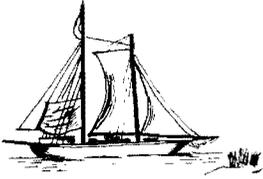
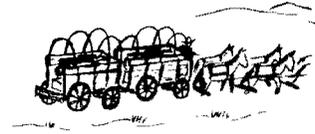


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TALES OF OLD SAN JOAQUIN CITY

By EARLE E. WILLIAMS

[Continued from the April-June 1974 Issue. This is the 6th and final installment of the series on San Joaquin City which began with the April-June, 1973, issue of the HISTORIAN.]

SHERIFF WILLIAM RIECKS

San Joaquin County Sheriff William H. Riecks, who served from 1911 to 1930, was born in San Joaquin City on November 9, 1869, in the house that his father had built when he settled



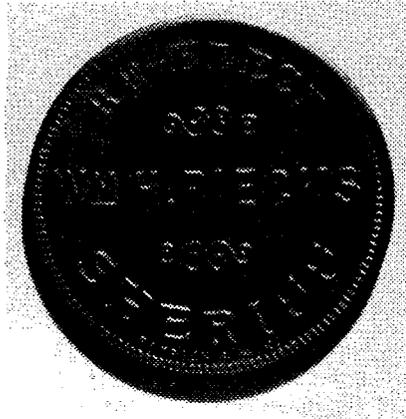
PHOTOGRAPH OF SHERIFF WILLIAM H. RIECKS, taken while he was in office. Taken from the 1930-31 Development Edition of the **Byron Times**.

Courtesy of the Pioneer Museum & Haggin Galleries.

there after the Civil War. His father, William, was born in Kiel, Germany, and had come to California in 1856. His mother's maiden name was Von Bremen, and she was also a native of Germany.

Following graduation from the New Jerusalem School Riecks attended Heald's Business College in San Francisco. He was a very bright student, but upon completion of the business course he returned to the family ranch. His father passed away in 1879, leaving a large acreage west of San Joaquin City. The northeast corner of the ranch was situated on Koster Road, about a mile south of the school. The ranch was always well managed even though Riecks spent so many years in public service.

Upon the death of Sheriff Sibley in 1911 the Board of Supervisors appointed Riecks to fill the office. As a boy he



ELECTION TOKEN distributed among the voters of San Joaquin County by Sheriff Riecks

Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McPheeters.

had been a close friend of George Williams; as the new Sheriff of San Joaquin County he had spearheaded the efforts of the people of Tulare Township to secure his release from San Quentin in 1911. Riecks was elected in 1914, and re-elected in 1918, 1922, and 1926. More changes occurred in the way of life of San Joaquin County residents during his

TALES OF OLD SAN JOAQUIN CITY (con't)

tenure in office than any before or after him. The major change, of course, was in the development of a county road system and the introduction of the automobile.

LOCAL OPTION, PROHIBITION, AND A LITTLE BOOTLEGGING . . .

The Volstead Act and national prohibition came to the nation in 1920. San Joaquin City and Vernalis had their own prohibition years before the Volstead Act was passed, having in a fit of community virtue voted for the prohibition of liquor and the saloon under the provision of Local Option. And thereby hangs a tale . . .

Prohibition worked very well until it came time for the 1913 annual dance and harvest-day festival the people of San Joaquin City loved so much. For many years these dances and festivals had been held in San Joaquin City, but now they were being held in the railroad town of Vernalis, five or six miles to the southwest by way of the River and Greenwood roads.

With "Local Option" the law of the land (in Vernalis) it certainly seemed that the dance would be a dismal failure. How could the good German-American citizens of the area get along without their beer? How could anyone expect to have a good time without at least a little of something to drink? It had been said, by some of the more sober residents, that the good people did not really know what they were doing when they voted to "go dry." Anyway, there seemed to be a lot of surprised people around Vernalis when all of a sudden they realized that there could no longer be any saloon in their town.

