

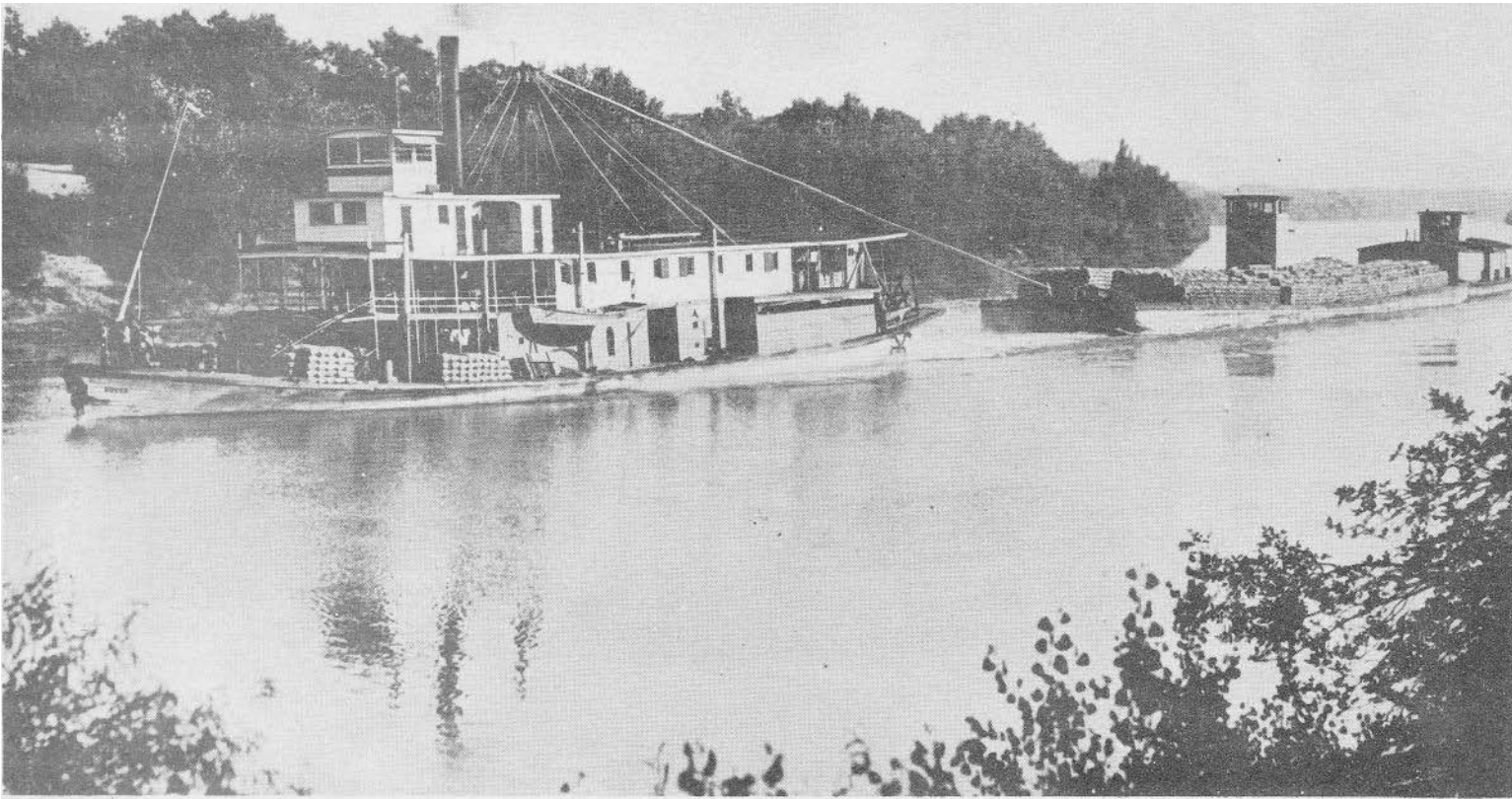
SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWS BULLETIN

Vol. VI No. 1

YUBA CITY, CALIFORNIA

JANUARY 1967



THE DOVER, towing a barge by a line from her hog-post on the Sacramento River.

THE SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
BULLETIN

Mrs. Bernice Gibson
Editor

VOL. VI NO. 1

January 1967

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY ANNOUNCES!

The Sutter County Historical Society meet four times a year, usually in the recreation room of the Mid-Valle Savings and Loan building on Plumes Street, Yuba City. If changes of meeting places must occur the change is announced in the local newspapers with the program for the meeting. The remaining meeting dates for 1967 are: April 18th, July 18th, and October 17th. Interesting programs are arranged for every meeting. Any person, young or old, interested in local history is invited to become a member upon payment of dues of 4;2.00 for the calendar year. We also have "Life Memberships" which we encourage. Upon payment of \$25.00 per person one may become a life member. At the present time we have about twelve life members. Let's increase that number!

MARK YOUR CALENDARS FOR THE ABOVE MENTIONED DATES!

JOIN THE HISTORIANS GROUP AND HELP MAKE AND RECORD HISTORY!

TWO DOLLARS PER PERSON FOR CALENDAR YEAR

DUES ARE DUE FOR 1967 NOW!

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEETING DATES

APRIL 18, 1967; Dinner at the First Methodist Church,
627 B. Street, Yuba City, 6:30 p.m.

Reservation must be made no later than April the 10th.

PLEASE MAKE YOUR RESERVATION WITH:

Mrs. Ruth Grant 743-4095
Mrs. Maude Roberts 673-7450
Mrs. Shirley Schnabel 673-7566

PROGRAM

Speaker: Dr. Vincent Gianella

Topic: FREMONT IN CALIFORNIA

JULY 18, 1967: 7:40 p.m. at the home of Mr. & Mrs. R. C.
Workman, 1779 Hile Avenue, Linda.

The Workmans will display their complete antique bottle
collection.

Refreshments will be served.

(Take north Beale road to Hammonton road, turn left, the
second street turn right, first house on right hand side
of Hile Avenue.)

TWO CHARTER MEMBERS ARE CALLED

Mrs. Hedwick Barr

Mrs. Hedwick Barr was called from our midst December 4th, 1966 after a long illness. We will all miss a loyal, productive member from our community and especially from the Sutter County Historical Society of which she was a charter member. Mrs. Barr was a pioneer of Yuba and Sutter Counties, who with her Doctor husband made history in Marysville and Yuba City's earlier days.

October 20, 1959 issue of the Bulletin carried a short story of Dr. Barr's activities as a family doctor in the horse and buggy days.

We will miss Mrs. Barr but her many contributions to local history and the Sutter County Museum will be long remembered.

