

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
NEWS BULLETIN

Vol. XXII, NO. 4

YUBA CITY, CALIFORNIA 95992

OCTOBER 1983



RUTH AND GOLD CHAIN

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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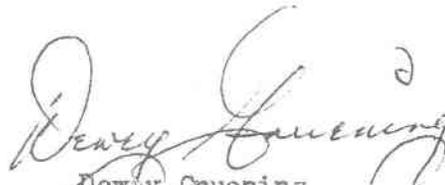
PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The clean white mini-pickup bears a striking sign on its door: "Snaketan". And one section of the workshop at 2780 North Township Road in Sutter County is labeled "brain bin". Welcome to the World of Taxidermy, as it is ordered and presided over by Trent Meyer, practitioner extraordinary of the art of "arrangement of skin", and a man quite familiar with the preparation of rattlesnake skins for use as decorative items of clothing or other household use. Attendees at our July meeting heard this lively young man intone that he is among the last of a dying breed; a latter-day parallel to the Mountain Men who invaded our state from the east in their ever-widening search for furs. But when we viewed his slides of Sutter County birds and animals, and ran exploratory fingers over the beaver, skunk, mink and even porcupine which he passed around, and listened as he explained how his collection of bird and animal skulls furthers a continuing study of the natural structure of living things, it became obvious that talent and showmanship continue to manifest themselves in the younger generations. But it's no easy task to solve the economic problems of the profession. An ever-growing proportion of the population, like me, seems to prefer strictly mental records of

LAST SUMMER

The fish I caught, and how they fought
the spinner, spoon, or jig,
Both as to size, and battle-wise,
I just remember: BIG.
I never weigh, or snap away
for later tell and show,
And taxidermy would make memory
too ACCURATE to grow!

Quarterly meeting at the Museum -- October 17th next --
7:30 P.M. Join us for a personal appraisal of this
summer's progress toward the carefully planned goal of
a greater Memorial Museum. A good turnout will show our
new Curator-Director, Mary Allman, that this is indeed
Sutter County, still manifesting that active pioneering
which this historic name conjures up, and definitely not
Sitter County, which has different, less noble connotations.


Dewey Gruening

MEET OUR NEW DIRECTOR - MARY ALLMAN

Ladell Piner

What does it feel like to spend your 26th birthday beginning a brand new job in a place you've never been, 2500 miles from home?

Ask Mary Allman, new curator/director of the Community Memorial Museum. From her native Michigan to California via Washington, D.C., Ohio, and Colorado, she has covered many miles and gained a wealth of experience.

When she entered Michigan State University her interest was in fashion design, which led to study of decorative arts, anthropology and an eventual degree in art history, with honors. In the course of those four years, she spent one summer as guide at Greenfield Village at the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan, near her native Grosse Ile. She had no particular passion for museums at the time; this was to Grosse Ile as the cannery is to Yuba City; a good place to seek summer employment.

Back in East Lansing and still pursuing fashion, Mary volunteered her services to the campus museum in the section devoted to the history of costumes. This led to her becoming a paid staff member (however, in a different department) during her senior year, where she developed educational programs and worked on the recruiting and training of docents and volunteers.

The fashion designer part of Mary still lives in her love of sewing, but by that time the die was set. She sought graduate work and was one of 25 accepted applicants for George Washington University's Master's program in museum education. During the first semester she attended classes and was program administrator for the D.A.R. Museum in Washington, D.C. To complete her degree, she interned at the Western Reserve Historical Society in Cleveland, Ohio, being involved primarily with adult evening classes and public relations. She completed her Master's degree magna cum laude, and was asked to remain in Cleveland an extra month as consultant.

After a brief respite, Mary began her westward journey with appointment as Curator of Education, Museum of Western Colorado in Grand Junction. It was there that she gained experience in the many phases of museum work that led to her being selected as the new director of Community Memorial Museum. As an administrative assistant, she plunged into community events, fund raising, art shows. She has worked with adults and children, with professionals and volunteers. She has presented papers to historical associations and published in professional journals. She has written and received grants, including one for a video-tape documentary of the restoration of an early Twentieth Century apple farm and packing operation developed as a living outdoor museum.

Part of that project remains with Mary in the companionship of a calico kitten born on location in the barn. Callie waits patiently as her mistress makes the rounds of garage sales to furnish her new apartment, and might some time listen to her practice the clarinet, if there's ever time in a busy schedule.

Whether Mary is garbed in jeans, dusting and moving artifacts into the new storage area or in Sunday dress, greeting guests at an afternoon concert, she already seems at home in her new position.

If you were to ask her how it felt to be in that position on her 26th birthday, she might reply with characteristic self-assurance and good humor, "It's a present I gave myself."

* * * * *

Mark your calendars for the following dates:

- Sept. 15 - Annual Chicken Salad Luncheon & Card Party,
beginning at 12:00 noon
- Sept. 25 - Concert, "Early California Music," 2:00 p.m.
- Oct. 3 - Auxiliary Awards Coffee, 10:00 a.m.-noon
- Oct. 16 - Concert, String Quartet, 2:00 p.m.
- Oct. 19 - Open House & Dedication of Addition, 9:00 a.m.-7:00 p.m.
- Oct. 30 - Reader's Theatre, Adult's Halloween Program, 2:00 p.m.
- Nov. 16 - Walt Anderson Autograph Party, 7:30 p.m.
- Nov. 20 - Concert, Woodwind Ensemble, 2:00 p.m.
- Dec. 10 - Annual Christmas Party, "Trees & Traditions,
5:00-8:00 p.m.

COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM

ANNUAL REPORT

August 1, 1982 -- July 31, 1983

After a very busy, very productive year, we are pleased to provide this recap of the year's activities at the museum.

The membership drive was a success this year with the goal of \$3,500 reached in July. We now have 150 individual, family, group, or business memberships. The Museum Auxiliary increased to 32 active members, and provided 3,287 hours of service to the museum this year.

During its 8th year of operation 7,017 visitors were logged by the museum. We gave 64 group tours for a total of 1,280 visitors as follows: 29 public and private school classes; 14 groups of handicapped children or adults, and gifted students; 15 youth groups; and 6 adult groups.

Of course, the really big news is the addition to the east wing of the museum! Bids were opened on December 14, 1982, with Bosen Construction submitting the low bid. Construction began on February 4, just before our prolonged "rainy season".

In September of 1982 the museum was awarded a General Operating Support grant of \$9,134 from the Institute of Museum Services, U. S. Department of Education. The grant supplemented county support which partially funds employee salaries and benefits. Special fund raising events in 1982-83 were: September Luncheon/Card Party, December "Trees and Traditions" Christmas Party, and the May Wine Tasting Party. Revenue from memberships, gift shop sales, and fund raising events are used for exhibits and operating expenses.

The Mini-Arts Series, under the joint direction of Music Coordinator, Jane Roberts, and the Sutter County Arts Council, featured many local artists in dramatic and musical performances. They scheduled 9 concerts, 3 Readers' Theatres, and a puppet show attended by a total of 722 people.

Ten special exhibits were featured during the year beginning with Camera Craft: Early California Photographers. Displays of Algeo Family Memorabilia, Family Bibles, and Papua New Guinea Artifacts were loaned by local residents. Local artists exhibited Landscape Photographs of Ireland and California, Ceramics and

Sculpture, Dye Transfer Photography, and Copper Over Redwood Sculpture. Bremer's and Gilpatric's loaned Wine Glasses and Accessories. Summer Fun, a group of toys, books and clothes for little boys, was developed from the museum's collection.

A total of 1,285 artifacts were given to the museum by 63 donors in the past twelve months. Added to the approximate 8,500 items received during the previous seven years and over 1,000 items from the original Sutter County Museum, the Community Memorial Museum's collection has grown to more than 11,000 items.

We wish to thank everyone who helped make this a good year for the museum either through volunteer work, contributions of funds or artifacts, or just moral support. Your continued enthusiasm for providing a place for the preservation of Sutter County history is very much appreciated.



Even as original plans were being drawn for the Museum, there were dreams for possible expansion someday, but those dreams did not dare to project how soon.

What seemed for months to be a 20 by 40 foot swimming pool adjacent to the east side of the building is in the final stages of completion. The public will have the opportunity to inspect the addition on Thursday, October 19th, the eighth anniversary of the dedication of the original building. Formal ribbon-cutting ceremonies will be at 1:30 P.M. and the Museum will be open till 7 P.M. to give everyone a chance to see what goes on behind the scenes.

Though the new wing does not add to exhibit space, it will increase flexibility by providing storage for artifacts in rotating display. In addition to a spacious storage area with controlled heat and light, there is now a special room for accessioning, an expanded library, and office and work space to make administration and housekeeping more efficient.

LIST OF DONORS TO THE COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM
TRUST FUND AND BUILDING FUND
May 21 through August 31, 1983

Ray & Jane Giyer & Family	in memory of William Hankins
Mary Mulvany	in memory of Jessica Bird
Maude K. Roberts	in memory of Jessica Bird
Robert C. Hardie	in memory of Jessica Bird
James & Gene Taresh	in memory of Jessica Bird
Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Schnabel	in memory of Jessica Bird
Jack & Helen Heenan	in memory of Roy Norene
Richard Scriven	outright gift
Caroline S. Ringler	in memory of Inez Jones
Robert Schmidl Family	in memory of Norman Bowles
Robert Schmidl	in memory of Roy Norene
Mrs. Hugo Del Pero	in memory of Ray Phillips
Mrs. Philip Holmes	in memory of Ray J. K. Phillips
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Miller	in memory of Ray Phillips
Sakaye Takabayashi	in memory of William Hankins
Mr. & Mrs. Gerald F. Allen	in memory of Clara King Kruger
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Welter	in memory of Clarise Reidel
Faye Sherman	in memory of Inez Jones
Caroline S. Ringler	in memory of Wilson Coats & Stella Keener
Mr. & Mrs. Warren J. Hall	in memory of Mrs. Elmer Miller
Bob & Pauline Masera	in memory of William J. Hankins
Betty & Bill Arnett	in memory of Hal Knudsen & Jane Silver
Mrs. Reginald Estep	in memory of Clifford Birdsley
Mrs. Rosemary Redhair	in memory of Wilson Coats
Mr. & Mrs. Joe Alexander	in memory of Stella Keener & Clarise Reinke
Mr. & Mrs. Lewis A. Philpott	in memory of Erma Mayfield
Lloyd & Helen Frye	in memory of Erma Mayfield
Bev & Bette Epperson	in memory of Florence Price & Erma Mayfield
Mr. & Mrs. Burwell W. Ullrey	in memory of Erma Mayfield
Mr. & Mrs. Frank W. Welter	in memory of Erma Mayfield
Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Greene, Jr.	in memory of Erma Mayfield

