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Description of document:	Records regarding the "29 paintings from San Francisco" stored at Fort Knox by the Mint, 2016
Requested date:	06-March-2016
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Posted date:	06-June-2016
Source of document:	FOIA Request Disclosure Officer United States Mint 801 9th Street, NW, 8th Floor Washington, DC 20220

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DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY  
UNITED STATES MINT  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20220

April 13, 2016

This is in response to your March 6, 2016, Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) request submitted via the Department of the Treasury's FOIAonline for records regarding the "29 paintings from San Francisco that are stored at Fort Knox by the Mint."

Enclosed are 39 pages of documentation responsive to your request.

Please be advised that the various locations of the paintings have been redacted from this documentation in accordance with Title 5, United States Code (U.S.C.), Section 552(b)(7)(E): Law enforcement information the disclosure of which "would disclose techniques and procedures for law enforcement investigations or prosecutions, or would disclose guidelines for law enforcement investigations or prosecutions if such disclosure could reasonably be expected to risk circumvention of the law". In addition, the names and other personally identifying information pertaining to the donors have been redacted from this documentation in accordance with Title 5, U.S.C., 552(b)(6): Personal privacy.

Lastly, the Tax Identification Number (TIN) has been redacted from the Government Bill of Lading in accordance with Title 5, U.S.C., 552(b)(4): Trade secrets and commercial or financial information obtained from a person [that is] privileged or confidential.

Should you disagree with this FOIA determination, you may appeal this decision within 35 days from the date of this letter. Your appeal must be in writing, signed by you, and should be addressed to: Principal Deputy Director, United States Mint, 801-9<sup>th</sup> Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20220. The appeal should reasonably describe the records requested, and should specify the date of the initial request and date of this initial determination. The appeal should also set forth the address where you wish to be notified of the decision on appeal.

Sincerely,



Kathleen Saunders-Mitchell  
Disclosure Officer

Enclosures

MUSEUM INVENTORY  
BY CATALOG NUMBER

CATALOG NO	CLASS DESCRIPTION	LOCATION	VALUE	MINT BARCODE NO	QUANTITY	DONOR
1810-43-019 G	PAINTING, THE STAMP MILL	<b>b7E</b>	0.00		0	
1810-43-020 G	PAINTING, THE CORNISH PUMP		0.00		0	
1810-43-021 G	PAINTING, PELTON WHEEL		0.00		0	
1810-43-022 G	PAINTING, BOSTON RAVINE GRASS VALLEY		0.00		0	
1810-43-023 G	PAINTING, LOLAS BEAR HOUSE		0.00		0	
1810-43-024 G	PAINTING, THE BOURN MANSION		0.00		0	
1810-43-025 G	PAINTING, THE EMPIRE		0.00		0	
1810-43-026 G	PAINTING, THE SCOTIA		0.00		0	
1810-43-027 G	PAINTING, THE ORIENTAL		0.00		0	
1810-43-028 G	PAINTING, THE OLD CHINESE ROAD		0.00		0	
1810-43-029 G	PAINTING, WELLS FARGO FRENCH CORRAL		0.00		0	
1810-43-030 G	PAINTING, RIDGE TELE CO FRENCH CORRAL		0.00		0	
1810-43-031 G	PAINTING, PIKE CITY		0.00		0	
1810-46-001 G	MILL, STAMP W/FEED AND WATER ATTCH		0.00		0	
1810-46-002 G	WHEEL, PELTON IRON WATER CUPS BROKEN		0.00		0	
1810-46-003 G	WHEEL, AND AXLE IRON		0.00		0	
1810-53-001 G	MEDALLION, COMM PAC CST NUM 1915 TO 1940		0.00		0	
1810-56-001 M	TIN, COFFEE HILLS BROTHERS BLUE GOLD		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-56-002 M	TIN, COCOA BLUE PAPER		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-56-003 M	TIN, TEA LIPTON 1932 GREEN		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-56-004 M	TIN, BAKING POWDER MUMFORD BLK WHITE LBL	0.00		0	US MINT	
1810-56-005 M	TIN, PEANUT BUTTER LUNCHEON YELLOW ORN	0.00		0	US MINT	
1810-56-006 M	TIN, COFFEE FOLGERS RED AND CREME	0.00		0	US MINT	
1810-56-007 M	TIN, TOBACCO EDGEWORTH LT DK BLUE	3.50		0	US MINT	
1810-56-008 M	TIN, COFFEE HILLS BROS RED	0.00		0	US MINT	
1810-56-009 M	TIN, PLUG GEORGE WASHINGTON RED BLUE	6.50		0	US MINT	

**b6**

MUSEUM INVENTORY  
BY CATALOG NUMBER

CATALOG NO	CLASS DESCRIPTION	LOCATION	VALUE	MINT JLC BARCODE NO	QUANTITY	DONOR
1810-41-017 M	POT, CAST IRON 3 LEGS	<b>b7E</b>	0.00		0	US MINT
1810-41-018 M	POLK, LEATHER BAG FOR HOLDING GOLD DUST		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-41-019 M	BOX, WOODEN BRASS HANDLE		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-41-020 M	SHOVEL, IRON		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-41-021 M	REGULATOR, FLUME FLOW		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-41-022 M	FAN, CLASSIFIER WOODEN IRON HANDLE		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-41-023 M	ROCKER, CALIFORNIA		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-41-024 M	ROCKER, AND LONG TOM		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-41-025 M	ROCKER, AND SLUICE BOX		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-41-026 M	FAN, CLASSIFIER WOODEN HANDLE		0.00		0	US MINT
1810-43-001 G	PAINTING, MOUNTAIN MINE SCENE		0.00		0	
1810-43-002 G	PAINTING, RELIEF HILL		0.00		0	
1810-43-003 G	PAINTING, RELIEF HILLS WATCHMAN		0.00		0	
1810-43-004 G	PAINTING, WASHINGTON ON YUBA		0.00		0	
1810-43-005 G	PAINTING, RED LEDGE		0.00		0	
1810-43-006 G	PAINTING, OLD ANNEX		0.00		0	
1810-43-007 G	PAINTING, MESMAZAINA DIGGINGS		0.00		0	
1810-43-008 G	PAINTING, PROSPECT HILL		0.00		0	
1810-43-009 G	PAINTING, RED CASTLE		0.00		0	
1810-43-010 G	PAINTING, NEVADA CITY GOLDMINE		0.00		0	
1810-43-011 G	PAINTING, OLD IRON BRIDGE	0.00		0		
1810-43-012 G	PAINTING, THE MIDNITE	0.00		0		
1810-43-013 G	PAINTING, THE SIN LING	0.00		0		
1810-43-014 G	PAINTING, THE OLD TIMER	0.00		0		
1810-43-015 G	PAINTING, OTTS ASSAY OFFICE	0.00		0		
1810-43-016 G	PAINTING, MINERS FOUNDRY	0.00		0		
1810-43-017 G	PAINTING, MINERS MACHINE SHOP	0.00		0		
1810-43-018 G	PAINTING, GRASSY MINES	0.00		0		

**b6**

# GOVERNMENT BILL OF LADING

MEMORANDUM  
COPY

B/L  
NO.

D-3253654

1. TRANSPORTATION COMPANY TENDERED TO <b>CONSOLIDATED FREIGHTWAYS</b>		2. SCAC <b>CPWY</b>	3. DATE B/L PREPARED <b>04/13/01</b>	4. ROUTE ORDER/RELEASE NUMBER
5. DESTINATION (Name, address and ZIP code) <b>DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY UNITED STATES BULLION DEPOSITORY EAST BULLION BLVD. PORT KNOX, KY 40121 (502)942-1847</b>		6. SPLC (Dest.)	8. ORIGIN (Name, address and ZIP code) <b>UNITED STATES MINT 155 HERMANN STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102</b>	
9. CONSIGNEE (Name, address and ZIP code of installation) <b>SAME AS ABOVE</b>		7. SPLC (Orig.)	11. SHIPPER (Name, address and ZIP code) <b>SAME AS ABOVE</b>	
12. APPROPRIATION CHARGEABLE <b>S &amp; E U.S. MINT 2001-20X4159</b>		10. GBLOC (Cons.)	13. BILL CHARGES TO (Dept./agency, bureau/office mailing address and ZIP code) <b>UNITED STATES MINT, FINANCE MANAGER 155 HERMANN STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102</b>	
14. VIA (Route shipment when advantageous to the Government)		AGENCY LOC CODE		