Earl C. Brownlee

Earl C. Brownlee was called from our midst January 1, 1967. Earl first came to our community from Oregon as associate editor of the Appeal-Democrat in the twenties. After many years of association with such old-time reporters as Lou Eichler, the Rambler, he decided to take on a newspaper for himself and consequently took over the Independent-Herald in Yuba City. He became editor-publisher of the only paper published in Yuba City. He finally sold the paper about 1960 but even after retirement one could often find him in the newsroom writing feature articles. The last few years his vocation became his avocation and he spent many hours doing research and writing historical articles. The Sutter County Historical Bulletin published one of his last articles: "Ah Kow's Ten Thousand Dollar queue," in the September issue.

We will miss Earl on our Board of Directors and his loyalty to the Historical Society.



LOU EICHLER, THE RAMBLER

By Jessica Bird

Lou Eichler, native of Sutter County, who became a very well known and popular newspaper writer in California, in 1928 began writing a column for the Marysville Appeal-Democrat entitled "The Rambler."

A daily feature, it dealt with both historical and current events, with the subtitle "Friendly Comments as the Days Roll On."

Louis Arthur Paris Eichler was born October 27, 1875, the son of Oscar and Sarah R. Eichler, pioneers in the Kirksville area near the Sacramento River.

When only 16 years of age he commenced the newspaper career that continued for more than half a century in various parts of California.

When the Marysville Democrat and Marysville Appeal merged in 1927, he was on the staff as a writer. His column had a very popular appeal and won him a host of friends.

Eichler left his desk in the A-D office the afternoon of February 12, 1944 for his home in Loma Rica. Two hours later he died there unexpectedly.

In his memory his fellow Exchange Club Members established in the Marysville City Library what is known as the "Eichler Shelf." Rare and valuable books, largely concerning the early history of California make up the collection.

RAMBLING WITH THE RAMBLER

(Copied from the files of the Appeal-Democrat, Marysville,
California)

H.E. Thomas, Editor

Earl Brownlee, Managing Editor.

OLD TIMERS ON THE STAFF OF THE MARYSVILLE EVENING DEMOCRAT

December 9, 1937

Thinning ranks of the old time printers of this community were depleted Tuesday afternoon when Gus Beecroft of Sutter City died. He was the last of them here, and the Rambler feels a greet personal loss in his death.

Gus was a printer on the old Marysville Evening Democrat when the Rambler first was employed as a reporter on the paper back in 1900, while Tom Sherwood was the publisher. Charley McQuaid was the foreman and took to doing reporting at times. He had first call on the job but was in poor health and the employment of the Rambler was uncertain, Charley getting the job back whenever he wanted it. Eventually, however, it became permanent for the Rambler, Charley going into politics in Sutter County.

Gus, Ed. Cunningham, and others less permanent were the compositors, the paper being hand-set in those days, the lino-type coming in later. The Rambler, arriving on the job at seven in the morning, at the old office at Second and D Streets, where the stages now picked up their passengers, would write his overnight copy, long hand, the use of the typewriter being less general than now, and get the printers started, then would cover the beat; which was the whole town, plus Yuba City. About three-thirty in the afternoon, having written "30" he would go into the print shop and sit at a case beside Gus to set up the last of the days copy, usually the remaining local items, which went without separate headings.

Gus always had some sort of joke to spring and there was discussion of the "Sutter City Flyer." That was his bicycle, on which he commuted between his home in Sutter and his work in the city. It was a fine bicycle and Gus was as proud of it as any printer of today can be of his fine new automobile.

The Rambler afterward knew Gus over in Placer County, where he was publishing a small weekly paper, and at Portola, where he had a weekly in that brand new railroad town. Before that and on first getting settled in this locality, Gus had published a paper in Sutter City, when that was a new town, much larger than it is now. It was his job to publicize the townsite and assist in bringing investors to it. He established his home there at that time and had retained it the rest of his life. In recent years he had retired there.

When Pad Murphy died in March he left Gus as the last of the old time printers. At that time the Ramble column carried a poem, "An Elegy in a Country Print Shop" by James W. Foley.--
The last verse is:

He set a proof that showed up clean,
And did his work up right;
He never shirked by day so he
Could double space by night.
The make-ups dumped his matter in,--
His form is closed, you see;
His galleys empty on the rack,
His slug is twenty-three.
We don't know what the cashier's desk
Will have to give to slim,
We'll mark a turn rule in the proof
And say a prayer for him,
For him the dawn is in the East,
And "thirty's" taken off the hook
The last form is going down!

A WHEAT CROP

November 20, 1937

The first crop of wheat from the clearing in the woods and brush had been cradled and was ready to be threshed. The seed had been brought across the plains from Kansas in the big covered wagon drawn by oxen. It had to do for the first planting and the seed from that crop had to provide for the following years increased acreage and for the current needs as well.

No threshing machine had been brought along in that covered wagon. That was a thing still of the future. The combined harvester invented in California years later would have seemed like a fairy tale.

But the grain was threshed. Grandfather (J.P. Moore of the old "Arrow Ranch" in the big bend below Kirksville) had cut the standing grain with a "cradle." This was a scythe with a frame behind the knife to hold the grain in small bundles after cutting it. These bundles or sheaves were stacked to dry, if necessary, or piled to be hauled later.

Then the grain, after being hauled to the ranch yard was spread OR a large canvas. Two horses were brought out and driven round and keep it in the path of the horses while one of his sons drove the team. Straw was forked away as the threshing proceeded, and more of the sheaves were tossed upon the canvas.

When this laborious threshing was ended, the wheat and chaff remained upon the canvas. It was sacked and piled until a windy day, when it was forked out for winnowing. A frame was built several feet above the ground and the canvas spread under it--probably the same canvas that had been the shelter on the covered wagon crossing

the plains. Back and forth across the frame Grandfather and the boys wove a net of wire, leaving meshes about two inches square.

The sacks of threshed grain were dumped upon this wire net, a little at a time. The small stuff dropped through and the wind whipped away the lighter of the chaff. The golden grain dropped to the canvas, mostly. What blew off was not wasted, for there were chickens waiting about to gather it.

The Rambler's mother, in a reminiscent mood, drew this picture of her father as she delved back into memory of pioneer days on the Sacramento River almost eighty years ago. She was born on that clearing in the woods below Kirksville, living there through her school days and early married life, the Rambler being born on the same old ranch, where the steamboats on the river furnished the chief interest beyond the clearing of the land, building of cabins that became homes, and wrestling out a living from the soil.

The head of the family in this new land in those days had a greater responsibility than have the fathers of today. He had to know a little, at least, about more things than are necessary today. Grandfather, for instance, before starting out with the covered wagon, laid in a supply of the medicines that might be needed by his family and his neighbors, and obtained or made the measures for doses. The Rambler family has these measures today. They are molded in pewter one for a drop and another for a teaspoonful.

