

# SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## NEWS BULLETIN

Vol. XXIV No. 4

Yuba City, California

October 1985

**The Band Played On** CHARLES WARD

Waltz time (with a swing)  
Ca-sey would waltz with a straw-ber-ry blonde, And The Band  
Played On. He'd glide 'cross the floor with the  
girl he a-dored, And The Band Played On. But his  
brain was so load-ed it near-ly ex-plod-ed, The poor girl would  
shake with a-larm. He'd near leave the girl with the  
straw-ber-ry curls And The Band Played On.

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Activities for the Winter and Spring hold some interesting prospects - a tour of the points of interest in the Buttes Area, a walking Nature Study day in the Buttes," a train trip from Willits to Eureka through the Redwood Empire following the Eel River. As the details are worked out, information will be made available.

Our speaker for the October 15, 1985 meeting will be from the Empire Mine Association. The meeting will be held at the Community Memorial Museum at 7:30 p.m.

The Farm or Agriculture building account is still short a few dollars. What is needed are ideas of how to raise funds to further the cause. Your suggestions are sought - Hope you come up with a winner!

## COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM NOTES

Mary Allman, Director/Curator

A new look is underway at the Community Memorial Museum. Recently, the County of Sutter provided the Museum with a new front parking lot, and now, work has begun on the landscaping surrounding the parking area. By next spring, the Museum will be in full bloom with new plantings of gazania, petite oleander, and other colorful groundcover.

Inside, the Museum is also undergoing some changes. New and updated exhibits adorn the Museum's West Wing, where our newly acquired 1920s Holbrook gas range is on display in the "County Kitchen" exhibit. The "Early Pioneers" display is still in the planning stages, but when completed, it will illustrate the arduous journey along the Overland Trail to California.

This fall, the Museum will also feature a number of temporary displays. Through October 18, the Museum will show works by local commercial and graphic artists. In recognition of the National Arts Week (September 23 - 29)<sup>1</sup>, this exhibit illustrates the design process, from original thought to the finished work. Then, from October 21 through Thanksgiving, the Museum will feature early packing labels from the collection of Mr. L. P. Webdell.

The Mini-Arts concert series continues with "Early California Music" on Sunday, October 13, and Classical music with the "Lyra Ensemble" on Sunday, November 17. The concerts begin at 2 pm, and a \$1 donation is requested at the door.

The 1985 edition of Trees and Traditions is scheduled for Saturday, December 14, from 5 to 8 pm. A "Country Christmas" theme is planned for the food and the decorations. Contact any Museum Commission member for tickets.

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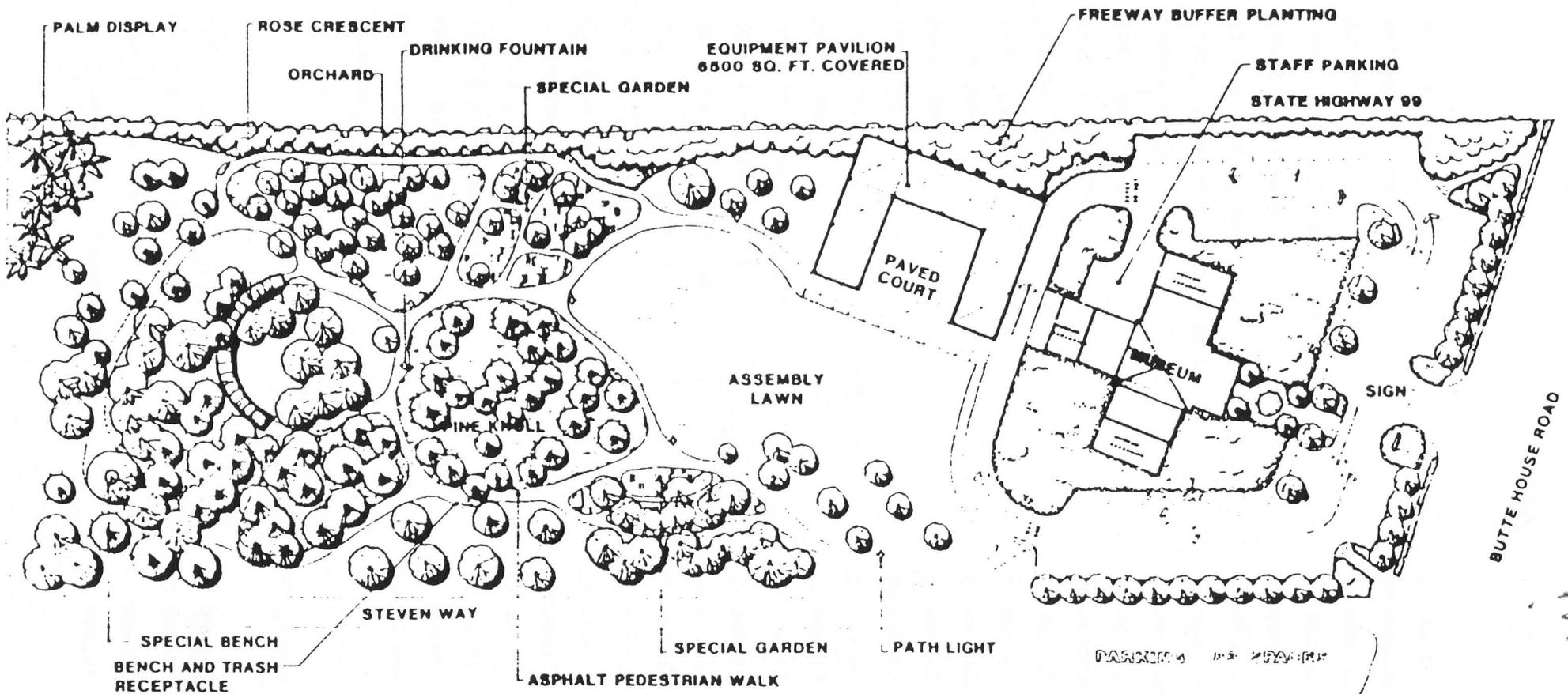
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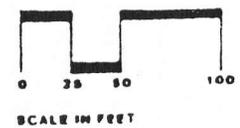
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## Dancing Thru Life to Many Different Tunes

Myrtle Newcomb

First, I'll take you way back in time to the old barn dances in North Dakota, in the haylofts, where at an early age we first learned to dance.

As soon as the hay had been used up in the spring and the cattle turned out to pasture, the lofts would be swept out. From the hay being moved around on the floor, which had a polishing effect, it was as slick as any ballroom.

The barns on those big farms were enormous in order to hold the winter's supply of hay. Some were more elegant than the farmhouses and they were always kept nice and clean. The hay was pitched thru openings and dropped to the cattle feeding stalls below.

Every Saturday night was family night as whole families came and it was a combination of dancing and box social. All of the "small fry" were put to sleep on hay in the corners and nothing seemed to bother them. Lanterns were strung from the rafters and were the only light which made for quite a romantic setting - however, we were very well chaperoned.

One of the songs of the "Sons of the Pioneers" tells the story:

"At the old barn dance, I remember long ago  
When we met 'round the old cider mill.  
AT the old barn dance we would swing and do-si-do  
To the strains of an old time quadrille  
Altho years have passed away, it seems only yesterday  
That you showed my heart the way to romance,  
And I bless each hour for the sweet unfading flower  
That I met at the old barn dance."

I am sure that many a romance did have its start at the "old barn dance." (However, the reference to the "old coder mill" was before our time.)

We danced to all strong orchestras and the good old fiddlers really held forth - the square dance callers did their jobs well, too. Each dance had its own characteristic and the right music was very essential. They were fun to watch as well as to participate. Grownups danced with the young and everyone enjoyed each other. They all knew just what to do and followed the instructions of the callers - such as, "grab your partner, swing her 'round and circle on your heel; one, two, three, four, grease your knee for a real Virginia Reel. Get ready, put your heel and toe down and once you've started don't you slow down, there's nothing like a good old fashioned hoe-down to chase your blues away."

The girls kept track of their dances by writing the names of their partners on the wall, which served as our programs; and sometimes we would have ten or more dances lined up and we never missed a dance. The names are probably still there - that is, if the barns are. Once in awhile, my sister and I would whirl thru a whole quick-step dance just to show off. Everyone stopped dancing to watch us - we couldn't find any boys who could dance fast enough.

There were many different styles of polkas - some were very fast but the Norwegian was a little slower and done to the "heel & toe polka," which was just that - to the side, you first put the heel down. Then the toe, and finishing with the regular polka step.

The Schottische was very popular done to the "Hayseed Schottische" - most appropriate for the hayloft.

The "Tuxedo" had a lot of "dips" and the music was "Blue Ridge Mountain Home."

To the music of "Comin' Thru the Rye," the "Rye Waltz" was quite a production. The first part was slow, with partners taking a step to

the right and then back several times, then whirling into a graceful fast waltz. This was a fascinating and beautiful dance and was one of the favorites with everyone.