James F. Gilpatric	in memory of Erma Mayfield
Cecil & Shirley Davis	in memory of Charlie Gillock
Mr. & Mrs. Norman Palmer	in memory of Erma Mayfield
Grizzly Bear Publishing for Mrs. Verne Langford	outright gift
Randy & Shirley Schnabel	in memory of Clarice Reidel & Erma Mayfield
Mr. & Mrs. R. E. Schnabel	in memory of Erma Mayfield
Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Schnabel	in memory of James Heya
Mr. & Mrs. Tom Bard	in memory of Dewey Ashford
Mrs. Amy Ashford	in memory of Dewey Ashford
Mr. & Mrs. George Souza	in memory of Dewey Ashford
Mr. & Mrs. Manuel Luna & Family	in memory of Dewey Ashford
Bev. & Bette Epperson	in memory of Wayne Catlett
Ray & Lena Frye	in memory of Erma Mayfield
Mr. & Mrs. Starr Poole	in memory of Emily Wessel
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Mr. & Mrs. Dick Brandt	in memory of Erma Mayfield
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Willard & Lillian Dodson	in memory of N. Dewey Ashford
Margaret M. Madden	in memory of Dewey Ashford
Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Allen	in memory of Dewey Ashford
Dick & Bee Brandt	in memory of Dewey Ashford
Winnie & Bill Greene	in memory of Dewey Ashford
Doug & Jean Goss	in memory of H. E. Crowhurst
Maude K. Roberts	in memory of Dewey Ashford
Bill & Winnie Greene	in memory of Herbert E. Crowhurst, Sr.
Willard & Lillian Dodson	in memory of Louis Tyler
Frank & Margaret Welter	in memory of Curtis Glen Dedmon
Mr. & Mrs. Joe Alexander	in memory of Lottie Stewart
Robert & Jan Schmidl	in memory of George Patrick Marden
Mr. & Mrs. Lester Doty	in memory of Herb Crowhurst Sr.
Bev. & Bette Epperson	in memory of Arthur Hansen
Maude K. Roberts	in memory of Wallace Perry
Lloyd & Helen Frye	in memory of Alta Welter
Mrs. Delma Davis Reick	in memory of Mrs. Alta Stohlman Welter
Frank & Sue Moore	in memory of Billy J. Duffey
Dick & Bee Brandt	in memory of Herb Crowhurst Sr.
Evelyn D. Eden	outright gift

A TRIBUTE TO JESSICA BIRD

BY
Warren Thornton

Jessica Bird, veteran newspaperwoman and one of the most active members of the Sutter County Historical Society, died May 17 in Marysville at the age of 96.

In 1948, 35 years prior to her death, Miss Bird had joined the news staff of The Appeal-Democrat to cover assignments in Yuba City and Sutter County government and the courts. She was one of the original members of the historical society when it was organized in 1954, and was the obvious choice to write the history of Yuba and Sutter Counties for The Appeal-Democrat's Centennial Edition in 1960.

A person of refined sensibilities who scorned the coarse and the vulgar, she was very much a product of the Victorian Age, which was in full bloom when she was born May 12, 1887, 13 years before the death of Queen Victoria in 1901. At the same time, she spanned the generation gaps, working until she was 78 at ease and on an equal basis with newsmen and newswomen who were young enough to be her children and grandchildren. But they didn't know it. A lady of her time, especially a "spinster lady," did not disclose her age.

She was born in Chicago and with her family came west for her mother's health in 1890. Her mother, Ida Taft Bird, a member of the same family that produced the Tafts of Ohio, settled in Banning, while Miss Bird's father, James Francis Bird, returned to Chicago for the time being to continue to serve as chief accountant for The Pullman Co.

Miss Bird was a graduate of Banning High School and was attending Stanford University at the time of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906. Immediately after the disaster, she signed on as a volunteer to do relief work among the survivors.

She began her newspaper career when her father, learning that the Riverside newspaper needed a correspondent in Banning, offered to buy her a typewriter if she would take the correspondent's job. In the early '40s she was city editor of the Riverside Press-Enterprise, and came north after World War II to work on the copy desk of the San Rafael Independent.

In the spring of 1948, Miss Bird arrived in Marysville with both hands firmly gripping the steering wheel of the old tan coupe she was driving. (I can't reemember the make of the car, but I do remember that it was the only one of its kind I had ever seen and that it had been out of production for years). On her head was a very wide-brimmed white straw hat, with a wide black ribbon around the crown and hanging down below the brim in the back. It was the kind of hat women wore to garden parties. Stuffed up a sleeve was an accessory that ladies in the forefront of this century never left home without. It was a handkerchief, and Jess used it principally for wiping the summertime perspiration from her fingers when she was working at the typewriter and fanning her face. (Not many places of work were airconditioned in those days).

Covering the courts was one of her specialties, and her thoroughness and accuracy won for her the respect of attorneys and judges. After one particular trying case, the late Richard Fuidge, a Marysville attorney who was not given to effusiveness, sent her the following note: 'Young lady I don't know how you do it. You get everything, and correctly. I have taken to reading the paper at night to find out what was going on in the court that day.' Fuidge was one of the principal attorneys in the trial.

Miss Bird's sense of propriety did not interfere with her coverage of the tawdry and the vulgar, but it caused considerable speculation among her newsroom associates. Wasn't she shocked? Wasn't a lady of her sensibilities offended? She never gave a clue. The speculation reached its zenith when she was covering a criminal trial in Sutter County Superior Court involving a family that seemed to have been guilty of every depravity. Various members of the family were accusing one another, and each took the stand to tell all about the other. Each day when Jess returned from court to write her story, it was expected that she would make some comment that would be enlightening. But she continued to act as if what she was doing was routine work of the most boring kind until someone asked,

while the rest waited expectantly, "What kind of people are they, Jess?" She did not take her eyes off her work or her hands off the typewriter keys as she responded with a terse "Very common!"

Keeping the curious guessing about her age was not purely a matter of vanity. She confided to one who knew her secret, "If people knew how old I am, I'm afraid they would treat me like an old lady." Earlier there had been a more practical reason: she was afraid of job discrimination on the basis of age. She was not asked how old she was when she applied for a job at The Appeal-Democrat, and for so long as she worked there, she never disclosed it, not even to the bookkeeping department. When she retired — only 18 years ago — the decision was hers. She was still an energetic and productive reporter. Age had neither slowed her down physically nor impaired her mentally.

Miss Bird was living alone in her home on Swezy Street in Marysville when she suffered the stroke that resulted in her death a few days later in Rideout Memorial Hospital. Her survivors included the following nieces and nephews: Marjorie Sammons of Puako Beach, Hawaii, Emily Carlton of Glendora, Eleanor Shaw of Riverside, Richard Coombs and Philip Coombs of Banning and Joseph Barbour of Glendora.

She had been a member of the Boards of Directors of the historical society and the Buttes Area Chapter of the American Red Cross. She was secretary of the society from November, 1966 to January, 1975 and was a member of the editorial staff of the Sutter County Historical Society News Bulletin.

In an editorial published June 30, 1965 when she retired, The Appeal-Democrat paid tribute to those qualities that made Miss Bird an extraordinary news reporter: She had stamina, intelligence and "that peculiar skill in communication which enables (one) to state the facts briefly, accurately and swiftly for ready comprehension by a vast audience of all ages and a wide variety of occupations and interests."

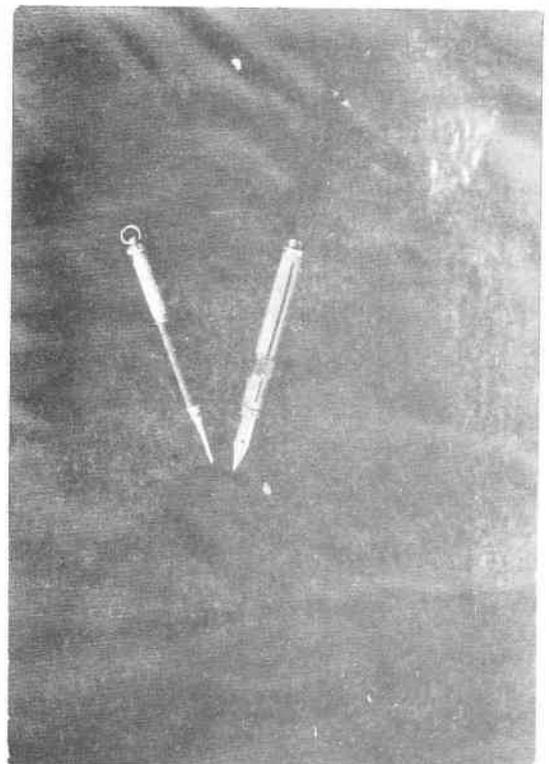
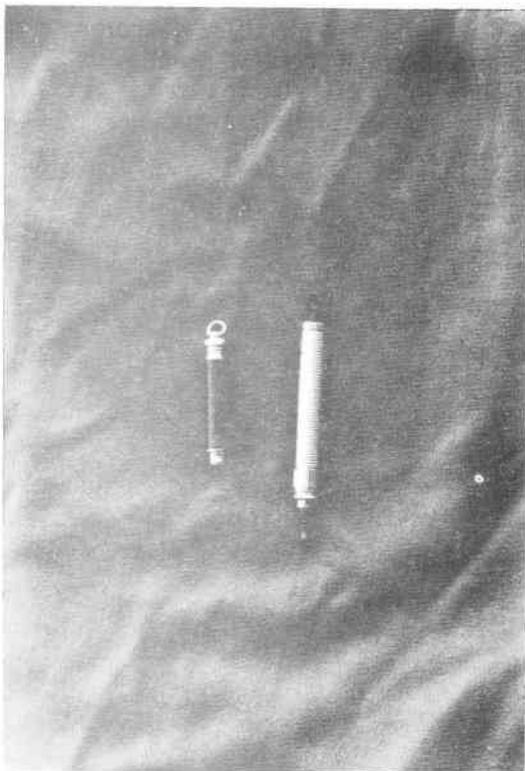
"The single most outstanding attribute of character that distinguishes a good reporter from a bad one is integrity," commented the editorial, and continued, "The Sutter County Board of Supervisors, whose activities Miss Bird has covered for the past 17 years, recognized this distinction when the board presented her a silver tray engraved with the words, 'For Integrity in Reporting' and adjourned this week's meeting in her honor."

At an informal memorial service in the chapel at Sierra View Memorial Park, the speakers were Randolph Schnabel, a member of the historical society board and a past president of the society; Robert Paillex, who was a member of the Sutter County Board of Supervisors at the time of Miss Bird's retirement; John Littlejohn, former Yuba City City Attorney; Robert Hardie, publisher, and Warren Thornton, managing editor of The Appeal-Democrat. A graveside ceremony was held in Banning.

PREFACE

When my mother Addie was in her prime she sat me down to write the story of her mother's life and her own childhood. I had heard snatches and references from grandma herself, but this was a full account. I remember grandma's desert-blue eyes lighting up when she discussed politics, and snapping when she mentioned her neighbors who tried to encroach upon her property.