THE DOVER AND THE RED BLUFF ARE JUNKED

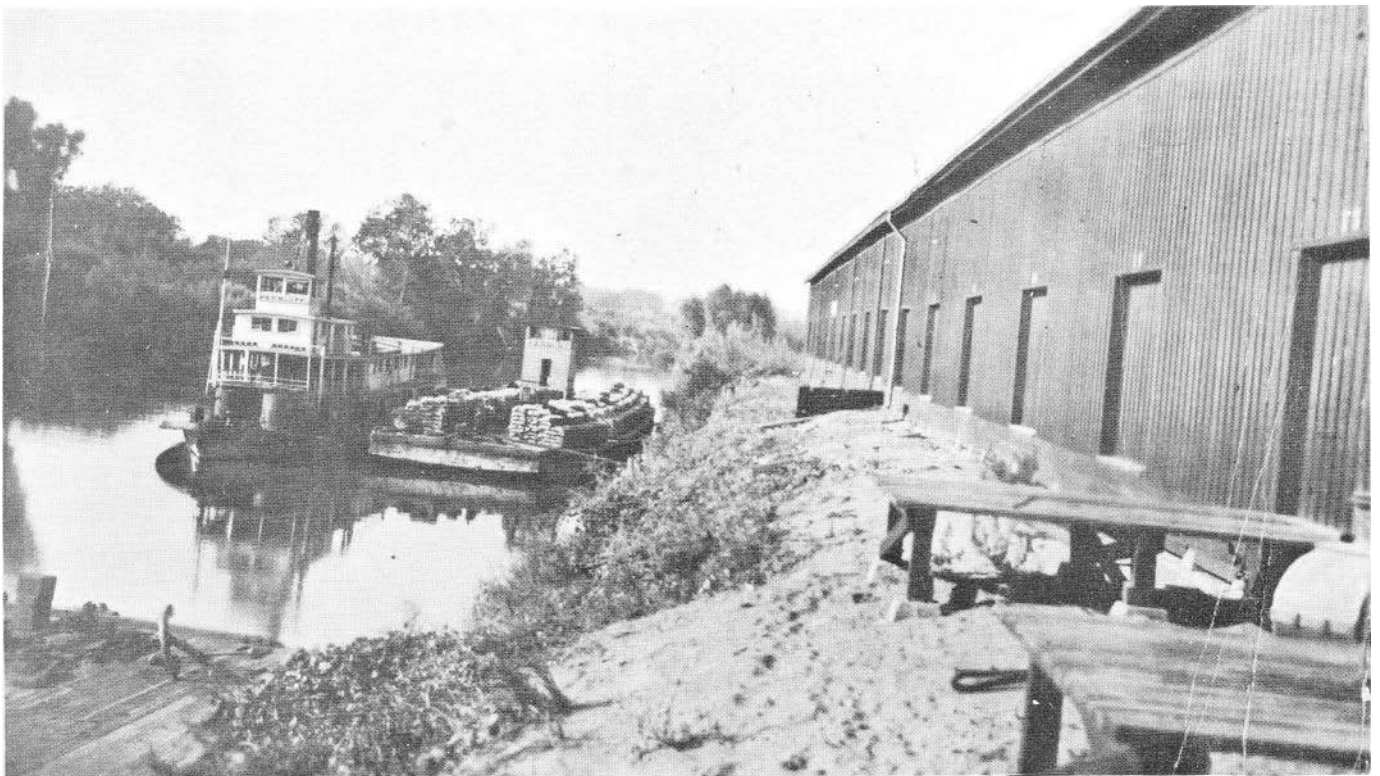
December 6, 1937

They've junked the old Dover and the Red Bluff. Whatever metals are left in their hulls and machinery will be saved and melted up for use in industry.

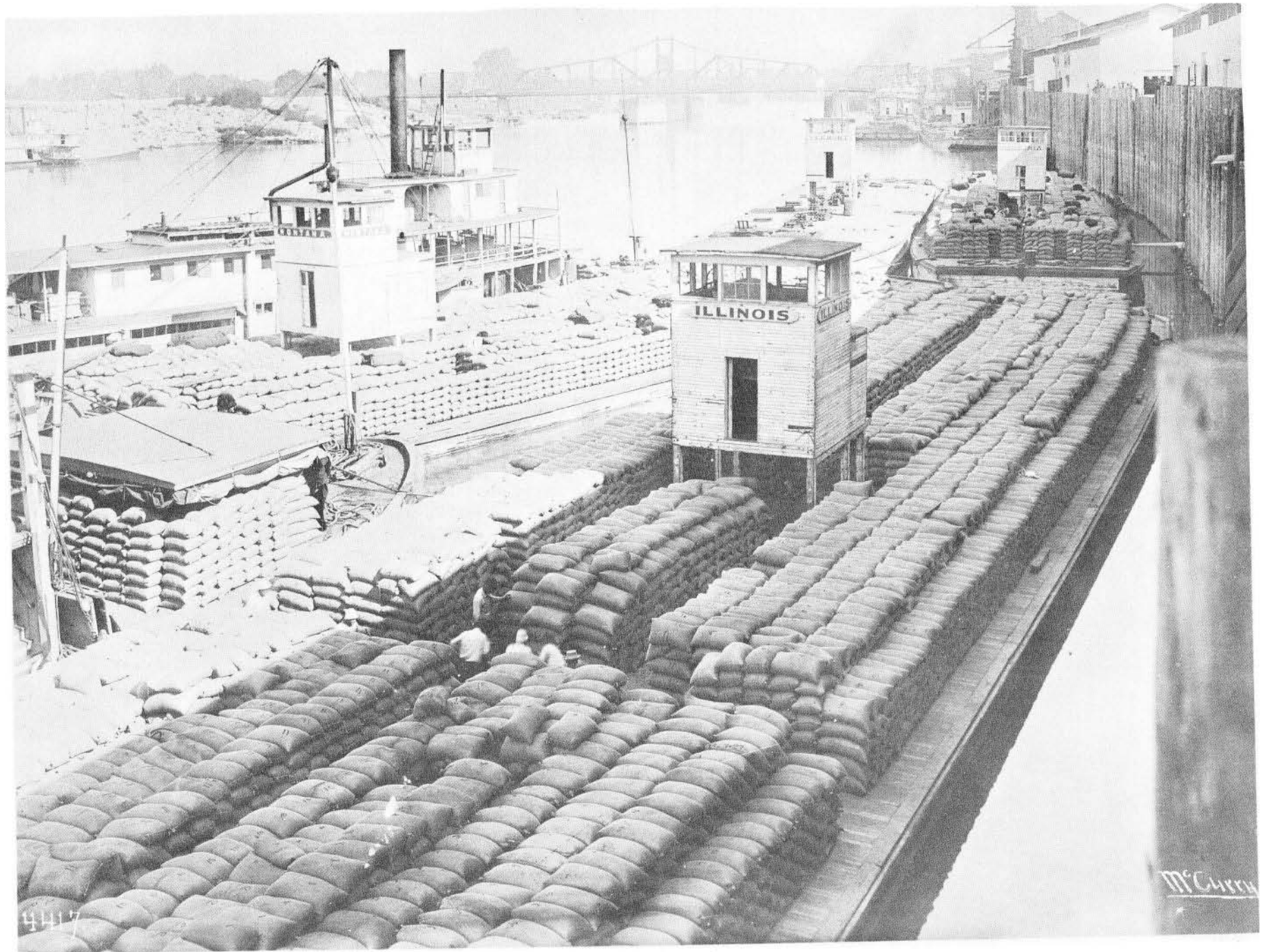
The Dover and the Red Bluff Hmmm! They take memory back a long way. Those names recall days of barefoot youth and a river bank, on the Sacramento with majestic steamers puffing slowly against the stream or gliding silently along with it, a long barge towed behind loaded with produce from the farms, and with merchandise for the merchants of the villages on the banks, if bound upstream.