The "Virginia Reel," with couples gliding thru two rows - men on one side with ladies on the other, holding hands up high, and was usually done to "Turkey in the Straw."

The "Square Dances" filled a big part of the evening - much of it done to music such as the "Chicken Reel."

Well, the dance was over and everyone was hungry after all that strenuous exercise, so out came the box lunches which the young ladies had such fun preparing, always trying to outdo one another in baking and decorating the boxes. Each grabbed a favorite partner to enjoy the home baked goodies. The grownups had their box lunches, too. The sleepy children awoke as soon as the music stopped and I'm sure they were glad to be taken home to their comfortable beds.

The dance always ended with everyone singing "Goodnight Ladies" as we went merrily on our way home, tired but happy, and thinking about the fun we'd had and already looking forward eagerly to the next Saturday night. It was all such good wholesome family fun!

After leaving the farm and that type of dancing, we continued to dance to music on the "old wind-up Victrola" with the very first records. Then, we danced to various orchestras at outdoor pavilions on lakes and rivers. Those were the years of World War I and the music consisted of the tunes written for that era, and many dances were given to entertain the young servicemen as they passed thru the area by train.

When I arrived in Yuba City in 1923, I knew I would like living here since there were a lot of dances. At the Armistice Day Dance at Forester's Hall in Marysville, one of the first which I attended, I

Met Ralph and we defied the old saying that "dancehall romances never last" by dancing thru 53 years of togetherness.

These two communities afforded many opportunities to dance in the 1920s thru the 1940s. Among the many places were Forester's Hall, the Marysville Hotel and one unusual place was the "Feather River Resort." This was a floating pavilion in the middle of the Feather River just above the Fifth Street Bridge with the only access on the Marysville side. In the daytime, it attracted people of all ages for swimming and it was possible to swim on all sides. It had all of the necessary facilities, such as slides for the youngsters, diving platforms and bath houses and on shore a stretch of sandy beach. At night, we danced on an open air floor which made up a part of this floating resort. As I remember it, we had to walk down a gangplank to get to the pavilion. It was a fun place while it lasted but the high waters each spring must have been the reason for it eventually disappearing, and it was greatly missed.

We then continued to dance at an open air pavilion on "E" Street to the music of our many fine local dance bands.

As roads became better, we ventured farther away on Saturday night. A popular spot was "Robinson's Corners" on the road to Oroville, where not only our local bands played but "Al Pearce and His Gang" from KFRC came to entertain us. Another place which attracted many was the "Moon Pavilion" near Sutter. We even went as far away as "Palm Grove" at the Richvale "Y" on the road to Chico which attracted many big bands such as Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Paul Whiteman and others with their "make you want to dance" music. I remember this place having palm trees all around the dance floor with comfortable seating areas. It was like an oasis out in the middle of nowhere, but it was well worth the drive to spend an evening.

It was always fun on a Saturday night to dress up for a dance. They all started right at nine and went non-stop until midnight. In those days, we attended strictly to dance! It could really be called "ballroom dancing" as we did all of the popular steps of that era.

However, we weren't satisfied with Saturday night dancing, we kept right on at Sunday picnics which were such family fun affairs. Many local people will remember this summertime entertainment at the various groves in the area. It was necessary for us to find our comfort in the great outdoors; and wherever there was a nice grove of trees it made a perfect place for a Sunday picnic and in no time the men had built a dance platform. This was our entertainment long before we knew anything about T.V. and air conditioning which would eventually end our outdoor way of living and the family picnics.

One regular summer event was held at "Garwood Grove" at Nicolaus with huge trees for shade. A dance pavilion was built for the occasion and the good lively Swiss music of "Otto Scheiber & His Band" filled the floor in no time and kept us there. Those who didn't dance were entertaining themselves with other events - men and boys playing baseball or horseshoes, with the young people competing for prizes in games of competition and races of various kinds. Each family brought a big picnic basket lunch and there was always plenty of ice cold lemonade and watermelon. The fun continued all thru the day and into the evening with the grownups still dancing.

Also, there were other groves where Sunday picnics were held. One was the "Dow Grove" on Pennington Road at North Butte where we also danced on a hastily built platform. This was the place where the Farm Bureau held its annual picnic. "Hammond Grove" on the road to Smartville was another place where we gathered - again, dancing

On a platform built for the occasion. These were events where we would see all of our friends and we knew everyone. We always dressed up in our Sunday best.

All of this is what I remember about my early days in this community - the friendliness and warmth of the people and their ability to derive pleasure from the simple things in life and making their own entertainment.

It is interesting to see that "ballroom dancing" is making a comeback. Many large hotels are now having "tea dances" and private dance clubs are returning to the music of the "big bands" and dancing as we used to know it.

I found it most fascinating to watch the world professional dance championships on T.V. There were couples from 25 countries - European, South American, Great Britain, Japan and others. They competed in waltz, tango, slow foxtrot, quickstep and Viennese waltz to the strains of an excellent orchestra. When the competition began, the dance floor was filled with couples. Two couples from Japan made it to the final ten and they seemed to be thoroughly enjoying this type of dancing. Most impressive was the formal attire which emphasized the gracefulness of all of the couples and their visible enjoyment of the various dance steps. It is something which should never be lost. Dancing is not only good exercise but good music can lift the spirits of all, whether participating or watching.

In my opinion, the young people for years have missed so much for not having the type of dancing to the wonderful music which we enjoyed. Maybe the young people will start dancing together again to soft sweet music, which is so much more romantic.

In my memory, one of the nicest customs in our dancing days was to always have the last dance with your own partner to the strains of "Goodnight Sweetheart" - a perfect finale for an enjoyable evening.

The following letters were written by May Seitz, Leila Winship's aunt. May was accompanying Leila and her family for part of a three month trip they took during the summer of 1910, traveling from Sacramento to Oregon and back.

We think you will find them very entertaining and we want to thank Leila for letting us publish them.

June 15, 1910

Dearest Mother,

We came to a place called Buck's Ranch this morning and have spent the day here. This is the first day that we have stopped all day in a place. The first day, after leaving home, we came to Antelope, where we pitched camp behind the store. We had our supper and went to bed early since we were all very tired after the hot ride. Nothing exciting happened that night except that a dog hauled our ham off the grub box where we foolishly left it, and in the morning we found it with a piece chewed off the end. Rosie but the chewed part off and it was all o.k. otherwise. We had risen early and by seven were on our way.

The next day we went to Sheridan, passing through Roseville and Lincoln. At Lincoln we ate a quick lunch, stopping our wagon under a tree in front of a doctor's residence. While we were there all the men from the pottery went home to lunch, and there were very many of them indeed. We passed the pottery too, & the place where they get their clay. Between there and Sheridan we met the winged grasshoppers that our eating up all the crops. They were thick all over the ground, the posts and board fences were brown with them, and they were hanging all over the wire fences too. We stopped at one man's place where nothing was left green except one evergreen tree. They even eat the green fruit right to the core, leaving the nut white and clean. The old man who owned the place was watering his lone green tree and he said they would eat even a wad of chewing tobacco. As we got nearer Sheridan, we saw less. But even there they had been. One man that Rose and Jack knew, Mr. Tackett had been totally eaten out & had no crop left. We staid all night in Sheridan, right in town, which consists of a line of about ten houses, a depot, a storehouse & old barn. Of these a hotel & saloon, a grocery store & one residence house was occupied. Again we were in bed early & up early the next morning & on our way. Tell Lizzie the Tackets have a new baby.

The third day again was very hot. This day we passed through Wheatland where we stopped for supplies. Then we started for Marysville. At noon we stopped to eat at a deserted farm house (by the way, there are a many of them between Sheridan and

Marysville.), but we did not stop very long, for the gnats were so bad that they almost set us crazy. So we packed our goods aboard (our lunch), Jack hitched the horses & we hurried on eating as we went. We were miserable looking objects, for we were one big gnat box. In the middle of the afternoon, we got to Marysville, and found a good camping place near the river, but plus musquitoes. In the morning we were a little more lumpy. We started early again. We passed through Live Oak & Biggs that day, stopping at Live Oak for lunch. I saw Jack & Rosie's ranch, which looked o.k. Here also were our friends the gnats but not so bad. Live Oak, I observed, was a very pretty and flourishing town with good land about. That night we arrived at Gridley a pretty town but rather scattered. We encamped in a very pretty spot, a grove of big oaks. It had rained a little during the day, & we thought it would that night, but it did not, and the cool wind that came up was very fine.