It was many years later that this article was written. Everything she had told me was accurate, verified by means of 1870's and 1880's city directories, censuses, local histories, San Jose land assessments, vital statistics, legal documents and land sales records.



I REMEMBER GRANDMA
RUTH: A CALIFORNIA PIONEER

By Dorothy Geissinger

No knowing when they would meet again, Ruth and John lingered over their goodbyes in the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Station. The war was over. While Ruth was to remain at home to await the time when he could claim her as his bride, John was California bound. They were both children of the South.

John Calvin's parents, George Williford, a native of Tennessee, and Frances, a native of North Carolina, were married in Tennessee and migrated westward to Missouri, where, in 1842, John was born.

Ruth's parents, Thomas Glidewell, a native of Kentucky, and Agnes (Wilson) Glidewell, a native of Virginia, also were married in Tennessee, where, in 1849, Ruth was born. Then they also moved to Missouri.

Following the trend in America in the late 1860's and heeding Horace Greeley's advice of ten years before, John sought a new frontier.

The Great Register of Voters of Sutter County, California, on June 8, 1867, showed him as a sheep dealer, age 25, born in Missouri, residing in West Butte.

In this area miners and prospectors were taking from the earth more than wages - six to twenty dollars a day - in gold. Three men were said to have taken, in one day, one and a quarter pounds of gold. Here was what John was seeking - action!

Chinese immigrants swelled the ranks of miners, railroad workers, cooks and laundrymen. Accustomed to long hours and hard work, and because rice was a local crop, they could live on low wages, repay their sponsors, and still send money home for their brothers' passage. By reworking tailings, with permission, or filing on abandoned claims, they prospered.

By 1870 John had established himself in Yuba City. Both Yuba City and Marysville are situated at the confluence of the Feather and Yuba Rivers. Despite the extensive, costly levees built to protect them, nearly every winter both towns were inundated.

When the record flood of 1870 crested, transportation of every kind except by water became impossible. Flow of supplies to the mines stopped. Prices of available goods skyrocketed. A dollar a pound for flour, twenty-five cents a pound for hay, were not unheard of charges made by those opportunists, oblivious of human need, who will make a profit, all the market will bear.

John now asked Ruth to come west and marry him. A lady who never stepped outdoors without a shade hat or parasol, she insisted that it would be improper to travel to the far west alone. In truth, the west was rampant with so-called road agents and highwaymen. John went after her.

About four years after their parting in the railway station they were married.

STATE OF MISSOURI)
COUNTY OF CAPE GIRARDEAU) SS

This is to certify that the undersigned and regularly ordained minister of the Gospel did unite in marriage on the first day of March 1871 Mr. John C. Williford and Ruth America Glidewell both of the County and State aforesaid.

Given under this 27th day of March, 1871.

S/ John T. Ford

Once more John went west, taking his bride to California. He presented her with a gold watch with very long gold chain. As was the style, she fastened the watch to her belt. Her clear blue eyes sparkled. She now could wear the emblem of being a Californian - gold.

This bustling frontier town with many prosperous hotels and saloons, Yuba City, had an exciting atmosphere foreign to anything she had known in her gentle southern upbringing, but fascinating. With the support of her loving husband, she rose to the challenge, soon adapting to the new mode of life.

Feeling against the Chinese invasion had reached such a high pitch that without regard to innocence or guilt many shameful hangings occurred. In the cities Chinese laundries, cafes, and dwellings were burned to the ground.

John sought the office of Constable of Yuba City Township under the auspices of the Democratic Party, according to the April 22, 1871 issue of The Sutter Banner. On September 6 he was elected.

After living in a mining and agricultural center for a year and a half, Ruth felt she was truly a Californian.

The event which tragically affected the course of the Willifords' lives was described in The Marysville Weekly Appeal of August 31, 1872. While the article reported the truth, nothing but the truth, it did not tell the whole truth as it later became known.

The paraphrased and condensed news article on the arrest of John Wright, fugitive, follows.

"Late Monday afternoon Deputy Sheriff V.P. Lyman of Sutter County and Constable John Williford left Yuba City to apprehend the murder suspect John Wright. In Vernon, (now Verona), the scene of the murder, they learned his physical description and that he rode a bay horse and carried a double-barreled shotgun and a revolver. On Tuesday morning they picked up his trail, found where he had entered a house for food,

and, according to the bridge toll-keeper on the American River, learned where he had crossed and ridden toward Sacramento. The officers searched for him there without success, alerted the police, followed him to Lincoln, then Pleasant Grove. There they learned he had returned to Vernon. At last they caught sight of Wright, and he of them. He promptly mounted and sped across fields headed for cover in Auburn Ravine. The officers could not follow in their buggy. Sheriff Lyman pursued on one of the horses but couldn't see him for the woods. Constable Williford considered the other horse more than a little skittish. He chose to walk. He was still walking in the field when he saw Wright break cover and head for the tall tules. Williford shouted to Lyman who gave chase. Realizing the futility of chasing on foot, Williford turned back to risk riding the other horse.

Wright had fired at the officer and he in return sent a bullet so close to his ear that he speeded up, until his horse was exhausted. He faced about with drawn gun only to see he was covered by a Navy revolver. He threw down his weapons and surrendered."

This was Wednesday, the end of the second day of the chase. When they had ridden back for about two miles they met Williford with the handcuffs and proceeded to the buggy.

The part of the whole truth, according to Ruth's account which had not yet reached the press, was that after John had mounted the other horse bareback he found that his first estimate was correct. Very soon the skittish buggy horse was spooked by the tules waving in the strong wind. He started to buck, Williford held on. The bucking became very severe. Before he could bring the horse under control he felt sharp pain in his rib section. By the time he reached Sheriff Lyman, the corner of his mouth showed blood.

Upon reaching the buggy, Lyman hitched up the team, put the injured Williford in and drove to Nicolaus. He hired a fresh team and reached Marysville at one o'clock Friday morning, lodging the prisoner in the station house.

Sheriff Lyman took Williford to Dr. James G. Cannon at 237 B Street in Yuba City. The doctor ordered absolute bed rest because of the hemorrhaging.

About three months later, on December 3, 1872, a daughter, Addie Agnes Williford (author's mother) was born. Although Addie was a full term baby, she weighed only one pound and three quarters at birth. Her father carried her in his hand on a bed of cotton and covered with cotton. He called her "The Candy Baby" and by no other name. When she was large enough to dress, John proudly paraded her through town in her leather carriage, stopping for friends to admire. Many of these dropped

gold coins into the carriage for the baby. She had a cup full of them on the mantel, but servants and others helped themselves until it was empty.

To the joy of the family a son, George Calvin Williford, was born May 13, 1874.

The January 1875 flood was the worst in the history of Marysville and Yuba City. Carrying the two babies, John and Ruth fled with the townspeople, climbing to the Browns Valley Grade to escape with their lives.

Concern over John's ill health caused Dr. Cannon to order him to move to the foothills. John purchased the Sweet Vengeance Ranch near Browns Valley. He homesteaded some adjoining land. Luckily, the Chinese ranch hand, Ah Choh, remained with them. No longer residents of the lower towns at 62 feet elevation, but safe at last from floods at 200 feet, they could look forward to John's improvement.

The Sweet Vengeance Mine was first owned by Spaniards who hauled ore to Little Creek, milling it there with an arrastra. A twenty stamp mill, one of the first in California, was installed by the next owners, four Frenchmen.

The early miners were wont to use ludicrous names, some descriptive and obvious, others obscure. As for the Sweet Vengeance name, no one could learn its bitter meaning.

Half a mile west of the Pennsylvania Mine is the Sweet Vengeance, 8,400 feet long, on a lode which runs northwest and southeast, and dips 40 to the northeast. They commenced work in 1863, spent \$80,000, extracted \$25,000 from the mine, and stopped work two years ago. Many rich specimens have been obtained from the mine, and for six months it paid expenses. A depth of 200 feet has been reached; drifts have been run 250 feet on the vein; and there is a 20-stamp mill.

In later years the mine again became active.

As for the name Browns Valley, it is said that an early settler named Brown came to this spot in 1850, discovered gold near a huge boulder at his temporary camp, took out twelve thousand dollars and retired.

Having moved to another county, John was required to reregister. The Yuba County Great Register of Voters showed him to be in the 1st Ward on September 2, 1875.

They all loved ranch life, but the change did not improve John's condition.

On Addie's third birthday the following notice was published:

Marysville Weekly Appeal. December 3, 1875.
DEATH OF JOHN C. WILLIFORD. John C. Williford, formerly Constable of Yuba City, but recently taking up a ranch at Sweet Vengeance, near Browns Valley, died at his residence in the 24th ult., aged 33 years. Funeral will take place tomorrow at 10 o'clock a.m.

Reverend Dr. Stone conducted the rites. Burial took place in Peoria Memorial Park, about five miles north of Browns Valley, one mile north of Hiway 20. Due to flooding conditions in Marysville, which had the residents once more in near panic, John's funeral had been delayed ten days. Ruth momentarily wondered what she and the babies would have done without John had they still resided in Yuba City. She put such thoughts from her mind. Stunned by her loss, with heavy heart she rose to the emergency, selling supplies to those in need. This intruded upon her time of mourning, but four years in the west had taught her to meet with courage events as they presented themselves.

When life had more or less settled down, she took stock of herself. A widow at twenty-six, she had two babies, three, and one and a half, a ranch to run with the help of Ah Choh, her reliable ranch hand, and a boarder teaching at nearby Spring Valley School, Charles Covillaud, Jr., a law student in his mid-twenties. He was the son of Mary Murphy Covillaud, little girl survivor of the disastrous Donner Party trek to California and for whom Marysville was named. Charles was of great comfort to Ruth.

Her greatest immediate concern was the feuding neighbor Kirkpatrick, whose land adjoined the Williford homestead. After John's death Kirkpatrick frequently tore down Ruth's fence trying to scare her into forfeiting her land. Several times Ah Choh came to her aid when Kirkpatrick held a gun at her heart.

The steady Chinese immigration alarmed Californians. The people felt threatened, and many struck out unjustly against them. Chinese organizations called The Six Companies made a profitable business of bringing in Chinese coolies. The slogan "The Chinese Must Go" entered every political race, and was heard and read throughout the state. Well aware of this antipathy, Ah Choh read his newspapers and only occasionally went to town.

During the time the Sweet Vengeance Mine was operating, Ruth's home had been a hotel. Freight teamsters hauling supplies from Marysville to Grass Valley, returning with ore to be processed in Marysville, continued to stop to care for their horses or mules, and to get a meal.

