

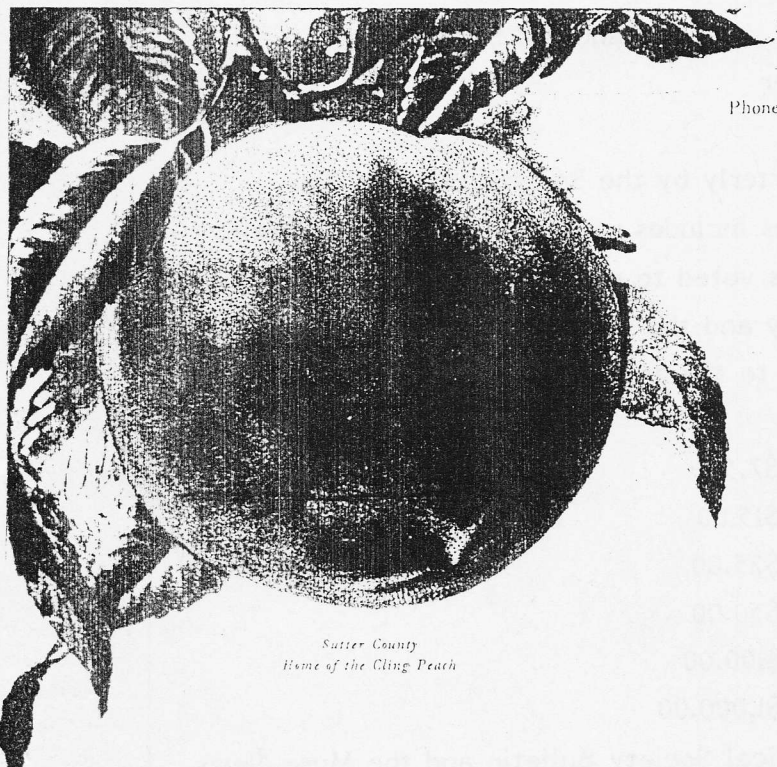
SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWS BULLETIN

VOL. XXVII No. 3

Yuba City, California

July 1987



Phone 39-F-3

J. T. ONSTOTT

Drying and Packing

Raisins, Prunes, Peaches, Etc.

Dry Yard and Orchards

Yuba City, California

*Sutter County
Home of the Cling Peach*

EAT A CAN OF CALIFORNIA CLING PEACHES TODAY

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWS BULLETIN

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Edward Eden, President

Elaine Tarke, Vice President

Constance Cary, Secretary

Wanda Rankin, Treasurer

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Wanda Rankin

Randolph Schnabel

Norma Poffenberger

The News Bulletin is published quarterly by the Society at Yuba City, California. The annual membership dues includes receiving the News Bulletin. At the April 1987 Dinner Meeting it was voted to change the By-Laws to combine the memberships of the Society and the Museum. This in turn requires raising the dues of the Society to the amount of the Museum dues. The 1988 dues schedule will be:

Student/Senior Citizen, Library	\$7.50
Individual	\$15.00
Family	\$25.00
Business	\$50.00
Sponsor	\$100.00
Corporate/Benefactor	\$1,000.00

The membership will receive The Historical Society Bulletin and the Muse News, 10% discount at the Museum Gift Store, advance notice of special events such as Museum Galas and Historical Society Tours and invitations to exhibit openings.

Dues will be due as of January 1, 1988.

An index and file of all the past issues of the Bulletin may be found in Sutter County Library, Yuba County Library and at the Community Memorial Museum.

Extra copies of the Bulletin may be purchased at the Museum for \$2.

DIRECTOR'S REPORT

At the last Historical Society meeting something happened that will help to bring the Historical Society and the Museum closer together. It was agreed that the memberships of the two organizations should merge in 1988. This does not mean that the Historical Society and the Museum will become one -- that would be a terrible waste of the uniqueness of each organization. Instead, we will now be able to share the special attributes of each organization with the other. With a little luck and a lot of cooperation this means that each group will get stronger and we will be able to strengthen our combined purpose : the preservation of Sutter County history. It should be a very exciting and rewarding time.

Summertime at the Museum will be a time of completing projects and planning new ones. The cookbook that we are putting together in conjunction with the Mary Aaron Memorial Museum, in Marysville, is being compiled and will be ready by September.