Next day we came to Oroville, Saturday. Here we encamped by the river. After dinner Jack went to town and the kids were feeling cross, so Rosie & I took them down to the river & leaving the dishes & grub where they were. Then the calamity happened, for when we came back our ham was gone & a dog was eating the butter. We could find the ham no place, and no dog could carry it very far. Two tramps encamped across the road, however, kept looking over at us & snickering, so Rosie & I gambled on who had the thing last. Anyway we were minus so much and had to invest in bacon to replace it. We stayed there that night, while Jack had the wagon fixed for mountain climbing, but Rosie and I refused to stay any longer & associate with bums, so next morning, even though it was Sunday, we started out hill climbing, (Charlie Taylor, once of Sacramento was the blacksmith who fixed the wagon for Jack) Sunday we stopped for lunch at an old mine called Bidwell's Bar on the Feather River. Everything is full & covered with big rocks from the mining done there. Then we kept on to Jack's Ranch, merely a saloon with the cryptic sign, "first & last chance" in front. Here Rosie washed her feet in the creek, Leila went wading and I tried to show Billy how, standing on a rock in midstream and holding him in down. Bill gave one yell, wriggled, & Aunt May, shoes & all went into the water. That finished Bill's wading.

Monday we were up early again and had a good meal on beans and brown bread which we had cooked in a ground oven the night before. They tasted fine, since the mountain air was producing an appetite. We stopped for lunch at Mountain House and ate lunch in the wagon, only stopping till we and the horses were fed. From there we went to the Merrimac mining camp. After we had pulled up, some other people arrived from Oroville. There were 4, a man & his wife, a grown son & a small boy. The woman was sick with chills. We immediately offered one side of our tent, since it was too slow putting up their tent & they accepted. It looked like rain, but we decided that it would not,

and went to bed, with no extra preparations. About 2 p.m, it began to rain, and we all crawled out. The other people put on their tent. Jack dressed. We & the kids put blankets in the wagon and slept there until morning. All was useless since it did not rain after the first shower. After eating a good breakfast of brown bread and beans, we started out, the family from Oroville with their mule in the lead. We passed Merrimac, where an auto party which had passed us the night before was stalled. They had tried to go up the next incline but could not make it. Farther up we met two men, one a Stanford prof., name unknown, whose phaeton had broken down under its load. Jack helped them fix in the best way possible, and they were able to go on. The higher we climbed the mistier it became, then the sun came out, but later was hidden again. Toward noon we came to what is called Walker's plain, on the top of a hill. It a flat place on top of a mountain. which is covered entirely with lava, the remnants of some long-ago volcanic eruption. The road was very rough from the rocks. We picked up some of the smaller rocks and it was remarkable to see how heavy they were for their size. We stopped just beyond here, on a grassy slope where we found the "mule" family and had our lunch. Rosie and I were rather tired, since we had walked a good part of the morning, All the time we were eating, it was very misty, almost raining. We left very quickly. Just beyond we came to what is called the "summit." Then we passed "Letter Box," but did not stop. We were heading for Buck's Ranch, but since it was getting late, we decided to stop at Grizzly Creek. So also did the "mule" family. The two man & the broken buggy went on and we have not seen them since. We stayed at Grizzly Creek all night, a very pretty place, & Jack and one of the men in the other party went fishing, catching one fish. Next morning we went on to Buck's Ranch, where we spent the day. Buck's Ranch Valley is quite extensive and entirely surrounded by water. A large creek runs through it and there are many springs. Speaking of mountains reminds me that I have not told you about the grand experience we had. Coming down from "Letter Box" we passed a great stretch of snow. Jack washed Leila's face with it and made her cry, then he slid down it. Rosie and I had a snow fight. Bill dug into it and we all ate some of it.

After we had come to Buck's the family with the mule arrived, and another family we had met. The family with the mule is from Oroville, by name Bickett, consisting of the father, mother, grown son & small son. The father has bronchial trouble, and the rest have chills. All hope to get well in the mountains. In the other family is a young man, his wife & her brother. The man is a regular skeleton, has consumption, and has been bidden by his doctor to go & live at Quincy. So they are travelling there for his health, sleeping outdoors and going by slow stages. Yost of their furniture they shipped on ahead. The wife who can be but eighteen or nineteen has one baby alive, which she left with her husband's family & another died before this baby was born. The baby and the relatives are to join them in Quincy.

We met another family at Buck's, or rather, two, some people who are spending the summer there,, They come from Oroville and have chills. They seemed sociable but rather noisy. There were a good many people at the hotel, many of whom seemed to be from Oroville and have the chills. I concluded that Oroville and chills were the same thing, We stayed there until the next day, went fishing, Jack went riding with the butcher. We caught no fish, but the "noisy bunch" presented us with ten trout, having caught one hundred the day before.

The next morning we started for Quincy, where Mrs. Happy Tom lives. The whole road was down grade, except where Spanish Creek runs through a valley, Meadow Valley, where there is a very pretty little town. Here we ate lunch under the school yard trees, Beyond, across the creek, was Spanish Town, also a good sized town. From there on we followed the Creek, until we came to Quincy. Spanish Creek runs through this town too. It is a large place, has several streets, small cottages scattered along them, with steep roofs for snow, a large hotel, a court-house, and sufficient stores and restaurants, and also a concrete bank. We went right through the town, stopping only to buy supplies, and out to the ranch of Mrs. Burrils' brother (Mrs. Happy Tom), a mile out of town. We have been here all night, and they want us to stay until Sunday and go fishing. Perhaps we will. Today we are doing our first washing. The ranch is very pleasant and we are camping near the house. The mountains are all around us, and up on Spanish Peak we can see the snow.

This brings me to where we are now, on the porch of the ranch house where Rosie is washing. Bill and Leila and Mrs. Burrils' little girls are out under the trees swinging. I have helped gather eggs, gotten chicken lice on me, seen them use the separator and make butter, watched them drive the cows home and now I can see the men using the cultivator on the turnips.

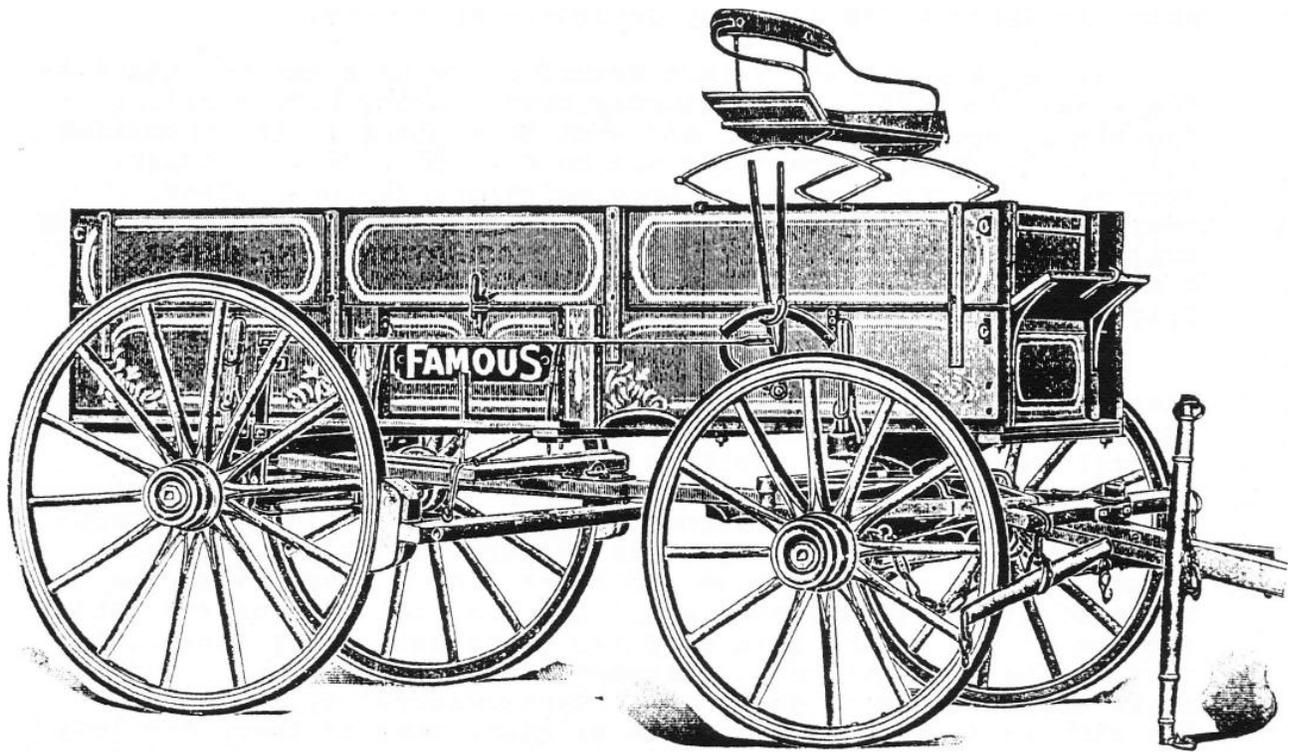
We have seen many and varied flowers on our trip, very pretty and very interesting. Rosie is pressing one of each in an old magazine. She is thinking of sending some to you.

I feel too dirty for words, though I do my best to keep clean. So do the rest. Jack went to get his first shave today. That and the washing makes me think we are house cleaning. This afternoon, maybe, we are all going to dress up and go to town. I ought to buy new shoes, since the black ones are almost gone, but I hate to waste the money, anyway, I'll see.