That was her situation when one day she watched a twelve mule team approach from Grass Valley and was puzzled to see sitting beside the teamster a little Digger Indian girl. The driver explained that he had been ambushed by a small band of Diggers. At their first shot he took cover behind his wagon wheel, returned their fire and succeeded in killing them all; or so he thought. As he climbed to his wagon seat he heard muffled sobbing and discovered this little girl under a bush. What could he do? Surely he could not leave her there to starve! He swung her up to the high seat. Now he lifted her down, told Ruth that he could not possibly care for her, and insisted that she keep her. Seeing the terrified child, how could she refuse? One more child to care for was not a bright outlook, yet she hesitated only a moment. After taking her rags

on a stick out to burn them, she felt no joy in her heart as she started the big task of getting the child clean. Her hair a matted tangle, her body encrusted with dirt required repeated soaking and scrubbing. With hair clipped short, dressed in makeshift clothing until some could be made for her, she ravenously ate a good meal, which she was in sore need of after a lifetime diet of roots, berries, and pine nuts. Ruth named her Mag. Mag continued to whimper and cry from bereavement and trauma, but eventually grew fond of Ruth, Addie and George, and the new way of living in a house rather than in caves, to which she had always been accustomed.

With continued kind treatment and good food she ceased her grieving and gradually learned to cook and iron, as well as play with and care for the babies. Ruth patiently taught her Englis and proper manners. She kept Addie in fresh dresses from the long row hanging in the large hotel wardrobe in the entry hall. In tutoring sessions with the younger children and Ruth, and often with the teacher Covillaud, Mag was slowly learning.

When Addie started school the children lost no time in telling her of a mysterious cave in the nearby hills which had been Three Finger Jack's hideout. This was not the area of operation nor the period of Joaquin Murietta and Jack's activities (early 1850's), but nothing will captivate the interest of children like a mystery. Addie hurried to tell brother George all about it.

When Ruth brought the Chinese newspaper with the mail Ah Choh's activity was suspended until after he had read every word. He was happy to avoid the angry prejudice and mob, often unjustly violent.

Recently arrived from his native Italy, the young rancher across the road, Pasquale Delporte, was most helpful with his friendship, and with advice on her ranch problems.

After three years of widowhood, Ruth's life was beginning to run more smoothly and her ranch was prospering. Mag was emerging nicely from her background of a people - The Diggers - ousted from their true tribes for one reason or another and forced to grub in the earth for sustenance. Environment had done much for her, but heredity was still trying to make its claim.

Crime was still rampant in the Marysville area, with holdups and murders occurring frequently. Outbreaks against the Chinese in San Francisco had become so violent that the United States Navy stationed three vessels in the harbor to maintain order.

Ruth received an appeal from her mother in Jackson asking her to come, as she was failing. Concerned about her mother's health, she nonetheless thought how pleasant it would be to visit the family after seven years.

On the 28th of October, 1878, she started with Addie and George for Jackson. Traveling across country by train was high adventure for the children who had never been outside of the Marysville area. She had left Mag with her friends Dr. and Mrs. Cannon and their two daughters Josie and Sadie in Yuba City. She had left Ah Choh, in whom she had great faith, in charge of the ranch. In the event it became necessary she relied on her friend Pasquale to advise him.

Her friends made sure she knew of Black Bart, so-called road agent, one who committed his first holdup in August, 1877. A man of mystery, appearing at a strategic bend in the road traveled by the stage coaches, he wore a long duster, and on his head a black sack with eye holes. Demanding only that the driver "throw down the box", he was always courteous to passengers, never robbing them. There were also many others that a traveler must keep in mind, notably the train robbers, Jesse James and his gang.

Upon their safe arrival in Jackson, the children enjoyed playing in the snow and sleighing, and above all knowing a loving grandmother.

After her mother's passing on February 4, 1880, taking her Bible with the family vital statistics in it with her, she visited Hannah Briggs and other childhood friends in Joplin. Then they were homeward bound.

After a year and a half absence, the Willifords were happy to be home once more, especially enjoying the mild climate. In Yuba City they visited their friends the Joseph Ogdens, the Meeks, and Dr. Cannon's family, to tell of their experiences and catch up on local news. They learned that Black Bart was still periodically robbing the Wells Fargo boxes. Mag was happy to return home with them.

Their teacher Mr. Covillaud had left to enter the practice of law with his uncle, William G. Murphy, in Marysville. A joyous reunion took place with their friends, Frank Smithers, Bob Bruce and his sister Clara, Jacob Sperbeck and others.

"Meanwhile, back at the ranch," Ah Choh, proving his good animal husbandry, had arranged to have the cow fresh with a calf that delighted the children. Here was a new baby creature to play with, and all the milk, cream and butter they could use, with a surplus to sell. Fruit trees showed signs of blossoming. The wind brought the sweet smell of spring. Home!

Overjoyed at their return, Pasquale declared his loneliness during their absence, and became a more frequent visitor.

By now the children were very little care and old enough to help Ruth and Ah Choh run the ranch. Although her hands were tiny, Addie learned to milk the cow, ride, and handle the horses, when necessary.

She loved caring for the kitchen garden with Mag's help. Giggling the while, Addie and George mischievously pronounced Ah Choh's name as a sneeze, until one day Ruth overheard and reprimanded them.

Raising huge clouds of dust, the Basque shepherds drove their flocks past the ranch to new pasture. The children ran to meet them. Some tiny lamb, too young to keep up with the flock, might be abandoned by the roadside to die. They eagerly gathered up the waif and nursed it back to strength. These made darling pets.

Ah Choh shot migrating ducks for the table, and taught the children the proper respect for a gun. With his guidance they became excellent marksmen.

In February of 1881 Ruth purchased some additional land from the Central Pacific Railroad Company. Her deed was signed by its president, Leland Stanford.

Although she frequently drove the two or three miles to Browns Valley to visit friends and pick up the mail, she began to feel isolated and restless. Pasquale had continued pressing his suit for the two years since her return. He convinced her that by selling their two ranches they could start a new life together, ending their loneliness by marriage.

Ruth had been a widow for seven years. She was now thirty-three and Pasquale was thirty. Before June they had sold. Mag was permanently

welcomed into Dr. Cannon's family. Ah Choh remained with the new owner of Sweet Vengeance Ranch, Thomas Gorman, with high recommendations from Ruth. He felt more at ease now since aversion to the Chinese had diminished due to federal restrictions on immigration with the passing of the Oriental Exclusion Act.

This notice appeared in The Marysville Weekly Appeal of July 7, 1882.

MARRIED

In Marysville, June 29, at the residence of Joseph Ogden, by Rev. J.A. Van Anda, Pasquale Delporte to Mrs. R. Williford, both of Browns Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ogden, at whose home the wedding took place, were hosts to Pasquale and Ruth and Ruth's children, Addie and George, for several days until they left by train for Montana.

Taken from the marriage certificate.

T.J. Sherwood, County Clerk, Yuba County
E.E. Meek, County Clerk

J.C. Ogden) witnesses
L.A. Ogden)

S.O. Gunning, County Recorder
F.L. Krause, Deputy Recorder
Marysville, Yuba Coutny, June 29, 1882

The family went by train to Dillon, the end of the rails, outfitted with a big Studebaker farm wagon, two bay and two gray horses, tents, tarpaulins, and Dutch ovens on legs for roasting meats and baking biscuits. They set out for Yellowstone Park. Soldiers there said they were

permitted to shoot any game needed for food.

This new life, the wild animals, the wonders of Yellowstone, delighted Addie and George. Their competition for the most buffalo chips for fuel each could gather was the source of great merriment.

Ruth, unfortunately, became ill and suffered a miscarriage. She lay under the wagon until her ordeal was over. In all her life, she never forgot she was a lady in behavior and personal pride. Even under these circumstances, immediately after the noon meal she bathed as best she could, dressed her curly brown hair and donned a fresh white shirtwaist.

Summer passed all too quickly. Ice was forming when they broke camp, crossed the lower part of Montana and headed for Boise, Idaho. On the plain all sources of water had dried up. In order to conserve their own drinking water the children led the horses along the trails to drink from buffalo tracks and other small puddles when they could be found. The need to get the horses under shelter, as well as the water shortage, urged them along the road, if, indeed there were roads.

While in Boise they all longed for the mild climate of California. This winter of 1882-1883 was exceptionally severe, even for Idaho.

At the end of the school year, they went north and down the Columbia River through Indian reservation, looking for a ranch to buy. At Myrtle Creek, Oregon, they rented a small ranch, raised hogs,

chickens, corn, etc., and cured ham and bacon in the smokehouse. The children played with a neighbor girl Molly Ruggles and had the happiest time of their lives. Molly owned a horse. The three youngsters, none of whom could swim, often rode the horse bareback in the Umpqua River.

On August 1, 1883, Ruth gave birth to a son Charles, which event made the family jubilant.

The summer of 1885 they became homesick, left Myrtle Creek for Yuba City, taking a year's lease on the house at 723 B Street. There was a happy reunion with Mag, the Cannons and other friends. They were told of a "giant" at 229 B Street which they should lose no time in visiting. It proved to be a giant walnut tree planted in 1878, already well on its way to an ultimate spread of 108 feet. Until 1938, when it was removed, it remained a great attraction.

They soon learned that Black Bart had at last been captured. What tricked him was that Wells Fargo had at last bolted the box to the stagecoach. On his twenty-seventh hit he tried to outwit them by ordering the driver to unhitch and take the team and passengers ahead on the road while he took the axe from his valise to chop open the box. Unknown to Black Bart was the fact that a young hitchhiker had left the stage for a shortcut in order to hunt for small game. When he came to the road he sized up the situation at a glance. The driver and he, with gun cocked,

surprised Black Bart. Scattering loot and personal belongings, he ran into the brush and escaped. A laundry mark on his handkerchief was finally traced to a San Francisco "no tickee - no shirtee" laundry registered to Charley E. Bolton, supposedly a mining engineer. When he attempted his twenty-eighth holdup the driver whipped the horses forward, bowled him over, and made capture easy. After three days of silence he confessed. He admitted his gun had never been loaded, then led officers to his cache where they found over four thousand dollars in a hollow log. He served four years in San Quentin and when released he disappeared.

The Delpont family next moved to Alvarado, Alameda County, California. They rented a small ranch. The children walked a mile and a half to school where most of the pupils were Portuguese. In 1887 they moved to San Jose, living at Thirteenth (later renamed Fifteenth) and Washington streets.

This was the year of the exploding population growth from eastern states, and demand for homes all over California, known as "The Big Boom." Ruth started buying and selling property at great profit, enjoying the activity as well as the profit.

Addie and George attended Sunday School at Trinity Church, where Dr. Wakefield was pastor, and Empire Street School. When she was about fifteen years old, Addie's teacher was Ben Brodie Cory. As she was pro-

moted he too for two years was advanced with his class. He later practiced dentistry in Fresno. Benjamin Cory, his father, was the first physician in Santa Clara County. A school was named in his honor.