The story of the dismantling of these two for junk revives scenes of beauty along the Sacramento River in years long ago, while more forests remained and less levee work had been done--when there were no levees; when the Sutter Basin was still an inland sea in winter; whoa steamboats were the chief means of transporting the wheat crop of the vast Sacramento Valley to market. In those days this valley was the greatest wheat growing area in the United States.

The Dover and the Red Bluff were two of the big fleet of steamers. The San Joaquin No. 2 and No. 3 were others. The Flora was still another, and they were not all. There was the Neponset, too, a trading boat, or traveling general merchandise store that competed with the merchants along the river and on which the Rambler once sold a pet hen for fifty cents. The head was sick and it was best to cash in on it that day.



Loading grain at Star Bend on the Sacramento
Warehouse at camp No. 5, Sutter Basin.



Unloading grain from the barges in Sacramento.

A delightful picture to a barefoot boy sitting at the Butte City ferry slip fifty years ago was the old Flora, gliding quietly down stream after whistling for the ferry cable to be lowered. The Captain had company that day. A lady sat on the white bench on the white upper deck, in front of the pilot house and amused herself by ringing the big bronze bell as the boat passes the town. It was a picture of ease and enjoyment that has never been dimmed by the years. The crew, excepting the engine men and the pilot, was taking it easy, too, for it was the down trip and there was nothing being picked up at the landing, the barge behind being already filled.

Another memory of the same era is of a trip on one of those boats. It started at Butte City and ended at the great city of Sacramento, then only a village in reality, but appearing monstrous to a country lad. The steamer floated most of the way between two high walls of greenery, cottonwoods--sycamores, willows, oaks, draped to the waters edge with wild grape vines. Some of it is still like that, if you get where you can see it.

From time to time there were clearings, and farm buildings would appear, adding to the picture and interrupting otherwise unbroken walls of verdure. There were ferry cables to be lowered on signal from the pilot. There was the Colusa bridge to be opened on similar signal from far upstream. Those whistle blasts reverberated for miles along the mysterious river end for miles out over the broad valley.

Erza Thayer was the engineer of that steamer and his family had pioneered the river along with the Rambler's family. That was why this great treat was afforded the urchin from up country. Thayer had been retired property owner in Sacramento for years. His steamer outlasted him.

The mysterious river became still more mysterious when the steamer passed places where other rivers, creeks and sloughs entered it. The young passenger studied each of these as it came in sight. Feather River, Cache Creek, and others down to where the American came in at Sacramento. It seemed to fold a lure for exploration.

There were whistle blasts when the down-bound boat met others headed up the river. There was the ham and scurry of deck hands when landings were made against the banks or at wharves, and the winch was put into operation to do the loading.

For a number of years most of the old time steamboats rotted away on the river banks opposite Sacramento. A number were destroyed by fire that broke out among them several years ago. Their days were spent and their usefulness replaced by other means of transportation.

REPORT FROM SACRAMENTO PAPERS ERRONEOUS ON THE DOVER AND THE RED BLUFF
December 7, 1937

Funny about those Sacramento papers and their local history facts. The old Dover and the Red Bluff, steamers of the pioneer days of California's in and commerce, "built in 1892 and 1894", the papers down there said. Those boats were chugging up and down the Sacramento

when the Rambler's mother was a girl in school, and she is eighty now. They were carrying merchandise up the river and produce down the stream in the early '70's along with the others of the old fleet.

A man on the Dover made it a point to have a newspaper or a magazine ready to throw to the river bank at the old Moore ranch, where mother, then about fifteen, would gather it up and the family would enjoy the reading. She left the river in the late '70's and those boats had been running for a long time then.

If they had been only about forty years old why should the gong from the engine room of the old Red Bluff have been saved from the junk man and donated to Sutter's Fort. Forty years ago was not a pioneering era, as we figure it today, nor sixty years ago.

The Red Bluff was powered by the engines of the old Governor Dana, which was one of the earliest to operate on California water, being shipped around the horn and put together at San Francisco to navigate the Sacramento. The transfer of the engines to the Red Bluff occurred when she finally went on the junk heap.

K.V. Stinson, said to have been an engineer on both the old boats was quoted as to dates when they were built, but someone was mistaken or misquoted as to their age, for they were both on the river over seventy years ago.