I'm feeling well, though I can not say that the trip is helping my back, for it aches continuously. The kids are feeling good in every thing but disposition, and even that is good this morning. Leila felt sick last night, and would take nothing. She feels better today, though she cries if Bill touches her.

I'm going to close this volumn now, to be continued in our letter, next. Please keep this letter, since it will help me to remember our route. Take it out for Lizzie to peruse, since the others do not intend to write. In fact we have almost forgotten how. I wish writing could be done by just thinking, just to simplify things.

I wish I could see my report, but we do not know where we are going, so you can't send it. It would be well to know what is going to happen to me, fortunate or unfortunate. But if I can't, I can't & that is all, and there is no use worrying. I think I shall get home before July 4, since, though camping is interesting. I like



Susanville, Lassen Co.

June 24, 1910

Dear Mother,

I found on arriving here yesterday, that my communication from Quincy had reached you, for my letter was here to greet me. I was mighty pleased with it all too, for my report could have been only a little better, and the letters were mighty nice things to get. I wish I were home for the graduation exercises tonight - for I judge that they are to-night. Although this trip is very interesting, it is rather hard to miss all the usual "doings" at home. So with the Fourth of July I want to be at home, but Jack cannot say whether he can get me to a railroad in time. I could go now from Susanville, taking an auto stage to Hot Springs, and the narrow gauge from there. That takes an extra \$2.50, and besides it is almost too early to leave, scarcely three weeks since my departure from home.

Since leaving Quincy last Saturday, we have had an interesting time. We left Quincy Saturday noon, taking Mrs. Burril's daughter, Corinne, with us, and went to a place in the mountains called Toll Gate, where there was once an old '49 toll house. Here we spent the night, our only neighbors beside coyotes, bears, deer and chipmunks, being three young men who were working building a telephone line over Mount Huff. There is going to be a signal station on Mt. Huff in order to protect the mountains from forest fires and the telephone line will be used for this.

The next morning Mrs. Burrill, her brother-in-law, Mr. Wheeler, and his son Percy came up, and Jack hitched our horses to the buggy and we went to a place called Crystal Lake to fish. Crystal Lake is on the northern slope of Mount Huff and is thought to be a crater lake, since there is no natural outlet, and the bottom cannot be sounded. At anyrate it is a very beautiful place, with its rocky banks on three sides and its green slopes covered with pines on the other side. Above it on the slope of Mt. Huff, the snow still lay, and the natives say that the ice melted on the Lake only two weeks ago. They also claim that the Lake is half a mile across, but I do not know. It's clear waters could be some such extent measured by the eye. The fishing there is supposed to be good, that is there are lots of fish, but they bite only late in the evening or early in the morning and not always then. Jack was the only one in our party who accomplished anything. He had several bites, but his hooks could not hold the fish. At last he caught one good sized one. Poor Percy was quite disgusted and did not want to go home fishless, but as it grew colder, we were all so frozen out, that we just had to go. Moreover the Quincy people had about eight miles of travel down the mountains to accomplish before dark.

We stayed at Toll Gate that night again. The children went to bed nicely, tired out. We built a campfire, the electricians came over, and they and Jack swapped stories until quite late.

June 29, 1910

My letter was stopped short by some circumstances and never taken up again until now. We left Susanville June 25 and we are now at Happy Camp in Modoc County, three or four days journey from Klamath Falls, a journey which will be hard and somewhat waterless according to accounts. For tomorrow we go eight miles only, while the next day we will have to manage to jump 34 miles through a country without any water. I shall let you know how we did it afterward if I live to tell the tale.

To return to my account of our wanderings. Monday morning we left Toll Gate and journeyed down the mountains to Taylorville. That day we cooked lunch under the trees beside the cemetery fence. It was a jim dandy place. From there we went through Crescent to Greenville, where we spent the night in a very nice spot. It was cold that night and the following morning it was frosty and the water was frozen. The next morning we went through Big Meadows and came to Butteville, quite a respectable little town despite the fact that everything was burned down last July & had to be rebuilt entirely. This may have benefited the looks of the town, tho expensive for the inhabitants. We had a very pretty sheltered camp among the firs and if the mosquitoes had kept off would have been very comfortable. Next day we pulled out for Susanville. We remained in Susanville in Cornell's Camping grounds, which also labored under the difficulty of mosquitoes. It was a pretty place, with an alfalfa carpet and apple tree roof, and our fellow campers were interesting and pleasant. From there we went to Willow Creek, a seemingly desert place of sage brush and space and camped the night through beside a farmhouse. The mosquitoes were still with us in droves this time. Leila showed a touch of malaria that afternoon and Rose borrowed some castor oil from the rancher's wife to give to her. Next day we continued on our way, tho it was Sunday, since anything was preferable to mosquitoes. First our way was through timber, then along sage brush covered hills. Finally we reached Eagle Lake, a beautiful stretch of water, but with utterly barren shores. It is twelve miles across, they say, and it certainly looks it. We managed to find a good slope down to the Lake and drove down there. Here we spent several hours. We started to cook lunch, but Jack got into his suit and went bathing, Then Billy was stripped and Leila got interested, so she joined Billy. Rosie had a headache and would not go in, so I put on her suit and went in. The water

was delightfully warm, warmer than salt water, and very soft so that I finally decided to wash my head, and did it very successfully. Rosie washed Leila's too. Then while I finished getting lunch, Rosie decided to give herself a little bath. I put on bloomers and waist and struck out. Thus the whole party at last got a good bath.

From there we went on to Grasshopper, where we found another lake, neither so large or so pretty. We stopped at the farmhouse situated here, and camped on a nice grassy slope. The rancher came down to talk to us and it developed that he, and Rosie and Jack had mutual acquaintances, He also told us how he had to chase cattle thieves occasionally, and Rosie and I decided that occasionally exciting things could occur in these god-forsaken regions, as they seemed to us, Then, the next morning we struck out for Hayden Hill mine, getting there early in the evening. We lunched that day at a lumber camp. Hayden Hill mine is a gold mine, and the town is adjacent, the usual mining town. It hangs on the side of the mountain, just opposite as it seemed, to Mount Lassen, which we could see in the distance covered with snow, The wind swept over it in full blast. We took the best place we could get to camp, and settled down for the night. Leila had had another chill, and Rosie tried to get some Malaria medicine for her but none was to be obtained, and Leila refused to take quinine in any form. We slept well that night, and well into the morning. But according to a prearranged plan we packed up and started without breakfast. Leila was feeling much better. At ten we stopped at a creek and had a hearty breakfast. Then we went on to Adin, where Jack bought supplies, and Rosie got some dope for Leila, who had had another chill in the afternoon. A man told Jack that a mile and half away we would find a creek and a nice place to camp. We started out to find it, but it had evidently vanished. At last Jack enquired and found that eight miles beyond at Lookout was the first water, the Pitt River. We decided to go on, though it was some distance, for the road was good. The way was desolate however, a big dry Valley, with only old shacks for farmhouses and many of them abandoned. But as we approached the river bottoms, things brightened a little, all the fields being green with alfalfa cut or to be cut, At last, at six o'clock, we came to Lookout and camped in a pretty spot above the River. Jack visited the hotel man and learned that Lookout is so called because once the lookout station of the Lassen County Indians, and later we went to see the spot where the Indian scout watched, up on the mountain. That night, last night was a certainly bad one, full of mosquitoes to the brim and running over, tho it passed Jack's comprehension how they managed to climb the hill. Anyway we all got up early and we were on our way by nine o'clock, having delayed to refix our packing in the wagon. We lunched at the side of a ranch house, then went on to the place where we now are. Happy Camp, a place zip miles from the railroad, and

consisting of 2 cabins, a barn, and a grain field. Tomorrow we go eight miles, then take the 34 mile jump. In several more days - after that we will be in Klamath, near a railroad and I will come home to get a bath and have some clean, very clean clothes.

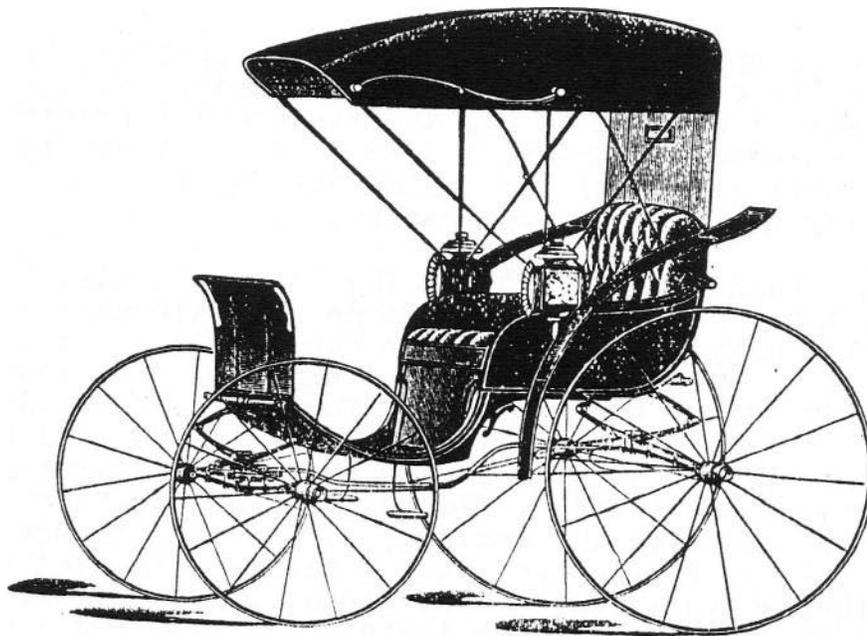
We just borrowed some Sacramento Bees and I find that I still have a scholarship, thank the Lord.