15. MARKS AND ANNOTATIONS  
CONTROL NUMBER: 2001-044  
COST CENTER: 220  
TIN# **64**

16. PACKAGES		17. HM	18. DESCRIPTION OF ARTICLES (Use carrier's classification or tariff description if possible, otherwise use a clear nontechnical description)	19. WEIGHT* (Pounds only)	FOR USE OF BILLING CARRIER ONLY		
NO	KIND				Services	Rate	Charges
2	CRATES		CONTAINING 29 FRAMED PAINTINGS. 1 PAINTING ON WOOD.  VALUE: \$15,000.00  "INSIDE DELIVERY PLEASE"	822 lbs			
					TOTAL CHARGES		

20. TARIFF/SPECIAL RATE AUTHORITY <b>6C80270</b>		21. PICKUP SERV. FURNISHED VEHICLE FULLY LOADED		SHIPPER'S INITIALS	22. CARRIER WAY/FREIGHT BILL NO. AND DATE	
23. STOP THIS SHIPMENT AT		24. FURNISH INFORMATION ON CAR/TRUCKLOAD/CONTAINER SHIPMENTS				
INITIALS & NO		SEAL NUMBERS		LENGTH/CUBE		MARKED
				ORDERED FURNISHED		ORDERED FURNISHED
FOR:		APPLIED BY:				
25. CARRIER'S PICKUP DATE (Year, month, & day) <b>2001 / 04 / 13</b>		26a. SIGNATURE OF AGENT		26b. PER	B/L NUMBER <b>D-3253654</b>	
27. MODE	28. ESTIMATE <b>\$407.71</b>	29. NO. OF CLS/TLS	30. TYPE RATE	31. PSC	32. REASON	
						Received by the transportation company named above, subject to conditions named on the reverse hereof, the property hereinafter described, in apparent good order and condition (contents and value unknown), to be forwarded to destination by the said company and connecting lines, there to be delivered in like good order and condition to said consignee.

FOR USE OF ISSUING OFFICE		MEMORANDUM COPY—CONSIGNEE	
33a. ISSUING OFFICE (Name and complete address) <b>UNITED STATES MINT 155 HERMANN STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102</b>		33b. GBLOC	
33c. ISSUING OFFICER <b>GREGORY ZIPP, HEAD OF IMD</b>		34d. DELIVERED THIS CONSIGNMENT COMPLETE & IN APPARENT GOOD ORDER EXCEPT AS MAY BE INDICATED <input type="checkbox"/> SHORTAGE <input type="checkbox"/> DAMAGED	
33d. CONTRACT/PURCHASE ORDER NO. OR OTHER AUTHORITY <b>SHIPPING REQUESTED</b>		33e. DATED	
33f. FOB POINT NAMED IN CONTRACT			

\*Show also cubic measurements for shipments via air, truck or water carrier in cases where required

**CF** CONSOLIDATED FREIGHTWAYS

CFWY

CONSIGNEE  
COPYINVOICE NUMBER  
REFER TO THIS NUMBER

EQUIP. NUMBER	DATE	ORIGIN	CF REVENUE	ADVANCE	BEYOND	DESTINATION	INVOICE NUMBER
7-9365	4/13/01	BBC	24988			LOU	276-649380

CONSIGNEE

DEPT OF THE TREASURY  
U S BULLION DEPOSITORY  
E BULLION BLVD  
FORT KNOX, KY 40121

CFY

KWW

SHIPPER'S NUMBER

GBL 3253654

PO# 6680270

INVOICE NUMBER \*\*\*

276-649380

ROUTE (CARRIERS, PRO DATE &amp; NO., JUNCTIONS)

SHIPPER

UNITED STATES MINT

155 HERMANN ST  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

BILL TO

UNITED STATES MINT

FINANCE, MGR

155 HERMANN ST

SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

# PCS	HM	DESCRIPTION OF ARTICLES AND MARKS	WEIGHT (LBS)	RATE	TOTAL CHARGES
2		THIS SET 29 FRAMED PAINTINGS 1 PAINTING ON WOOD 1/149420 (50) FULL SURCHARGE 4.00% BSA-1 TOTAL	822	29.23	240.27 9.61 249.88 COL
		GOVERNMENT WATER APPLIED	822		
***					
INVOICE NOT PAID WITHIN CREDIT PERIOD SUBJECT TO LATE PAYMENT CHARGE					
INSIDE DELIVERY AUTHORIZED IF REQUESTED					

SHRINK WRAP INTACT? ☐ YES ☐ NO ☐ INSIDE DEL ☐ CONSTRUCTION SITE ☐ REDEL ☐ SORT # PCS ☐ LIFT GATE DETENTION TIME: START END

DUNS # 04-411-0880

LEAVE THIS COPY WITH CONSIGNEE

CONSOLIDATED FREIGHTWAYS CORP. OF DEL. DBA  
CONSOLIDATED FREIGHTWAYS  
P.O. Box 4488  
Portland, Oregon 97208-4488

8

**CF** CONSOLIDATED FREIGHTWAYSCONSIGNEE  
COPYINVOICE NUMBER  
REFER TO THIS NUMBER

EQUIP. NUMBER	DATE	ORIGIN	CF REVENUE	ADVANCE	BEYOND	DESTINATION	INVOICE NUMBER
CONTINUATION BILL PAGE 2							276-649380

CONSIGNEE

SHIPPER'S NUMBER

INVOICE NUMBER

276-649380

ROUTE (CARRIERS, PRO DATE &amp; NO., JUNCTIONS)

SHIPPER

BILL TO

Received  
4/19/01

# PCS	HM	DESCRIPTION OF ARTICLES AND MARKS	WEIGHT (LBS)	RATE	TOTAL CHARGES
		DEC VAL 15000.00 USD			

SHRINK WRAP INTACT? ☐ YES ☐ NO ☐ INSIDE DEL ☐ CONSTRUCTION SITE ☐ REDEL ☐ SORT # PCS ☐ LIFT GATE DETENTION TIME: START END

DUNS # 04-411-0880

LEAVE THIS COPY WITH CONSIGNEE

CONSOLIDATED FREIGHTWAYS CORP. OF DEL. DBA  
CONSOLIDATED FREIGHTWAYS  
P.O. Box 4488  
Portland, Oregon 97208-4488


8

# U.S. MINT MOVEMENT/STORAGE/DISPOSAL REQUEST

SFM-07

INSTRUCTIONS: THIS FORM MUST BE COMPLETED AND SUBMITTED TO THE PROPERTY MANAGEMENT OFFICE IN SSF PRIOR TO MOVING ANY EQUIPMENT/PROPERTY. Information should be typed or printed as follows: The CUSTODIAL OFFICE must complete BLOCKS 1-10, 13-14 for movement of items between SF Mint buildings and/or divisions. Complete BLOCKS 1-8, 11-15 for storage/disposal of items, and obtain signature of the Superintendent in BLOCK 12. Retain the Gold copy and submit all other copies to the Property Management Office in SSF. Upon receipt of the completed request, the Property Management Office will prepare and furnish Movement ID Tags to the Custodial Office. The Custodial Office must note the ID Tag Number on the Gold copy and affix the Movement ID Tags to the items. DO NOT REMOVE OR TRANSFER ANY BAR CODE OR MOVEMENT ID TAG ON ITEMS TO BE MOVED, STORED OR DISPOSED. Upon receipt of the items the RECEIVER OF THE PROPERTY must sign in BLOCKS 16 and 17, pull the Green copy, and forward all remaining copies to the Property Management Office in SSF.