MORE ABOUT THE OLD STEAMBOATS December 10, 1937

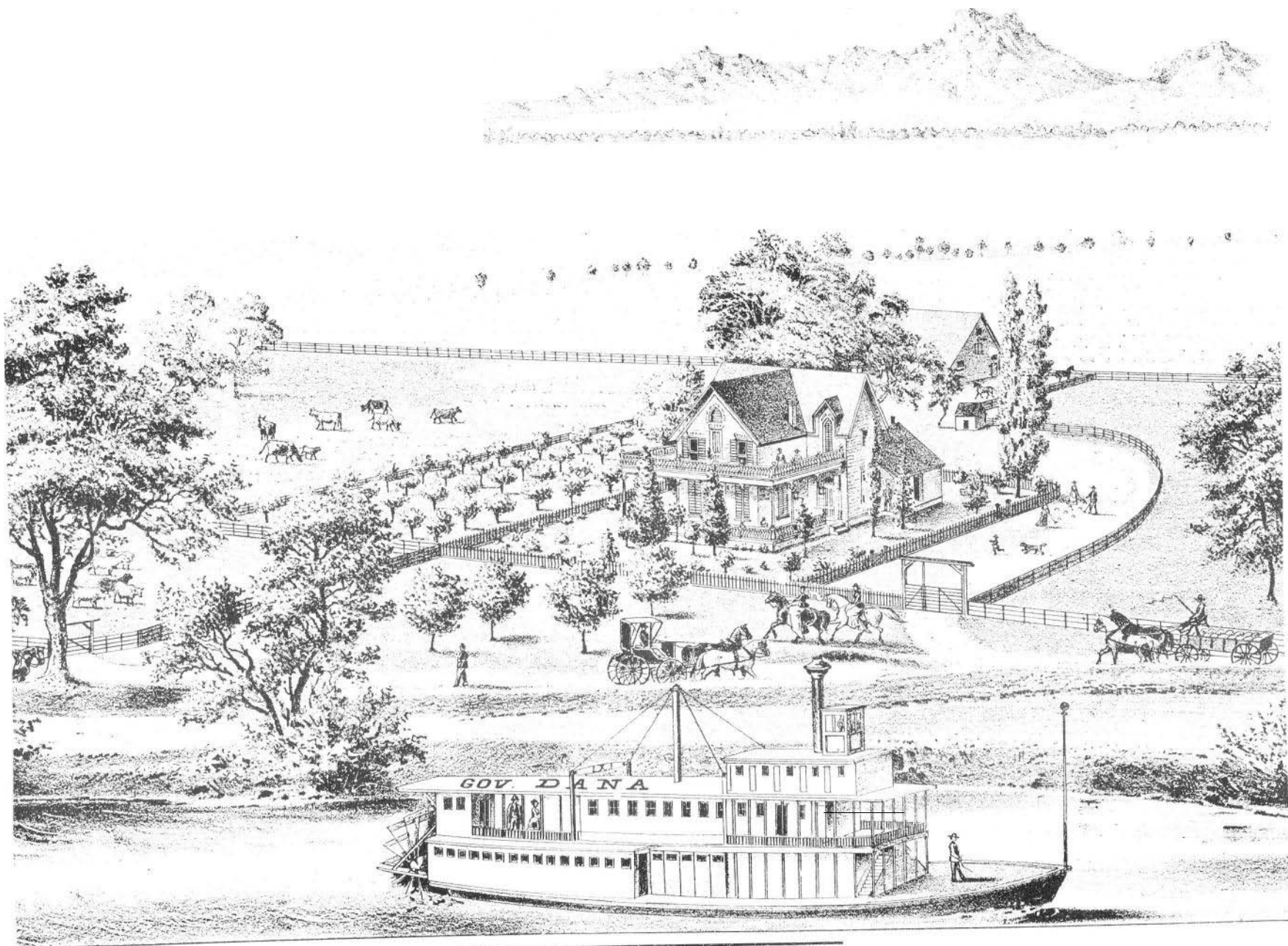
Yes, those old steamers, the Dover and the Red Bluff, which been sold at Sacramento for junk, to be torn apart and their metals removed, were rebuilt in 1892 and 1894. However, they were the same boats that navigated the Sacramento River up to Red Bluff back in the '70's. They were restored and retained their old names.

Ezra Thayer of Sacramento, mentioned in this column the other day as being an old time river enginee, took charge of the engine room of the Dover when she came off the wys with her new fixings and new paint. He had been running on the river long before that, however.

Bill O'Brien, retired newspaper man, of Marysville, was one of those who read the steamboat ramble with interest, because it stirred his boyhood remembrances, too. He lived in Colusa from 1871 to 1882 and was like the Rambler, he says, fond of 01' Man River.

"I recall most of the old time steamboats. During my boyhood most of us kids could tell which boat was coming, just from the sound of the whistle and how we would run for the old wharf at the foot of Fifth Street to watch the deck-hands unload the freight," Bill wrote in a note to the Rambler.

Bill names several of the boats the Rambler did not mention. He enumerates the Flora, Verona, Jacinto, Governor Dana, Red Bluff, San Joaquin Nos 1, 2, 3, the Neponset Nos. 1 and 2, and the old government snag boat, the Seizer, which wandered up the river each fall to take out the snags, Divers would go under water to attach cables or to place explosives. A derrick on the front end of the boat lifted out the tree trunks or logs. Sometimes a big sycamore tree would be removed in this manner.



"RIVER VIEW"

RANCH AND RES. OF **JOSEPH GIRDNER**. SUTTER CO. CAL

THE GOVERNOR DANA paddled its way up and down both the Feather and the Sacramento Rivers.

"I remember an old-time captain, Thomas Dwyer," wrote Bill, 'He was a friend of the family. In the summer time many of us Kids used to frequent 'Hager's Bend', a place on the big bend above Colusa. He waited for the steamboats to come up the river from Colusa, towing their barges, and then would swim in the waves following the barges. Some of the braver swimmers used to swim across between the boat and the barge, but it took a good swimmer to do that.

"Our home was just at the turn where the big bend commences. The levee was not over three feet high then and I could look over the top while standing on level ground. There used to be a Chinese garden at that place next to the river, when I was a lad. In the early '80's the levee was raised to a height of ten or twelve feet and piling was driven to protect the river banks from "Hager's Bend to past the old Granger's warehouse, below the drawbridge."

STEAMBOATS ON THE SACRAMENTO
By Oscar H. Roesner of Live Oak

Again upon the river's bank I stand--
 Across the space of more than fifty years
And watch with boyhood's fascinated bend
 As 'round the bend a steamboat big appears,
For long its booming whistle had been heard
 Afar down reaches of the stream--
Dover, Varuna--Oh, what wild dreams stirred
 By Governor Dana or Jacinto's gleam!

Boy friends are with me on the levee bank--
 Good pals I knew in days of long ago:
Elmer and Reub, with Bert and Bob and Frank
 And Mel, whose visits still bring back youth's glow.
Each boy names boat and backs his guess with why--
 For him there is no faltering "and" of "if"--
But winner halts his boast as boat churns by
 To cheer "Dad" Flowers in a wave-tossed skiff.

We see the captain from the wheel-house peer,
 And dreams tug hard within each lad's high heart
As visions rise of steamboats he will steer
 When he is of the river traffic part--
Ghost boats sail down the river 'eighty still
 The old Red Bluff, perchance the San Joaquin
For one who watches them once from levee's hill
 And serve to keep loved river memories green.

THE VERY EARLY STEAMBOATS ON THE SACRAMENTO
December 29, 1937

In the rambles about the old steamboats that ran on the Sacramento and the Feather rivers in the early days no one who searched his or her memory recalled the old Defiance and the original San Joaquin. It remained for the Rambler's mother to mention them in a letter. She had been going over the old days again in her mind and these boats sailed into view.

Both were side-wheelers and had been in the earliest transportation service on the streams. The later boats were stern-wheelers. The older ones were small and dirty and badly worn by the labors of pioneering on the rivers, and they disappeared before most people now alive were of an observing age.