"A View of the Buttes", the exhibit that resulted from our photo contest will be up through the end of August. The exhibit features 65 photographs, ranging from very familiar pictures of the Buttes to glimpses of them that will change the way you view the Buttes in the future. When you come to see the exhibit , you might want to take note of the way the photographs are exhibited. The exhibit furniture, or "trilons" are the direct result of an American Association for State and Local History grant that the Museum received. With this grant we were able to hire an exhibit design consultant to come to the Museum for two days. As time passes, you will see changes in the Museum that are a direct result of the expert advice we received.

A project that has just been completed, but will be put to use again when the school year starts, is a traveling trunk that takes the Museum into the schools. With the help of Museum volunteer, Maggine Moyers, objects depicting the gold rush era of California were taken into the classroom. In only one month the trunk has traveled to 13 classes in 9 schools. From this brief experience we have learned that the schools have a great need for the services that the Museum can offer. More programs are in the planning stages.

One more thing that we will be planning this summer, is the September Salad Luncheon. This year it will be held on Thursday, September 10. Be sure to mark it on your calendars -- we will look forward to seeing you there!

MEMORIALS TO THE TRUST FUND & AG BUILDING FUND

Judy B. Fairbanks	In memory of Irene Fonley
Lydia Silva, Jerry & Dorothy Ziegenmeyer	In memory of Winnie Greene
Tierra Buena Womens Club	In memory of Edith Jackson
Esther Fortna	In memory of Jesse Simmons
James & Alberta Folsom Gilpatric	In memory of Chester Hiram Folsom
Rosemary Redhair, Wallace and Dorothy Coats	In memory of Juanita Gordon
Mrs. Luella Briick	In memory of Lila Hampton
Mr. & Mrs. George Briick	In memory of Lila Hampton
Albert, Mary & Kelley Ulmer	In memory of Greta A. Brownlee
Adah R. Borchert	In memory of Lila Hampton
Burwell & Loretta Ullrey	In memory of Estelle Caplin
Louise Hendrix	In memory of Irene Cass
Mr. & Mrs. Newell Burtis	In memory of Wilma Summy Ross
Wanda Rankin	In memory of Betty Loomis Murphy
Bee & Dick Brandt	In memory of Winnie Greene
Hap & Marie Campbell	In memory of Lillie Poteet
Esther Fortna	In memory of Effie McNeill
Tierra Buena Womens Club	In memory of Winnie Greene
Wanda Rankin	In memory of Jesse Simmons
Mr & Mrs Burwell Ullrey	In memory of Carl A. Stillwell
Grover & Meriel Davis	In memory of Jesse H. Simmons
Mr & Mrs Vern G. Hill	In memory of Winifred G. Greene
John & Connie Cary	In memory of James J. Orogren
Pete & Margit Sands	Oughtright Gift
Jessie Powell	In memory of Lila Hampton
Jack & Helen Heenan	In memory of Lila Hampton
Mr & Mrs John Cary	In memory of John Efstratis
Mr & Mrs G. F. Allen	In memory of Lila Hampton
Margaret Madden	Oughtright Gift
Mr & Mrs F. A. Johnson	In memory of Juanita Gordon
Dale & Alma Burtis	In memory of Wilma Ross
Wanda Rankin	In memory of Ivadell Onstott Burns
Richard Scriven	Oughtright Gift
Delma Davis Reick	In memory of Ivadell Burna