**\*WHEN REMOVING ANY EQUIPMENT/PROPERTY FROM MINT BUILDINGS, THE CUSTODIAL OFFICE MUST ALSO PREPARE A PROPERTY PASS FOR SECURITY\***

<b>1. CUSTODIAL OFFICE (Office having custody)</b>  Office of the Plant Manager		<b>2. SIGNATURE OF AUTHORITY IN CUSTODIAL OFFICE</b>  Larry Eckerman, Plant Manager		<b>FOR PROP. MGMT. OFFICE</b> Movement ID Tag No.  <div style="font-size: 1.5em; font-family: cursive;">01-321</div> <div style="font-size: 1.5em; font-family: cursive;">Don</div> Date: <div style="font-size: 1.5em; font-family: cursive;">3/9/01</div>	
<b>3. DATE OF REQUEST</b>  3/6/01	<b>4. DATE REQUIRED</b>  ASAP	<b>5. FOR FURTHER INFO CONSULT (NAME &amp; PHONE NO.)</b>  <div style="background-color: black; width: 100px; height: 1.2em; display: inline-block;"></div> @ <div style="background-color: black; width: 100px; height: 1.2em; display: inline-block;"></div>			
<b>6. TYPE OF ITEM TO BE MOVED:</b> PRODUCTION EQUIPMENT _____ OFFICE EQUIPMENT _____ SUPPLIES _____ OTHER <u>Paintings</u> (Describe)					
<b>7. MOVE FROM: Building/Division</b>  SF Mint, PMO		<b>8. ROOM BAR CODE NO.</b>		<b>9. MOVE TO: Building/Division</b>  Ft. Knox, <div style="background-color: black; width: 50px; height: 1.2em; display: inline-block;"></div> <b>67E</b>	
<b>10. ROOM BAR CODE NO.</b>					
<b>11. OTHER DISPOSITION REQUESTED:</b> A. <input type="checkbox"/> TRANSFER TO: _____  B. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> UNREQUIRED PROPERTY  C. <input type="checkbox"/> SCRAP  Original Cost _____  Approx. Date Acquired _____			D. <input type="checkbox"/> TEMPORARY STORAGE AT SSFW PENDING EXCESS  E. <input type="checkbox"/> STORAGE PENDING FUTURE USE (Maximum — 1 year)  F. <input type="checkbox"/> RETRIEVE FROM STORAGE		
<b>12. SUPERINTENDENT'S APPROVAL (FOR SCRAP/STORAGE ONLY)</b>  <div style="text-align: center;">(Signature)</div>  <div style="text-align: center;">(Date)</div>					
<b>13. DESCRIPTION OF ITEM (Make, Model, Serial No.)</b>  29 - Paintings by Beryl Brown Floris See Attached Listing  1 - Painting on Wood		<b>14. BAR CODE NO.</b>		<b>15. CONDITION OF ITEM (SELECT CODE NO.)</b>	
				<b>CONDITION CODE NO.</b> (1) UNUSED — GOOD (2) UNUSED — FAIR (3) UNUSED — POOR (4) USED — GOOD (5) USED — FAIR (6) USED — POOR (7) REPAIRS REQUIRED — 15% OF ACQUISITION COST (8) REPAIRS REQUIRED — 16-40% OF ACQUISITION COST (9) REPAIRS REQUIRED — 41-65% OF ACQUISITION COST (X) SALVAGE (S) SCRAP	
<b>16. SIGNATURE/TITLE OF CUSTODIAL AUTHORITY ACKNOWLEDGING RECEIPT OF ITEM</b>					<b>17. DATE RECEIVED</b>

RECEIVER

12

# C O N T E N T S

1V - Preface - History of the paintings done at the original sites  
of California's Northern Mines Country

PAGE	TITLES	YEAR PAINTED
1. -	✓MALAKOFF DIGGINGS	1967
2. -	✓RELIEF HILL	1968
3. -	✓RELIEF HILL'S WATCHMAN	1968
4. -	✓WASHINGTON ON THE YUBA	1968
5. -	✓THE RED LEDGE	1968
6. -	✓THE ANNEX - MISSING	1966
7. -	✓MANZANITA DIGGINGS	1968
8. -	✓PROSPECT HILL	1966
9. -	✓THE RED CASTLE	1967
10. -	✓NEVADA CITY GOLD MINE	1968
11. -	✓OLD IRON BRIDGE	1968
12. -	✓THE MIDNIGHT	1968
13. -	✓SIN LING LAUNDRY	1968
14. -	✓THE OLD TIMER	1968
15. -	✓OTT'S ASSAY OFFICE	1966
16. -	✓MINERS' FOUNDRY	1965
17. -	✓MINERS' MACHINE SHOP	1966
18. -	✓THE GRACEY	1967
19. -	✓THE STAMP MILL	1966
20. -	✓THE CORNISH PUMP	1966
21. -	✓THE PELTON WHEEL	1966
22. -	✓BOSTON RAVINE	1967
23. -	✓LOLA'S BEAR HOUSE	1966
24. -	✓BOURN'S MANSION - MISSING	1966
25. -	✓THE EMPIRE	1967
26. -	✓THE SCOTIA	1966
27. -	✓THE ORIENTAL	1967
28. -	✓THE OLD CHINESE ROAD	1968
29. -	✓WELLS FARGO - FRENCH CORRAL	1967
30. -	✓RIDGE TELEPHONE COMPANY	1966
31. -	✓PIKE CITY	1968



## PREFACE

California's hard rock mines in the Gold Country known as the Northern Mines, extend throughout Nevada and Sierra Counties. Deep mines followed the first placer, or surface mines and the later hydraulic operations. Extracting gold from quartz required many experienced mining men, workers from tin mines of Cornwall, and engineers from all parts of the world.

Cities of several thousand sprang up in the timbered, mountainous terrain: Red Dog, Washington, Dutch Flat, Rough & Ready, Delirium Tremens, French Corral, Timbuctoo, Wal-lupa, Nevada City, Grass Valley, Pike City, You Bet, Blue Tent, Allegheny, Sierra City -- to name a few. Every race, nationality, every skill, profession, every enterprise, adventure and scheme evolved in the race for gold. Lawyers, journalists, doctors, writers, artists, craftsmen, gamblers, preachers, prostitutes, farmers, dairymen, cattlemen, and even bonded slaves became involved in "gold fever".

After the closing of the mines due in part to the arbitrary price of gold set by the government and to the increasing cost of labor and materials, a few people left the Sierra foothills, but many returned to original trades or professions in the gold country, and others took advantage of the Homestead Act of 1862 to settle on farms of their own.

My own interest in the California gold rush comes from my background. Great Grandfather, Auto Amable Petit, was a friend of General Sutter's. Petit came west in the 1830's. Sutter sent a message to Petit soon after Marshall discovered gold in Colma on the American River in 1848 in which Sutter urged Petit to stake his claim before the rush which Sutter anticipated. Petit did. It is said in our family that Grandfather Petit and his wife Amelia, my Great Grandmother, quit when they had "enough" (gold) and returned to their cattle ranch and fur trading with the Hudson Bay Company.

Victorian elegance remains a characteristic of the Northern Lode Towns which once reflected the high style of life when The North Star, The Golden Center, The Empire, The Scotia, The Idaho-Maryland, The Gracey, The Pennsylvania Mines and the rest were operating in full swing.

My husband, John, and I used Nevada City as a headquarters from which we explored and painted the Northern Mine country. We talked to old timers to find the mine sites, and chose to paint those which were representative of the periods of gold recovery from its discovery in 1849 in Deer Creek until the end of the era in the 1950's. While I painted, John sketched and he also made inquiries into the historical and technical points of mining. His knowledge of machinery and construction and his pencil sketches of detail then gave me an understanding of what I had seen and enhanced my apprecia-

tion of the engineering skills involved in building these great mines.

Most of the scenes in the paintings no longer exist as shown. Some of the out-dated mining machinery and artifacts are in museums, some historical sites have fallen into disrepair through neglect, while others have been set aside and protected as State Parks.

Beryl Brown Floris  
September 1973

THE MALAKOFF  
Fainted summer of 1967

Malakoff Diggins, a man-made bluff 600 feet high in the Sierra Nevada, was created by hydraulic mining which cut a mountain in half. This system of gold recovery was done with powerful streams of water spurting through large nozzels called monitors. Monitors were attached to heavy canvas hoses and riveted pipes fed by water supplied over aqueducts leading from mountain streams. Some of the aqueducts were engineering marvels. Hydraulic operations went on day and night and washed away tons of soil, rocks, trees and brush. At night the work was illuminated by huge kerosene lamps giving off rings of light 100 feet in diameter. Gold was recovered from the debris by enormous rockers.

Near the Malakoff is the town of North Bloomfield, now a small quiet, tree lined village, but once active with the daily lives of several thousand miners and their families. The hydraulic system produced millions in gold but resulted in a running battle between the miners and the farmers in the valleys below who objected to the debris washing down over their fields. But hydraulicking continued until Judge Lorenzo Sawyer's decision of January 9, 1884 which outlawed hydraulicking.

Miles of sterile ridges and stark moon-like craters still mark much of the countryside. Only after nearly a hundred years have second growth pine forests begun to heal the scars.