Leila is feeling better, due to the medicine Rosie has bullied her into swallowing, but is not entirely well yet. But we hope for the best. It's mighty hard both for us and her to have her so sick. Rosie threatens to come home if she is not better when we get to Klamath.

Now it is supper time, so I must close. Besides I want to read the Bees before we leave. Jack is getting statistics on our trip, and it may not be so waterless.

Now, with lots of love to you and all, and big hopes to see you soon, I am still

Your loving daughter  
May



**This is a Genuine Columbus, O. Phaeton**

Klamath Falls Ten Miles  
July 3, 1910

My dearest Mother,

We arrived at the boundary of Oregon and California Yesterday, coming from Cornell Station on Tule Lake, where we encamped the night after we left Happy Camp. We stayed all night at Merrill and part of this morning, leaving at nine o'clock for Klamath Falls. We had gone about half the distance, where we are now when a big storm blew up and it rained hard for a time with thunder and lightning thrown in. Fortunately there was a deserted house right near, belonging to the United States, in which some W.S. workman had at some time lived. Here we took refuge to avoid the storm, and later had our dinner there. At first, when the storm blew over, we thought we would go on, but finally decided to stay the night, since the storm had travelled on to Klamath Falls by the look of things. So here we are, at about 7 p.m. installed in a five room bang-up cottage, to stay until tomorrow morning when we will proceed to Klamath and the big Fourth of July celebration. And I am regretting our stay already, since the mosquitoes seem to have selected the same habitation for the night, and I am tired of mosquitoes, whether the malarial variety or otherwise.

Thus are my plans to get home by July 4 frustrated. Even today, I hoped to be with you before the Fourth, leaving this afternoon. But it was not to be, and since we'll probably not remember the omission by the time I am married, there is no use crying over spilt milk, and I'm coming just as soon as I can get there after the Klamath celebration.

Rosie is planning to celebrate the Fourth by giving the youngsters a bath. We always seem to do a little washing on Sunday. Last Sunday it was a swim in Eagle Lake. I think I'll do some too, as a prologue to coming home. Who knows what may happen before my next chance for a real bonafide wash. Jack is prepared for the holiday by a shave; and Rosie has combed out all the tangles in her hair, and naturally I object to being a back number. Rosie lost her pin hair brush and has not been able to get another, so you can picture her daily agony. We have also lost Jack's one felt hat and he goes gaily attired in a dilapidated straw. Other losses, one bucket replaced by two picked up incidental like, and two cakes of soap, for dish and face water respectively.

We do not like Oregon weather thus far, nor Oregon sandy roads, Oregon crops and Oregon prices, nor Oregon game restrictions. Jack thinks that a few days therein will finish him. For my part, I want Sacramento badly, and all the clean clothes I own. I like camping in moderation, I like lots of open air too, but I'll limit the open air to get into civilization again.

And never again do I ask for variety - you usually get too much, and your cake is too spicy altogether.

To conclude, on this the last sheet of my tablet, you may expect me, this letter, and some picture postcards from Klamath Falls very soonly. Which will get there first is a big problem, solution postponed for several days.

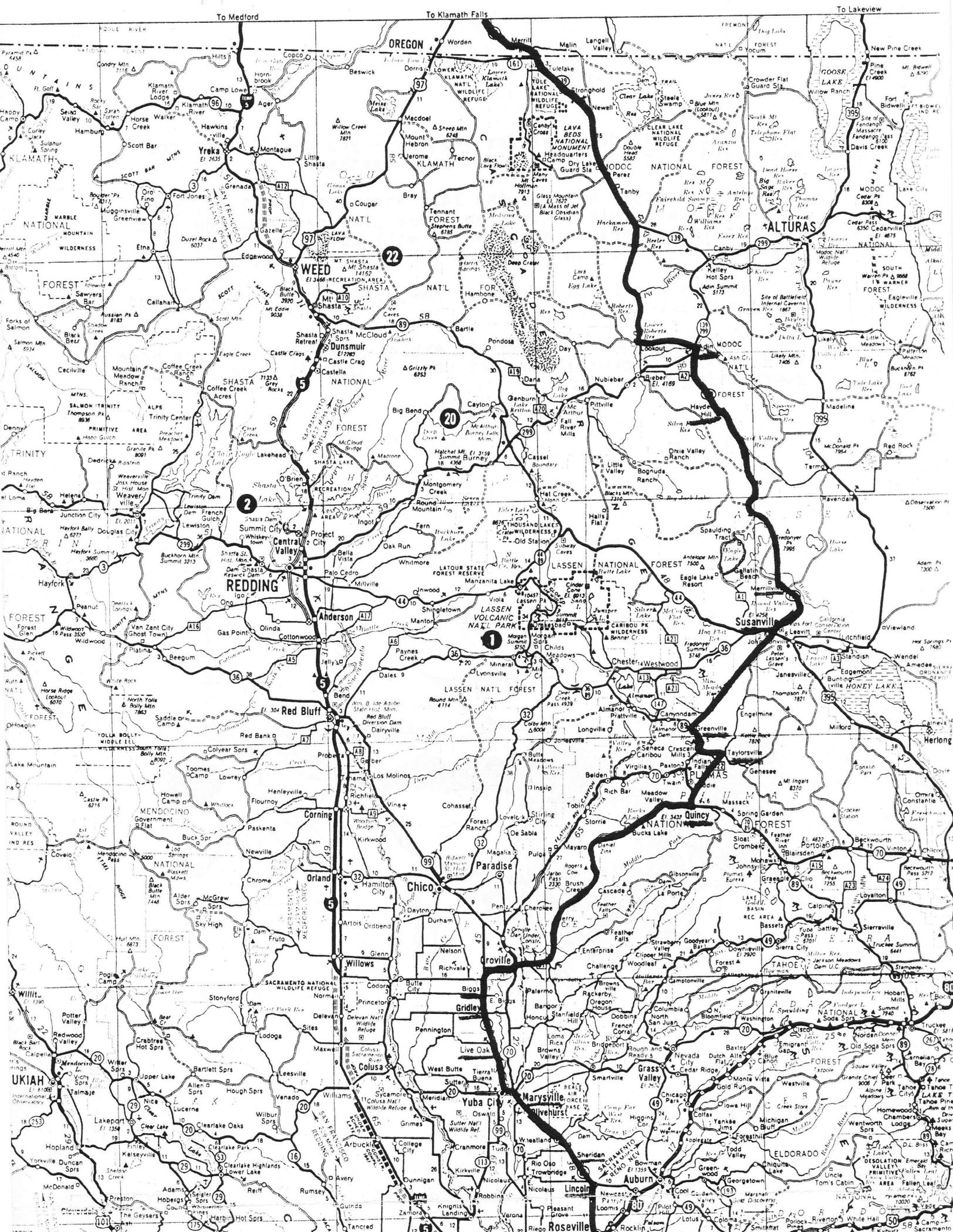
(Leila's malaria is better now, by means of calomel and Grove's chill tonic.)

With heaps of love and big expectations for getting home once more yet again, I am what various insects have left of your loving daughter.