JULY 1987 SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

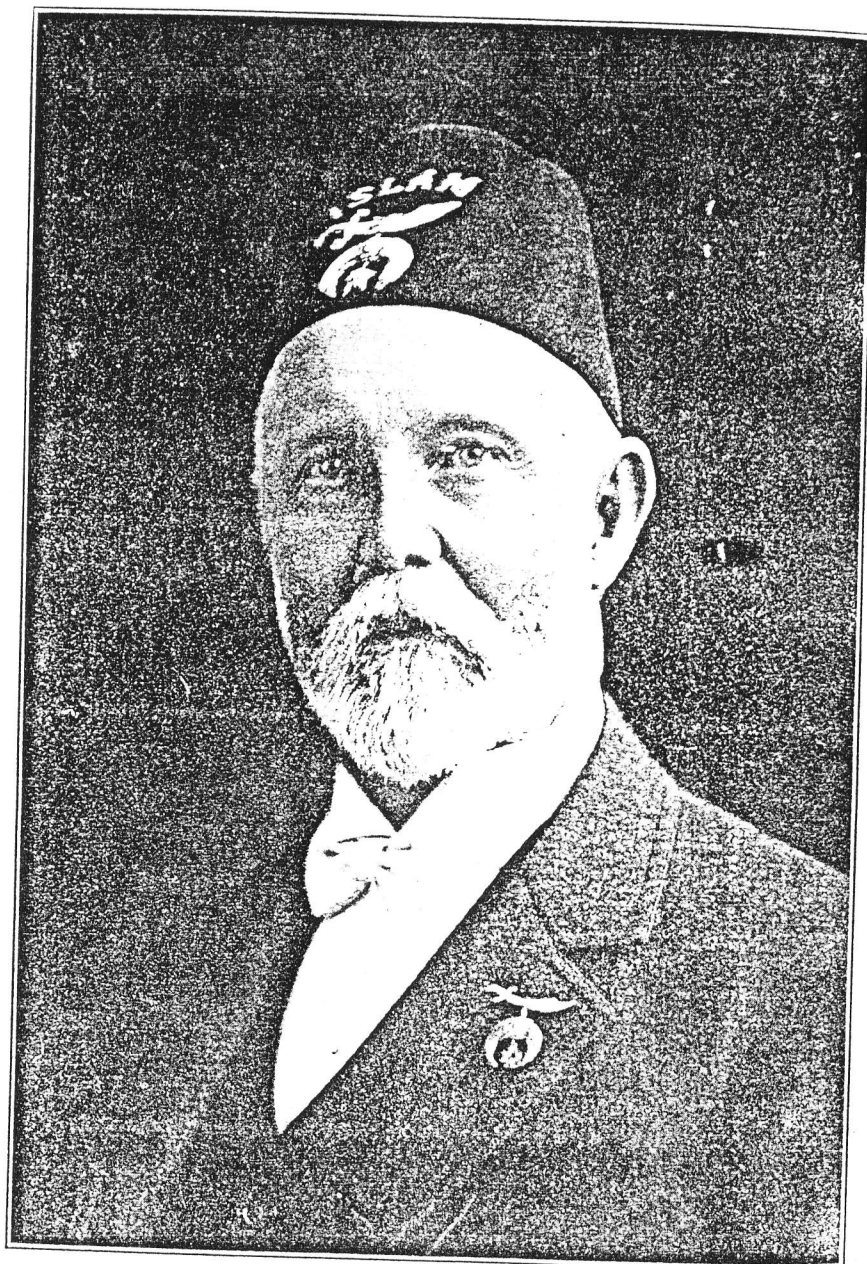
MEETING July 21, 1987

Where: COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM

7:30 P.M.

COME ENJOY AN ICE CREAM SOCIAL AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE ON THE ONSTOTT FAMILY WAS
GIVEN TO ME BY IVADELL ONSTOTT BURNS SHORTLY BEFORE
HER UNTIMELY DEATH AT THE END OF MAY. IN A FUTURE
ISSUE WE HOPE TO HAVE AN ARTICLE ON "GARDEN ACRES"
SUTTER COUNTY'S FIRST SUBDIVISION OPENED BY JACOB T.
ONSTOTT, HER FATHER, IN THE EARLY 1920's.



A.P. Onstott



Lizzie Flynn Onstott.



THIS CERTIFIES

That John P. Anstett
of Sutter Co. Calif
and Melissa K. Brown
of Sutter Co. Calif.