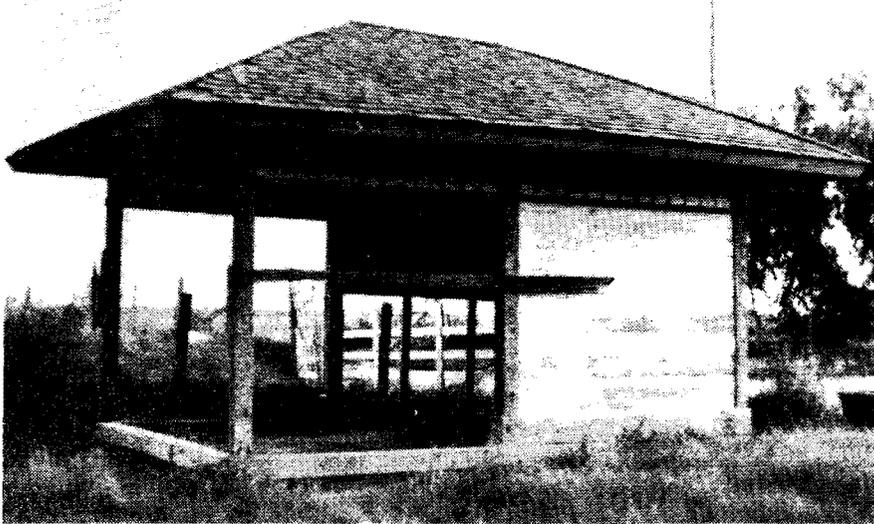
In Vernalis at the time there were only two public buildings: the railroad station and the big general

and cracked ice. Buried in the sawdust of the tub was -- guess what! -- bottled beer, wine, and sometimes whiskey and brandy.

The door to the shed was kept padlocked against the occasional railroad hobo, or any other curious, unauthorized person. The key to the padlock hung on a nail in the store and those "in the know" would quietly take it to unlock the door to the shed. They served themselves and each time a bottle of beer was taken out of the sawdust a mark was put on the wall. When cash money for the crops was in, or on paydays, an accounting was made, and then the marks were wiped off the walls by the parties concerned. It was a neat, convenient arrangement, and it worked very well because all of the patrons under this Local Option arrangement understood one another. Storekeeper Tom Murphy was an uncle of city policeman John Murphy of nearby Patterson at that time. If John were aware of it, he certainly did nothing about it. Besides, the shed was in another county and so out of his jurisdiction.

This particular year under discussion (1913) the dance had been scheduled after Thanksgiving -- a little late in the year. The heavy rains had set in earlier than usual that year, turning the roads into deep-rutted mud trails. Then the river fog had come and every day was wet and gloomy. The stock of liquor in the shed had long since been consumed and nobody knew when the supply wagon from Atlanta would be able to make the trip.

But relief was on the way just a few days before the night of the dance. The wagon, loaded down with beer, whiskey, and a little wine, had started from the Atlanta store. It was drawn by four horses and the driver and helper were determined young men. They had little trouble making it to the river at the Durham Ferry bridge, the soil on the east side being



**ORIGINAL SOUTHERN PACIFIC
RAILROAD WAITING STATION** at Vernalis. This structure is now located on the Henry Fisk ranch at San Joaquin City, having been moved from Vernalis circa 1918.

merchandise store with the postoffice over in one corner. The entire second floor over the store served as the local dance hall, as large (if not larger) as the one that was over the livery stable in San Joaquin City for so many years.

Tom Murphy was the proprietor of the Vernalis store. He had another merchandise store across the river over at Atlanta, in Castoria Township, and he maintained a four-horse wagon to haul supplies between the two locations.

Of course Tom could not have a saloon at his Vernalis store. Out in back of the store, however, there was a vacant shed. It had no floor but the ground within was covered with sawdust. The room was entirely empty except for a few beer cases and in the middle, a large wooden tub full of sawdust

sandy and hard-packed. It is very probable that on account of darkness and the increasing fog the two men were not aware of what they were getting into when they drove the wagon off the bridge on the west side of the river. Almost immediately the team was floundering in the mud and the wagon bed was dragging like the hull of a river barge on a sand bar when towed by a mosquito boat. The inevitable occurred; the wagon became stuck in the mud.

There they were, unable to move in any direction, and loaded with contraband. The fog was getting thicker and the night darker and they had only a coal oil lantern to see by. By its light they managed to unhook the lead horses and, mounting one, the helper rode on up the River Road through

TALES OF OLD SAN JOAQUIN CITY (con't)

San Joaquin City for help.