During the painting of this scene done from the bluff opposite the exposed mountain, the hot summer day was relieved by a single dark cloud over the far hills and an occasional clap of distant thunder. For a long time a single hawk soared over the valley.

The Malakoff Diggins is now a State Park.

RELIEF HILL SCHOOL  
& MEETING HALL  
Painted autumn of 1968

Autumn at Relief Hill, high on the western slopes of the Sierras, is a splash of color among the dark pines. In 1847 a rescue crew was sent out from what later became known as Relief Hill to help the ill-fated Donner party caught by an October blizzard that swept over the mountain pass a few miles further on. During rugged hydraulickin' days the town was alive with the clatter of blacksmith and machine shop commotion, sounds of anvil and forge making mining equipment and repairs for supply wagons, and shodding mules and oxen that were the accepted mode of travel in early days.

When we visited Relief Hill the only inhabitant was the watchman, Bill Bolton, who lived in a two story frame house constructed of foot wide pine boards. Bill was hired to discourage trespassers scrounging for old bottles and mining artifacts in and under and about the shops and sheds.

Berry bushes and fruit trees planted by early settlers, together with manzanita and ink-berry shrubs, indigenous to the country, mingled their fragrance with the thick carpet of pine needles all around under the trees that surrounded the village. Bird songs and the squawk of blue jays broke through the silence.

Relief Hill is now a ghost town. The old school and community center stands abandoned.

RELIEF HILL'S WATCHMAN  
Painted summer of 1968

Bill Bolton, the watchman of the ghost town of Relief Hill, sits near his depleted wood pile. Bill is a hunter and an artist. Winter brings deer and fox, skunks and other animals near his camp. They pause long enough for Bill to get a sketch. Bill is an American Indian educated at U C L A. Home made wooden signs nailed on trees here and there warn, "Keep away, trespassers will be shot". Bolton keeps a shot gun handy and when he is away he hangs long underwear and some weather-beaten shirts on his clothes line to fool intruders. His job is to keep the old mine artifacts from "walking off" and to prevent the many bottle hunters from burning down the buildings in their searches. While I was doing this painting, Bill told stories about the country. He recalled that early one morning two middle aged "ladies" showed up from Los Angeles. For a long time they scurried about and collected a pile of old bottles. Bill watched from his doorway. Finally he strolled over, carrying his shot gun, and asked, "Where did you get these?". They pointed here and there - the school house, the out-buildings, the vacant houses, the shops, Then Bill said, "Now put them all back", and emphasized his request with a flourish of his gun. The cursing the two women gave him, said Bill, included cuss words he'd never heard even in the Marines. They put the bottles back, and with threatening gestures warned him they were driving straight to the county seat to report him to the sheriff. They did. The Sheriff listened, then pointed to a wall map and said, "Ma'am, you show me where all this happened." They pointed to the spot; then the sheriff said, "You were trespassing. That will be \$50.00 apiece." Later, the sheriff split with Bill, he said.

Winter storms are fierce around Relief Hill, and even today if the few prospectors and settlers don't show up soon after a storm, they are rescued by men on snow shoes or in helicopters. Local police and foresters keep track of all inhabitants up Relief Hill way. The bare branch of the elm at the background of the painting was stripped of its bark by a bolt of lightening in a recent winter storm.

WASHINGTON ON THE YUBA  
Painted summer of 1968

A few forest service families still live at Washington. Summer people also come and picnic on the Yuba nearby, which flows over sandy stretches and rock lined pools. When we came to paint, our reception committee was a large assortment of dogs, all sizes, breeds and colors, all barking in unison. We and the dogs were ignored by the people going in and out of the one store, the restaurant, and the bar.

Washington was once a rugged, prospectors' stamping ground with shacks, tents, saloons, cabins, boarding houses, churches and stores. In the center of these gold-bearing hills, stores were often built of rip-rapped rock, like fortresses, protection for the merchandise. An example is the store and Wells Fargo office in the foreground with a bandit-proof safe for deposits awaiting the uncertain stage coach trip to San Francisco. Black Bart, the imaginative, elusive San Francisco highwayman worked these parts and specialized in Wells Fargo stage robberies, until his laundry mark gave away his identity and ended his career. The stone store was built by an early German settler and is said to be Nevada County's oldest structure. It now serves as a museum for mining artifacts.

Our original reason for traveling to Washington was to paint the old stone jail, easily spotted a year or so before by the small, barred window. But the local towns people had had it torn down - we were too late. Maybe memories of the wild band that made up many of the vigilante committee were too vivid. Some of the early vigilante would have been more suited for the gallows they were so quick to use than the "culprits" they strung up..

THE RED LEDGE  
Painted summer of 1968

The opening of the tunnel which leads into the Red Ledge Gold Mine is all but covered with brush --- wild lilac, manzanita, myrtle, bracken, blackberry bushes and other forest undergrowth beneath the surrounding jack pines. The mine is all but inaccessible. A narrow dirt road along the wooded canyon over the hill from Washington leads to the Red Ledge. In the painting is an old, rusty mine bucket on its narrow gauge tracks and also the metal pipe leading into the tunnel which once supplied air to operate the pneumatic drills.

This famous mine produced unusual "filigree" gold; a sample may be seen at the Smithsonian. The lace-like designs of filigree gold were formed when the metal replaced vegetation which had been imbedded in the quartz in much the same way that trees are petrified by minerals replacing vegetable cells.

Just out of the painting to the right stands a blacksmith shop. The anvil outside the shop shows in the composition. Beyond the shop is an abandoned log cabin, well-constructed but with evidence that wood rats and spiders have been about. Nearby, a tree with a diameter of about two and one-half feet has completely grown around and imbedded an iron vice so that only the edges of the clamps are visible at the sides of the tree trunk.

The day I painted was hot. Mosquitoes in astronomical numbers buzzed about. In early, busy times wood fires must have provided some smudge protection from these hords. Even so, the location along the mountain-side was peaceful and beautiful.

We hiked to the Red Ledge and packed in painting equipment and food. The dirt roads leading to the mine site were circuitous and shaded by the heavy forest. A branch road led us astray for awhile but finally we came to the rough board gate that marked the mine. The difficult access to the Red Ledge led to endless speculation as to how the mine was located in the beginning. It is said hereabouts that an old prospector can smell gold and does not need a geologist or an engineer to guide him.

THE ANNEX  
OF THE NATIONAL HOTEL  
Painted summer of 1968

The National Hotel shown in this painting, with the Annex, has been in continuous operation since the 1850's. Many well known persons have stayed here in addition to thousands of guests from many parts of the country interested in the history of the Northern Gold Mines. The old Annex was torn down in 1968 to the regret of many who were aware of its history and charm. A bridge also serving as a solarium, crossed between the main building and the Annex over a roadway which led, at one time, to the stables and out-buildings at the rear.

The National is furnished in victorian style with contemporary conveniences. The National Bar is rich in gold mining memorabilia assembled by Robert Gilbert and Sven Skaar, two well-known artists and collectors.

The Worths, Dick and Jeanne, owned and operated the National until 1972. Many times we were guests and enjoyed its comforts and privileges. In the 50's we lived in the Annex where a suite of rooms was converted into an apartment for us.

The present owners, Nan and Dick Ness are carrying on the tradition of hospitality in a victorian setting.

While painting this scene I had my easel set up across the street from the Annex in a small park. On a bench behind the easel one of the old timers who lived at the National, sat watching me paint. At the end of the second day of painting my viewer pointed across the street and in a quiet voice with a Cornish accent said, "Ma'am, are you painting that building"?



MANZANITA DIGGINGS  
A VIEW FROM THE OLD ANNEX  
Painted summer of 1968

This painting was done from an old, wall-papered room in the Annex of the National Hotel. The balustrades, scaly with many coats of paint, mark the balcony running along the front of the hotel. The Plaza at the junction of Deer Creek and Little Deer Creek is reflected on the open door window, and the hills are visible beyond the town. The bare spot on the distant ridge is Manzanita Diggings, a hydraulic mining operation now slowly being covered by brush and trees.

Below the diggings is Gopher Hill, now dotted with homes. Gopher Hill earned its name from the many dug-out claims, limited in size to 10 square geet, which peppered the slope in mining days.

Among the gold seekers were Southern "gentlemen" who brought with them their slaves to do the diggings. Some had homes built in Southern colonial style where they entertained friends and played poker while occasionally checking, through spyglasses, on their slaves who were working their claims. Some of the Southerners brought along bales of goobers and sold them at 20 pearuts for a dollar to the miners.

