgen:** American Valley Maidu sites research; **Scott Lawson:** Cast iron woodstove door w/eagle and patriotic motif; **Donna McElroy:** "Sunbonnet Sue" handmade quilt by Ada McElroy, c. 1930, syrup pitcher from Meadow Valley Hotel, c. 1900, three autograph books, two pairs of ladies high top shoes, teething rings, numerous cards, pictures, paperwork; **Pete Melhus:** Three school books, 1879-1888, belonging to Alta and Dan Robertson; three teachers books, 1925-1930; **Kay Pierson:** One Keesee brand visible gas pump, c.1918-1932, one milk bottle inscribed Ramelli Dairy; one lot mule and horseshoes; one barrel head branded "J.C. Werner Brewery, Quincy;" one axle and wheels for ore car; one blacksmith tongs; 2 railroad wrenches; **John Posch:** 1880s beer bottle; **Peggy Schmidt:** Doll skates, two beaded bags, one wedding dress belonging to Marguerite Lockett, c. 1912, two tintypes, six daguerreotypes, microscope in case belonging to George Lockett, medical kit with bottles and scale, shaving kit, bag of office supplies, pencil boxes, 1920s wedding dress; **Sierra Pacific Industries:** Length of wagon chain, lead bar for bullets, wagon box staple recovered from Beckwourth Emigrant Trail; **Suzi Schoensee:** Eighteen various town plat maps, c.1910, metal ski bindings in original box; **Shirley Shaw:** Porcelain doll "Lucy," Portrait of WWI sailor; **Carol Swarts:** Two Plinco Copper Mine stock certificates, 1916; **Mary Thompson:** Three account ledgers from Thompson & Co. stores at Nelson Point and Illinois Ranch, 1852-1860.



Welcome To Our New Members Since Our Last Newsletter

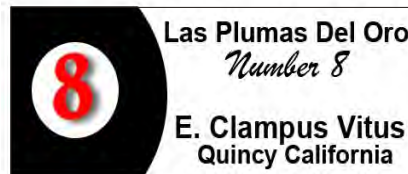
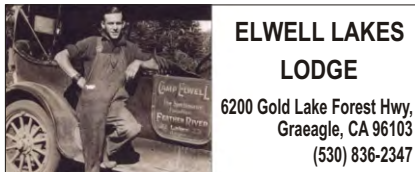
Some of our current Members are shown here because they revised or upgraded their membership category!

Individual: Rockel Eriksen, Quincy; Charles Hayden, Meadow Valley; David Hyde, Taylorsville; Richard Knoettgen, Quincy; John Myers, Trinidad; Sue Rhu, Sparks; Thyra Russell, Oroville; Vickie Shea, Quincy; Betsy Webster, Sacramento.

Family: Kathleen Boswell, Reno; Tom & Linda Cooley, James & Lynn Dow, Quincy; Portola; Della Miller, Clio.

Patron: Gerry & JoAnn Filippi, Meadow Valley; George & Karen Fraser, Graeagle; Jan & Hilary Hedman, Grass Valley; Sherry Kumler, Quincy; Allen White, Fremont.

Thanks to our Corporate Sponsors: Elwell Lakes Lodge, E. Clampus Vitus - Number 8, Flanigan & Leavitt Insurance, Madden Plumbing, Nataqua News, and Ranchito Motel.



Memorials

Since our last newsletter we have received Memorial Donations in memory of the following:

Richard Neville, San Jose; Fred Nevis, Live Oak; Robert Gravert, Sacramento; Albert "Jay" Ricks, Quincy; Art Scarlett, Reno; William Wallace, Reno; Paul Wood, Albuquerque.

Monetary Donations

Up to \$99: Andy & Gayle Anderson; Nicholas Becker; Mary Lou Curtain; Jim & Joanie Ellingson; Bill & Angela Elliott; Eta Alpha Chapter 2604 Beta Sigma Phi; Donald & Davney Gasser; Harold & Joan Gormes; Geno & Judy Guerrero; Steve Habeck; Eileen Hardin; Bill & Deanna Kidwell; Marna Markham; Diane McCombs; Guy McNett & Linda Batson; Marge Murray; Toney O'Rourke; Kent & Lena Stokes; Fred & Sharon Thon; William Van Dorn; Betsy Webster.

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\$200 - \$499: Terry Collins; Lawrence Ferderber; Charles & Margaret Goodart; Carol Neville; Don Nichols; Valerie Vann; John & Tracy Wixted.

\$500 - \$999: Hal & Cheryl Babb; the Gravert family; Sharon Gravert; Michael Rodriguez.

\$2,000 - \$5,000: Kathryn Hale.



Out Of Town Callers

Since our last newsletter we have had visitors come to our museum from all over the globe.

World Visitors: Canada, Guatemala, Mexico, Switzerland.

United States: Alaska, Arizona, Colorado, District of Columbia, Florida, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington.



Women's History Luncheon

The Women's History Lunch Program this year was presented by California naturalist Delaine Fragnoli and professional ecologist Kyle Merriam. The subject of their presentation was Rebecca Merritt Austin who lived in the Butterfly Valley area in the 1860s. Mrs. Austin was a self-taught botanist who contributed greatly to the foundation of our knowledge of the vegetation of northeastern California. The event was a sell out with a great lunch by Back Door Catering. Tentative plans are being made for an evening presentation of the program. This is the 18th year that the Plumas National Forest and Plumas County Museum have collaborated on this event (we missed one event, last year). In consequence, the Soroptimist International of Quincy recognized co-hosts Lee Anne Schramel and Scott Lawson with their award for Women in History.



