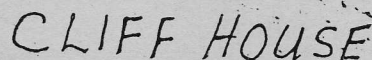


NEWS BULLETIN

January, 1985



SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWS BULLETIN

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SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

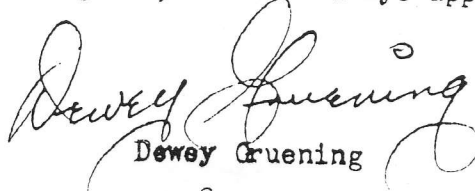
Our October meeting fell short of expectations because our scheduled Air Force speaker, slated to fill us in on the missions and duties of the reconnaissance units stationed at Beale AFB, somehow didn't make it -- probably because a king-sized blizzard "socked in" the whole United States eastward of the Rockies, and the more professional talents of our talker were urgently needed elsewhere that night. But we kept our meeting on strictly constructive topics, considering critically the current standing of our organization, and what means might be utilized to improve that standing. Consensus among the attendees indicates urgent need to reorganize and regroup in order to carry out more effectively our basic purpose -- the preservation of worthy samples of the lives and times of the people of this area.

Accordingly, it was determined that we should seek a much closer relationship with other groups now involved with us in furthering the services provided by Community Memorial Museum, and perhaps merge our efforts officially. Toward that end, I have asked interested members to meet informally with like-minded Museum Commissioners and come up with a proposal for such amalgamation which can be considered by the membership at its Annual Meeting on January 15th. With your approval of this step, we can then appoint a formal "steering Committee" to carry out the decisions reached. 1985 is a new year. The other morning I was reminded of this annual rebirth of faith by the license plate frame on the back of a pert young lady's brand-spanking-new car:

I OWE, I OWE,
IT'S OFF TO WORK I GO!

We too need to settle down to considerable work on our organization this coming year. JANUARY FIFTEENTH brings our ANNUAL MEETING, at 7:30 P.M. at the Museum, as usual. ELECTION OF A BOARD OF DIRECTORS is a major item in the order of business. Since the Directors you choose will determine the drive and direction of our Society for the next two years, your thoughtful consideration of candidates is requested.

I've belonged to SCHS for seven years. Thanks to the devoted help and cooperation of you members, I've presided over affairs of the group for the last four. It has been a lot of fun, but like any other love affair, it has produced the normal excess of foolishness over accomplishment. And since the executive offices of our organization provide the main mode for diversifying leadership, after two full terms, I will not be a candidate to succeed myself. And so, faithful readers of this page, the time has come for a last ceremonial lifting of the wineglass, and the always appropriate final word: "GOOD-BYE!"


Dewey Gruening

COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM NOTES

Mary Allman, Director/Curator

The Community Memorial Museum looks toward 1985 with great hopes and anticipation. New exhibits, special events and even a television series are in the works for the Museum in the coming year.

In conjunction with the Museum staff, producers at Nor Cal Cablevision, Inc. will be airing a series of thirteen programs about the history and culture of Sutter and Yuba Counties. Our first program is scheduled to air Wednesday, January 23rd, on Cable Channel 5. We are putting together such topics as Early Medical Practices in Sutter County; The Historic Trade of Blacksmithing; Good Guys and Bad Guys in Sutter County History; Steamboats on the Feather River; and many, many more. Please watch our show and let us know what you think.

The Community Memorial Museum Commission has elected new officers to serve during 1985. They are: Bee Brandt, President; Marnee Crowhurst, Vice-President; and Lauren Anderson, Secretary. We are all looking forward to an exciting year under their leadership.

This issue as well as the October, 1984 issue of the Sutter County Historical Society Bulletin has been typed and put together for you by Catherine Ingvaldsen, the Museum's Green Thumb employee. Green Thumb, Inc. is sponsored by the National Farmers Union and administered through the U. S. Department of Labor. It provides part-time employment in community service agencies for persons over the age of 55. The program provides work and income to enrollees who through their jobs make valuable contributions to their community.

Catherine is a native of Butte County, and has been in Northern California her whole life. She moved to Marysville in 1944, and has been here ever since. Before 1944, she worked in Sacramento at McClellan Air Force Base and at the State Library. She even drove street cars and buses in Sacramento during World War II. After moving to Marysville, Catherine has worked for Hust Brothers; a veterinarian in Marysville; and for the Bi-county Voluntary Action Center. She is active in Parents without Partners, square dancing, the Rideout Auxiliary, and has been active in Campfire for over 20 years. Catherine has a daughter, Margaret, and one grandson, Russell. Catherine has provided valuable service to the Museum since June, and we look forward to her continued involvement and contributions to our organization.

The Community Memorial Museum is looking forward to some very exciting special events in the coming weeks. On Sunday, January 20, 1985, the Mini-Arts Concert Series will present a tribute to Martin Luther King, Jr. On Saturday, March 2, the Museum will host a reception and exhibition marking the 75th anniversary of Campfire. The exhibit will feature uniforms, photographs and many stories about local residents who have been involved in the local Campfire organization. On Saturday, April 20, the Museum will host its first annual Membership meeting and party, featuring live entertainment, food and activities.