The painting shows a few victorian houses along the street and the butressed structure of St. Candice, a Catholic Church built in 1864. Also visible is a section of the old Post Office with a flag at half mast as a tribute to Robert Kennedy who was assassinated the day this painting was begun.

PROSPECT HILL  
Painted during summer of 1968

Prospect Hill is seen here from back of the Old National Hotel Annex. The hill was once a clutter of tents and shacks set up by early prospectors who fanned out over the country looking for placer gold after rich deposits were discovered at the junction of Deer Creek and Little Deer Creek at the base of Prospect Hill. The settlement eventually grew into the town of Nevada City. The discovery site became the junction of the town's streets and was called The Plaza. Today a freeway crosses the site, but there's still gold to be found. Recently the grandson of a grocer whose store was near the Plaza returned to the site of the grocery and recovered \$7,000 worth of nuggets.

At the time I painted Prospect Hill its victorian and modern homes were almost hidden by the trees and bushes in the yards and gardens. The outstanding white house at the hill crest was built by the superintendent of a thriving lumber business in an elaborate victorian style with carpenter's lace along the eaves and parqué floors of oak and walnut throughout. Logging eventually replaced gold mining as the area's most lucrative industry.

Near the base of the hill remains the Old Brewery, now run as a bar and Chinese restaurant. A reminder of gold rush days, "Boss Road Overalls" in large faded print spreads across the side of an abandoned store at the roadside. Some of the old frame houses down near the overgrown creek-side were propped up by timbers from the outside. In one venerable, aging structure is Tarantino's, a local bar with the look of an old time saloon with matching customers who seem to have been there since the gold rush. I hoped to paint the interior of this picturesque retreat but when I appeared at the door someone approached me, closed the door and informed me, "We're closed now". (It was early evening.) I can see no other approach than to work my way in as a steady customer.

THE "RED CASTLE"  
Painted summer of 1968

The Red Castle on the crest of Prospect Hill, Nevada City, was built in all its four-story carpenter's lacyness by a lucky prospector who "struck it rich".

The paneled doors, the three-story, heavy, curved walnut balustrade, and fitted flooring were brought to the hillside location without benefit of truck or railway. Many tales have grown from the castle. One favorite is about the reputed tunnel, a passage from the castle's cellar to the old Brewery still standing about 100 feet below at the Plaza on Deer Creek. During the 1930's and 40's and 50's the castle fell into disrepair and neglect but remained occupied in part by an old widower, Mr. Edgington, who had inherited the place from his wife. He set up a lathe on the rug in the center of his furnished living room. On the walls hung many pictures in elaborate gold frames of his wife's ancestors. Edgington made wooden collection plates of curly maple.

Once we considered buying and restoring this picturesque reminder of better days and at that time Edgington and John and I explored the cellar for any hint of the mysterious passage, but with no success. We did note, however, that part of the crumbling back wall of caved-in bricks and dirt, seemed suspicious and might have led to the opening of a tunnel.

The present owners, at great expense and with impeccable taste, have restored the castle which is now a warm and friendly inn with authentic furnishings related to the architecture and decore of its hey-day.

Another lively tale persists about the original owner's habit of serenading the town with familiar hymns played from the upper balcony on his cornet -- usually early on Sunday mornings, a jolt to the many faithful who kept the ten or fifteen saloons operating at high pitch along Broad Street, below, Saturday nights.

NEVADA CITY GOLD MINE  
Painted spring of 1968

The double opening of this mine on Deer Creek is visible from the Old Iron Bridge nearby, but not easily accessible even though the business district is only two blocks away. Being secretive about one's mining location is typical, especially when the mine is not being worked.

The twin openings into the tunnel are dwarfed by the huge boulders marking the site. The miner's shacks above were painted in various colors with whatever was at hand, for weather resistance rather than for beauty. The shack interiors were heated by wood-burning stoves. Plumbing problems in the "gold" period were simply solved -- an outside privy and a bucket to carry in household water from the creek met these needs.

During the painting of this scene my easel was planted in a shallow pool at the edge of the fast running Deer Creek. A man who had spotted us from the bridge, came scurrying down. He was dressed in a business suit and said he was a newspaper reporter. He thought he'd discovered snipers. When our visitor learned it was only someone painting a wall of rock and two holes, he decided this was not a story.

A sniper would have been a scoop, if the reporter had dared to speak out. Someone who pans gold on another man's property is a sniper. Many a shooting scrape has evolved from such an operation.

Old prints of this location from about 1868 show a complete mine with crushers, cyanide vats, machine shops and all the other appurtenances of gold recovery from hard rock. Also in the old prints can be seen extensive winyards stretching over the hills nearby. The mining operations are now replaced with blocks of houses and stores, and the shacks have been acquired by loggers and summer people.

THE OLD IRON BRIDGE  
Painted mid-summer, 1968

This arched, iron bridge was built in 1904 over the confluence of Gold Run and Deer Creek to replace a suspension bridge designed by Andrew Hallidie of San Francisco cable car fame. Hallidie's bridge collapsed under a team of oxen which killed both the driver and his beasts.

Wagons and buggies rumbled over the Iron Bridge for years. The narrow two-way span also provides a partially protected walk-way on the downstream side for those going to and from the village stores and Piety Hill across the creek. Now, fast moving cars and trucks race across its shaky surface and during winter months after a storm, splash mud and slush onto the faces of hapless walkers caught midway. The hazards of the walk are repaid by the view of swift waters over huge boulders, and tree tops changing with the seasons.

Gold Run and Deer Creek together rush around the bends and over the rocks to join the Yuba River down toward Rough and Ready.

At the left of the painting are remains of the old Italian Mine which lies across from the Nevada City Gold Mine marked by the miners' shacks above.

THE MIDNIGHT  
Painted midsummer, 1968

The Midnight is on Piety Hill at the foot of a 100 feet embankment, out of sight of nearby quiet streets and houses. Once there was a bridge over Deer Creek from the Midnight across to a wagon road (now Bridge Street) on the opposite bank near the old Foundry. Before the Creek was controlled by the P G E Drum Dam in the mountains, winter storms often caused Deer Creek to rise over ten feet. One of these storms had washed out the low-built bridge.

The Midnight in the painting is seen from the top of the headframe. The flooded mine shaft and the meandering glimpses of Deer Creek below show through the brush and bushes and blackberry vines. Manzanita and myrtle grow among the maples and firs and pine crowding the mine. Now deer frequent the shelter of the mine's isolated sheds and graze along the creek banks.

The Midnight, according to local stories, still has "plenty of gold in her". Anywhere from \$2,200 to \$200 million up has come from 'er, depending on with whom you talk and in which saloon.

THE SIN LING  
Painted during summer of 1968

The Sin Ling (or the Sing Ling) not only has two names, but two identities, depending on which old-timer you credit. The building was originally owned by a pioneer and made of locally manufactured bricks. An identical building stands next door. One was once a Chinese laundry and the other a Chinese grocery store. During the 1950's I recall two signs on the building in the painting. The one at the side said "Sin Ling" and the one in front said "Sing Ling". A long time resident of Nevada City who visited me while the painting was in progress recalled the corner as a laundry. She also remembered walking by evenings and listening to the "Chinamen" in the basement, playing fan-tan and other gambling games. The Chinese families lived in the full-sized attic above.

The identical building next door, now restored by local artists and used as a gallery and meeting place, is also claimed to have been Sing Ling's laundry, although some insist that it was, instead, the grocery store.

There were many Chinses in the gold camps but they were not accepted citizens in pioneer days except as laundrymen or cooks and grocers. They were hard-pressed to protect any findings if they were lucky in the gold fields, and hid whatever wealth they had until it could be smuggled out of the area. A Chinese burial ground lay outside Nevada City, but it has been repeatedly raided for treasures such as ginger jars and bowls.

Notice in the painting the off-center window in the attic, probably an after thought, and built without regard for outside appearances.

The part of the laundry seen in the painting was destroyed by fire soon after I was there. However, the rest of the building has been restored and now in use as a rock shop and a crafts center.

THE OLD TIMER  
Painted in summer of 1968

Carl Falk ended his days as a furniture restorer, clock repairman and National Hotel handyman. He painted oils of rigged ships done from memory of early times when he had set out as a boy from Sweden and sailed before the mast. Like many others, he contracted "gold fever" and jumped ship in San Francisco to head for the hills. Carl worked in various mines, and he also worked his own claims, their locations known only to him.

