

## Todd Valley in the 30 s

I had a good friend whose father owned the Rae Hotel at this time. He and I were together much of the time. We came to know when there were several men in at the bar of the hotel that sometimes they would buy us a sassparilla (soda water), and sometimes would request that we stand on the bar and sing "Springtime in the Rockies," "The Bum Songs," "The Big Rock Candy Mountain," and "Way Up High in the Sierra Peaks" written by a man from Butcher Ranch whose son still lives here in Foresthill and is a very prominent businessman in the community.

My friend had a very violent temper and occasionally as young boys do we would wind up in a fight of some kind or another. My friend being younger than I was would always grab something to attempt to hit me with, and when he would connect I would go home crying. After one of these sessions and I had come home crying my father told me that if I kept letting my friend take advantage of me and came home crying again he would give me a good spanking and something to really cry about.

Shortly after this my friend and I became involved in another fight and remembering what my father said when he came after me I picked up an old rusty square nail about six inches long and hit him on top of the head. The blood started running freely and he ran across the street and into the hotel bar. I immediately ran for home, crying again and hollering to the top of my voice, "I killed my friend, I killed my friend." My father immediately took me with him up to the hotel bar to see how seriously I had hurt my friend. When we entered the bar there was my friend sitting up on the bar with a candy bar in one hand and a soda pop in the other with not a sign of bandage or showing any sign of injury. I had barely scratched his head just enough to make it bleed profusely. It wasn't long till we were back outside playing again.

It wasn't long after this in the spring of 1933, that on one day while returning from lunch I observed a lot of running back and forth in and out of the hotel and smoke coming from the building. The people carried all they could from the hotel before the flames engulfed the building to where they couldn't re-enter for more. The whiskey, beer and wine were set up across the street in front of the Old Bucket of Blood, a kind of annex to Remlers Store, along with the slot machines and free drinks to all that helped were given by the owner. That evening after all was over all was stored inside of the Bucket of Blood until the owner purchased the old Schwalenberg Butcher Shop for his new establishment which later became known as the Mountain Club.

My friend and I were sorry to see the old hotel burn as there was a long porch or deck running full length in front of the hotel that was wooden floored with large cracks in the floor and from time to time we would crawl under the old porch in search of lost coins. Through the years we found several coins, even gold pieces. After the building burned, after every rainstorm people would look for coins and found several including some very valuable old coins.

These were in the bad years of the depression although I don't think the depression was as severe on the people of Foresthill as it was on the people living in the city. People were able to grow small vegetable gardens and supplement their food supply with fish and game that was plentiful in the area. The Fish and Game Wardens sometimes turned their heads unless someone was very careless, outspoken, or tried to sell any fish or game.

There was an old man named Clint who lived out in Brushy Canyon who took advantage of the above every year. When the weather would start to get cold and bad in the fall old Clint would come to town bragging about his killing of venison and make sure that the information got to the sheriff or the game wardens. In this manner he was arrested every fall, locked up in jail for the winter where it was nice and warm and dry, plenty of food, and he being a good cook always wound up cooking all winter until he was released in the spring to return to his cabin.