LIST OF DONORS TO THE COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM
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September 1, 1984 through November 30, 1984

| | |
|---|--|
| C. Davis Families | in memory of Bill Whitson |
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REMEMBERING DAYS GONE BY

Norma Krampitz

Over a year ago I was asked to write an article for the historical society concerning my family history. Usually, when telling a story, you are asked to begin at the beginning. However, with genealogy it seems as though you must start at the end where you are at the moment and try to find the beginning. I am just now at the point where, I am sure, many of you have been - just barely touching the "tip" of that proverbial "iceberg." It is my hope that as some of you read this you might be able to help me further with my quest; and, if so, please contact me.

In October, 1981 an article appeared in the local Herald under the by-line of Carol Withington, "100 years ago." The story concerned Mrs. Edward Toal who burned to death after having a coal oil lamp spilled on her by her husband. This kindled a memory spark of a story I had heard before. Then and there my research began. Mrs. Edward Toal, Eliza (Ellen or Lizzie) Anderson Toal, was my maternal great-grandmother. The Daily Appeals of October 22-26, 1881 give accounts of the incident and following inquest which found the husband not guilty. The Sutter County Farmer of October 28, 1881 also reported the happening, thus Carol's article.

Eliza Anderson Toal married Edward Toal 14 May 1874 in Marysville; had two sons, Lloyd and Frederick, and died an agonizing death 21 October 1881. Before she died she was able to give an account of the incident to her doctor; an attorney; her mother, Eliza Anderson; and her sister, Mrs. Mary Miller. Each story differed slightly, but ended with, "...whiskey was the cause of the accident and she forgave her husband everything he had done." At the inquest the jury deliberated two hours but could not agree. Six jurors wished to find the husband innocent and four wanted to find him criminally responsible for the wife's death.

Edward Toal, my great-grandfather, was born in Ireland possibly 1852. His parents were John Toal and Jane Nesbitt. Edward died 22 June 1892 at Yuba County Hospital.

The two sons, Lloyd and Frederick, exact ages unknown, perhaps then went to live with their grandmother, Mrs. Eliza Anderson, or their aunt, Mrs. Mary Miller. Frederick died at Napa in 1902. A family story tells of him being hurt in an accident which caused brain damage resulting in his hospitalization at Napa State Hospital and his subsequent death. He is buried with his mother in Marysville City Cemetery. Lloyd Toal eventually went to work at the Yuba City Brewery where he met my maternal grandmother, Carrie Klempp, whose father and mother owned the brewery and Cliff House Saloon. When they were married 25 December 1902; the following story appeared in The Sutter Farmer, Friday, December 26, 1902:

TOAL-KLEMPP NUPTIALS

A very pretty Christmas wedding took place in Yuba City yesterday morning at 11 o'clock when Miss Carrie Klempp of this place

was united in marriage to Lloyd Toal, a well known young man of Marysville. The residence of the bride's mother where the ceremony took place, was prettily decorated for the occasion and only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. Rev. W.H. Johnstone, M.E. Church, officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Hazel Hagerty of Marysville and the groomsman was John Bruce (note: Harry Booth on wedding license), also of that city. Following the congratulations, the guests partook of a bountiful wedding dinner, after which the happy couple departed on the afternoon train for Oroville, wherethe honeymoon will be spent. They will reside in Marysville. They have the congratulations of their many friends.

Carrie Sophia was born 12 July 1876 to Frederick and Caroline Heinz Bottler Klempp. Frederick Klempp was born 25 December 1850 in Wittenberg, Germany, to Louis and Margaret Hagely Klempp, both of Germany. He came to the United States in 1865 and arrived in this area in 1874. He married the widow of Leonard Bottler, Caroline, 12 June 1875. Caroline Heinz Bottler Klempp was born 4 August 1837 in Germany to parents Anton Heinz and ___ Baker. She came to the United States in 1845 with them and sister, Maria Elizabeth. Both parents died in a cholers epidemic in 1849 in Millstadt, Illinois, and that same year Caroline crossed the plains with the family of Dr. Thompson who later became a Marysville dentist. She married Leonard Bottler and they had the following children: Annie, Bill, Edward (died age 12) and a son (name unknown) who died at five weeks. (Annie married W.R. Patterson and had six children, the youngest son being Ellis Patterson who became Lt. Governor of California.)