May



Ben '82



To Medford

To Klamath Falls

To Lakeview

OREGON

ALTURAS

WEED

REDDING

Corning

Chico

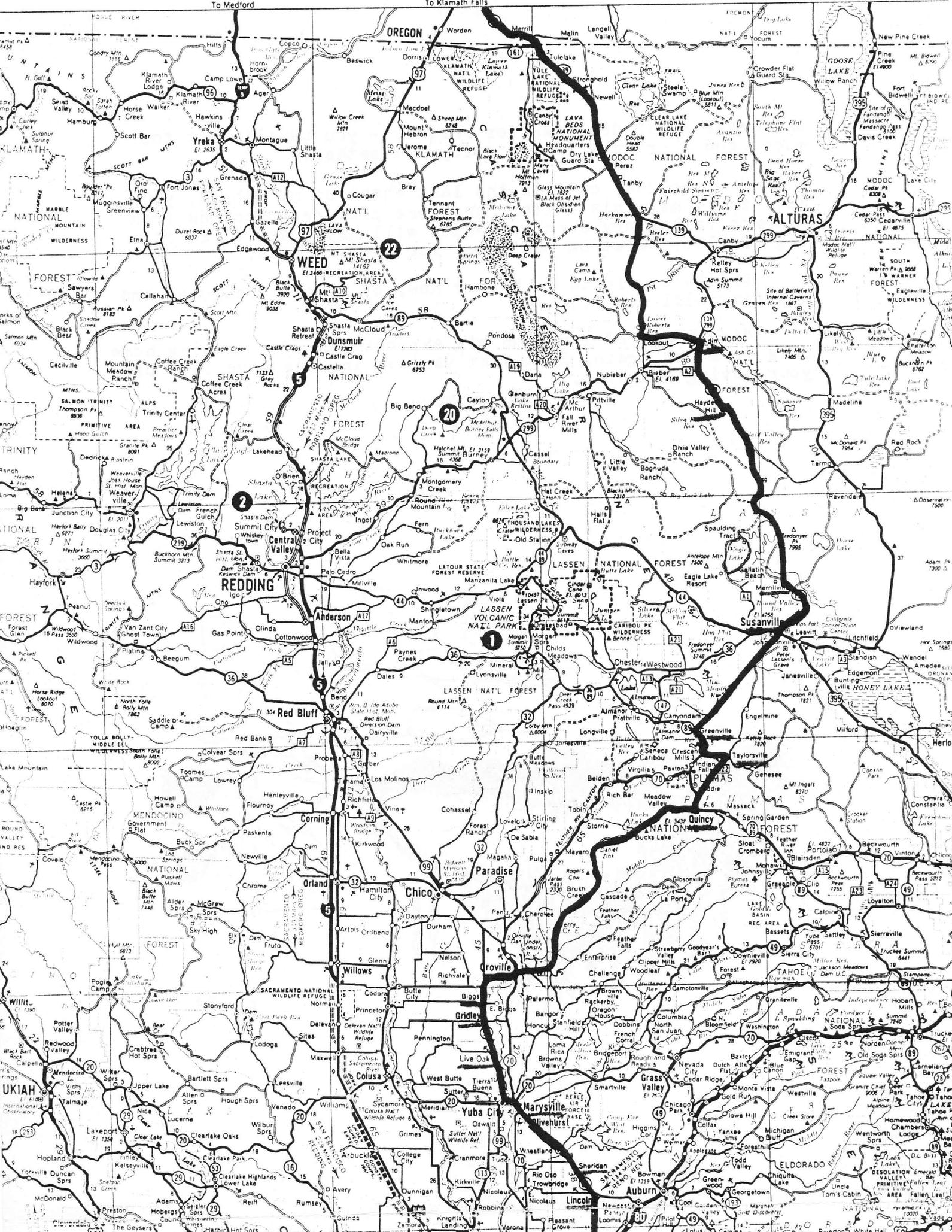
Paradise

Marysville

Yuba City

Susanville

Quincy



**Myrtle's Armchair Travelog**  
**A Musical Journey Around the U.S.A.**

Come join me on a trip around the U.S.A. on my "magic carpet" which is the only way I'll fly. We'll drop down at intervals to points of interest in some states in this our "America the Beautiful" because "This Land is Our Land."

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain  
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain  
America, America, God shed his grace on thee  
And crown they good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

This land is your land, this land is my land,  
From California to the New York island  
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters,  
This land was made for you and me.

Our first stop is Idaho. The name "Idaho" is derived from an Indian word meaning "the sun is coming down from the mountain top." Volcanic ash topsoil up to 20 feet deep makes this one of the richest farm areas in the U.S. The Salmon River attracts boaters and is called "the river of no return."

**"Idaho"**

"Away beyond the hills in Idaho where yawning canyons greet  
the sun as it smiles above the trees in Idaho to say another  
night is done. Warm summer winds toss the waving grain  
calling me back to my home again to dream sweet memories of  
long ago beyond the hills in Idaho."

Right next door is Wyoming. This state has more than its share of the wonders of nature - it has the majestic Grant Tetons with its jagged peaks rising dramatically against the sky, with year around snowfields and glaciers. Yellowstone National Park is most popular with its famous geysers.

**"Wyoming Lullaby"**

"When the sun is sinking in Wyoming, when the twilight  
shadows start to fall. In my dreams I can hear a melody in my  
heart there's a tender memory. By the cabin door I see my  
mother with a little baby on her knee, hen comes back that  
Wyoming lullaby mother used to sing to me, When night is  
near, that song I hear: go to sleep my baby, Close your  
pretty eyes, angels up above you peeping at my honey from the  
skies, great big moon is shining,

Stars begin to peep, time for sleepy heads like you, dear, to go to sleep. That's my sweet Wyoming Lullaby."

Now, let's drop in on Missouri - nicknamed the "Show Me State," St. Joseph was where the first pony express rider in 1860 galloped away on the 1975 mile route to Sacramento.

**"Missouri Waltz"**

"Hush-a-bye my baby, slumbertime is comin' soon,  
Rest your weary head on my breast while mammy hums a tune.  
The sandman is callin' where shadows are fallin',  
While the soft breezes sigh as in days long gone by.  
'Way down in Missouri where I heard this melody  
When I was a pickaninny on my mammy's knee,  
The darkies were hummin', their banjoes were strumming'  
so sweet and low."

Next, we'll drop down to Tennessee. The Great Smoky Mountains National Park contains most of the highest peaks east of the Mississippi.

**"My Sunny Tennessee"**

"I wanna be in Tennessee in my Dixie paradise  
An angel's voice I hear, I mean my mammy dear,  
I'd give my soul if I could stroll down, among those hills again for all  
the world would not be dreary then.  
I'd love to go to sleep and know that tomorrow I'd arise beneath those  
southern skies where songbirds harmonize  
Lawdy hear my plea make me what I wanna be, a rolling stone just rolling  
home to my sunny Tennessee."

Next, to the north is Kentucky. Abraham Lincoln's birthplace national historic site houses the log cabin in which he was born on February 12, 1809. The state is nicknamed the "Bluegrass State."

**"Silver Dew on the Blue Grass"**

"The moon was softly shining on an old Kentucky home,  
The fragrance of magnolia filled the air.  
A lonely girl was writing to her sweetheart all alone to say how much she  
wished that he were there.  
Chorus: Silver dew on the bluegrass tonight  
How it shines in the moon's silver light  
As in days that used to be, how I wish that  
You could see silver dew on the bluegrass tonight."

On to Indiana. It has a large number of state parks preserving many things from pioneer days.

**"Back Home in Indiana"**

"Back home again in Indiana and it seems that I can see the gleaming  
candle light still shining bright thru the sycamores for me. The new mown  
hay sends all its fragrance from the fields I used to roam. When I dream  
bout the moonlight on the Wabash then I long for my Indiana home.

Our next stop is Ohio.

In Milan, Thomas Edison grew up in a 2-story red brick house on a hillside. He invented the exciting wonderful talking machine, the phonograph. The Wright Brothers first made kites and gliders and then airplanes.

**"My Ohio Home"**

"I want to wake up in the morning and hear the birdies say, Good morning, the way they always say "good morning" in my Ohio home. I want to ramble 'mid the roses, I know just where to find the roses; I used to ramble 'mid the roses in my Ohio home.

Got to thinking it over at the close of the day, got to dreaming of clover and the new mown hay, and say, I want to wander in the moonlight - and meet my sweetie in the moonlight, I used to meet her in the moonlight in my Ohio home."

On to New York. Two main attractions, of course, are the Statue of Liberty and the awesome grandeur of Niagara Falls.

**"Broadway Melody"**

"Don't bring a frown to old Broadway,  
You've got to clown on Broadway.  
Your troubles there are out of style  
For Broadway always wears a smile,  
A million lights they flicker there.  
A million hearts beat quicker there.  
No skies of gray on the Great White Way,  
That's the Broadway Melody."

Now to New Jersey. Visitors sightsee in this famed beach resort by boat, bus and seaplane or the rolling chairs first seen on the boardwalk in 1884. The boardwalk is now eight miles long.

**"On the Boardwalk in Atlantic City."**

"On the boardwalk in Atlantic City we will walk in a dream  
On the boardwalk in Atlantic City life will be peaches & cream.

There where the salt water air brings out a lady's charms  
There on a rolling chair, he'll roll right into your arms.  
Cinderella, you'll find your fella, someone that you've waited for.

In romantic, enchantic Atlantic City  
Down on the old New Jersey shore."

Next is Maryland. In Baltimore at Fort McHenry, Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner."

**"There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland"**

"There's a girl in the heart of Maryland with a heart that belongs to me. As I told her of my love, the oriole

above sang from the old apple tree. Then Maryland was  
fairlyland for she promised my bride she'd be.  
There's a girl in the heart of Maryland  
With a heart that belongs to me."

On to Virginia. Mt. Vernon, George Washington's Stately  
home overlooking the Potomac River is much as he kept it during  
his lifetime.

**"Trail of the Lonesome Pine"**

"In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, on the trail of the  
lonesome pine.

In the pale moonshine our hearts entwine -

Where she carved her name and I carved mine.