It was after midnight on that foggy night when Roy Hull, then a young farm hand on a ranch near Vernalis, was awakened by a pounding noise on the door of the bunkhouse. On opening the door he was greeted by a very muddy young man and a pair of muddier horses.

The predicament of the loaded wagon was soon explained, and it took only a few minutes to light the stable lanterns and "throw the leather on" a ten-horse plow team in the barn, and to fit the team with doubletrees and fifth chains. Taking one of the stable lanterns Roy Hull mounted the nigh horse of the jerkline team and followed the wagon driver with his span of horses back to the bridge, a distance of some five miles.

Upon arrival at the wagon the leaders of the four-horse team were replaced and the ten-horse plow team was lined up and hooked back to the wagon tongue with heavy fifth chains. This was accomplished by the light of the stable lantern that they had brought with them, but now the light was growing dim and the lantern chimney was smoking up. In their hurry they had neglected to fill it with kerosene.

Now they had a fourteen-horse team hooked on to the mired wagon of contraband with power enough to drag the wagon and its load bodily through the mud, but they ran into further difficulty when they turned off River Road and onto Greenwood Road.

The trouble was that the team was long and the night so dark that the driver could not see the leaders to keep them on Greenwood Road with the jerkline. The three young men were in gloomy and anxious conference in the fog when they heard out of the stillness of the night the clip-clop of a horse crossing the bridge, and the clear tenor strains of a male voice singing. Finally, as the rider approached close enough they could make out the lantern which he was carrying. They stopped him very carefully and very gently, and they explained their predicament to him.

He proved to be Samuel G. Latta, son of Dr. Samuel E. Latta, a prominent Stockton physician. Sam was working on the same ranch with Roy Hull, and this evening he was returning from a call on a young lady who lived across the bridge. He volunteered to take the lead with his lantern and guide the leaders of the team. A powerful pull of the team in the proper direction and the wagon was back on the road -- such as it was.

The first light of dawn was piercing the fog as the wagonload of "hootch" rolled into the ranch yard. The wagon was pulled into a shed and the horses were put away in the barn.

When Saturday night came, the dance proved to be the greatest ever; even better than the old San Joaquin City dances were in the years gone by, the old-timers said. People came from ranches all around, and from Tracy, Grayson, Patterson, Bantas, and Stockton as well. They came in carts, buggies, spring wagons, and on horseback; a few even came on motorcycles and in automobiles.

Many of those who came in the buggies and spring wagons were saloon-keepers and the "sporting element" of the neighboring towns. They had heard that the shed out in back was short of beer and the beds of their rigs were loaded with bottled refreshment, all packed in sawdust and ice. The New Jerusalem School band furnished the music, and it was at its best.

LILLIE OHM REMEMBERED . . .

John Ohm settled in San Joaquin City in 1896, purchasing 1200 acres from the Holt estate. His daughter Lillie was five years old at the time. She later married Henry Thomas

Ohm, son of Thomas and Rebecca Ohm, and half-brother to Sheriff William H. Riecks. She passed away in the mid-1960's.

Lillie Ohm remembered San Joaquin City from the time she came to live there and she also remembered the stories her father and mother told of events that had occurred there before she was born. An hour's interview with her was an educational experience; it was difficult to jot down all the facts and the impressions that our mind received from the meeting with her. And besides, we often lapsed into daydreams of an era long past . . . we were children again, skipping down San Joaquin City's streets, the River Road, taking a turn now and then on the hitching rails, to the disgust and consternation of the horses tethered there. We would investigate again the basement under the three-story hotel down below Charlie Dreyer's place, in case there was anything startling there, and we would peek under the swinging doors of all the saloons, just to see who the tethered horses were waiting for.

We would hang around again, in our day dreams, in front of Jim Finch's saloon to see how long Mr. Murphy's poor old mare would be tethered out in front before he came out -- while his wife and five children were waiting for him out on the ranch. We must tell our mothers again, and maybe they will just casually drop in to the ranch, like they have done so many times before, with potatoes, meat, bread, fruit, and maybe some goodies for the kids.