From the union of Caroline and Frederick came my maternal grandmother, Carrie Klempp, who married Lloyd Toal as written above; and a son, Charles who died at age one year. He is also buried in the Klempp family plot in Yuba City cemetery. Carrie died 4 May 1960 and is buried in the Klempp family plot in Yuba City Cemetery. Carrie and Lloyd Toal has the following children: Elizabeth (Valdez of Tracy); Genevieve (Howard), deceased); Fred of Tracy; Marie (Steinkamp of Tracy); and Anita (Hart of Tracy). Genevieve was my mother. She married Norman Howard 25 June 1929, and following children were born: Patricia (Pinney of Marysville); Norma (Mrs. Arthur Krampitz of Yuba City); and Bobbie Jean (Mrs. Ben Murphy of Sutter).

My mother, Genevieve Howard, passed away in July 1982, after many years of illness. She loved to reminisce about "old Yuba City" and her friends, many of whom she remembered from her long, hard years working at Harter's and CPC Canneries. She was a hand pitter, out pitting many younger and older workers; and I'm sure she would rather have stayed with the hand pitting than work the machines although she became adept at those also. I took the opportunity to spend many hours with her going through papers and pictures. At times this was a comfort to her, and other times unsettling to her as I pressed her for more information. However, as her memory returned her to the "old days" she would reminisce with me. Her eyesight and mind were failing, but several times she remarked she would like to walk down Second Street or Plumas Street in Yuba City, or maybe "D" Street in Marysville and do some remembering. So, on one occasion, we drove to Second Street where I parked the car near her home place - the site of the old brewery at the corner of Second and Bridge Streets. Next to the offices that are now located there, there is an old black walnut tree. It has a brick planter around it now and we sat there as she recalled cracking the black walnuts to feed the chickens, and how hard it was for little fingers to pick up those nuts. From there walked around the building, touching the old bricks which still remain from the original

brewery (possibly the first brick building in Yuba City, as indicated from Leonard Bottler's obituary). The home in which her mother and she, as well as other members of her family, had been born was torn down long ago and the levee now covers whatever relics might be there. Helping her up the steps from the sidewalk to the park honoring the World War I veterans, she remembered the picture at the museum showing the flag raising ceremonies across from where members of her family stood on the porch of her home. (This reminded me of one of my earliest memories, when I probably was no more than two: I remember walking through a doorway and standing at the foot of an immense stairway with a huge stairpost. When I asked if there had been such a room, she said there was but it hadn't been all that big. For a moment we forgot what relevance size had for a small child.)

Getting up the next flight of steps from the park to the levee to overlook the Feather River was difficult because of steepness of those steps, but with great caution we made it. As we walked along the levee Mon recalled swimming in the "treacherous" Feather River, but the children had all been strong swimmers. She told me of drownings of friends and never to trust that river. She recalled also a type of playland park along the river with a large slide, but it had been torn down or washed away in the flooding. Getting down from the levee and steep steps appeared more of a problem than climbing up because of my mother's poor eyesight and unsure walk. However, we solved that by going down each step on the seat of our pants, and laughing so hard we brought tears to the eyes.

Next, we just walked both sides of second street between Bridge and "B" Streets with her pointing out where the businesses had been as she was growing up: the bakery, the grocery store, the ice cream and candy parlor, and the different people she remembered. Further south she pointed out the Masonic Temple where she and her older sister had washed many a dish after one function or another. Even further south is the Senior Citizen Center which had been the Methodist Church where she was baptized and received her Cradle Roll certificate, which to this day is packed away with her school papers and other memorabilia. On down the street were the many homes of friends, sold and resold over the years.

From Second Street we went to Plumas Street, or "Up on the Hill" as it was referred to when you lived on Second street many years before. Not much looked familiar. Even the old Bridge Street School had been torn down and replaced with an unfamiliar structure. Although the original had not been the first grade school she had attended. That had been a two story white frame building near by.

My mother was buried on her mother's birthday, July 12, 1982 in the Klempf family plot at Yuba City Cemetery. There is nothing that would have pleased her more.

There are many more stories yet to be put down on paper, and I am grateful to those who have led me to them. My thanks to all those who did the cataloging for Sutter County Library and Packard Library; to Thompson and West for their History of Sutter County; to all those involved in the 1974 re-edition; and many more whom I don't even know to thank, but of whose talents I have taken advantage.

And what about the paternal side of my family? Well, they came from the British Isles to Pennsylvania, Vermont, and on to Iowa and Nebraska; and what stories I have to tell of them! My father's sister, Roberta Howard Gray has been helping me and vice-versa. We have found long lost relatives who also have been searching to find us. That line includes names such as Howard, Shaw, Cooney (Great, Great-Grandfather Cooney was marshal of Fort Atkinson, Iowa), Taylor Taylor I had a great-grandmother "Elizabeth Taylor" born in Kentucky), Stamper,

Cashow, and on and on it goes.