Oh June, like the mountains I'm blue like the pine

I am lonesome for you. In the Blue Ridge Mountains of  
Virginia on the trail of the lonesome pine."

Next North Carolina. Wright Brothers National Memorial  
where the first sustained flight in a heavier than air machine  
was made by Wilbur & Orville Wright in December 1905.

**"Caroline in the Morning"**

"Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning  
No-one could be sweeter than my sweetie when I meet her in  
the morning

Where the morning glories twine around the door whispering  
pretty stories I long to hear once more.

Strolling with my girlie where the dew is pearly early in the  
morning

Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup at  
dawning.

If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a day I'd make a wish &  
here's what I'd say

Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the  
morning."

On to Georgia. Nicknamed the "Peach State." Named in honor  
of King George II of England. A hardy peach was perfected and  
named "Elberta" which started Georgia's famous farm product.

**"Georgia on My Mind"**

"Georgia, Georgia, the whole day thru

Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind.

Georgia, Georgia, a song of you comes as sweet and clear as  
moonlight thru the pines.

Other arms reach out to me, other eyes smile tenderly,  
still in peaceful dreams I see the road back to you,

Georgia, Georgia, no peach I find

Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind."

Down to Florida. Ponce de Leon searching for gold and a fountain that would restore youth sailed within sight of land in 1513. He believed he had discovered a beautiful island of cool woodlands and rare flowers. Six years later, the Spaniards discovered that Florida was a peninsula.

**"Miami Shore"**

"On the golden sands of old Miami shore  
There I always find the girl whom I adore,  
Every night it seems to happen o'er and o'er  
On the golden sands where love commands, Miami shore."

Now to Alabama. There are countless underground caverns with unusual stalagmites.

**"Stars fell on Alabama"**

"We lived our little drama, we kissed in a field of white and stars fell on Alabama last night.  
I can't forget the glamour, your eyes held a tender light  
And stars fell on Alabama last night.  
I never planned in my imagination a situation so heavenly a fairyland where no one else could enter  
And in the center just you and me.  
My heart beat like a hammer, my arms wound around you tight  
And stars fell on Alabama last night."

On to Mississippi. The name "Great Water" was given the Mississippi River by Indians of the northwest. It was one of the busiest thoroughfares in early America filled with stern wheelers and steamships when cotton was king of the land and steam was king on the river.

**"Where the Lazy Mississippi Flows"**

"Where the lazy Mississippi flows into the sea  
There my little curly-headed baby waits for me.  
And tho I'm far away from my old home  
My thoughts will every be  
Where the lazy Mississippi flows into the sea."

Next is Oklahoma. Sod houses with earthen walls enclosing a cellar were homes to the early settlers in timberless western Oklahoma.

**"Oklahoma"**

"Oklahoma where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain  
And the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet  
When the wind comes right behind the rain."

Oklahoma, ev'ry night my honey lamb and I  
Sit alone and talk and watch a hawk makin' lazy circles in  
the sky

We know we belong to the land  
And the land we belong to is grand  
And when we say: Yeeow a yip-i-o-ee-ay! We're only sayin'  
You're doing' fine Oklahoma, Oklahoma O.K."

#### **"Out Where the West Begins"**

"Out where the handclasp's a little stronger  
Out where the smile dwells a little longer  
That's where the west begins.  
Out where the sun is a little brighter  
Where the snows are a trifle whiter  
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter  
That's where the west begins."

The big state of Texas. Being such a large state, there are many state parks and national historical sites preserving Spanish colonial art.

#### **"Down Along the Sleepy Rio Grande"**

"I ride along a-dreaming of the western plains  
And the days I spent along the Rio Grande.  
Dreaming of my saddle days and the pony I used to ride  
As I'd guard the herd that wore the Bar X brand.  
Chorus: I'd like to be a-ridin' o'er the plains tonight  
Down along the sleepy Rio Grande,  
And see the lazy cattle in the pale moonlight  
As I gallop o'er the sand.  
Where the stars light up the trail that leads the way to home  
Tumbleweeds a-rolling over every sandy dome.  
I'd like to be a-ridin' o'er the plains tonight  
Down along the sleepy Rio Grande."

#### **"West of the Great Divide"**

"Out where the sun bids the day a fond goodbye  
Out where the fields meet the crimson of the sky  
Out where all sorrow surrenders, out where the blue begins.  
Dreams we once knew will return and come true,  
Love that is strong must abide.  
Blest in a nest in the west we'll find rest  
West of the great divide."

West to the state of Nevada. Called the "Silver State."  
Virginia City boasts that it saved the Union when silver from  
the

Comstock Lode was shipped east to shore up the finances of the federal government during the crisis of the civil war.

**"When it's Nighttime in Nevada."**

"When the golden sun is slowly sinking  
Down behind the mountains to the west  
Of you I'm always thinking, just fashioning a dream I love  
the best.

Chorus: When it's nighttime in Nevada I'm dreaming of the old  
days on the prairie and you. I miss you when the campfire is  
gleaming and I wonder if you miss me, too.

I can see the great divide and the trail we used to ride  
The only bit of heaven I knew.

When it's nighttime in Nevada I'm dreaming of the old days on  
the prairie and you."

Our last stop is California. The longest state in the union  
affords many different climates and interesting places, from  
mountains to seashores to deserts. Most breathtaking are the  
coastal redwood forests of virgin groves of ancient trees,  
including the world's tallest. Everyone who stands beneath these  
giants must immediately realize how very insignificant are we  
humans.

**"California Here I Come"**

"Anyone who likes to wander ought to keep this saying in his  
mind

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder" of the good old place  
you leave behind.

When you've hit the trail awhile seems you rarely see a  
smile.

That's why I must fly out yonder where a frown is mighty hard  
to find.

Chorus: California here I come, right back where I started  
from, where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun

each morning at dawning birdies sing and everything

A Sunkist miss said "don't be late," that's why I can hardly  
wait, open up that golden gate, California here I come."

**"Back in Your Own Backyard"**

"We leave home expecting to find a bluebird

Hoping ev'ry cloud will be silver lined

But we all return as we live we learn that we left our  
happiness behind

When they sing "look for the silver lining"

It's silver dollars they're looking for.

You will find, my friend, that the rainbow's end

Is somewhere around your kitchen door.

Chorus: The bird with feathers of blue is waiting for you

Back in your own backyard. You'll see your castle in

## Dixie Land

DANIEL EMMET

Lively

1. I wish I was in the land of cot-ton, Old times there are not for-got-ten, Look a -  
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry Will "de wea-ber," WiHium was a gay de-ceiv-er, Look a -  
 3. His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver, But dat did not seem to grieve her, Look a -

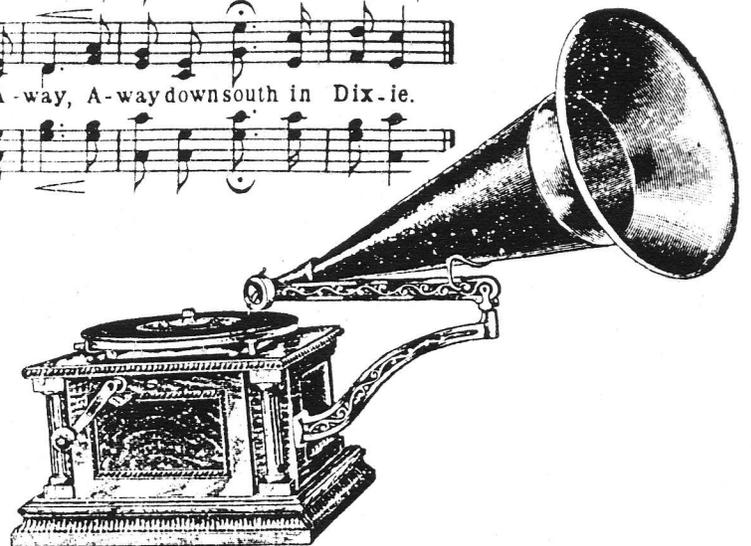
*ff*  
 way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In - Dix - ie Land where  
 way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But - when he put his -  
 way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old - Mis - sus act - ed the

I was born in, - Ear - ly - on - one frost - y morn - in' Look a - way! Look a -  
 arm a - round her He smild as fierce as a for - ty poun - der Look a - way! Look a -  
 fool - ish part, And died for a man that broke her heart Look a - way! Look a -

Refrain  
 way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.  
 way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Then I wish I was in Dix - ie Hoo - ray! Hoo -  
 way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

ray! In Dix - ie Land, I'll take my stand To live and die in Dix - ie; A - way, A -

way, A - way down south in Dix - ie; A - way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