Carl dressed-up for this "sitting" in the room of the old National Annex where he lived, surrounded by clocks, paints and the paraphernalia of his many hobbies. He died about a year after this painting was made. Carl was one of the last of the old time prospectors.

In mining days prospectors often appeared in town in outlandish regalia. Sharp traders unloaded upon both the sober and the inebriated, any goods they could lay their hands on, old and shopworn, appropriate and inappropriate. A miner coming off his digs might appear in a broadcloth coat, top hat and buttoned shoes just because that's all there was to be had. A gold nugget stick-pin and a gold tooth-pick were the status symbols for having "hit it".



OTT'S ASSAY OFFICE  
Painted during summer, 1966

Ott's Assay office in Nevada City now sits with its back to a cement lined freeway cut. The location from which this view was painted no longer exists, since the spot was about 20 feet above the present highway. It would require the sustained position of a hummingbird to duplicate the viewpoint.

During the many years the building lay neglected, history-oriented citizens petitioned and loudly urged that it remain intact, but, as the city manager, Beryl Robinson, complained, "They all yell 'Save the Assay Office', but not a soul will shovel off the heavy snow from its sagging roof in winter". Toward the last, the building was held together by a heavy cable around its middle like a belt. Finally in the 1970's Ott's underwent a renovation which consisted mainly of reenforcements within and a coating of yellow paint over the outside. Unfortunately, the assaying equipment was removed and donated to the Oakland Museum, so that only Ott's shell remains.

Before the building was painted a solid yellow color, its back wall presented a remarkable variety of angles, corners and additions, all of different building materials, and chimneys for wood stoves appeared here and there in unaccountable places.

Ott's was conveniently located for the miners and prospectors coming to town: dozens of saloons, eating places, hotels and rooming houses were nearby. The old National Hotel is visible in the background of the painting.

James J. Ott, the assayer, was a cousin of General Sutter on whose property gold in California was first discovered. Ott's office assayed millions of dollars worth of gold for the Northern Mines and in 1859 the assay proved the silver content from the Comstock Lode in the then un-named territory across the Sierra Nevada Mountains and triggered a stampede to the silver mines in what is now called the State of Nevada.

THE MINERS' MACHINE SHOP  
Painted spring of 1965

Both the Miners' Machine shop and the Miners' Foundry nearby are in Nevada City on Deer Creek. They have been doing business since the height of the gold mining operations in the Northern Mines. All types of mining equipment were made at the machine shop including the plumbago or graphite crucibles used in the final recovery of amalgamated gold, and the famous Pelton wheel which had been invented by a miner in the settlement of Camptonville further up in the Sierras.

The wheel was originally devised by Albert Pelton for his landlady who wanted to operate her sewing machine with water power. Albert got the idea when he was hosing down his horse. When the water hit his horse's flank the resulting fan-like spray gave him the concept in water-wheel propulsion that resulted in his now famous Pelton Wheel. Because of its unique design with metal cups mounted along the rim, the Pelton wheel could efficiently supply power and air for the deep mines. The wheel outside the Miners' Machine shop commemorates its importance in the spectacular development of 19th century California mining.

When I painted the machine shop its exterior was of dark wood, but it has since been covered with metal. Even as I was preserving on canvas the bunch grass and tall weeds in the open yard in front, an iron scraper came to remove them in a cloud of dust.

Both the Miners' Machine Shop and the Miners' Foundry are in the process of being converted to an American Victorian Museum to reflect the style of living during mining days.

THE MINERS' FOUNDRY  
Painted summer of 1966

The view of the Miners' Foundry in the painting is from the lower Deer Creek side, and best shows the skill of the early masons who built with native rock. The Foundry still houses the "Glasgow", an enormous lathe over ten feet high, imported in 1868 from Scotland and still in use.

Trucks, tracks, trommels, gold pans, blow boxes, monitors, flumes, barbs, and riveted pipe up to 40 inches in diameter were some of the many items either manufactured or repaired in the Miners' Foundry.

The old iron wheel leaning against the stone foundation is gone today. During the painting, bottle hunters were scrounging beneath a hundred year old house across the road on which was a large sign, "Keep Out". The road along side leads to the banks of Deer Creek and a road along the bank to the anchor of what was once a suspension, foot bridge over Deer Creek to the beginning of Tribulation Trail on the other side.

The Foundry is being converted into an American Victorian Museum.

THE GRACEY  
Painted summer of 1967

The wooden headframe of the Gracey is all but overgrown with blackberry vines, manzanita, willows and maples in its location among the pines. The Gracey mine shaft is now filled and inoperable and the headframe of peeled logs with the bull-wheel at the top is all that remains. The construction of the frame from native trees is a monument to the skills of the early timber foreman.

Prospector and lapidary, George Higer, who lives nearby, recalled the Gracey's location and directed us to it. Like other successful prospectors in these days, and those before him, he has located deposits in the Northern Mining region about which he remains silent, or discusses with caution. When George directed me to the Gracey he emphasized it was the "G-r-a-c-e-y" and not to be spelled with that fancy "i-e". When he saw the finished painting he commented, "Well, there is only one thing wrong with it --- you can tell what it is".

The road past the Gracey leads to Dutch Flat, an early mining town which has survived and retained its original quaintness. Stage coaches from Donner Pass going to Sacramento went through here and forded Bear Creek enroute to Red Dog, a settlement no longer existing. At the ford as recently as in 1960, a tractor was parked by the creek with a box attached on which was a sign, "\$5.00 Please". Travelers could use the tractor to extract their cars which often stalled while fording the creek. On our last trip to Red Dog and Dutch Flat and other early sites along the ancient river channels where gold was found, we were with Harry P. "Horse Power" Davis, an eminent mining engineer, writer and historian, author of Black Gold. It was H.P. who wrote many of the early mining laws. He is gone, the tractor is gone, but the Gracey still stands.

THE STAMP MILL  
Painted summer of 1966

The Golden Center Stamp Mill stood at the top of a rocky slope on Wolf Creek near the mine shaft. The mill stamped quartz from Golden Center and other smaller mines. The twenty stamps, each weighing 600 pounds, pulverized rocks brought up from the deep tunnels as the first step in recovering gold from quartz. During operating days the loud thumping of the stamps could be heard day and night for miles. Great bull-wheels supported at the top on the mill frame were greased with a mixture of molasses and graphite and attracted clouds of bees and other insects all summer long. Lubricating oil could not be used as it would have effected the amalgamation of the ore in the next stage of recovering gold from the crushed rock.

Quick-silver was used in amalgamating and the "quick-man" or amalgamator was kept track of by the mercury-tally bookkeeper. The "quick-man" was in the best position for "high-grading", (stealing processed gold).

High-grading (stealing gold ore from the mines) was almost considered part of the off-record wage. Old timers say one could hear sounds of rock-crushing from many a miner's home after work hours, ore smuggled out in lunch buckets and other devices. Some mines hired men to report high-grading suspects and kept a "black list" for a check when hiring. Even in the 1950's I recall that a miner on Piety Hill was shot at his own doorway by his partner for supposed highgrading. Hear-say nowadays claims some former miners and their descendents are operating successful businesses with funds they acquired from after-hour, off-record wages. Needless to say, just "who" or "what business" is never named.

In the painting a pine tree is growing out of the lower, timbered section of the Mill and is a measure of the passage of time since the pounding stamps last sounded.

The Golden Center Stamp Mill has since been moved to the Miner's Museum on Wolf Creek in Grass Valley.

THE CORNISH PUMP  
Painted summer of 1966

The Cornish Pump standing near the old mine shaft of The Golden Center Mine was also connected with the Scotia Mine 1,000 feet below the ground and a mile away. Three-stage Cornish pumps, connected in tandem, were used to keep mines dry. These giants stood ten feet high. The pump rod, often a mile long, was made of wood spliced with iron plates and followed the shaft, often in pitches of 40 degrees. The weight of the splicing plates and belts has been estimated at 35,000 pounds and with wood, about 100,000 pounds. Balanced, and moving back and forth six feet at a stroke four times a minute, the Cornish pump must have been something to behold, as it is even now when not in action. The pump operators were top men in importance to the mine, and they were Cornishmen. From the skills they had learned in the tin mines in Cornwall, these men had the know-how of hard rock mining operations which the first placer miners did not understand.

The Cornish Pump in the painting is now in the Miners' Museum in Grass Valley. A state highway now runs through the mound where it stood originally.