The Bottler Brothers had built the Yuba City brewery about 1857 on the east bank of the Feather River just below the old steamboat landing. Due to high water the brewery was moved in 1864 to the corner of Bridge and Second Streets, where portions of the old brick building still remain and house offices. Leonard Bottler died in 1874 and the brewery remained idle until reopened by Klempp. Also owned by Grandfather Klempp was the Cliff House or "Last Chance Saloon," located along side the approach to the old wooden Feather River Bridge on the Yuba County side. The Last Chance Saloon was so named because prohibition came to Sutter County in 1891, and it provided a gathering place for Sutter County residents during that dry spell until 1932 when the ordinance was repealed. I have taken the following story from The Sutter County Farmer, June 4, 1886:

Last evening Fred Klempp hitched a spirited tem to the brewery wagon in the corral of the brewery, and as he was about to pass through the gate the horses became unmanageable and started to run. As they passed through the gateway, one of the wheels struck a post and threw Mr. Klempp violently to the ground, injuring him very severely, the effects of which have caused him to be bed-fast ever since.

And another story from the Sutter County Farmer, December 7, 1894:

KLEMPPE'S JOKE

The Yuba City Brewer Wounded While Having Some Fun. Fred Klempp, the proprietor of the Yuba City Brewery, had a narrow escape from being killed last Saturday night while playing a practical joke on Henry Hadlich, the driver of Dobler's bakery wagon.

The scene of the affair was at the Cliff House Saloon, owned by Klempp, and was witnessed by several parties. Young Hadlich had stopped at the saloon about 7 o'clock that evening and while chatting with Mr. Klempp at the bar displayed considerable money. Mr. Klempp cautioned him for carrying so much money and asked him if he was not afraid of being held up and robbed. The baker boy who is a member of Company C proceeded to brag about his bravery, which nettled Mr. Klempp, and he resolved to test the mettle of his young friend.

He communicated his plan to one of the employees of the place and slipping outside put a handkerchief over his face, and after firing a couple of shots outside, rushed into the room, presented his pistol at the head of the astonished baker and told him to throw up his hands. Hadlich parlayed for a moment, then quickly knocked the pistol out of Klempp's hand, drew his revolver, fired three shots at the supposed highwayman and then ran to Marysville where he gave himself up.

Officers were soon on the scene and found that Mr. Klempp had been conveyed to his residence at this place and that he had fully explained the joke.

Dr Kosby attended to his injuries and found that one ball had hit him, going through his left wrist and entering his right side, striking a rib and passing out at the back, but remaining in his clothing. Neither of the wounds are dangerous, but will be painful for some time.

On examining the bar room, one of the bullets was found in the ice chest and the other in the wall, which accounted for all three shots.

Klempp considers himself lucky that he escaped being fatally wounded, and will henceforth indulge in no more practical jokes.

As you have read, I have come across many stories concerning my ancestors, some of which I am not proud. However, these were people, real family, facing many hardships and overcoming many obstacles. Would I have done any differently considering all the circumstances.

* * * * *

THE DAYS OF LONG UNDERWEAR

Remembering all the delicate, frothy, fancy underwear I had seen in the department stores while Christmas shopping for the various granddaughters this past holiday season, I was reminded of the underwear we wore as children. We wore a garment called a Ferris waist, winter and summer, as I remember. But, except for the Ferris waists, the rest of our underwear was completely different in the winter season. Different and perfectly awful, we thought.

Winter underwear consisted of long-sleeved cotton ribbed undershirts, over which we wore out Ferris waists, AND Long Drawers! Those long drawers made dressing on cold winter mornings a real cross to bear. First, you got into your undershirt and Ferris waist, then into the drawers which buttoned on to the waist. Then the muslin underpants which you wore over the drawers for some reason, known only to Mama. Then the under-skirt -- we had never heard of the name slip in those days.

Then came the real struggle of the morning. The drawers came down around the ankles and those long, black, cotton stockings had to be manipulated up over the long legs of the drawers and fashion decreed that there should not be one wrinkle in the stockings nor in the drawers underneath. It really took talent and patience and a great deal of dexterity. Many a morning there were tears shed out of sheer frustration.

The legs of the drawers after one wearing became stretched so that they did not fit the legs of the girls at all well. Then you folded the drawer leg into a little V shaped fold at the ankle, held it tightly with one hand while with the other hand you worked the stocking up over the ankle and over the knee and anchored it firmly with the garter.

My greatest ambition in dressing, I remember, was to get that little fold low enough on the ankle that my high lace shoes would cover it.

The good days as far as dressing was concerned were the days on which we had clean underwear. The day the drawers were clean and washing had shrunk the legs enough that they fitted the legs quite well and very little folding was required. But you certainly did not have clean underwear every day in those washboard washing days. So you just wrassled with the underwear as best you could and longed for the wonderful sunny spring days when you could discard the longies for another year. No wonder we called them unmentionables in those days. They were!

Excerpt from 'Diary of a Housewife'

by Estelle Crowhurst

WILLIAMS 4-H CLUB

Grace Ettl

The WMS 4-H Club was organized in 1948 or 1949. We felt a need for a youth organization as there weren't any in the community. Grace Short and I canvassed and area and decided there was enough interest to try to organize a 4-H Club. We sent notices to the three (3) local schools, Winship, Meridian, and Slough.