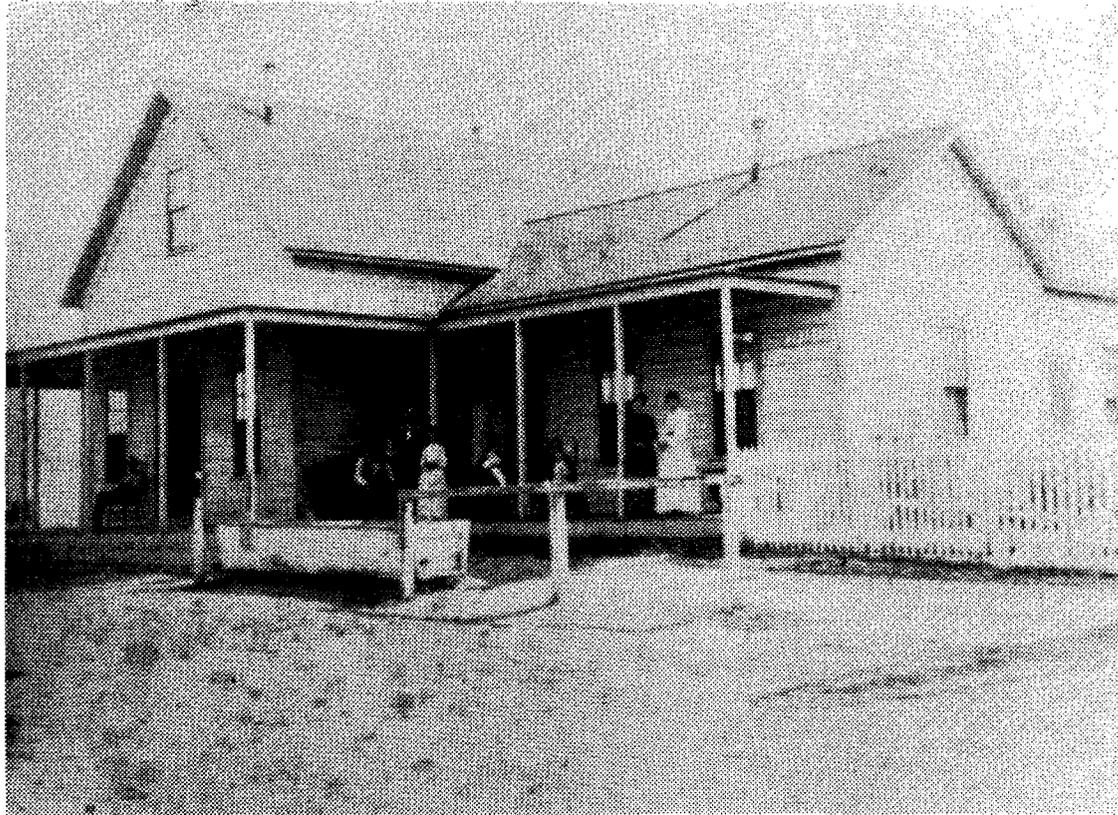
We would peer once more into the darkened interior of the blacksmith shop and watch the sparks from the forge shooting nearly to the rafters, like so many tiny shooting stars. We would watch the blacksmith draw the white-hot horseshoe from the fire and, with quick and sure strokes of his hammer, shape it to the horse's hoof, all to the merry tune of the anvil's ring. We would try to climb again the stack of old horseshoes the blacksmith had piled near the door, only to be admonished again by the blacksmith, shaking his hammer at us and wiping his sweaty brow. Then, mindful of our parents' warning to stay away from the river where the men were working, we would dare to go down as far as the warehouse lot by the boat landing, and search for Indian relics -- arrowheads, bones, pestals, mortars, and anything else the most recent rains may have uncovered.

Lillie's father told her that when San Joaquin City was quite young the San Joaquin River channel was narrow and swift but that about the time she was born it cut away a lot of the low, bottom or overflow land on its west side, creating a new west bank twenty or more feet in height along the town. Underlying the soil on the west side of the river was high-grade clay which a number of large pottery and tile-making firms seriously considered exploiting as early as 1890. He also told of the earliest settlers along the river who found Indian burial mounds, with all the skeletal remains in a sitting position and facing the east. Fine river silt was used in place of the clay soil in each mound and all burials were on the highest parts of the west bank. Many of these mounds were washed away when the flood waters tore away the east portion of the San Joaquin City cemetery.