THE PELTON WHEEL  
Painted summer of 1966

Is this an old monastery, this stone enclosure, roofless, with thick rip-rapped granite walls streaked with quartz and a sparkling of "fools-gold"? At the sides are deep-set, arched openings looking out to the trees along Wolf Creek. On the opposite side looms a sterile mound, a slag heap. Inside balances a twenty-five foot wheel with a few iron cups attached to the rim. Floor levels within are of rough cement and have openings into the lower compartments where bolts and rivets remain to which machinery was once attached.

No, not a monastery, but the Compressor House, housing the Pelton Wheel, the unique wheel that made possible the conversion of water energy into pneumatic energy.

My canvas was set up, and the painting well underway when a teen-age scattering appeared. They attached themselves to the spokes of the wheel. Their bodies whirled round and round and dipped out of sight with each revolution into a narrow cement groove at the wheel base. Even though the whirlers seemed glued to the spokes, I grew tense with concern and braced for a yell from a fallen body at any moment. Painting became impossible. Finally, a friend, Alec Paulick, who was with me, walked over to the whirlers and said something to them out of my hearing. They straggled off across the creek and under the trees. Stones soon came flying over the wall toward us as they shouted something. Their aims were poor, so I began painting again. Soon our attackers wandered off up creek. I asked Alec what he had said to them, and he confessed that he had told them that I was an official from the courthouse and they were going to be reported for trespassing. From under the trees they had been shouting, "Who does she think she is, anyway?"

This particular Pelton Wheel is the largest one in existence and remains in its original place. The "monastery" has been roofed and the adjoining section also restored. The Compressor House is now an officially recognized Miners' Museum in Grass Valley.

BOSTON RAVINE -- COMPRESSOR HOUSE  
Painted summer of 1967

In this painting is another view of the Pelton Wheel Compressor House on Wolf Creek. The Pelton Wheel shadow falls on the rip-rapped wall. Beyond an opening is Wolf Creek and more history, the archway of the Chinese-built aqueduct which brought water to operate the wheel from the man made lake formed at the Empire Mine two miles away. The water flow under the wheel transformed the energy in the lake water, into pneumatic force used to operate equipment as far away as the North Star. This system was the idea of Arthur Foote, superintendent of the North Star Mine. The aqueduct over Wolf Creek also served as a foot-bridge and is so used today.

A heavy growth of alders, maples and underbrush almost hides the foot bridge along the aqueduct and continues along the bank beside the Compressor House.

The North Star home of the Arthur Footes is located among the pine forests in the same area. The foundation was built with gold bearing mine rock worth recovery, it is said. The Foote's large, "U" shaped ranch style house with extensive lawns and flowers, shrubs and out-buildings, was once the setting of an Ibsen play given by a local theatrical group. Part of the staging was on the veranda and part on a temporary stage under the pines built to resemble a dock. The audience obliged by reversing their seats to face the two stages as the play progressed. In one scene on the "dock" two principles improvised on and on and on, waiting for a delayed entrance during which time everyone back stage became frantic that the missing actor might have fallen into one of the many open mine shafts scattered under the pines. He finally dashed in on a delayed cue; he had been enjoying the performance from the veranda and had forgotten that he was part of the scene.

The Foote residence together with its out-buildings and gardens is now a private school and accomodates young people in its many rooms and by its friendly hearth.



LOLA'S GRIZZLY-BEAR HOUSE  
Painted summer of 1966

Lola Montez, baptised Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanne Gilbert, was born of Irish parents in 1818 in Limerick, Ireland. She chose to be of Spanish descent and danced her way to fame and intermittent fortune among the royalty of Europe. She gave the illusion of great beauty and charm; her dancing and acting were a joke. Lola was quoted as saying, "Don't marry for money but go where money is". She became the uncrowned queen of Bavaria, a mistress of King Ludwig who made her the Countess of Landsfeldt. Her extravagant demands were so great, King Ludwig had to increase the price of beer and tax his subjects beyond endurance which resulted in his own downfall. After her exile Lola came to America and found her way into the performance-hungry gold-mining camps of California with her Spider Dance. Eventually she married a San Francisco newspaper man, Pat Hull, and they bought a place in Grass Valley. Hull wrote a daily column which started with, "Howdy, You Old Horse Thief," while Lola attempted to enter the community life. The Hulls kept a bear, Lola's pet, and as the story goes, the bear eventually bit Hull "where he sat down" so "he up and shot the critter". After less than two years, Lola departed in a huff from Grass Valley where her extravagant dress and street appearances leading three jeweled-collared dogs on leashes were frowned upon by the conservative Cornish wives who were then leaders of community activities. Before she left, Lola had befriended a small child who lived nearby and had taught her to dance. The child was Lotta Crabtree whose later popularity won her recognition and warm receptions in San Francisco. In gratitude, Lotta gave the city the fountain named for her, presently located across from the Palace Hotel on Market Street.

In the painting the bear-house with its dove cote above, together with the back section of the house visible among the poplars were the original buildings - the large addition to the house was added later. The bear-house is now a heap of rubble and the dwelling a neglected shamble threatened with extinction.

BOURN'S "MANSION"  
Painted summer of 1966

Old timers say, "The whole shebang musta cost plenty". This stone ediface was the summer house of the W. V. Bourn family. Bourn owned the Empire Mine estate. The handsome buttressed structure of mined granite, brick and timbers, set in the Empire gardens surrounded by a lawn, many trees, not all indiginous, rose gardens, a solarium, carriage houses, gardeners' and workmen's houses, tennis courts, a 40 foot pool, a waterfall from two fountains in lily-covered ponds, is a surprising sight even today, out there in the pine forest.

When I set up the easel two elderly Chinese gardeners met us. They knew Elmer Stevens, the local historian who had given us the directions to get to the mansion as "Steve". "He's a Cousin Jack and so are we", they said, adding, "We Chinese Cousin Jacks." When a Cornishman was hired in the mines he usually asked the foreman, "'ave 'e got a job for my Cousin Jack?" The Cornish people who brought their families and came to work the hard rock mines added their conservative and religious culture to the Northern Mine Communities and were a stabilizing influence.

But back to the Mansion. Its many small rooms were heated by fireplaces, leather drapes hung at the doorways inside and the leaded window panes gave the outside a rich, old-world effect. Seasons are reflected on the stone house by virginia creeper - in winter a tangle of gray stems, then yellow green in spring, dark green in summer and finally a blaze of yellow and orange in fall. The pale yellow sky in the painting has a characteristically transparent look above the stone house and the dark trees all around. As I painted, occasionally among the water lily pads in the pond beside me, a frog plopped into sight, then down again to the muddy bottom.

Vandalism threatened the gardens and the house in the 1960's, but lately Bourn's Mansion has been acquired by the State as a public park and so will survive.

THE EMPIRE - HEAD FRAME  
Painted summer of 1967

The famous Empire mine was built on Ophir Hill outside of Grass Valley. God-fearing pioneers of the West named the hill from their biblical knowledge, "And they came to Ophir and fetched from thence gold", (1 Kings, 1X, 28). The Empire's head frame constructed of native timber, stood over the shaft of one of the world's deepest and richest gold mines. The Empire once had 360 miles of underground tunnels and a crew of 750 men and mules for pulling the mine cars, each mule named and with a work number and kept on their own special time role, all digging for gold in the Ophir Hill Ledge. The Empire combined with the North Star Mine, during the last of the gold operations, and formed the Empire-Star Mine. By 1950 production had reached \$136,000,000 in the combined venture.

A year or two after this scene was painted, the head frame was burned down; it had become rickety and hazardous. If the Empire ever should be re-opened, a new headframe would require more modern building materials. The original frame was an engineering marvel even by today's standards. The great bull-wheels at the top regulated a cable that lowered the skips which, by the time the mine closed in 1956, carried miners to a depth of 11,007 feet. Parallel skips operated on a principal once used by San Francisco's cable cars. A skip going down was used to counter-balance one coming up, thus saving power. The number of miners per skip was controlled by a foreman on top. There's a story about a Cornish foreman who yelled down to men below at the end of a shift, "How Many?" "Five" was the answer. Yelled back the Cornish Foreman, "'alf of 'e come up!"

THE SCOTIA  
Painted summer of 1966

The Scotia was an operating gold mine until 1955. Much of the heavy machinery, including the discarded Rootes blower in the foreground of the painting represents the early iron equipment that is now obsolete. The Scotia was interconnected by labryinths about 1,000 feet below to the Golden Center Mine about a mile away.