The first meeting was a disaster. It was hold at Winship School. There were so many young people there that the adults were amazed. That encouraged the group to organize and hold an election etc. It was one big mistake. There was a group in attendance large enough to control any voting and the result was chaos, laughter, noise and confusion. Finally we dismissed the group and set a date for the next meeting. At that time the attendance was cut in half. The children and parents who were really interested in an active on going 4-H Club attended and a new election was held. After much discussion it was decided to name the club "WMS" 4-H Club after the three (3) schools and communities participating; Winship, Meridian, and Slough.

I do not remember the first officers but amongst the early members were Larry Tate and Joyce, Fran Ettl, Stanley Cothrin, Delbert Ford, Charles and John Stering, Kathryn Summy, Patricia Heitman, Carol Hankins, Gay Reische, Darnell Hall, Sally and Judy Lemos. Mr. George Cothrin was Community Leader. Odessa Hietman and Dorothy Tate were Cooking leaders. Grace Short and I were Clothing leaders. Carol Hankins was the county Dress Revue Winner our first year.

As the club grew in numbers and projects we moved the meetings to Meridian where the majority of the members lived. The demand for more projects also grew and the members helped to find leaders to direct them. As usual, some times it was hard to find enough leaders but I really think the community did and has done an exceptional job over all these years.

There were projects in electricity, sugar beets, horse, food preservation, entomolgy, cooking, clothing and probably others. Activities were camp, cress revues, project tours, road cleanup and we even cleaned up the streets of Meridian.

In 1963 we had over 45 active members. Grand Island club in Grimes organized because of the example out club set locally and a the Colusa Fair.

Several former members participation in 4-H Club work determined their careers in adult life. Charles Stering became an electrician. Dorothy Ettl became a Home Demonstration Agent in Wyoming and now Clothing Specialist for the State of Washington. Susan Harris is a Home Ec. teacher at Yuba City High School. Kathryn Summy majored in Home Ec. and now manages the Farmers Market in Chico. Many of course stayed with farming and our girls have beautifully for themselves and their children.

* * * * *

You often hear Blue Monday mentioned as a time when the morale is low and everything looks pretty sad. This week we had what you might call Black Tuesday.

Years ago there used to be a fad of not eating breakfast or at most a cup of black coffee and a glass of fruit juice.

Now for the past several years, all food authorities and nutritionists have strongly stressed and importance of a good breakfast....

So this Tuesday I succumbed to my very early training, got out the oatmeal package and made hot mush for breakfast. It smells so good to me when it is cooking. It seems like we should hear a wood-fire crackling in the kitchen range and Mama telling us that someone would have to bring in an extra armful of wood before we left for school as she would be baking that day.

But what I do hear is a series of very unhappy groans and complaints. One young rebel even put canned milk on his dish of mush this Tuesday and then said he could not eat it-- the canned milk tasted too awful. I just poured that dishful into Rags' breakfast and started the young man out with a fresh dish of mush. And added to that he had to listen to what his father had been served, once a week, while in the Armed Forces -- corn meal mush. And he assured him that if he thought oatmeal was bad he ought to try corn meal. So somehow we got our mush down. But I won't try it again in a hurry.

Nov. 20, 1952

Excerpt from 'Diary of a Housewife'
by Estelle Crowhurst

A big kettle of good home made soup is just right for lunch or supper on a cold rainy day, and the savory smell of it seeping through the house as it cooks, is pretty middle class, but also very homey. And when I make soup I smugly think of what a very good cook once said, that anyone can cook well who uses the best of everything unsparingly, but that a fine cook is one who makes good, wholesome, tasty food from inexpensive ingredients.

March 25, 1948

Excerpt from 'Diary of a Housewife'
by Estelle Crowhurst

The following are articles from the book, AS I REMEMBER, written by Nicholas Hanson in 1944 when he was 75 years old.

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA

This generation will never realize the great development work done in California in early days by the Chinese. They were good, industrious laborers. They cleared thousands of acres of agricultural land in this state that today would be untillable land covered with timber and brush. They built the railroads and constructed miles of rock fences that stand today as monuments to their industry. They were honest, faithful servants. The Chinese in the seventies were considered the most honest people on earth, owing to their severe punishment of crime. A Chinaman convicted of theft was sentenced to death.

The Chinaman is the only man I ever saw who was entirely dressed in silk. When on dress parade, he wore a silk skull cap, silk blouse, and large, baggy silk pants, with his bare feet uncased in silk slippers. The soles of those slippers were an inch thick, of tough fiber sewed together. The Chinese queue of braided silk, two feet long, completed his makeup. All Chinese wore queues. The front third of their heads was shaved and the rest of their hair was allowed to grow full-length. Into this hair they braided their queue. When at work the queue was wrapped around their heads and tied. When on dress parade the queue hung down their backs to their knees.