"My uncles boat was capsized on night, coming from "Rome", wrote my mother. "His skiff ran into the bow of the Defiance and he was sucked under the steamer with his boat, going the whole way from bow to stern, but somehow he lived to tell the tale. He was rescued by men of the steamboat crew.

"The first rading boat was the Alta, owned by Sam Gore-- a cute little boat. One Christmas Mr. Gore gave me a doll for a present--no little girl loves her big modern doll so much like a baby, as I loved that China doll of those long ago years, and it was in perfect condition until I was married."

"Other early day boats were the Gem, the Swan, the Henrietta, the Victor, and two by the name of Lark. I doubt if anyone now living on the river remembers those boats."

YE OLDEN TYNE

By Alva Carpenter

February 17, 1938

As memories parade there comes a yen,
For chums of the good old days again;
Back some decades to the nineties when
Swimmers hooted steamers at Arnold's bend.

The old swimming hole is there today,
But swimmers are many beneath the clay;
Even to Tommy who tended the bridge,
And fed Your Truly with begrudge.

The Neponset, Varuna and San Joaquin
Would blast for the bridge at one or two,
And Tommy and I, and sometimes his Queen,
Man-powered the key and let them through.

They fetched up frub, and took wheat that was stored
'Till that year the railroad strikers roared;
Then Colusans back from the Capital they bore,
For there weren't no autos in 'ninety-four.

A devil was I, one the Colusa Gazette
The Rambler sold rubber stamps;
Johnny Crossen rang the curfew bell
Newt Scroggins pinched the toughs and tramps.

That nine o'clock curfew made the kids run,
The Law said nights were made for sleep!
'Till one night Tom Woods had a gun,
And a Marshall died on his beat.

But the rank and file were honest men,
Unlike so many today--
Who seek to loaf, rob and kill,
And make a clean get-away.

There was "Pos" Collins, jet black--
Could out dive a wild mallard duck
From high on the Neponset's smoke stack--
A whoop and a splash when he struck.

There was little "Doc" Belton, Les Moore,
Sam Batman and others galore;
Bob Turman and Frank and Chet Porier,
Steve Mason, Bill Sap and Aut Roe.

There was "Snake" Burnham, Bill Gray,
Sullivan's boys, Tim and Steve,
Some good, some bad, but all gay,
Clint Shep, Lige Waters and me.

These boys could be serious or sad;
The way they downed beer was a fright,
Jolly chaps till you made on mad
Then Gaud, how they could fight!

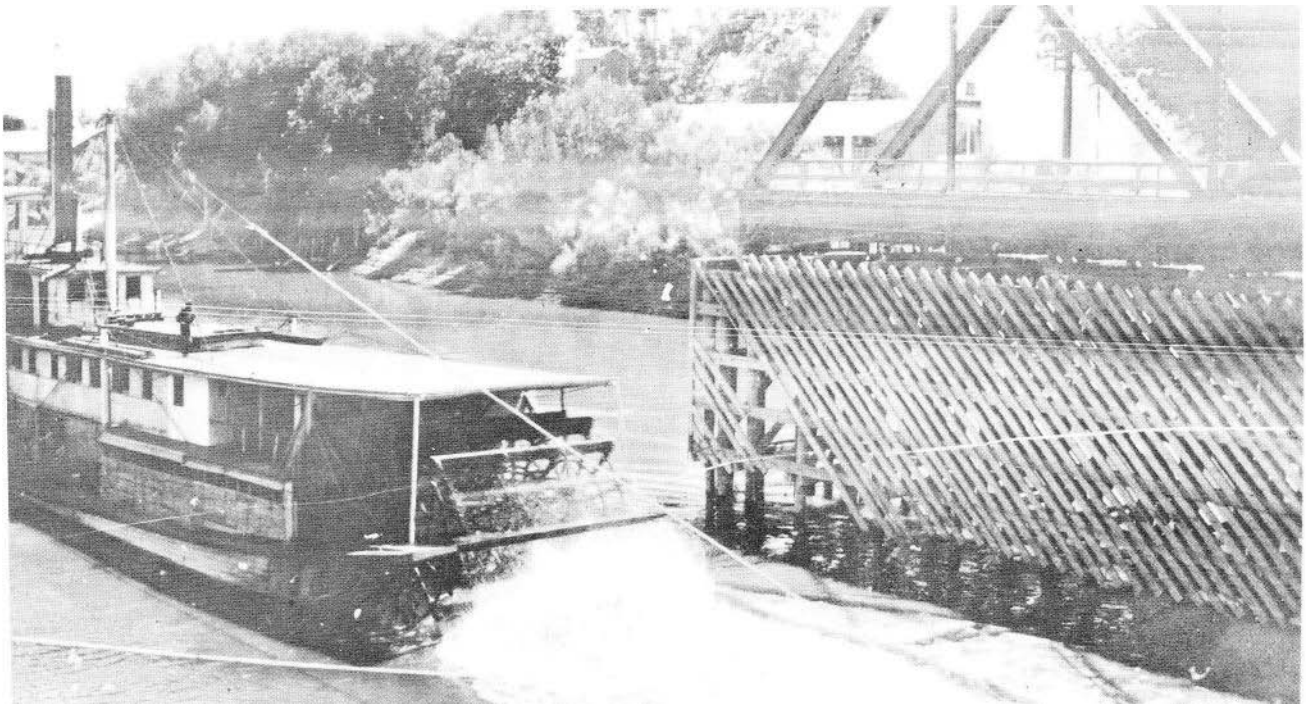
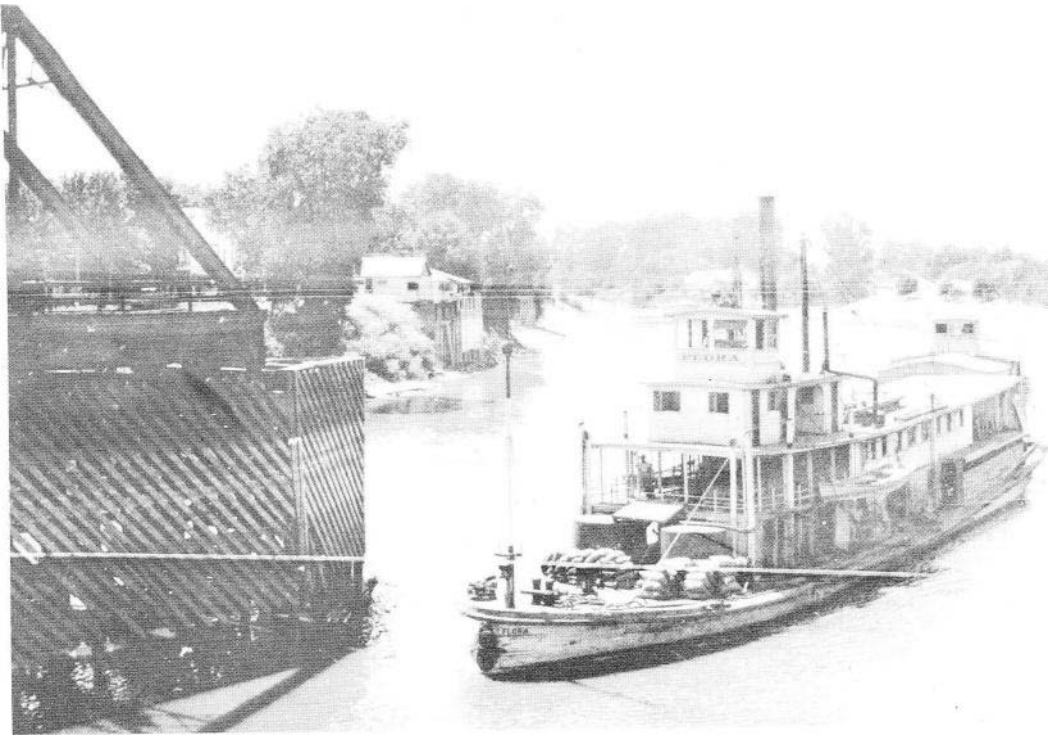
There was the local militia,
Captain Ford, called "Company B,"
Came home in ninety-seven
From bathing in the Salton Sea.