WERE JOINED TOGETHER
BY ME IN THE

BODS FLOWING RING

At Bride Home on the 29 day of
March 18. 90 in the year of our Lord 1990

In Presence of
Mr J. K. Anstett
Mrs E. W. Spilman

Signed
Reprint Russell

JOHN PAXTON ONSTOTT

A man of remarkable foresight and optimism, who left a deep imprint on the history of the growth and development of Sutter County, was the late John Paxton Onstott, one of the county's most enterprising and faithful upbuilders. Closely associated with the agricultural, horticultural and viticultural interests of this section, he contributed materially to all of these interests by his influence and the example of his striking and remarkable success. He was born in Muskingum County, Ohio, June 29, 1841, and was there reared in the usual environment of the Buckeye farmer boy, receiving a good education in the public schools of that region. He crossed the plains to California in 1866 and followed mining in the Sierras for a time, until he decided on farming as his life's vocation and came to Sutter County. After investigating lands in various places he decided on the rich sandy loam northwest of Yuba City. His decision was due to the large native oak trees that grew in such abundance and with such gigantic and healthy growth--for he well knew that where oak trees grew to such proportions the soil must necessarily be very rich. With his limited savings he purchased a squatter's title or right to 160 acres of land to the northwest of Yuba City. Later on he entered the land, and in time paid the government price and obtained title to the property.

Meantime he was married at East Butte, Sutter County, March 27, 1870 being united with Miss Lizzie Flynn Brown, who was born near Yuba City, a daughter of George and Louisa (Smith) Brown, natives of Kentucky and Illinois, respectively. They crossed the plains with ox teams and wagons, making the journey safely through the Indian-infested country and alkali plains. On his arrival in California, Mr. Brown settled about seven miles north of Yuba City. In the fall of 1865 he purchased 280 acres at East Butte, Sutter County. This property is still owned by his heirs. He was an energetic man and was successful in his farming; but an injury from an accident caused by the falling off a porch led to his early demise on December 25, 1870, at the age of forty-nine years. His widow afterwards became Mrs. Miller, and spent her last days at Seabright, Santa Cruz County, where she died, having almost reached the age of eighty-eight years. She was a woman endeared to many friends, and beloved by all who knew her. Of the six children born of this union, five grew up; A.M. Brown, a rancher in Sutter County; Mrs. Emily Spillman, also residing

in this county; Lizzie (Mrs. Onstott) and Thomas, twins, the latter of whom passed away at the age of forty-nine years; and Mrs. Annie L. Anthony, of Santa Cruz. Lizzie Brown was reared in her home county on her parents' farm, enjoying the advantages of the excellent schools of the district and at the same time aiding her mother and becoming efficient in the science of domestic economy, which in those days was more familiarly known as the culinary art.

After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Onstott took up their home on the Onstott farm and systematically began the improvements that eventually made it the show place in the county and often brought forth the remark that it was the best cultivated farm in all the region. The land had to be cleared of the numerous stumps left by the parties who had cut all of the majestic, thickly growing oak trees, and who had seen no other value in the land. Mr Onstott, however, in his optimism, saw the real value of the deep sandy loam and persevered until he cleared it of stumps and made it fit for cultivation. This was no easy task; for he and his faithful and ambitious wife labored early and late to reach their goal. As they prospered, they bought additional lands until they possessed over 1000 acres in Sutter County. He very early began raising table and raisin grapes of which he had many varieties. Hearing of a seedless grape growing on Mr. Thompson's place, he investigated and found that Mr. Thompson had three vines that had come with other rootings from a friend in the East. He asked Mr. Thompson if he could have some cuttings, and obtained some, which he carefully planted and raised; and then he began an intensive cultivation of the variety, which was called the Thompson Seedless grape. He raised a large nursery of the vines and gradually set out 800 acres to the variety. Meantime he established nurseries in Fresno and in Los Angeles, where he propagated the Thompson Seedless, supplying the growers all over the San Joaquin Valley and in Southern California with Thompson Seedless roots. His vineyard thrived, and he was the first to ship Thompson Seedless raisins to the East in commercial lots. He built a packing house and installed a stemmer on the place; and his raisins were sent to various points in the East in carload lots, bringing very substantial returns; for his check was received at his home as soon as the car was ready for transit. So it came about that in 1882 Mr. Onstott began propagating the Thompson Seedless grape, which is now so widely grown and has now become so popular, and was thus instrumental in founding the enterprise that has become of such great commercial importance not only in California but in almost every State in the Union. In the early days he set out an orchard of thirty acres to White Astrakhan apples, a very early apple

and a good producer, which proved to be a big source of revenue; for they ripened in June. Some of these trees were standing until 1923, when they were taken out.