She recalled vividly that as a child she and the others of her age group played among the burial mounds, and that after heavy rains there were always new shells, beads, ornaments of bone and carved river oak, arrowheads, mortars and pestals uncovered. She remembered also that when her father plowed his land he sometimes unearthed skeletal remains.

There were two hotels in town when Lillie was growing up: the two-story hotel on the west side of River Road operated by Charlie Dreyer, and a larger, three-story hotel further down (south) along the same street. Dreyer's Hotel had a wide covered porch across the front and on the south side.

TALES OF OLD SAN JOAQUIN CITY (con't)



VIEW OF THE DREYER HOTEL and Saloon at San Joaquin City. Members of Charlie Dreyer's family are on the hotel's porch.
Courtesy of the author.

Hitching rails and watering troughs were on one side of the hotel, the windmill and water tank on the other. In the hot summer afternoons and evenings the hotel guests would enjoy the cool breezes there on the porches. Besides the hotel and saloon Charlie ran a boarding house for the workers down at the landing.

Charlie was an artist of no mean ability, and his oil paintings covered the walls of the hotel lobby as well as the saloon. He painted many of the advertising signs he used. During the Spanish-American War he painted a large battleship on the back bar mirror of the saloon with the caption: "REMEMBER THE MAIN -- TO HELL WITH SPAIN." When business began to slow down Charlie moved to Bantas and opened a saloon there (as mentioned previously) called the West Side Hotel and Saloon. After he left, a man by the name of Groves ran the San Joaquin City hotel, but he disappeared mysteriously soon after and was never heard from again. Then Jim Finch took it over as noted earlier in the narrative.

Itinerent peddlers and farm machinery salesmen seemed to have preferred the larger hotel down the street from Charlie Dreyer's place. This establishment was surrounded by large oak trees.

The livery stable was an important business firm in those early days. It was near the larger hotel and had livery rigs for hire. It had accommodations for the horses of travelers as well as for the stage teams. Many young couples took advantage of the buggies with all their glistening accessories, patent-leather dashboards, brass lamps with red rubies set into them, shafts of river oak, polished and varnished, and twin spans of spirited horses with ornate harness; rigs such as these could be found only in a German community like San Joaquin City, where the people really loved their horses and made them a part of their life.

The dance hall above the stable was lighted by hanging

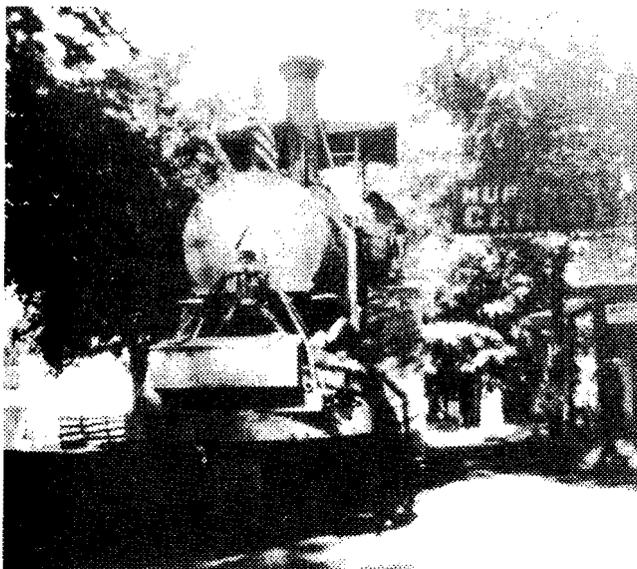
kerosene lamps, and they would swing back and forth when a dance was in progress. There was a raised platform at one end of the hall for the orchestra, and American flags draped the walls. A light, rickety staircase outside the building led up to this community assembly hall which was used for all kinds of public purposes, including town hall meetings. Ernest Schnabel recalls having been christened, along with Henry and George Messer and about a dozen other boys and girls of school age, one Sunday in this hall by a traveling Lutheran minister. The ceremony was followed by a reception and dinner. He also remembers that the window sills on this second story were rather low and that they provided the youngsters and young men convenient seating if no chairs were available. One evening Johnnie Gaffery (of "Wild Irishman" fame) was sitting on a window sill enjoying the breeze. There was some good-natured scuffling and the first thing the boys knew Johnnie was not there in the window any more. He had fallen backward out of the second story window and he "nearly broke his neck" when he hit the ground below. Even then Johnnie seems to have been a pretty tough boy!