In 1890 Ruth purchased three parcels of land, lots #39, #40, and #41 in Block #3 of Lincoln Tract. This was the homestead at 210 North Fifteenth Street (later renamed North Nineteenth Street) between East Julian and East St. James streets. Lot #39 had been an extension of East St. James Street, an access road to Coyote River, the boundary of San Jose and also Ruth's eastern boundary. Shade trees and the running Santa Cruz Creek made it an ideal place for her cow and chickens, as well as fun for the children.

Two years later on July 2, 1892, Addie married Kingsley Lisle Smith, a San Jose man.

Ruth now reached another plateau in her life. As she and Pascal grew older the vast difference in their cultures became more pronounced. He had just arrived from Italy when they met in 1875. After fifteen years of marriage the old male rivalry reared its ugly head, as it does in many families. Pascal's stepson George was twenty-three. Although working elsewhere, he still lived at home. His presence was resented by Pascal, and was the cause of his hot and loud temper exploding. Even after George moved away, every time Ruth visited him he was the subject of endless conflict and quarrels which led Ruth to file for divorce in 1897.

One neighbor expressed her surprise at the action, which she had read in the newspaper. She had often heard lively conversation and laughter through open windows as she passed the Delpont home. Divorce was granted within three months. Pascal signed a quit-claim deed to the homestead, although it was already Ruth's separate property.

The Big Boom had deflated, but she continued with new vigor to sell real estate. In her business she used her buggy and horse Babe, a totally deceptive name for a spirited horse which occasionally took the bit in his teeth and ran. More than once she was tossed from the buggy. She kept abreast of the political scene and was conversant on such affairs with her clients, often wishing she could vote.

After the divorce she carefully cut away Pascal's half of their wedding picture, possibly to avoid any comparison of ages. Under the protest of her friend and neighbor she tore out those tell-tale pages from her mother's Bible and burned them. She had overcome much and achieved much, and possibly can be forgiven her vanity about her age. Whenever the subject came up, she would drop a few years from hers, and when she got the quizzical glance, would respond with a twinkle and an inscrutable grin, reminiscent of Ah Choh. Her little hoax gave her great pleasure.

This was the year that Chinese in America cut off their pigtailed to show their freedom from that old custom. After seeing Ah Choh always

with his long, tightly braided hair sliding across his back as he walked, Ruth tried to picture him with an American haircut. Fond memories!

In February, 1898, George married Nettie Grant, granddaughter of John T. Grant, General U.S. Grant's second cousin.

No stranger to the courts, Ruth fought for what was rightfully hers. As an example, in 1901 she had to sue for delinquent interest on a promissory note, but dropped the suit when it was paid.

At the end of December, 1904, her neighbor Frank Maxwell, who lived adjacent to the former access road, took down and destroyed her fence so that he could conveniently drive his horses and vehicles into his back yard through her lot. He warned and threatened her should she replace it, blocking off "city property" from his use, but his scare tactics did not work. After a week of this she sued for a permanent injunction against him. It was awarded to her after nine months delay and annoyance.

On the face of the deed from the City of San Jose to Henry C. Skinner recorded December 13, 1859, and the deed from Henry C. Skinner to Adam Sweigert recorded December 11, 1860, and the deed from Adam Sweigert to Ruth a Delport recorded January 18, 1905, The City of San Jose sued Ruth in April, 1908 to recover Lot #39, the former access road. She, the defendant, was awarded judgment March 11, 1910.

The city's appeal for a new trial was denied. One wonders if Frank Maxwell were behind this!

At twenty-three, son Charley took a job in San Francisco as metal-worker, renting a flat at 55 Webster Street. Addie, her husband and two children were living in San Francisco at the time. Ill-fated was Ruth's visit with Charley on April 18, 1906, the day of the great earthquake and fire. They all escaped injury. When the edict came that the elderly, invalids, and children were to be evacuated, Ruth, now fifty-seven, joined Addie's children Lisle and Dorothy (the author) walked to the Ferry Building over broken streets and rubble and went to her son George's ranch in Mount Pleasant, Placer County, California.

Charley, now a contractor and employer, was very fond of the cherries that grew beside the old home. In June of 1911 Ruth sent a boxful of them to him in San Francisco. Delivery was possibly delayed, for shortly after eating them he suffered a fatal case of ptomaine poisoning and was dead within a week, on June 19. He left a widow Mary and small daughter Florence. He was not quite twenty-eight years old. Ruth carried a burden of grief, remorse, and guilt for the rest of her life.

Before 1913 a strong movement for Woman's Suffrage was afoot. Addie circulated petitions among neighborhood men to add a proposition to the ballot. It was a long fought battle before the nineteenth amendment was added to the Constitution in 1920. Ruth could now fulfill her wish of long standing to vote.

When she was eighty-one she was again saddened by the death of her other son George at the age of fifty-five. She had divided her late years between George and Nettie's ranch, where she was happy with her five grandchildren, and her home in San Jose, where she lived two years longer. Her deception about her age lived after her. If her birth date as shown on hospital record and subsequently on death certificate were correct, she would have been nine years old in 1871, the time of her first marriage.

While the happy, rewarding times in this pioneer woman's life were there in abundance, they were not recorded in Vital Statistics.



JOHN WILLIFORD



RUTH GLIDEWELL WILLIFORD



ADDIE and GEORGE WILLIFORD



CHARLES DELPORTE



DAN BEATIE

THE TENCO STORY

Excerpts taken from this book published by the Beatie Family in 1976.

In our January 1983 issue we published an article about the early day farm tractors developed by Mr. Best. However, the history of Caterpillar tractors in this part of California would not be complete without the story of Daniel W. Beatie and the Tenco Tractor Company.

Born December 8, 1886 in a rough lumber cabin papered with newspaper and homemade glue, Dan never imagined he would live anywhere but in that remote section of northern California, where the nearest town of Anderson, was four miles away and the nearest neighbor no closer than a mile. Born in a home with no electricity - no running water - no modern facilities of any kind, Dan never dreamed of any life other than that of the poor country farm where the hours were long and the work hard.

By the time of the depression he was middle aged, had raised a family and should have been able to enjoy the rewards of a life-time of hard work and devoted service. Instead he was to change the course of his life, putting aside the security of his established livelihood for the challenging opportunity to bring a bit of new life to the American economy.

As a young man he left home and went to Stockton where he attended a year of school at the Western School of Commerce. From 1907 to 1915, he worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad. In 1915 with

the encouragement and enthusiastic support of his wife, Lucy, he left Southern Pacific and became a bookkeeper for the Farmer's and Merchant's Bank in Stockton. By 1925 he was an assistant cashier and Note Teller, which provided him opportunities to meet many fine customers. One of these was Fred Grimsley a dealer for the C. L. Best Tractor Company. When the Best Company merged with Holt Manufacturing Company, Mr. Grimsley was named area dealer for the new company. Now he was responsible for an area covering San Joaquin, Stanislaus, Merced and adjoining counties. This left him little time to attend to the details of the dealership in Stockton. At the suggestion of the company, he was to hire someone who could handle the employees, finances, banking and sales as a manager. He offered the job to Dan and although it was a difficult decision, the challenge was too tempting and Dan accepted.

Under the tutelage of Fred Grimsley, Dan learned the business of Caterpillar Tractor. He learned about customers, sales, service, financing, used equipment and collection. He went with Mr. Grimsley to San Leandro and Peoria and became acquainted with the operating officials of the Caterpillar Tractor Company. More important, Dan was sold on the product.

In early April 1931 the sales manager of the Caterpillar Tractor Company made a visit to Grimsley's office where he held a lengthy discussion. As he prepared to leave he hesitated, then stopped by Dan's desk where he casually mentioned they were cancelling out the dealer

in Marysville and were looking for someone to replace him. Equally casual Dan responded with, "How about me?"

This was Depression times but Dan had no second thoughts about this 'on-the-spot' decision. He was sure that a "Caterpillar" dealership held a promising future and was a sound business venture. In order for the Caterpillar Tractor Company to consider him for the dealership, he must have \$60,000 in the bank, "with no strings attached". Dan knew that to raise that amount of money would mean literally putting everything he had and could borrow on the line. However, he was excited by the challenge and responsibility of beginning and owning his own company. Buoyed up with such enthusiasm he called a personal friend, Mr. E.C. Stewart, President of the Union Safe Deposit Bank of Stockton. Mr. Stewart had long respected Dan as a banker, businessman and community leader. He agreed to loan him \$60,000. Within a week Dan had looked over the property in Marysville and signed the contract with "Caterpillar".

On April 17, 1931 Marysville Tractor and Equipment Company was opened for business. There were seven employees including Dan. Two salesmen, one parts man, a shop foreman and two shop men whose wages ranged from fifty to seventy cents an hour.

In later years Dan Beatie admitted that if he had known what conditions would be like during those early years, he might have hesitated to take on this new business. By the fall of 1931 the full effects of the

Depression had finally reached the Pacific Coast. Money was tight, farm prices had dipped far below production costs, forcing many farmers to quit. Machinery financing was no longer available at the banks.

With payrolls to be met, new equipment paid for, loans to be paid on, Dan needed more financial help. The Union Safe Deposit Bank had no more funds to loan, so Dan had to go to other banks, with E.C. Stewart guaranteeing the notes. Dan even borrowed \$5,000 from his mother and \$4,000 from a brother to keep the business running the first year.

There was no hint of financial woes however in an article in the Marysville paper at the end of April 1931. The article was characteristic of small town optimism and well wishes for a company the population hoped would provide badly needed jobs and new revenues to the community. (see copy at end of article).

Three months after the business started, Marysville Tractor and Equipment Company sold its first tractor. By August, Dan began to have doubts. There were days when no customer entered the store. Typical temperatures hovered above the 100 degree mark and there was no air conditioning. Dan borrowed money where he could find it but finally had to lay off one salesman and one serviceman. The close of 1931 after 8-1/2 months in business, there was only a net profit of \$2,793 and the future looked bleak. But Dan was determined. The years of 1932 - 1933 were

not much better, but by 1934 things looked more encouraging. The economy was beginning to come out of the slump, farm profits began to rise and the banks started loaning money on machinery again.

By 1937 Dan Beatie's most difficult years of sacrifice, hard work and worrisome responsibilities were about to draw to a close. He had seen his new company survive the Depression and become a growing concern. More importantly he could now share his reins of responsibility with his son Kenneth.

The tractor population had increased slowly at first but soon increased into the millions. The "CAT" was being used not only in Agriculture, but also in many industrial areas such as road construction, water projects, garbage disposal, subdivisions, logging and mining. But in the 20's and 30's agriculture was the major market for the track-type tractor. A letter from J.T. (Jake) Onstott represents the farmer's views on the coming of age of the track-type tractor. (see letter at end of article).

By 1940 Marysville Tractor and Equipment Company had become a viable concern. Although by national standards Marysville Tractor would still have been considered a ten-year-old adolescent, (i.e. small business) the next thirty years would be marked by startling growth both physically and financially.