With artistic taste, Mrs. Onstott laid out the grounds, at the home place, beautifying them with ornamental trees and shrubs; and since the large new country home was completed, the place has always been known as the most beautiful in Sutter County. Mr. and Mrs. Onstott worked hard and pioneered in true style; but in return they were rewarded with a competency, as they so richly deserved. Their union was blessed with five children: Jacob Thomas, John Paxton Jr., George W., Harry A., and Dora Louisa, the wife of E.E. Sowell, of Sacramento. The sons are all substantial horticulturists and viticulturists of their home section. Mr. Onstott was not permitted to enjoy to the full the fruits of his labors, for he passed away on February 17, 1914 at the age of 72 years. He was a prominent Mason, being a member of Enterprise Lodge No. 70, F. & A.M. of Yuba City, of which he was a Past Master. He was also a member of Washington Chapter No. 13, R.A.M.; Marysville Commandery No. 7, K.T.; and Islam Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, in San Francisco; and with his wife he was member of Fidelia Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, in Yuba City. Mr Onstott was a most enterprising and progressive man, a true optimist for the future greatness of Sutter County lands, in which he had an abiding faith, and the value of which he so well demonstrated. He gave no small degree of credit for his success to his energetic wife, who stood by him so nobly and in every way helped and encouraged him to gain his ambition. Thus their labors and public spirit have helped to make easier the paths of the coming generations.

Since her husband's death, Mrs. Onstott has continued to reside at the old family home so dear to her, looking after the interests he left in her keeping. She is a woman of culture and refinement, and her home is beautifully and artistically furnished. Here she loves to entertain her friends, who enjoy her hospitality. Affable of manner and gifted with a charming personality, she is revered and loved by all who know her, for her many virtues and womanly attributes of mind and heart.

From HISTORY OF YUBA AND SUTTER COUNTIES

By Peter J. Delay

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From HISTORY OF YUBA AND SUTTER COUNTIES

By Peter J. Delay



In Loving
Remembrance of
John Polton Anstott.

Died Feb 14 1914

Aged 72 Years.

Gone But not Forgotten.

A Precious one from us has gone.

A voice we loved is stilled.

A place is vacant in our home.

Which never can be filled.

God in his Wisdom has recalled

The boon his love had given.

and though the body slumbers here,

The Soul is safe in Heaven.

by a ~~loving~~ Wife.

Taken from the book "Purple Gold" by Ernest E. Sowell, son-in-law of John Paxton Onstott, Sr.

John Paxton Onstott was responsible for the raisin industry and its beginning in Sutter County, altho Mr. William Thompson, Sr. was originally responsible for the first cutting. Every Thompson Seedless vine in California is a descendent of the original surviving cutting which Mr. Thompson planted in 1872. In 1882 John Paxton Onstott, Sr. began propagating the Thompson Seedless grape and planted the First Good Sized Thompson Seedless commercial vineyard in California thus laying the foundation for the Thompson Seedless Raisin Industry in California. In 1885 he raised a large nursery of 25 grapevines on his farm north of Yuba City through which now goes the ONSTOTT FREEWAY. Production of raisins shipped and packed in California grew from 6000 20 lb. boxes in 1873 to 1,000,000 20 lb. boxes in 1889. In 1892 J.P.O. shipped from his nursery over two million Thompson Seedless grape cuttings and rooted vines to other states and some to France. In 1900 he shipped 12 carloads of Thompson Seedless Raisins to Eastern markets. Eventually the thriving grape business became destined for disaster. Phylloxera, the dreaded insect pest of the vine struck California. Today vines are grown on resistant roots. While to William Thompson and his son George goes the credit for having introduced the Thompson Seedless grape into California, it was to John Paxton Onstott, Sr. that credit goes for introducing the Thompson Seedless grapes and raisins to the United States.

Rural Electrification a boon to Agriculture.

Bets by two different electrical pioneers played large parts in bringing about agricultural preeminence for California.

John Martin had finished his Yuba Powerhouse in 1898 and built a line to Marysville where, following the theory of the time, he put up a tall mast for powerful arc lights which would light the city streets. A farmer, John P. Onstott, bet Martin "a dinner for the crowd" that the lights wouldn't be seen two miles away. Martin won the bet. Onstott footed the \$200. bill for the banquet and promptly became a customer.

A line was run to his ranch and electricity was used to run a raisin stemmer and a cider press, to lift water for domestic use and to pump well water for irrigating. Believed to be the first use for irrigation in No. California.