It was at the Scotia that the last of the Northern hard-rock miners worked. Toward the last a Cornishman named Proom and five other men worked the Scotia on shares. They did the digging, the shoring up of the tunnels and rock hauling, and the mine paid for the equipment, including the timbers. Their pay was a percentage of the gold taken. Finally the mine could not afford to meet operating expenses and closed for good.

While I was painting the scene, some ten years after the final shut-down, neighbor boys ran in and out of the grounds carrying off the manganese balls about three inches in diameter. The boozy hired watchman nearby was in no condition to care what was being carried off or by whom. John wandered about the grounds and peeked into the assay office which had been taken over by spiders and squirrels and rats as evidenced by festoons of webs and pine nuts and droppings scattered about. The balances and bottles for acids and other assay equipment remained. I learned later that the manganese balls had replaced the old stamp mills and were used in a centrifuge to powder mine rock in the gold recovery processing.

But what about the Tommyknockers, I said to myself, those immortal creatures, part gremlin part gnome, who came with the miners from Cornwall to warn them of dangers and to protect them? The Tommyknockers once amused themselves by hiding tools and by playing harmless tricks in the underground passages. They all must have finally gathered at the Scotia, and then, when it too closed, returned to Cornwall and the tin mines. No need to tap the sounds on mine timbers to warn of impending dangers - "e's no' down there to 'ear, anymore."

THE ORIENTAL  
Painted summer of 1967

John and I drove to the Oriental on Kanaka Creek in Sierra County over the scary, narrow, Chinese Road dug out for supply wagons along the towering banks of the South Yuba. Cave-ins from water trickling from canyon walls frequently left us with only three wheels on solid ground, the other suspended about 1,000 feet above nothing. But the hospitality of the Oriental's mining engineer and owner, Don Dickey, who met us with his jeep ("the ONLY way to travel" in these parts) made up for everything.

The Oriental, above Celestial Valley, has been in continuous operation since it was patented in 1868 by President Ulysses S. Grant.

Kanaka Creek and Celestial Valley are more than names on a map. Sutter came to California by way of Hawaii and brought along his own cheap labor, the native Hawaiians (Sandwich Islanders, then), the Kanaka. Kanakas were lumped in with the Chinese, and called "Celestials" by white settlers, and were forbidden to prospect in white man's territory. Forced beyond what was thought at the time to be the northern-most boundary of the gold-bearing ancient river channels, they tried their luck up the Creek named for them and into Celestial Valley which turned out to be still another ancient channel. It is history now that one of the richest gold finds was on Kanaka Creek, where a main quartz outcropping became the Oriental Mine.

The local Indians who were also forbidden by the white settlers to stake claims on their own land, accepted these pig-tailed Orientals as humans. The story goes that an early Indian chief had a Celestial thrown into a creek from a foot bridge, announcing that "If it swims he must be one of us". It swam.

I hear summer people are coming into the hills and bringing sauna baths, motel accommodations and shopping centers to Sierra County "in a mountain setting like a Swiss resort".

In the painting is a glimpse of Kanaka Creek above one of the Oriental Mine buildings.

THE OLD CHINESE ROAD  
Painted summer of 1968

The Old Chinese Road begins at the Tyler-Foote crossing in Sierra County and crawls along the banks of the South Yuba. The narrow dirt road was blasted out along the towering cliffs that rise 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the river below. Engineers hired coolie laborers at 25¢ per day and stone masons from Italy to build this rugged wagon supply route. Many of the precipitous sections are re-enforced by skilled rip-rapping (fitted rock work), an all but lost trade today. Everything from a single horse to freight teams of horses or mules or oxen, traveled over the road bed. One teamster named Chase had a foursome made up of one horse, one mule, one burro and one steer!

While I was painting, my easel perched at one of the hair-pin curves near the summit, the valley below was partially shrouded by a mid-summer haze. Now and then a jeep load of hunters or fishermen drove by. A bob cat walked across the road and down into the brush. Far below I could hear the put-put of apparatus being used by scuba divers to vacuum the river bottom for gold. One of the jeeps stopped beside me and two tipsy men, both carrying guns, inspected my painting. My visitors were guards to warn off snipers from the river operation below.

Trickles of water came out of the rock walls along the roadside and formed mossy coverings in all shades of green. Many small flowers and many varieties of ferns grew along the streams. All along the steep slope heavy manzanita brush and other vegetation grew in clumps between the rock outcroppings.

On some maps this wagon trail appears as the "Tyler-Foote Road" but when we asked an old hunter who lived along the Yuba where the crossing continued he said, "You mean the old Chinese Road. That's what we call it in these parts".

WELLS FARGO - FRENCH CORRAL  
Painted summer of 1967

Wells Fargo Company launched an express business in the west in 1851. A network of brick buildings was located throughout the Gold Country, strongholds to protect the gold being held for shipment to the outside. In the painting one sees a gabled roof; the original roof underneath is flat and made of iron sheeting, soldered together. The added roof was recently built as a protection for the aging structure. Heavy iron doors and iron shutters safeguarded the supplies inside. At the time I was painting here Wells Fargo in French Corral had recently been bought by Joé Cordova, a local farmer, to rescue it from souvenir collectors. The year before Cordova had been powerless to save the brick building just down the road, the site of the world's first long distance phone company, which was hauled away and sold, brick by brick.

In French Corral, once a mining community of several thousand, skeletons of house frames remain along the back roads as well as old fruit trees, flowering shrubs and even two royal palms, planted by original settlers. In a pasture over the fence, riding horses were a reminder to us of the early Frenchmen who settled here to farm and work in the placer mines and hydraulic mines.

Wells Fargo offices were strongholds and refuges for early settlers as well as protection for gold against bandits. Burnt out families escaping from devastating fires, often ran to the Wells Fargo offices as a haven. Their wooden houses and jerry-built shacks heated by wood burning stoves and fire places and lighted by kerosene lamps and by candles, were tinder boxes. Emergency needs were stocked by Wells Fargo, medical supplies, food, and an inside cistern for drinking water. Many a "hot" time under the iron roof and within the brick walls must have resulted during fires.

In the painting is an illusion of two suns casting shadows over the building. On the faded side is the shadow of eaves, and an apparant shadow also appears over the front. The bricks in front had been less exposed to winter storms and summer sun (probably by the wide porch that was part of the original plan) so the bricks retained most of their original color, as compared to the weather-beaten longer side. I returned to French Corral two years after the painting was finished just to check, and sure enough, only one sun shone down on this summer day, the same one we felt in 1967.

THE RIDGE TELEPHONE COMPANY  
The World's First Long Distance Telephone - 1877  
Painted summer of 1966

The Ridge Telephone Company in French Corral devised the world's first long distance 'phone service in 1877 to extend a stretch of 56 miles. French Corral was a center for the vast hydraulic mining operations which were washing down mountainsides in the foothills beyond. The need for the long distance connection was to get word, in a hurry, to the hydraulic operators at the water storage lakes and warn them to cut down the pressure to the monitors in accordance with the federal anti-debris ordinance of the time, before the Federal men arrived to inspect the operations first hand.

During the 1960's after French Corral shrank to a small scattering of farm houses, an enterprising San Franciscan loaded the original brick building of the Ridge Telephone Company onto his truck, drove to Virginia City, and auctioned off each brick for a dollar apiece as souvenirs.

We were a year too late, so my painting consists of a brick rubble in the weeds and some old porcelain scraps from the poles, and on the original site, a wood frame structure along side of which is a wooden plaque marked, "World's First Long Distance Telephone, 1877".



PIKE CITY  
Painted, summer of 1968

Pike City was settled in the 1860's by nostalgic former residents of Pike County, Kentucky, and by 1870 it was a busy mining community of some 10,000 souls. Time never hung heavily for the miners after work hours -----drinking, gambling, pie-socials, ladies aids, prize-fighting and bull fighting (not between man and bull but between two bulls, or a bull and a bear) filled the free time. Things are quieter now.

The small frame house with its weather-stripping and broad front porch, the old school house further on and beside it the out-house with two entrances, the covered well and the freight wagon with rusty, iron rimmed wheels are all remnants of a way of life fast disappearing. A recent fire ravaged part of the countryside which shows at the right of this painting. The dirt road alongside stopped the fire and prevented it from spreading toward the village.

While I was painting, four riders on two motor cycles came snorting up in a cloud of dust. They practiced turns on the town's dusty road and then roared away.