Growth can be measured in many ways and in the case of Marysville Tractor and Equipment Company, there is no better measure than the physical growth necessitated by increasing markets, ballooning inventories and swelling employee population.

When Dan Beatie established the "Caterpillar" dealership in 1931, the move into the Marysville territory was done without the purchase of any assets from the previous dealer. The Company rented what was formerly a small J.C. Penney store at 1009 5th Street, near the western end of 5th Street.

During the first ten years this site was adequate, but by 1940, it was becoming increasingly apparent that this location would be inadequate for the needs of a growing concern. Despite additions and remodeling the Company simply ran out of room.

In 1945, the first land purchased for plant purposes was made at Robbins, California. In early 1947, the Company purchased several city lots in Roseville and built another new plant.

At about the time of the move into the new Roseville plant, the Company also rented property from the Southern Pacific Railroad on 3rd Street in Marysville. This property was thought to be large enough to last indefinitely. At first it was to be used for a storage and warehouse area, but plans were made for a long-range project of moving the entire operation to the new property from the old 5th Street location.

The new 3rd Street property had once been a swampy, drainage low spot which had been filled and leveled in the 1920's. On it was constructed the first Marysville baseball field complete with bleachers and board fences. The ball park was long gone, but in moving earth to level and drain the site, evidence of this prior use was uncovered. The first improvements on the property were the use of more of the Butler surplus buildings on the back of the lot for a warehouse, and a home-made galvanized shed on the front for equipment display and storage. A concrete floor in the warehouse and adjacent outside areas and a roadway from the street were completed. A siding from the railroad was built in the back near the warehouse and a fence was added to keep transient railroad visitors out of the property. For several years the Company operated in this divided fashion, with the main store four blocks away from its warehouse, display and storage areas.

In 1953, it was decided to purchase more of the Butler steel buildings and complete the plant at the 3rd Street location. By October 1954, the move was completed.

The 1940's and 50's were years of monumental growth. Much of the Company's resources had been devoted to the expansion, planning, and building necessitated by increasing business. Late in 1961 came the opportunity to expand the Marysville Tractor and Equipment Company into a territory double in size. Marysville Tractor made the decision to build a new facility to serve the Sacramento area and as a result, the Robbins

and Roseville plants were closed and new property was sought.

The change in territory also resulted in a change of name. Feeling that the name Marysville Tractor and Equipment Company was no longer representative of its geographical diversity, the management invited employees to submit possible new names for the growing concern. Derived from the "ten counties" now incorporated in the territory, Tenco Tractor, Inc. seemed the most fitting title and was legally adopted and trade-marked in 1962.

Of immediate concern was the need for a facility from which to begin serving the Sacramento area. A plant was hastily built on the property located on Fruitridge Road on the southeast side of Sacramento; fifteen acres in size. Soon five acres near Woodland was purchased.

It wasn't long before the "main" office in Marysville found that the large operation in Sacramento and the busy store in Woodland were requiring more and more investment and attention. General Management was finding itself meeting itself traveling between plants. The "main" office in "small-town" Marysville managing a "branch" in the Capitol of the largest State in the Union was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

Reconnaissance of the area under the guidance of "old-timer" Charlie Lauppe, uncovered a site of 160 acres located on Pacific Avenue, one mile off the main highway between Marysville and Sacramento. This property was promptly purchased.

The development of this huge piece of property was an undertaking of major proportions that would be ongoing for a number of years.

Of new and advanced design, this plant would become a model for other businesses in this and related industries. Pleasing to the eye with the use of attractive white blocks, glass, and natural woods, it proved to be a stylish yet functional home for a modern machinery business. Moreover, the design and location encouraged Tenco Tractor to adopt "Caterpillar's" concept of Total Energy by producing its own electrical, heating and air conditioning energy. This system depends upon Cat Diesel Generators for all electricity throughout the plant without the use of any public utility. Energy from the exhaust gas heat and jacket water of these engines is then converted into steam needed for the complete heating and cooling of the plant.

The Woodland plant was closed and its people and assets were moved to the Pacific Avenue locations. Having divested itself of its outlets, save for a small sales headquarters on B Street in Marysville, and a small building adjacent to the hanger at the Nevada County Air Park, Tenco Tractor completed the final steps toward centralization. The plant site was officially named the Tenco Technical Center, more commonly referred to as TTC.



Tenco Technical Center-TTC-1976

Appeal-Democrat, Marysville, California
April 30, 1931

NEW TRACTOR PLANT BEING OPENED HERE

Earl Lane of Yuba City and Dan Beatie, new resident of Marysville, formerly of Stockton, are opening up their new store at 1009 Fifth Street, with a first class stock of tractors, parts and service, and a stock of Killefer implements, which will be on display just as soon as some remodeling now taking place is completed. Caterpillar road graders and combine harvesters will also be available for inspection soon. They also represent other lines of dirt-moving equipment.

The new location, on the main boulevard, is easily located and is ideally situated, having large showroom, ample storage space, good parts and service facilities.

When the new place is completed and complete stocks arrive, this new place will represent an investment of almost \$75,000, all new, up-to-date equipment, in addition to the building, which is being leased from Dr. Everett Gray. The floor space to be used will approximate 10,000 square feet.

The personnel of the newly formed Marysville Tractor & Equipment Co., whose articles of incorporation were filed this week, will include Irwin Schnable and Charles Titus.

Dan Beatie, President, was born and reared on a ranch in Shasta County, was employed by the Southern Pacific Co. for six years, 10 years as assistant cashier in a bank at Stockton and the past six years with L.F. Grimsley, "Caterpillar" dealer at Stockton. He is moving to Marysville with Mrs. Beatie and their two children, Kenneth, second year in high school, and Bethel, fourth grade in grammar school.

Earl Lane, who will have charge of sales, is well known to the community in general, having been connected with the tractor industry in this immediate vicinity, representing the "Caterpillar" line. He is one of the active workers for the betterment of the community, is a member of the Yuba-Sutter Golf Club and the Elks, and is the owner of a home just north of Yuba City which is a credit to that community. He believes in this part of California, having lived here in 1914 to 1918, in addition to the past six years.

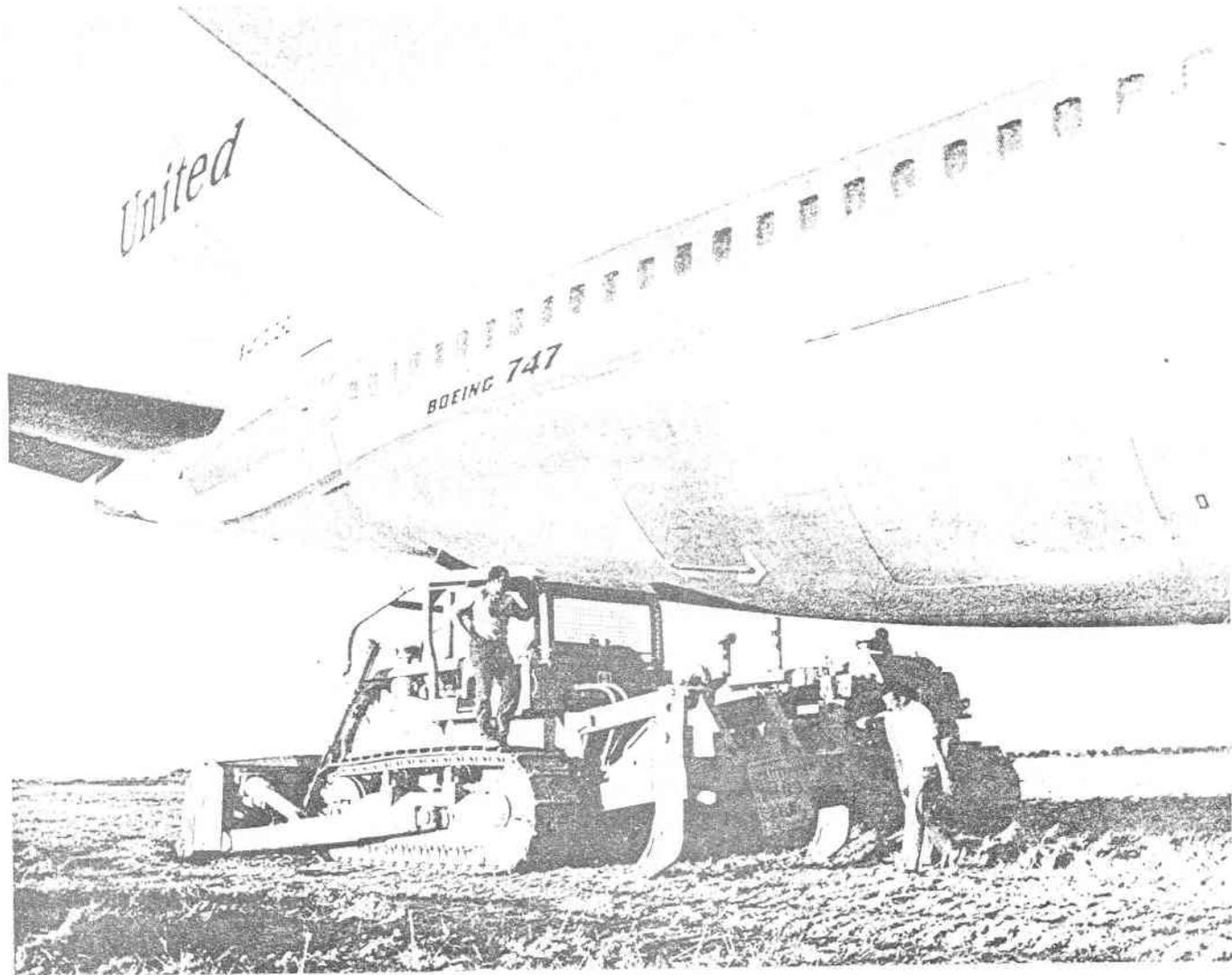
Irwin Schnable, salesman, living at Auburn, handles Placer and Nevada Counties. He is experienced and knows the "Caterpillar" line thoroughly and is well acquainted in his territory, most of his life having been spent in Placer County.

Charles "Bill" Titus has served "Caterpillar" owners of this vicinity with real parts and service, magneto and carburetor repairs for the past eight years and will have charge of the parts department in the new corporation.

The service end of the business appears to be in very capable hands, with such well known mechanics as Percy Hathaway, Frank Van Zandt and Glenn Watson, all of whom have had years of experience in tractor and combine harvester service.

As evidence of the widespread interest in the appointment of this "Caterpillar" dealership, the La Plant Choate Co., manufacturers of bulldozers, back fillers, etc., at Cedar Rapids, Ia., send congratulations as follows.

"We congratulate you upon your appointment as "Caterpillar" dealer, because we know you have no reason to offer any apology in offering any customer their products. They are the recognized leader in their field, and merit the best type of representation".