The blacksmith shop worked with the livery stable, keeping the wagons in repair and the horses shod. It was under a huge oak tree. Many a late sleeper in the hotels was awakened in the early morning to the musical chime of the blacksmith's anvil.

The general merchandise store, which also housed the post office, had hitching rails out in front of it. Down by the river landing was the "Warehouse Lot" with storehouses to store perishables for the river boats. This had been the site of the Larry Holt ranch buildings and corrals originally.

The landing at San Joaquin City was the first and most important distributing point for farm machinery for the grain farms on the West Side Plains. Most of this farm equipment was manufactured in Stockton specifically for use

TALES OF OLD SAN JOAQUIN CITY (con't)



A NEW STEAM TRACTOR of Stockton manufacture has just arrived at San Joaquin City by river barge and has been fueled up at Murphy's garage preparatory to starting its work on the West Side Plains. The first steam tractors had narrow cleated drive wheels and were used during the harvest season. Later the wheels were widened out to four or five feet so they could be used for the winter plowing and cultivating (the narrow wheels would bog down in soft ground). Note the United States flag, an added touch of the Pioneer Tractor salesman. These tractors were powerful and relatively simple. They used river water for their boilers because it was not hard like the well water. In harvest season the boiler was often fired with straw and this caused many grain fires.

Courtesy of the author.

in developing the West Side as a grain-producing area, and because some of it was highly experimental and unique at the time, the hotels hosted large numbers of salesmen, mechanics, and operators at times.

Ernest C. Schnabel, who grew up on a ranch near Hospital Canyon, remembered seeing one of the very first steam powered stationary harvesters moving down from the Jim Grace ranch up in Hospital Canyon where it had been in use.

STOCKTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

MATTHESON & WILLIAMSON,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

Sulky Gang Plow, "American Chief,"

MARVIN'S COMBINED HEADER AND THRESHER,
TWO-EDGED GANG PLOWS, PATENT CHISEL CULTIVATORS,
Horse, Hay or Grain Forks, etc.

Cor. Main and California Sts., - - - STOCKTON.

TYPICAL FARM EQUIPMENT ADVERTISEMENT of the 1870's aimed at the farmers out on the West Side Plains.
Taken from the Stockton City Directory for 1873-74.

The different units of machinery, with all the horses, men, and equipage, was over a quarter of a mile in length, and the cloud of dust it raised could be seen for miles. Included were two horse-drawn water wagons of 8,000 gallons capacity each, for hauling soft water from the river to the boiler of the steam engine on the harvester. Whenever one of these stationary harvesters set up for operation beside a stack of grain people would come from miles around just to watch the men operate it.

The first model of what was to become the famous "Stockton Gang Plow" was delivered by river boat to San Joaquin City. These plows turned over the first sod on the West Side Plains. They were so well suited for their purpose that many are still in use today, pulled by tractors instead of horses.

Some of the very first tractors manufactured in Stockton were shipped by river barge to be tried in the area. They were great, ponderous steam machines with three iron drive wheels, two wide, cleated wheels in back for traction, and one iron "tiller" wheel in front for steering. The drive wheels were eight feet in diameter and three to five feet in width, according to the kind of ground they had to work in. These first steam tractors burned straw or wood for fuel and this soon proved the cause of many fires in the grain fields.¹

Grain fires were always a threat to the future of the steam tractor until one enterprising tractor salesman thought to run a hose from the water tank to each of the huge drive wheels. This seemed to work quite well. When a fire would start, the driver would "pull the pin"² on the harvester and run ahead of the fire with the tractor, pressing down the dry grain and wetting it with the wet drive wheels. Many a potentially dangerous fire was put out in this way.