Pedro Vinalls had shot pretty Florin.
Was nursing his wounds in jail;
Vowing to re-enact the Hong Dye scene,
A mob promised justice without fail.

For in '88 the Chink had been hastened
From Sheriff Beville's basement cells
Aid swing to a railroad turntable
For shooting two St. John belles.

Our rancher forebears were Democrats
He-men who had crossed the plains;
Their dollars were the size of our dimes,
And descendants honor their names.

'Tis better they cannot see our lives,
They'd turn over in their graves
For they prophesied and despised
The socialism of these days.



THE FLORA, going through the draw-bridge at Knights Landing. (The old Railroad bridge)

HIGH WATER AND FLOODS OF EARLY DAYS
December 31, 1937

When floods came to the Sacramento Valley in the early days they were less serious than they are now. The natural safety valves, such as the Sutter Basin, the Colusa Basin, the Yolo Basin, Butte Creek, and excess water when that stream went on a rampage.

The Feather had its safety valves, too, in the low lands at various places. All the streams had their creeks and sloughs to relieve pressure.

The first towns and ranches were on high lands next to the banks of the streams. As long as there were no levees these were no often flooded, their sites had been well chosen. At first low banks of earth were put around buildings, then some of the farms were protected by levees. Eventually towns erected low dikes, as did Marysville.

AS this work progressed, the streams became angrier in their flood seasons. They torn out trees and flooded the towns and ranches where levees had not been built. Then, these protected themselves. The earlier levees then became inadequate, and there were grater floods.

Colonel Lee Moulton of Colusa was about the last to submit to levees, but since all above and below him had raised high embankments, his extensive lands on the west side of the Sacramento were badly damaged. Eventually levees were built there, too, and breaks occurred. One of them thereafter left open as a weir and a second weir was recently built a few miles below it, both releasing river water into the Butter By-pass in flood times.

On an Indian mound below Kirksville is a grave--unless it has been destroyed in recent years--of a flood victim of some seventy-five years ago floating on the flooded. Sacramento River. Jonas Moore, the Rambler's grandfather and his son Joe, who died recently at Paradise, went out in a skiff and floated the body to the mound which was the only spot out of water. Neighbors assisted in making a wooden box and the body was buried. There was no coroner's investigation and no inquest and the identity of the drowned man never was discovered although the facts were published in the Sutter Banner in Yuba City.

Another high water incident recalled by the Rambler's mother was the rescue of a young colt that floated past the ranch. The same two went out in a boat and put a rope on the little animal which was making a brave but losing fight for its life. It was taken to a sloping bank and safety, later being returned to its owner across the river.

HOW GRIMES GOT IT NAME

February 24, 1939

Henry L. Houchins of Grimes, who died a few days ago, was a successor to a business that was established by the founder of that Sacramento river town in Colusa county, P. C. Grimes, who picked the site of his lifetime operations because of a gigantic oak tree that stood on it, established the meat business that Houchins conducted so many years.

Grimes came up the river in 1845, looking for a place on which to establish himself. The counties had not then been carved out of this new dominion of the United States. On the shore, as he made his slow way upstream, he beheld the mighty oak, and he went to investigate. There were no larger trees close to the river, so he chose that site for his home and farming operations, acquiring a large area in the vicinity, gradually developing a vast grain and stock business, with fruits and vegetables and poultry to meet his own needs.

The place became known as Grimes Landing, and later on other settlers in the vicinity hauled their grain to the landing for shipment on the river steamers and barges that began navigating the Sacramento. Eventually the number of people seeking to reside there on account of the activities on the Grimes farm and others, led to the laying out of the town, and the pioneer's name was given to it.

The boats brought cargoes of merchandise required in the vicinity and carried away the products of the farms. They also took on great quantities of cordwood there to fuel their boilers.

Grimes was to some extent another Sutter. He had many lines of industry on his place and was largely sufficient unto himself, directing many men in the various operations, and employing some of the Indians of the vicinity. He was a large man and was old even in boyhood of Dr. A. R. Mahan of Marysville, who grew up in Grimes and knew the pioneer. On the day when Doc, blossomed out in his first pair of overalls he had occasion to pass in front of old man Grimes and the latter reached out with the crook of his cane, pulling the boy to him by one leg. It was a joke for Grimes, but it startled the boy. They became friends and had many friendly chats thereafter.

Grimes was a real pioneer. When he arrived in the State in 1845 looking for a location he found an untamed wilderness. Several companions accompanied him in a covered boat they had prepared for the trip up the river. They towed the boat from the shore as much as possible, other times poling and rowing. The first house built was a log cabin, which later became the hog house and was eventually chopped into stove wood, along with the great oak, which became weakened. The tree made 90 ricks of stovewood sixteen inch wood. The Chinese wood-cutter spend a week grubbing out the stump, and the first saw cut for splitting required two days. Even the original worm-and-stake fences were at last cut into stove wood.

The original water supply of the farm house was operated by a paddle-wheel on pontoons in the river, the wheel giving power to a force pump that sent the water to a tank in the house. Then the river was silty the water was settled in barrels, Jim Tate, relative of Mrs. Grimes, built the machine.