FOUR CAT D8 TRACTORS RECOVER UNITED'S 747

8/15 & 16 1970

Four 46A D8's were used to pull United Airlines Boeing 747 jumbo jet back on the runway at Sacramento's Metropolitan Airport.

A call was received by Tenco from United Airlines at about 5 P.M. Saturday, requesting two tractors to help get the 747 back on the runway. Two other 46A's were furnished by Tenco's customer, A. Teichert & Son, of Sacramento.

Due to the weekend, overload permit requirements, and the darkness of the evening, the California Hiway Patrol escorted the lowbed trucks carrying the tractors to the airport from the Tenco Technical Center.

Each tractor connected by cable to the four sets of landing gear of the plane pulled the 747 back on the runway. The distance was about 1000 feet.

By the time a path in the open field had been cleared for the large running gear to follow, they began pulling the plane back. Working in unison and under direction of airline officials, they completed the job at 3 A.M. on Sunday.

According to airline officials the craft was "shipshape", and was then flown to their terminal in San Francisco for testing.

It was an unusual application for the CAT crawler tractors, and an interesting experience for the half-dozen Tenco employees who aided in the recovery of the Boeing 747 - the largest aircraft in the world today.

J.T. ONSTOTT
Yuba City, California

3-1-27

R.A. Bowden Co.
Marysville, Calif.
Mr. R.E. Anderson

Dear Sir:

Replying to your letter of December 26, 1926, asking me to kindly give you a brief account of my tractor experience. Such an experience cannot be brief as it represents half of a life time of physical, mental, and financial upheavals. And I can do it gladly and kindly now, but I have not forgotten those by-gone relics when I followed service men on my hands and knees with a nasty taste in my mouth, trying to get them to do something impossible, to get both ends of one of those fossils running at the same time and stay running for a week, and when I got a bill I would always lean against a post or something when I opened the letter, and the cold clammy feeling that came over me is hard to forget, and cuss-words were my kindest sentiments.

"Experience is the best teacher," and the poor misguided farmer who had a rosy pipe dream and thought he would never have to sight up another mule's backbone, that curry combs and lanterns were gone forever, and bought a tractor ten or twelve years ago, bought extras, and had credit to get as many tractors and extras as he needed since, is sure full of nerve and experience.

Really it is pitiful to go to the junk pile and look them over--you almost weep as you think how you worried and sweat and how hard you tried to keep those darn things going.

I have owned and hired, I think, some of the best orchard and vineyard tractors in their day. Some were better, but most of them were worse; some were one lungers and some didn't appear to have any at all; some had tracks, some had wheels, some went fast, some went slow; once in a while they would all go.

My son who used to drive some of the first tractors after school hours, and grew up with the rest of them got his experience by hard work and learned how to swear--cussing the fellow who made those clutches or who put that blamed thing down in the kitchen and built the rest around it. I got mine trying to borrow money enough to keep them going.

Us older folks surely remember the first tractor and auto we ever saw. When I was a small kid one of the steam threshing rigs that went through the country every summer threshing the stacks of grain had a self-propelled steam engine. I had seen lots of them in the grain fields of the northwest when I was older. I will never forget how I used to follow along side of it as it chugged down the road, and I liked to look in the fire box when the firemen poked in the straw. Gradually we became acquainted with the one cylinder pumping engines with the big heavy fly wheels that we stuck our foot in to start them going. I had subscribed for a Gas Power Magazine and took great pleasure in reading it. In it I learned the difference between a two and four cycle engine, both common in those days, and the principles of their operation.

About this time agriculture and farm papers very frequently would print an account of this or that small orchard and farm tractor which gave great promise and filling a long felt want. These were eagerly read and discussed, and when one was demonstrated in our neighborhood we all flocked out to see it. I could give the names of many of these, but will omit them. Only one I ever knew was a steam tractor, and I think it was the first and final squirt of that industry to get in with the small orchard and vineyard tractors.

He came upon us out of a clear sky one day in spring. He had a beautiful span of horses and a man driving for him, in a shiny black road wagon with silver wheels and bright yellow letters on it's sides. I can see him now, that checkered vest with the wide black braid around it, it's big gold chain, the fawn colored overcoat, the kid gloves and brown derby hat, the diamond studded pin in his tie shaped like the flap on a syrup pitcher. I have regretted many times since that I was unable to store up and keep, even to remember one half the bull that guy could peddle. His company had made and sold steam tractors for the past thirty years. The steam engine had supplied power for every factory, railroad, and steamship in the United States, on the ocean, and in Europe for the last one hundred years. The gas engine was only an experiment, they will never make them big enough, they had very little power, the small ones we used to pump water had fly wheels that weighed a ton, imagine what they would weigh on a tractor. The explosions of an engine that size would break every window in your house, would run all the horses and cattle out of the country, it would blow cotton in your ears, we would all be deaf. While the steam engine cooed along like a pigeon, quiet as the family sewing machine. All he wanted was to get the people educated to the use of the tractor. He did not want anyone fooled on a lot of junk made in a blacksmith shop. Their policy was to have an agent and a tractor here and in different places all over the state. Next year they would ship them out by the train load, in a few years they would have a factory on this coast. The small steam tractor would be as thick as fleas on a Chinaman's cat, and you never would see a successful gas tractor.

We had 800 acres of vineyard already to plow, he would come in and plow it, show us it would do more than he claimed, it was for sale at a greatly reduced price to get them started, we had first chance to buy it. I think the Guardian Angels must have been hovering close about that time. We didn't tell him we would take it, we told him we had 18 fine young mules, harness and everything, practically new, and a back lot of 300 acres that had never failed to raise all the hay and grain to feed them, until we sold or planted that we would not be interested in a tractor.

We had the reputation of showing our generosity when it didn't cost anything, we had the plows already and plenty of water, we didn't have any crude oil but he said it didn't cost only a few cents a barrel, it wouldn't take much anyway, perhaps he would furnish that. I thought at first those mules were going to have a vacation that spring, but I began to change my mind. He was more anxious to sell it than to plow. It would arrive in a few days and as we were close to town he would bring it out and when we saw what it would do he wanted to bet us a new hat we would never let it go off the place. He knew we were slipping, although I stuck my hands in my pockets and tried to be stubborn. In a few days it was there under our shed, with it's nice shiny cab, with seats on the sides and water and oil tanks under them, and glass windows. All of us, young and old, would climb up and twist the steering wheel around.

We brought out a span of mules, dragged a couple of 3-gang plows behind it and hitched them up. It looked like a mighty big locomotive for such a small train. It was rainy, foggy weather, and it stood there for a week or ten days. Neighbors and different farmers came in to see it, we swelled up over it and insinuated we were going to buy it.

One day a young fellow who had just bought a large tract of land came in to see it. The agent was with him, also his engineer. They were going to take it out to Mr. Jones' ranch, he had lots of plowing to do and if it did half as much as he claimed for it, he would buy it. The agent was very sorry he had not bought it, he liked to rub it in telling us how sorry he was. We envied Jones, why had we not agreed to the same terms and sold the mules. Where were the Guardian Angels now? Opportunity knocks but once in a lifetime, and ours was gone, the Angels were chasing it slowly down the road. A few years afterwards, I crossed a slough on the corner of Jones' ranch, a wet and sandy soil where the Almighty had forgot to put any hard-pan under it. There I found that tractor, a young fellow was using the smoke stack for a duck blind

Five years ago I found I needed a new tractor. My wife went into hysterics when she heard me. "What's that" and "What's that out under those trees; what do you call that out there in the shop, you haven't had it a year." I didn't want to tell her what we called them or the salesman that sold them.

Mamma was right, there it was in the shop over the pot, under the derrick with the chain blocks hanging over it. That seemed about the only place I had ever seen it. Outside was another just like it I had bought for extras. And the factory was very kind the first season they had replaced the motor with a better one for nothing. We couldn't find anything better in the new one. What it cost me to take nothing out of nothing and put nothing into nothing taught me the next time I sucked an egg I'd look at it. I rode with a man in the stage from San Jose to San Francisco a year or so ago. He recognized me and he told me he had spent a few months in my country in 1920 but he had left one morning before breakfast as he had heard they were going to tar and feather him. I asked the circumstances. When he told me at that time he was the factory representative of a certain make of tractor, I advised him to stay away.

Winter was going, spring was coming, the weeds were growing, something had to be done. We would sit on a box and talk it over, Roy and I. Poor Roy, "Oily Roy" they called him, he had run them all, took them down and put them back, many many times, what he knew he learned by hard work and sweating blood. The neighbors and others ran to him when in trouble with spray rigs, autos and tractors. They would back his judgment against anyone, he had got to be an expert. If anyone could get it out of them I knew he could. And he knew that "poor old dad's financial system went into convulsions everytime he bought a tractor" but he was true blue, he was willing to sweat it out with the old one. But it was hay wire from one end to the other. We would look it over, those castings were both broke, had been welded and braced and were broke again. They would have to be doubtful, we would leave it for a day or so and come back to it again.

One morning I went to the shop. Roy was there waiting for me. He had on his coveralls and cap, his tool box was there, a few blocks were scattered around and he had oiled up a couple of jacks. I took a look at him and he smiled. A great chunk of fat, my heart or something came up on my throat and choked me, a misty feeling came over my eyes, I couldn't do it. Poor Roy, he had started to grow up straight like a man but he had crawled around and under those tractors so long and often, he looked like an "S" wrench. "Wait," I told him, "till I go to town and see my partner." Most farmers have a partner. I looked up at the big clock on the street, it was ten o'clock. he was home. I walked in and straight back to see him. I had expected when he saw me twist my mouth to say tractor, he would push a button and call the sheriff. Somebody must have been just ahead of me with an old frozen mortgage that had got all warmed up or else it was his birthday, he seemed glad to see me.

Yes I needed a tractor, it wouldn't pay to put out any money on the old one, if I needed any help he would gladly help me. My stock went up about two per cent, it was not the first time he had made me feel good and I sincerely hope that some day I will be able to repay him for all his kindness. Roy could read me like a book, when he saw me he began to take off his coveralls. We concluded to take a look around, we knew who had bought several new ones. No matter what kind a man had he will tell you he likes it: he has to like it till he can get another. In one orchard we found one of the old timers already hitched up right where the owner had left it, squirt can and all. The tears he shed when he bid it goodbye had caused the weeds to grow around it; the words he said had scorched the paint. Another we found in the shed all stretched out with its innards scattered around, and where its owner had figured his fruit crop and the price of new extras on the same board.

We found some we liked and some we didn't. After spending days of valuable time, telling naughty stories, smoking several cigars we did not want, and insulting a few salesmen, we figured the "Caterpillar" Thirty was the next best bet. We gave an order for it without any further trouble except paying for it. When it arrived at the depot the freight agent was there with his pad and pencil, he had learned when he saw a man with a new tractor, to get his quick. I followed it home from force of habit, I thought something of vital importance might drop off and get lost. When it went by the house nobody looked out of the windows. To Mamma and the women folks the price of that tractor would buy many, many nice things they wanted in the home.