Rebecca Merritt Austin



Director's Comments

Scott Lawson: Museum Director

Welcome to another spring Museum Newsletter. This issue's feature story is a great real life accounting of a trek made on foot in 1912 by sisters Rebecca Beatrice Lane and Harriet Lillian Lane from Quincy over the mountains to Downieville to promote a mining claim they owned. It is part of a larger collection of journals, photographs, stereoview cards, portraits and manuscripts donated by Jennifer Johnson of New Mexico, a member of the Lane family. This is such a large collection, it took nearly a year to catalog it all, even though the donor also provided scans of almost all the items.

Chris Bolton has been his usual helpful self in assembling all the newsletter material as it is dumped on him into a coherent publication. We appreciate his artistic talent and humor greatly. Thanks also to Heidi Wightman, Copy Queen!

I would like to personally thank retiring Trustees Charlie Brown and Jerry Thomas for their years of support and encouragement. Although they are retiring from the Board, they are still active behind the scenes, particularly with events such as the Grave Occasion. Even so, we will miss them on the Board. Thanks guys!

To fill the vacancies we are fortunate to have Bill Coates and Dwight Pierson of Quincy and Jeff Turner of Graeagle join the Board, all three are very capable and supportive of the Museum. Welcome aboard!

I would like to invite you to stop by YOUR Plumas County Museum and see all the great work that has been done this past season by our dedicated volunteers. We will be opening on Sundays from 11 - 3 starting June 5th, thanks to Linda Wallace.



President's Message

Don Clark, President PCMA

As president of the Museum Association Board of Trustees for the past three years, I have witnessed a great deal of enthusiasm on the Board and a great deal of concern for the well-being of the Museum and its staff.

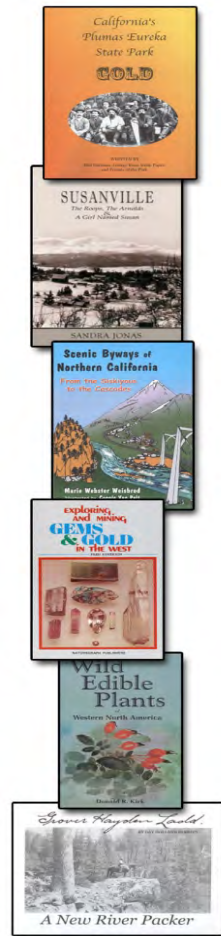
Although we are all dedicated to the Museum and are trying our hardest to maintain it and keep the level of service quality as high as possible, we recognize that in the long run we still need the County of Plumas' support. To that end, myself and other Trustees have periodically visited the Board of Supervisors during public comment period to update them on Museum issues. We hope that eventually they will see clear to resume staffing and at least partially funding the Museum as they have in the past. When the Museum was created in 1964, it was agreed by Plumas County to accept the gift of money to build the facility as long as they would staff and maintain it. We would like to see this get back on track.

Your continued support helps us work toward this goal, and I want to personally thank all our museum members for your commitment.

Shop The Museum Gift Store!

We stock over 110 titles in our bookstore with the majority of them dealing in some way with Plumas County and the region. So for that nature lover, trail hiker, or local history buff in your family, give our bookstore a visit. Members get 10% off! These can also be found online @ www.plumasmuseum.org.

A few new titles have found their way to our shelves over the past couple of months including *California's Plumas Eureka State Park Gold* by Bob Hartman, George Ross and Keith Papke, the story of gold in the Plumas Eureka area near Graeagle, California. The well-researched *Susanville: The Roops, The Arnolds & A Girl Named Susan* by Susanville native, Sandra Jonas, a fascinating account of the history and birth of the town and its founders. Marie Weisbrod's *Scenic Byways of Northern California* is a must-have guide to the eight history-rich areas from the Siskiyou to the Cascades traversed by Scenic Byways, including the Lassen Volcanic Scenic Byway, while Fred Rynerson's *Exploring and Mining Gems & Gold in the West* is not only a memoir of 52 years of hunting for, mining, and cutting gems, but is also a source of useful hints on locating valuable minerals and gems throughout the west. In *Wild Edible Plants of Western North America*, biologist Donald Kirk covers nearly 2000 species of wild edible plants, their description, distribution, habitat, preparation and both their food and non-food uses, and in *Grover Hayden Ladd: A New River Packer*, author Gay Berrien gives us an intimate and detailed life of Trinity County backwoodsman, miner, mule packer, and rancher Grover Hayden Ladd whose life, like those of early Plumas pioneers, exemplified courage and self-reliance.



Fine Local Gold Jewelry



If it's gold you're after, we've recently added some fine examples of specimen gold pendants and earrings to our store. Unlike placer gold, specimen gold comes directly from a matrix material such as quartz. It has not been smoothed or rounded by the action of water as is the case with placer gold. This gold is usually found by hard rock mining and can also be located by using a metal detector. Luckily for you, there's no hard work involved in finding our nuggets.

You can visit us in person or visit our website, www.plumasmuseum.org to see and shop for these beauties!



Walking out in style: Look sporty in a new Plumas County Museum golf cap, either brown or black bill. It will set off our quality polo shirts. Mens in tan, ladies in plum.

Locally produced just for the Museum.



Waking up in style: Make your morning coffee taste that much better by drinking it out of our wonderful Plumas County Museum mug.



And at only ten bucks each, they are a steal! An ideal present for yourself or your friends!

From The Museum's Past



Home of former Quincy resident, B. M. Bower, western writer. Located in "The Pocket Ranch" northwest of where Chandler Road crosses Spanish Creek on the road to Oakland Camp, Bertha Bower purchased the property in 1914, built this home and, between writing several novels, was well known for her parties before selling the land and moving on to Nevada in 1919.

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Please mail your check to **Plumas County Museum, 500 Jackson Street, Quincy, CA 95971**
 or pay online at the Museum e-store: www.plumasmuseum.org



The glorious megalopolis of Downieville