Some of the original Grimes lands were taken by squatters, others were sold, but a portion remains in the family to this day. The great estate was divided into several ranches and all had their special purposes and their own building. At the entrance, to the "Upper Ranch" stood the old brick hall built by Grimes and used for all manner of events, home talent and traveling shows, dances and community meetings. All the politicians of the old days met their public there. The building burned in 1897, when the Bilmour hotel and harness shop were destroyed.

TRAVELOGUE BRINGS TO LIGHT NAME SOURCES DATING FROM SETTLEMENT
OF GOLD COUNTRY BY PIONEERS

Trails blazing pioneers gave California a wide variety of colorful names that makes a trip to Marysville interesting for the name-conscious 1940 tourist.

For instance, he who comes to Marysville like some pioneers might define his path along this line:

In the Clipper Ship--fleet merchant vessel.

Over the waves of the Pacific--meaning peaceful.

Through the Golden Gate--so called Fremont because it was the gateway to a world of commerce.

To San Francisco--named in honor of Saint Francis de Assisi.

Over the bay to Alameda county--derived from "alemo" poplar tree, meaning avenue shaded by trees of cottonwood grove.

And up to Contra Costa--opposite coast.

Past Carquinez Straits--Indian village and tribe by the name. To Suisun Bay--Indian village, said to mean big expanse.

ON TO MARYSVILLE

Then up to Sacramento--received the name from the river, so called in honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

On by the American River--from the Spanish El Rio de los Americanos for trappers who lived on its banks.

To Hock Farm--after the Indian village and one-time a busy spot in the General John A. Sutter empire.

On the Feather River--originally El Rio de Las Plumas, named by Captain Luis Arguello, 1820, because of wild fowl feathers on waters.

And in Marysville--in honor of Mary Covillaud, survivor of the historic Donner party which trapped in mountain snows, wife of Charles Covillaud, one-time owner of the settlement.

Which is seat of Yuba County--Yuba first applied to the river, either from the Spanish "Yuba" for grapes or "YU-ba" tribe of Maidu Indians, both found on river shores in abundance by early explorers.

OR THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Should you come by the overland route, you will come across the:

Sierra Nevada--saw toothed, snowy; aptly describing the mountains east of Marysville.

Past Lake Tahoe--Indian, possibly from the Indian "tah-oo-ee" meaning a great deal of water.

Through Bear Valley--once the habitat of innumerable bears, now a ski meadow in winter, cattle range in summer

Past Nevada City--for the saw toothed mountains.

And Smartsville--for James Smart, who built a hotel there in 1856.

Parks Bar--David Parks-who came in 1848, on way to Oregon, but stopped when he learned about Gold from Mormons established a store and carried on a bit of mining.

Browns Valley--for a gold pioneer who discovered it accidentally there, took out \$12,000 in quartz and retired.

Past Daguerre Point--originally DaGuerre Point after a French family had settled there.

Cordua District--after Theodore Cordua, whose ranch included everything between Yuba, Feather rivers and Honcut Creek.

AND INTO MARYSVILLE

With this "hub city" as your headquarters you make side trips to such places as:

Tierra Buena--good land.

Meridian--situated just barely 1/4 West of the Lt. Diablo Meridian, U.S. survey.

Colusa--true meaning debated, but believed from Colusa tribe of Indians.

Live Oak--from the grove of trees.

Gridley--after George Gridley, rancher.

NORTH OF MARYSVILLE

Oroville--old town, originally named Ophir City.

Honcut--tribe of Maidu Indians.

And into Marysville via District Ten--one of the first reclamation districts in the state.

Southerly and easterly of Marysville are such valley points of interest as:

Eliza--set out in January of 1850 by members of the Kennebec company from Maine, named for their steamer, "Eliza". The settlement at one time threatened Marysville as the district's principal village.

Linda--also named after a steamer, and again by the town founder.

Hammonton--After John Hays Hammond, gold dredging magnate, still the scene of intensive mining by dredgers. (1939)

Spenceville--Originally Spencerville, after family.

Cabbage Patch--so dubbed by teamsters who passed the site, a cabbage field of two negroes in 1852 at the junction of the Smartsville and Spencerville roads (modern usage is Smartville and Spenceville).

USED TO BE "GOUGE EYE"

Wheatland--for the great amount of wheat shipped out of the "big fields" as early as 1845.

Pleasant Grove--it used to be Gouge Eye, by heck!

Rio Oso--bear river, haven of grizzlies. But no more.

Nicolaus--Nicolaus Allgier, one of General Sutter's first land operators.

Arboga--named by Swedish people who settled there, after a town in Sweden. Means bend as elbow of one's arm.

Alice--Alice, a place where Sacramento Northern trains whistled to keep the cows off the tracks.

"I'ZE FUM TIMBUCTOO"

If you were to go up the Yuba River and range a few miles on each side you'd find:

Foster's Bar--for William Foster, who with Michael Nye, later owned the Marysville settlement.

Timbuctoo--'tis said a negro settled in this ravine in 1850 and told other miners "I'ze fum Timbuctoo."

Long Bar--longest bar then in the river.

Brownsville--I. E. Brown, farmer and miner from Maine.

Loma Rica--little rich hill.

Stanfield--who built a store in 1852 at the top of the hill carrying his name.

Dobbins--William M. and Mark D. Dobbins, who settled on a creek there in 1849, William fought with Commodore Perry on Lake Erie and was last survivor of the engagement

Bullards Bar--Dr. Bullard of Brooklyn dropped his practice for milling. Now a dam is at the bar.

CELESTIAL VALLEY

Camptonville--the Campbell brothers in 1852 settled there, and the community is Yuba County's oldest mountain town.

Celestial Valley--On Oregon Creek, for the many Chinese coolies huddled into their own mining settlement.

Frenchtown--Colony of French, established by Paul Vavasseur.

Indiana Ranch--named by the Page brothers who in 1851 came from Indiana. The district a few years ago yielded a solid nugget shaped like a horned toad worth approximately \$600.

Hansonville--James Hanson in 1851 established his hotel and store at the top of a steep grade, one of the historic roadhouses at which teamsters stopped over night.

Challenge Mill--now Challenge, a favorite vacation spot, a mill built by Cook and Malory in 1850.

BLACK BART WAS GUEST

Woodville--Now Woodleaf, established 1853, and the pioneer hotel which often times housed Black Bart, the road agent, still stands. Indians were troublesome and frequently had to be shot, says one historian.

Strawberry Valley--the old Indian name as "Pomingo" but was believed named in 181 by Captain William Mock for the wild strawberries, still growing profusely. Another story says two men, Straw and Berry, combined their names to give the spot its identity.

To this land of colorful names is the traveler invited in order that he may enjoy its mellow history.

He'll find it fun to delve into such history books as Peter Delay's Histories of different counties, the Thompson and West Histories, precious files of the Appeal-Democrat.

Each name is made more interesting by a visit to the place, each now hallowed by history.