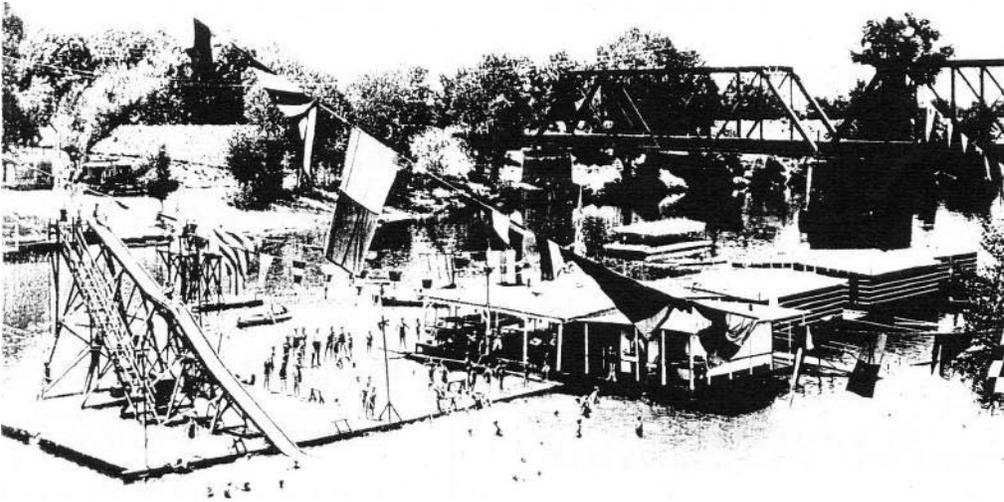


Spain thru your window pane, back in your own backyard.  
You can go to the east, go to the west, but someday you'll  
come, weary at heart back where you started from.  
You'll find your happiness lies right under your eyes  
Back in your own backyard."

**"Home, Sweet Home"**

" 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there  
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,  
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call  
Give me them and that peace of mind dearer than all.  
Home, home sweet sweet home, there's no place like home, oh  
there's no place like home."

Myrtle Newcomb



# The Bromo Seltzer

COLLECTION OF 54 POPULAR SONGS COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED. FULL MUSIC SIZE WITH PIANO AND ORGAN Accompaniment

- SELECTIONS:**
- 1. Only to Night
  - 2. The Last Waltz
  - 3. The Rose Tree
  - 4. The Bird Song
  - 5. The Little Boat
  - 6. The Little Bell
  - 7. The Little Star
  - 8. The Little Flower
  - 9. The Little Bird
  - 10. The Little Tree
  - 11. The Little House
  - 12. The Little Girl
  - 13. The Little Boy
  - 14. The Little Girl's Song
  - 15. The Little Boy's Song
  - 16. The Little Girl's Lullaby
  - 17. The Little Boy's Lullaby
  - 18. The Little Girl's Prayer
  - 19. The Little Boy's Prayer
  - 20. The Little Girl's Hymn
  - 21. The Little Boy's Hymn
  - 22. The Little Girl's Anthem
  - 23. The Little Boy's Anthem
  - 24. The Little Girl's Chorus
  - 25. The Little Boy's Chorus
  - 26. The Little Girl's Solo
  - 27. The Little Boy's Solo
  - 28. The Little Girl's Quartet
  - 29. The Little Boy's Quartet
  - 30. The Little Girl's Quintet
  - 31. The Little Boy's Quintet
  - 32. The Little Girl's Sextet
  - 33. The Little Boy's Sextet
  - 34. The Little Girl's Septet
  - 35. The Little Boy's Septet
  - 36. The Little Girl's Octet
  - 37. The Little Boy's Octet
  - 38. The Little Girl's Nonet
  - 39. The Little Boy's Nonet
  - 40. The Little Girl's Decet
  - 41. The Little Boy's Decet
  - 42. The Little Girl's Undecet
  - 43. The Little Boy's Undecet
  - 44. The Little Girl's Duodecet
  - 45. The Little Boy's Duodecet
  - 46. The Little Girl's Tridecet
  - 47. The Little Boy's Tridecet
  - 48. The Little Girl's Quadecet
  - 49. The Little Boy's Quadecet
  - 50. The Little Girl's Quindecet
  - 51. The Little Boy's Quindecet
  - 52. The Little Girl's Sexdecet
  - 53. The Little Boy's Sexdecet
  - 54. The Little Girl's Septdecet
  - 55. The Little Boy's Septdecet

## Only To-Night

### THE LAST WALTZ.

Words and Music by J. L. MOLLOY.

WHO COULD ENJOY . . .

The melodious warble of Patti, or the rocking strains from one of Gottschalk's productions, while suffering from a "SPLITTING SEVEN BEARDS!" There will it not be sweet to remember that the popular "Bene Lullaby" DRUMS SLYZEN from all Beards in Twenty Minutes?

Trial Bottles 10 Cents. At All Drug Stores.

Any 10¢ bottle of the above music will be sent to any address upon receipt of a 10¢ red stamp and a request from a local dealer at Bromo Seltzer. Should you desire the music, send the stamp and the request to the address: ERKERSON DRUG CO., BALTIMORE, Md.

## ONLY TO NIGHT

OR

### THE LAST WALTZ.

Words and Music by J. L. MOLLOY.

1. On-ly the eve, on-ly the eve  
2. At-ter the night, at-ter the night

Hand with me here to-night, Let us be yet  
What will be our love to-night, True in the night, True in the night.

Let us be yet and bright, Let us be yet  
Let us be yet and bright, Let us be yet

Let us be yet and bright, Let us be yet  
Let us be yet and bright, Let us be yet

Just as it rang, just as we saw in the days that are gone by  
The word that is sweet and true, the word that is true

The music is fading, and dim, while we dream, and sing, and sing  
There are

There is your promise, there, as I hold your hand, there, there

Love, for the last time, while you sweet and true, for you

Love me, dear, love me, love me, love me, love me, love me

On-ly to-night, on-ly to-night, but to the old re-prise

On-ly to-night, on-ly to-night, but to the old re-prise

Seventy years ago the famous Bromo Seltzer issued a wide and varied selection of sheet music (then a very popular & staple item!) to be given away as premiums. Here is one such selection. Try playing and singing it.

# Notes from Past and Present

This new article about Harold Bingham came from an Autograph book, dated 1898-1902, belonging to Leona Jones Scott. It was donated to the Museum by Mrs. Jane Scott LePine Dillon.

## Identify Harold Bingham as Victim of Murderer

Fears that Harold Bingham, former Marysville resident, was the victim of the ranch murder reported from Argentina. South American recently are borne out by delayed information from the American consul which has reached Mrs. J. J. Hamlyn, a relative, at her home in Sacramento.

Press reports some time ago gave the name of the slain man as Harold Wenchell, but other particulars indicated the victim was the former Marysville man, who became a popular leader in the University of California while a student there.

He was the son of the late A. C. Bingham, for years head of the Crocker-Jewett bank here, and [missing] wife, Lizzie Filkins, a

daughter of Judge Filkins, prominent in the early history of the community. A leader in student activities at Berkeley, he composed college songs, the most popular of which was "All Hail Blue and Gold," still a favorite. Two years ago, during a rally at Berkeley preceding the annual big game with Stanford, Bingham sang that song over the radio from far away Argentina to the assemblage of newer students of his alma mater.

### Details of Killing Are Made Clear

The letter from Argentina shows Bingham to have been foully murdered. He had gone on an inspection tour by automobile of his great stock ranch and had notified a foreman that his work was not satisfactory and that he was discharged. The man attacked him with a knife, stabbing him seven times, killing him. Then he went to Bingham's automobile and obtained the latter's pistol, with which he fired three shots at random, tossing the gun beside the dead man. Later he claimed these three shots had been fired at him by Bingham.

A boy who had accompanied Bingham on the trip was in the automobile and witnessed the whole proceeding. The slayer failed to note him, and it was he who gave the true version of the affair. This boy, however, lost his mind after reporting the circumstances at the next ranch and the report from the consul said he was not expected to survive.

### Bingham Recently Married Again

The slayer, Modesto Lamarque, was arrested and the lack of a witness was compensated for by the fact that he was already a fugitive from justice. He was wanted for a statutory attack. The court sentenced him to 25 years on Magellan Island, which is the Devil's Island of the Argentine. This sentence is said to mean death for no one can survive that long on Magellan.

Bingham was about 46 years of age. He was born in Marysville and went to grammar and high schools here. After his graduation from university he went to South America. That was about 25 years ago and he had returned to the United States only twice in that period. About three months ago he was married to a Spanish seniorita and they had moved to a house in Loma Negra. His ranch is at Villa Nueva. The discrepancy in address made the original identification of the slain man uncertain here.

### ALL HAIL BLUE AND GOLD *The California Hymn*

All hail Blue and Gold, thy colors unfold,  
O'er loyal Californians whose hearts are strong and bold,  
All hail Blue and Gold, thy strength ne'er shall fail,  
For thee we'll die, all hail, all hail.

All hail Blue and Gold, to thee we shall cling,  
O'er golden fields of poppies, thy praises we will sing,  
All hail Blue and Gold, on breezes ye sail,  
Thy sight we love, all hail, all hail.

-Harold W. Bingham, '06

Do you have a "famous" ancestor or friend? An Author – inventor – artist – musician or athlete?  
Tell us about it and see it in print.