There were few Chinese women in California in early days and those I saw were cripples. They could hardly balance themselves as they walked. When children, their feet were incased in bandages and never allowed to grow. Their feet were very small. The Chinese admired women with small feet.

The Chinese were good laundrymen. They dampened the clothes, when ironing, by filling their mouths with water and blowing the water into a fine mist that fell upon the clothes. No one but a Chinaman could do that trick. When I was a child, I would watch Old Sing, our Chinese cook, iron the clothes. I would try to imitate him in converting water into mist by blowing it through my mouth, but I could never learn the trick. Mother would let Old Sing iron everything except our handkerchiefs and the napkins. She would never let him iron those.

In the eighties there was a large Chinatown in Willows that covered two blocks. It was located east of the Diamond Match lumber yard near the canal. Several hundred Chinese lived there. The town consisted of several Chinese merchandise stores and they supplied the Chinese camps with their native foods and rice. There were laundries, opium dens, and gambling joints. They did the laundry work for Willows and the laboring men. I saw that Chinatown burn one afternoon, about 1887. It sure made a hot fire. There was nothing left of the town but the cellars and dens. No doubt there is much gold and silver buried in those old cellars. They remain today, after sixty years.

The new Chinatown was erected on Colusa Street. Chinatown today is a memory of the past.

The Chinese were great lovers of the China lily. I suppose they introduced the flower to this state. Wherever you saw a Chinese camp, home, or town, you would see many Chinese lilies surrounding it. The Chinese lily was the only flower they cultivated or seemed to care for.

The Chinese New Year, January 15, was a day of great rejoicing among the Chinese. They were very liberal with their gifts of silk handkerchiefs, baskets, fans, nuts, candy, and firecrackers. I believe that was the time they fed their departed.

They would place roast pig and other good things to eat on the graves in their

cemeteries. After a year they sent the remains of their departed back to China for burial. Chico and Marysville Chinese cemeteries remain today. The Marysville cemetery contains the altar where they roasted the pig.

The Chinese are a beardless race. I never saw but one Chinaman who wore a full beard. He was a very old Chinaman and his mustache and beard were as white as snow. He was with the large gang of Chinese who cleared forty acres of land for father on the Brannan Ranch in 1874.

The old man was too old to work. He lived with his nephew, Aloy. He came to our home one day with Aloy. The old Chinaman was known as a seer or prophet. He admired mother's baby, my sister Mable, who was a few months old. He took the baby in his arms and told mother her baby was too pure and good for this world. Mother asked him what he meant.

He replied, "Your baby will die when she is two and a half years old." That was very near her age when she died of pneumonis, July 5, 1876.

The old prophet died in 1875 and Aloy quit work for father. He said his uncle came every night and talked to him and told him to go home and that is what Aloy did.

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE JANUARY 1, 1889

I have witnessed four events in Glenn County the like of which may never be seen by this or the future generation. One was the solar eclipse of the sun on January 1, 1889. Another the great earthquake and fire in San Francisco, where four hundred ninety-seven blocks, or four square miles in the heart of the city were destroyed April 18, 1906. Another in eruption of Mt. Lassen, May 30, 1914, after being dormant for two hundred years. And the Willard gas well explosion at nine p.m. January 7, 1938, when the roar was heard thirty miles away. These were inspiring events.

The greatest of them and the most inspiring was the total eclipse New Year's Day, 1889. Leading astronomers of the world predicted the time and selected Willows for their observation center. Norman was in direct line of the eclipse. There being no accommodations at Norman, only one instrument was installed there for observations.

Mr. Roach of Blue Hill University, Massachusetts, and Professor Upton of Brown University came to Willows to observe the meteorological effects of the eclipse. They came well provided with instruments for measuring wind and temperature. They reported at the time of totality a perfect calm and the thermometer dropping from 52 down to 45-1/2 degrees.

Professor W.H. Pickering of Harvard University and associates arrived in Willows with several thousand dollars worth of improved, reliable astronomical instruments for photographing the eclipse.

The following local residents were selected and trained to assist them: Ed. M. Schorn, H.S. Eilerman, W.V. Freeman, Tracy Crawford, Mrs. M. Hochheimer, C. H. Young, Tom Farrell, Ira Hochheimer, E.I. Fuller, D. Bently, George Johnson, W.B. Cook, John Calder, Lew Wickes, Seth Millington, W. Culver, Oscar Johson, Jerry Riddle, Father Reynolds, and John Dexter.

Everything was in readiness several days before the eclipse. Then anxiety appeared to worry the people. It being winter time, January 1, we were afraid of a storm or a

Dark cloudy day to spoil the view, in which case we would have to wait a century or more to see another total eclipse in Glenn County.