When the bridge replaced the Durham Ferry in 1902 John Ohm became the bridge tender. His duty was to open the bridge for the river boats. This was a 24-hour-a-day, seven-days-a-week job and many times he was at work in the fields or downtown in San Joaquin City when a Mosquito boat would let go with three blasts of her steam whistle. Hearing the signal, young Lillie Ohm would drop whatever she was doing and, running to the barn, would put the bridle on two horses. Then, picking up her father on the way, they would mount the horses and ride bareback to the bridge.

On the bridge they would insert capstan bars into opposite sockets of the capstan, and exert leverage on it. Round and round they would go, she on one bar and her father on the other, until the bridge was open and the channel clear for the river boat to proceed.

Just below the bridge there was a sharp bend in the river where the channel was narrow and the water swift. Lillie remembered standing there on the bridge with her father, both panting from the energy they had expended in opening the bridge. She remembered the black smoke and the sparks shooting out of the smokestacks, the clanking of the engines, the shouts and greetings of the crew, and the furious beating of the paddlewheels as they slowly drove the Mosquito boats around the bend, through the opened bridge, and on up the river to the landing at San Joaquin City.

Today the sounds and sights of old San Joaquin City are no more. No more paddlewheels churning the waters of the San Joaquin; no more steam whistles announcing the arrival of the river boats; no more bridge that opens up to allow the steamers and barges access to the interior. Vehicles speed along Kasson Road today, their occupants quite unaware that they are traveling on the "main street" of a once bustling, noisy little city that entertained hopes of rivaling Stockton to the north. All this is now history; all this is now but fond memories belonging to a select few who once lived in or near this fascinating river town before its demise.

TALES OF OLD SAN JOAQUIN CITY (con't)

EDITOR'S NOTES:

1. Fire was always the greatest fear of the grain farmers out on the West Side Plains. The fire season began when the spring rains quit and the vast acreages of standing wheat or barley began to dry. Harvesting operations got under way in May and would last several months, more or less, depending upon the weather patterns each year. Although the land lying fallow each year would serve as natural fire breaks, the prevalence of the north-west winds made it difficult to control fires once they got a good start. Most farmers carried some amount of fire insurance on the annual crops. Rates charged varied according to the acreage involved and the length (of time) of coverage. Typical San Joaquin County rates for grain standing in the field in the 1890's were 35c per acre for five days or less to \$2.50 per acre for four months or less. A circular distributed among the agents of the Connecticut Fire Insurance Company for the year 1892 instructed them to "ascertain the probable yield per acre, take into consideration the distance to market and the price of grain at that point, make due allowance for cost of harvesting, and then insure such amount per acre as will make the owner carry enough of the risk to pay him to take proper care of and harvest the crop."
2. To "pull the pin" refers to disconnecting the tractor from the harvester by pulling out the heavy pin or bolt that kept the harvester attached to the tractor. Some of our modern trailer hitches utilize the very same principle today.

From the STOCKTON TIMES, June 8, 1850 . . .

"NAVIGATION OF THE SAN JOAQUIN

We have received the following communication from Mr. Gibbs, the Surveyor, and recommend a careful perusal of the document.

Stockton, May, 1850.

Dear Sir: -- According to your request I will give you a short description of my examination of the San Joaquin River, having been engaged for some months in exploring the different channels and sloughs (this word I think ought to be spelled slue) which spread through the vast tule flats for thirty miles above its mouth.