We looked it over for something to fix. It needed a guard over the radiator to protect it from the branches. Some angle iron and coarse screen fixed that, it cost a couple of dollars. We were nuts on clarifiers, it had a good one on it, we had one we liked, a can filled with excelsior which we soaked in distillate and threw away when dirty and put in new, this we used with the other, we had one made to fit on, it cost four bucks and a few stove bolts put it on. We ran that tractor three seasons, did all the work on one hundred and sixty acres of orchards, and odd jobs on the outside that would total two hundred and fifty hours yearly and that was the only money I spent on it. Not even a spark plug had been changed or magneto point, which was unusual. One or two shims had been taken from con rod bearings, and the track tightened only once and very little then.

After three seasons run, we ground the valves for the first time, put in new rings, replaced the idlers which carry the weight of the track on top, one or two bearings in the truck wheels, a few bolts in the drive sprocket which had worked loose, and several bolts and lock washers in the track plates. At this time the cylinders showed some wear. It was cleaned up and painted.

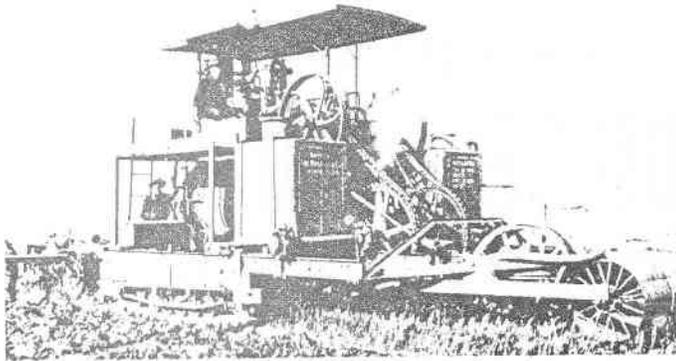
It ran another two years, if anything we did more heavy work leveling and subsoiling than we did the first three, some parts of the carburetor were replaced and I fell for a set of spark plugs a wise guy sold me, which were no account. That was the only expense during those two seasons.

This winter we took it down completely and looked it over, the cylinders showed considerable wear, if too much we would replace them, if not have them rebored, they were not bad, we had them rebored, fitted with new pistons and rings, the two large internal drive gears showed some wear, not much, looked good for three or four years. a few bolts were put in the drive sprockets; some new rollers, all new felt washers and sleeves in the truck wheel bearings, new bolts and lock washers in the track plates, valves were ground or resealed, a few shims were taken from the crankshaft and from the con rod bearings. It was thoroughly cleaned, put together again and painted. Those tracks have run five years in a loose sandy soil without a drop of oil, you can't find a shoulder on those track links only a bright smooth polish, the drive sprocket you can't tell whether it has been run forward or backward, the only track expense has been for the small bolts and washers in the track plates. A few years ago I did not think it was possible to get a steel that would stand up under the strain and dust as does the material in those tracks, sprockets and gears.

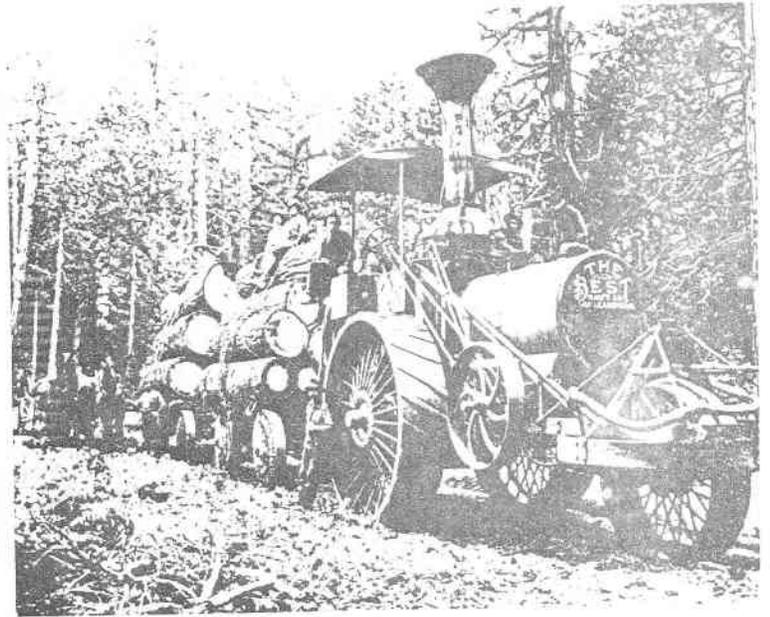
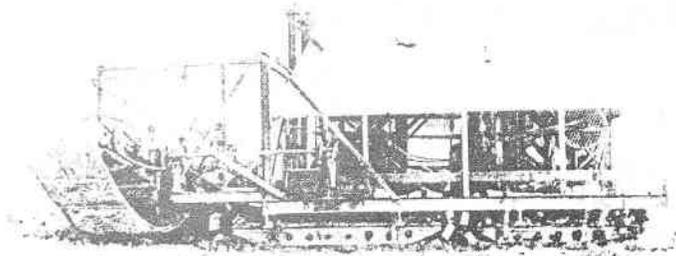
It stands in my shop now practically the same as a new tractor. The entire amount I have paid out for parts in five years is \$256.68. Roy is proud of his "Caterpillar." He has done some big jobs with it, moved several houses including a warehouse, the heaviest perhaps was moving a carnival company out of a mud hole and up a hill, merry-go-round, whip, ferris-wheel and all. It is big enough to be big and small enough to be small. Will take care of any heavy work on the farm and is small enough to do the light work economically.

A big chunk of that expense was for a new cushion for Roy, all the kinks have gone out of him now, he's fat and soft as a jellyfish. And my ears which have stood at right angles to my head listening for the putt-putt of those old tractors when they wasn't putting are gradually getting back to where they belong.

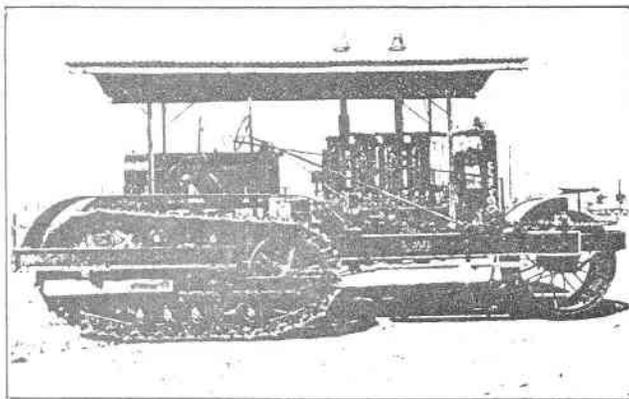
Very truly yours
JAKE T. ONSIOTT



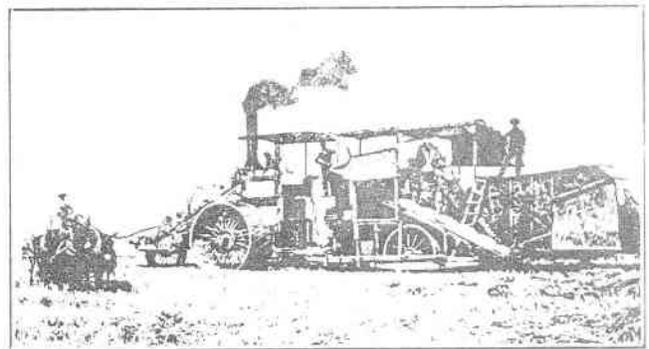
Benjamin Holt of California patented this giant crawler traction engine in 1904. Holt also built this puzzling machine, apparently a trencher.



Logging the western woods in the 1894 style.



Best "75" Tracklayer. The first one built by Best. This was the result of Mr. Best's determination that track construction was fundamentally right. Widespread success of Best Tracklayer Tractors in the hands of the farmer substantiates Mr. Best's opinion. In fact, Best Tracklayer Tractors are built on the proposition that the success of the Company depends absolutely upon the continued success of the tractor in the hands of the buyer.

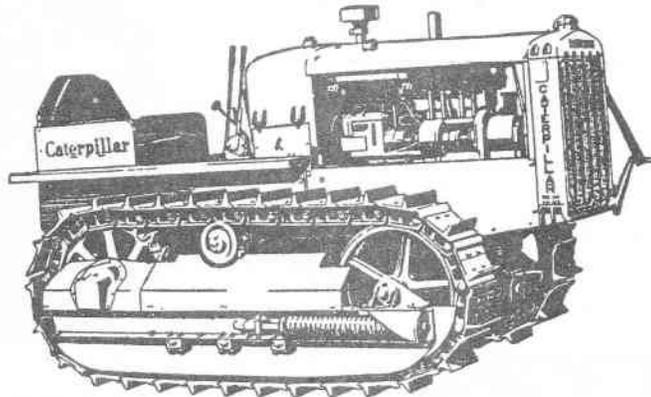


Best round-wheel steamer. The twenty-five-ton power farm unit. The original tractor manufactured by Best. The first Best tractor was placed on board cars at San Leandro, February 8, 1889. Many of these old machines are still plowing, harvesting and hauling throughout the Pacific Coast.

GASOLINE PRICES GOING UP! CATERPILLAR DIESEL AND CHEAP FUEL TRACTORS WILL REDUCE COSTS

Read below a few of the many reports received by us covering the operation of these new machines.

Gasoline - 18½ cents per gallon in 100 Gal. lots
 Diesel Fuel 4½ cents per gallon
 Tractor Fuel 5 cents per gallon



TWENTY EIGHT—Top Seat—Also available with rear seat

Diesel 35 - \$3390.00 - 12600 lbs. Cheap Fuel 22 - \$1575.00 - 6150 lbs.
 Diesel 50 - \$4850.00 - 20134 lbs. Cheap Fuel 28 - \$2055.00 - 7870 lbs.
 Diesel 75 - \$7000.00 - 32500 lbs. All prices F. O. B. Ranch

Hundreds of owners in Northern California using "Caterpillar" Diesels and Cheap Fuel tractors. More than forty in the Marysville territory alone. Ask us for a list of these new owners. It will surprise you to hear their reports on fuel economy. Sutter Basin Co. and E. H. Christianson using their Diesel tractors as power plants pulling big pumps irrigating rice. Mike Honig and many others pulled grain combines for 55 cents per day. With gasoline the fuel costs would have been about \$5.00 per day. W. C. Beasley reports a saving in fuel cost of almost \$2000.00 in one year's operation.

Saving of 60 to 80 per cent in fuel costs.

You can't go wrong on good equipment. It's not apt to get any cheaper. Save now! Ask us for further information. We will gladly demonstrate and prove these reports.

Marysville Tractor & Equipment Co.

1009 Fifth Street

Marysville, California

Phone 1470

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" OF 40 YEARS AGO!