January 1, 1889, was a beautiful, calm day, not a cloud in sight. All the kids, and grownups too, were smoking window glass over lamp chimneys to look through to observe the eclipse.

A large crowd assembled at the racetrack north of Colonel F.G. Crawford's stables, where the large telescopes were installed.

If I remember right, the eclipse occurred between one and three p.m. lasting over two hours. Totality lasted one hundred eighteen seconds. Fifty or sixty photographs were taken by different instruments from the thirteen-inch telescope down. The pictures were considered excellent.

The sketches made by my cousins, John A. and Virgil V. Apperson, also by Mrs. Alice Dexter Glenn, during the totality were considered excellent by the Harvard party. The shape of the corona and streamers as drawn by them were verified by the negatives developed at the observatory.

During totality an awe influence of the Holy Spirit seemed to possess the crowd. They seemed to realize the great magnitude and power of God in controlling the universe. A few people were conversing in low whispers. Others seemed unable to speak. We could hear the click of the instruments taking pictures. My hearing was good at that time. When the great shadow struck the earth suddenly, it caught Colonel Crawford's chickens unaware. They started running and flying for their roosts.

"Look at the Colonel's chickens," someone said. Then laughter arose from the crowd. It would make a horse laugh to see those chickens. Then everything was quiet. You could hear a pin drop, until the shadow passed. Then the Colonel's roosters started crowing, provoking more laughter.

The awe-inspiring spell was over. People began to move around and talk. That was the shortest night Colonel F. G. Crawford's chickens ever experienced. The man in the moon probably laughed at the joke played on them.

During the occurrence of the earthquake, about five o'clock in the morning of April 18, 1906, I was building a fire in our cook stove. As I started to light the fire I began to sway and to lose my balance. I could not hold the match near the paper to light the fire and I almost fell. Then I began to feel dizzy and sick. I could not imagine what was wrong with me. I thought I was having a heart attack. I felt my pulse to learn if my heart was beating.

The building was a temporary shack. There was nothing to fall from the wall, and, being hard of hearing. I heard nothing.

That afternoon my brother came from Willows to my home at Glenn and told me about the great earthquake and the destruction of San Francisco. Then I knew what caused my "heart attack."

A gentle south wind was blowing. A great mantle of dark smoke rested above the Coast Range Mountains from San Francisco to Mt. St. John west of Willows.

Brother said he was in the barnyard at his home southeast of Willows and that the quake nearly threw him down. He said the trees swayed back and forth and that one-fourth of the water in a trough was spilled.

San Francisco was put under martial law. Food and supplies were sent to relieve

suffering.

After three weeks, we went to San Francisco to visit my relatives and to view the ruins. We returned with several souvenirs of the fire. I can imagine how Hamburg and Berlin appear today after their bombings. Five thousand people perished in the catastrophe. Several people I knew who were living there at the time were never heard from afterwards.

Mt. Lassen broke into violent eruption on May 30, 1914. We were too far from the mountains to realize the magnitude of that event. Mt. Lassen being about one hundred fifty miles from our home at Glenn. We saw the great volume of smoke and steam arise from the peak and rest above the mountain. We read about the great volume of hot mud, lava, and rocks rolling down the mountain side, filling Hat Creek.

The hot mud and fumes killed timber and all other vegetation of that side of Mt. Lassen. The havoc wrought can be seen today. It changed the scene and picture of the north side of Mt. Lassen.

There were several subsequent smaller eruptions, the last on May 22, 1915. On August 9, 1916, the peak rumbled and belched smoke, but no eruption occurred. Since that date the volcano has been inactive.

The Willard gas well explosion occurred at nine p.m. January 7, 1938. The rumbling sound was heard for a distance of thirty miles. It sounded like a heavy freight train traveling at terrific speed. The explosion occurred while the drillers were at work. The great force of escaping gas soon washed the foundation from the derrick and \$100,000.00 worth of equipment sank in the large pool of water. The escaping gas from the bottom of the well gained momentum and lifted water and debris one hundred feet in the air. Large long timbers nearly two feet square were tossed in the air on the surface of that pool, as though they were toothpicks. Charred chunks of wood were expelled from the bowels of the earth, proving that the floor of this valley was in ages past a forest.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

June 11, 1886---The regular June norther did a great deal of damage. Some estimate the damage at 4,000,000 bushels of wheat in the country. Two hundred feet of the bridge between Meridian and the Buttes blown down. Christian Church at Maxwell so wrecked that it fell down in about a week.

August 25, 1870---H. B. Turman was taking Miss Mary Semple from Colusa to her mother's home some fifteen miles west of town. The horses attached to the buggy became frightened and threw them out of the buggy, causing severe internal injuries, which may yet prove fatal. The next day had been set for the marriage of the parties and notwithstanding her injuries the ceremony was performed. Mr. Turman became a stock buyer. He bought hogs and cattle from me for over thirty years. Mr. Turman was an honorable man to do business with.