In coming up the river, about 35 miles below Stockton, are two large streams; the Stockton channel turning suddenly to the left; persons who are unacquainted with the route are uncertain which to take. The right, which I call the middle channel, has a depth of from 2 to 9 fathoms [one fathom equals six feet], and for more than half way up is a good sized river for navigation; above that it becomes narrow for some miles until it is reduced, to about 50 or 60 feet with an average depth of 2 fathoms, but with no short bends to make it difficult for navigation; in the narrow part I found two small rafts of dead timber, which can be easily removed. Above the rafts it widens out again until you get to the forks, 4 miles below Doak & Bonsell's ferry [Mossdale Y bridge]; the middle channel is here the largest of the two, and before they separate, form a large and beautiful river, with timber on both banks: five miles below the forks in the middle channel is another about 80 yards wide, turning off to the coast range; following it down about two miles I came to a raft of large timber, and after some hard work in cutting and sawing logs, we succeeded in dragging our boat through. At the foot of the raft the river divides, taking the left, which is the largest, although much smaller than the main channel, and filled with floating drift wood that made it difficult to proceed. I came to where it again divides, the right being stopped with drift; I still took the left, which soon led me into a lake about 1 1/2 miles long and 3/4 broad and from 1 1/2 to 2 fathoms deep. I could see timber on the river 1/2 mile west of us, but could find no communication through, until we ran the boat over the tule (which was overflowed) into a small slue, and soon after entered the river which is here about 50 yards wide and 2 1/2 fathoms deep. It is navigable for steamboats hence to the mouth without obstruction, but above this I do not think they will ever be able to go, nor would it be of any use as it is a much longer route than either of the other rivers. In respect to the difference in the distance of the other two, as well as I can judge, the middle channel is ten miles the nearest. Some distance below the raft we found some very good land and plenty of timber; we also saw on the east bank several grisly bears and numerous herds of elk that resort here in the spring season from the mountains and plains, and when alarmed rush into the tule, where the plunging of such herds of large animals makes a tremendous roar that can be heard for some distance; we also saw several Indian mounds and a skull and other bones lying near. This river empties about eight miles below the mouth of the middle channel, and near the mouth it is about 200 yards wide, with a depth of from 2 to 6 fathoms.

I examined a slue south-west of Doak's ferry; it empties into this river, has 2 fathoms of water, and is navigable for steamers as high as Martin's tent, on the road to Livermore's, 5 miles from the ferry.

I estimate this vast tule country to be 25 miles wide and 33 long, which is subject to inundation, containing an area of between four and five thousand acres, which I do not think can ever be brought into cultivation. The only plant it is fit for, is rice, and the banks would have to be leveed, which (although it might do in a few instances) would not answer as a general thing to confine in the channel the immense body of water that now spreads over the tule: the result would be the same as has been taking place on the Mississippi for the last few years, from the same cause. Should any of it be cultivated, it will be the tule lands in the lower part, which are higher than the lands above. As near as I can judge, the tule land in the upper part of this tract is from 2 to 5 feet lower than the banks of the river and when the water is high most of the small slues afford fine water power. I have seen the water in some of them a foot

lower than the river, and rushing in like a mill stream; these discharge into small lakes or spread out in the tule, and are drained off by the slues, below which, although they may look large enough for a river, I have often found to my sorrow, only headed in the tule, having a depth of 2 or 3 fathoms nearly to the head, and I have seen several boats in the wrong river or slues, coming up to Stockton.

In speaking of the river I will mention an improvement that I think can be made at a little expense in that part of the stream just below the "Lone Tree" to the Stockton slue, which is the only part that is difficult for steamers, in consequence of the short bends, and sail vessels sometimes have to remain there several days. The one called "The Devil's Elbow," is the worst and smallest. Now, when the river is within its banks, by cutting two ditches the width of the river apart and removing the turf or tule roots between, the water would soon cut a channel through; the distance will be from 200 to 400 yards, according to the spot selected; if that succeeds, the other two could be done afterwards. You can see by the small map I send you, the situation of that part of the river. Soundings [were] taken at nearly the highest stage of the water.

C. D. GIBBES."

[Gibbes' 1850 map is reproduced opposite page 74 in Hammond and Morgan's **Captain Charles M. Weber, Pioneer of the San Joaquin and Founder of Stockton, California.** --Ed.]

Persons interested in doing research on local history, whether members of the Society or not, are invited to submit their manuscripts for publication in the **Historian**. The editor must, however, reserve the right to accept or reject and/or edit all material and photographs submitted.

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The San Joaquin County Historical Society, a non-profit corporation, meets the fourth Monday of each month except for July and August. Annual memberships are: Individual - \$5.00, Corporate - \$8.00, and Junior - \$1.00, and include a subscription to the **San Joaquin Historian**. Non-members may purchase individual copies from the Society's Secretary at \$1.00 per copy. The Society also operates the San Joaquin County Historical Museum at Micke Grove. Persons wishing to donate items should contact the Museum Director.

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 [1974-75]

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