JOHN PAXTON ONSTOTT, SR. FAMILY

JOHN: b. 1858 in Muskigam County, Ohio; d. 1914;
m. Lizzie Flynn Brown. b. 1858. 1936.

CHILDREN: Jacob Thomas Onstott, b. 1873 in Yuba City, CA.,
d. 1931; m. Ella Voorhees, b. 1878; d. 1962.

Roy Voorhees Onstott, b. 1901; d. 1953;
m. Helen Cunnigham.

Gail Edward Onstott, b. 1922

Roy Edward Onstott

Roy Edward Onstott, II.

Peery Arbor Onstott, b. 1904, d. 1938
Ivadell Onstott Burns, 1905, Yuba City, Ca.
Evelyn Ontsott Moore, b. 1908, M. Carl W. Moore.
Gerald Wm. Moore
Patricia Moore Mitchell.

George Washington Onstott, b. 1876 in Yuba City, CA.
d. 1932; m. Daisy Wilkie, d. 1968, no children

Harry Albert Onstott, b. 1878; d. 1924; m. Pauline Skinner

Leora Nadine Onstott Bishop, Los Angeles, CA

Dora Lucille Onstott, b. 1880; d. 1931; m. Ernest Sowell.

Howard Sowell, Sacramento
Lucille Sowell Quellmalz, Walnut Creek, Ca.

John Paxton Onstott, Jr., b. 1874 in Yuba City, CA.,
d. 1948; m. Clara-Lelia Phipps.

Edward Onstott, B. 1901, wife died in childbirth,
Edward adopted by Grandfather Charles Edward Phipps;
m. Carrie Belle Morehead, b. 1876; d. 1962.

Mildred Kennedy Stuckey, b. 1914, in Yuba City, Ca.

Ann Kennedy Posey, b. 11/21/39; m. Oliver Bradley
Posey, Police Chief.

Deborah Ann Suffia, b. 7/16/61.

James Robert Suffia, b. 8/21/79.
Sara Anabelle Suffia, b. 4/4/82.

Robert Bradley Posey, b. 6/22/63, policeman

Linda Kennedy Hansen, b. 10/4/42, teacher

Kaija Suzanne Hansen, b. 7/12/68
Krishna Ann Hansen, b. 1/26/72, adopted

George Wendell Kennedy, District Attorney,
b. 8/5/45; m. Janet Stites Stevenson, b. 9/6/45.

Campbell Onstott Kennedy, b. 6/25/79
Britton Gustafson Kennedy, b. 11/11/81

Kenneth Leroy Onstott, b. 1919 in Yuba City, Ca.
m. LaVerne Alderman, b. 1919, 1360 Richland Road,
Yuba City, Ca.

John Kenneth Onstott, b. 1944; m.
Dianna Weeks.

John Paxton Onstott, b. 1965
James Kenneth Onstott, b. 1967.

Charles Edward Onstott, b. 1946; m. Cynthia
Wider.

Jacob Charles Onstott, b. 1970
Mark Frederick Onstott, b. 1973

Divorced, m. Jeñet Marie Ferdinand, b. 1949
Lisa Marie Onstott, b. 1985

Albert Wendell Onstott, b. 1922 in Yuba City, Ca.,
m. Barbara
Manila Domestic Airport DAPO D-3110 Rizal, P.I.

Michael Onstott
Alayne Onstott
Jake Onstott
Richard Onstott

"ALL JAKE"

3/1/27

R. A. Bowden Co.*

Marysville, Calif.

Mr. R. E. Anderson,

Dear sir:

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

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

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

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

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

*"Caterpillar" dealer--Sacramento, Calif.

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

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

He came upon us out of a clear sky one day in spring. He had a beautiful span of horses and a man driving for him, in a shiny black road wagon with silver wheels and bright yellow letters on its sides. I can see him now, that checkered vest with the wide black braid around it, its big gold chain, the fawn colored overcoat, the kid gloves and brown derby hat, the diamond studded pin in his tie, shaped like the flap on a syrup pitcher. I have regretted many times since that I was unable to store up and keep, even to remember one half the bull that guy could peddle. His company had made and sold steam tractors for the past thirty years. The steam engine had supplied power for every factory, railroad and steamship in the United States, on the ocean and in Europe for the last one hundred years. The gas engine was only an experiment, they will never make them big enough, they had very little power, the small ones we used to pump water had fly wheels that weighed a ton, imagine what they would weigh on a tractor. The explosions of an engine of that size would break every window in your house, would run all the horses and cattle out of the country, it would blow all the leaves and fruit off the trees, you would have to run it with cotton in your ears, we would all be deaf. While the steam engine cooed along like a pigeon, quiet as the family sewing machine.