In 1849 ten thousand people died in California for want of experienced physicians and medical supplies.

The first sea captain to obtain the consent of Turkey to sail an American ship into Turkish waters was N. Proctor Smith, a Colusa County pioneer.

A violent north wind at Willows blew the new Methodist Church off its foundation March 8, 1880.

Work on the extension of the Northern Railroad from Williams to Willows was started in 1878.

An anti-Chinese club was formed at Williams in 1879.

The wheat crop of Colusa County in 1879 was estimated to be worth \$3,000,000.

Twenty-eight people were arrested 1880 for cutting the Wilkins Slough levee.

Wild geese were so numerous and destructive throughout the county in 1877 that poison was set out for them.

Ten and seventy-three hundreds inches of rain fell in Colusa during four nights and three days in 1878.

In 1878 Assemblyman Hart introduced a bill in the legislature giving I. M. Bishop, J. F. Wilkins, and A. Wood a franchise to build a bridge across the river at Colusa, the franchise to run fifty years.

The railroad reached Willows September 26, 1878.

June 29, 1908, Gion Gibson, accompanied by Dr. F.Z. Pirkey, H.C. Stovall, W.H. Ash, G. C. Comstock, Lou Zumwalt, and A.A. Entrican, made a flying trip in Gibson's big touring car. The party left San Francisco at eight-twenty in the morning, going around by Santa Rosa and Napa, arriving home at ten p.m., having covered a distance of one hundred ninety-seven miles in exactly ten hours.

A man was killed July 16, 1880, three miles below Colusa when the boiler of the Davis & Jeffers threshing machine engine exploded.

I well remember the steam engine explosion near Princeton in which a young man and two Chinamen were killed. The explosion occurred on September 27, 1880, on the Perry Pitt Ranch, which land at that time was the property of the late Dr. H.J. Glenn. It was a machine of enormous size and threshed more than two thousand sacks of wheat a day. We were resting at our home when we saw a large volume of smoke ascend near Princeton, ten miles away. It was a still afternoon. It was some time before the smoke disappeared. We could not imagine what it was.

The next day we heard of the explosion and went to view it. The crew consisted of three white men--foreman, engineer, and fireman--and about fifty Chinese, who were employed to pitch the grain on the feeder of the separator. Derrick forks were not in use of this machine.

The great force of the explosion blew the young fireman one hundred eighty feet, tearing his clothes and shoes from his body. The engine plunged forward, turning a complete somersault in the air, falling upon and crushing the separator, killing the Chinese separator tender and oiler, who were resting on the tongue of the separator. There was no fire. The stacks were about half threshed. Chinese hats and clothing, and pitchforks, were scattered around, showing great confusion among the Chinamen.

From the wreck to the large Chinatown of small shacks located at the north end of Princeton, where several hundred Chinese lived, the road was literally covered with red and yellow Chinese papers several feet in length and about two inches in width. These papers were so thick that my saddle horse tramped them in the dust. The road was cut up in ruts and the dust very deep.

The Chinese told me these papers were scattered there to keep the devil from getting the dead Chinamen.

Eighteen hundred eighty was a year of stirring events.

MARYSVILLE APPEAL

DEC. 14, 1861

A gallant General challenged a local Editor to fight a duel for some offense. The Editor declined to fight, stating that he might kill the General, which would be bad, or that he might be killed himself, which would be worse.

MARYSVILLE APPEAL

DEC. 14, 1861

The flood of December, 1861 put Sacramento under water. An assemblyman from San Francisco had engaged a room in a hotel for his quarter's stay during the coming session of the Legislature. The proprietor of the hotel sent the Assemblyman a letter stating "My hotel is coming down the Sacramento River to receive you. Be ready to occupy your quarters"

MARYSVILLE APPEAL

DEC. 11, 1861

A CHANCE FOR WARLIKE FEMALES

Capt. John Tuttle of the 5th Regiment, California Volunteers, wants to enlist four married men whose wives will accompany the troops to act as laundresses: or he will give four unmarried ladies the pick of his men if they will consent to marry at once and go to the wars. Who wants a husband? Here is a good offer.

MARYSVILLE APPEAL

DEC. 12, 1861

AVIGILANT WOMAN

We are informed that it was a woman who first gave the alarm on Monday morning, when the flood was breaking over the west part of town. Teresa Sherman, living with the family of Mr. Totman, corner of Fourth and H Streets, gave information of the imminent peril at the Western House, then to Dr. Rice and finally to Rev. Deal (of the Methodist Church), who rang the alarm bell of the church which startled out citizens from slumber. The promptitude of Teresa was probably the means of saving many lives and much property from destruction.

MARYSVILLE APPEAL

SPECIAL

Fancy Eastern Sugar-Cured Picnic Hams
Nine Cents - Per Pound

BRYANT BROS.

Cash Grocers

319 C St.