All he wanted was to get the people educated to the use of the tractor. He did not want anyone fooled on a lot of junk made in a blacksmith shop. Their policy was to have an agent and a tractor here and in different places all over the state. Next year they would ship them out by the train load, in a few years they would have a factory on this coast. The small steam tractors would be as thick as fleas on a Chinaman's cat, and you never would see a successful gas tractor.

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

We had the reputation of showing our generosity when it didn't cost anything, we had the plows already and plenty of water, we didn't have any crude oil but he said it didn't cost only a few cents a barrel, it wouldn't take much anyway, perhaps he would furnish that. I thought at first those mules were going to have a vacation that spring but I began to change my mind. He was more anxious to sell it than to plow. It would arrive in a few days and as we were close to town he would bring it out and when we saw what it would do he wanted to bet us a new hat we would never let it go off the place. He knew we were slipping although I stuck my hands in my pockets and tried to be stubborn. In a few days it was there under our shed with its nice shiny cab, with seats on the sides and water and oil tanks under them and glass windows. All of us, young and old, would climb up and twist the steering wheel around. We brought out a span of mules, dragged a couple of 3-gang plows behind it and hitched them up. It looked like a mighty big locomotive for such a small train. It was rainy, foggy weather and it stood there for a week or ten days. Neighbors and different farmers came in to see it, we all swelled up over it and insinuated we were going to buy it.

One day a young fellow who had just bought a large tract of land came in to see it. The agent was with him, also his engineer. They were going to take it out to Mr. Jones' ranch, he had lots of plowing to do and if it did half as much as he claimed for it he would buy it. The agent was very sorry we

had not bought it, he liked to rub it in telling us how sorry he was. We envied Jones, why had we not agreed to the same terms and sold the mules. Where were the Guardian Angels now? Opportunity knocks but once in a lifetime and ours was gone, the Angels were chasing it slowly down the road. A few years afterwards, I crossed a slough on the corner of Jones' ranch, a wet and sandy soil where the Almighty had forgot to put any hard-pan under it. There I found that tractor, a young fellow was using the smoke stack for a duck blind.

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

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

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

We would look it over, those castings were both broke, had been welded and braced and were broke again. They would have to be replaced. Those tracks might run another season, we had lots of hard work to do, it was doubtful, we would leave it for a day or so and come back to it again.

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

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

We found some we liked and some we didn't. After spending days of valuable time, telling naughty stories, smoking several cigars we did not want, and insulting a few salesmen, we figured the "Caterpillar" Thirty was the next best bet. We gave an order for it without any further trouble except paying for it. When it arrived at the depot the freight agent was there with his pad

and pencil, he had learned when he seen a man with a new tractor, to get his quick. I followed it home from force of habit, I thought something of vital importance might drop off and get lost. When it went by the house nobody looked out of the windows, to mamma and the women folks the price of that tractor would buy many, many nice things they wanted in the home.

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

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

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

This winter we took it down completely and looked it over, the cylinders showed considerable wear, if too much we would replace them, if not have them rebored, they were not bad we had them rebored, fitted with new pistons and rings, the two large internal drive gears showed some wear, not much, looked good for three or four years, a few bolts were put in the drive sprockets; some new rollers, all new felt washers and sleeves in the truck wheel bearings, new bolts and lock washers in track plated, valves were ground or resealed, a few shims were taken from the crankshaft and from the con rod bearings. It was thoroughly cleaned, put together again and painted. Those tracks have run five years in a loose sandy soil without a drop of oil, you can't find a shoulder on those track links only a b right smooth polish, the drive sprocket, you can't

tell whether it has been run forward or backward, the only track expense has been for the small bolts and washers in the track plates. A few years ago I did not think it was possible to get a steel that would stand up under the strain and dust as does the material in these tracks, sprockets and gears.

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

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

Very truly yours,

JAKE TO. ONSTOTT

(Signed) J. T. Onstott

JTO/EM

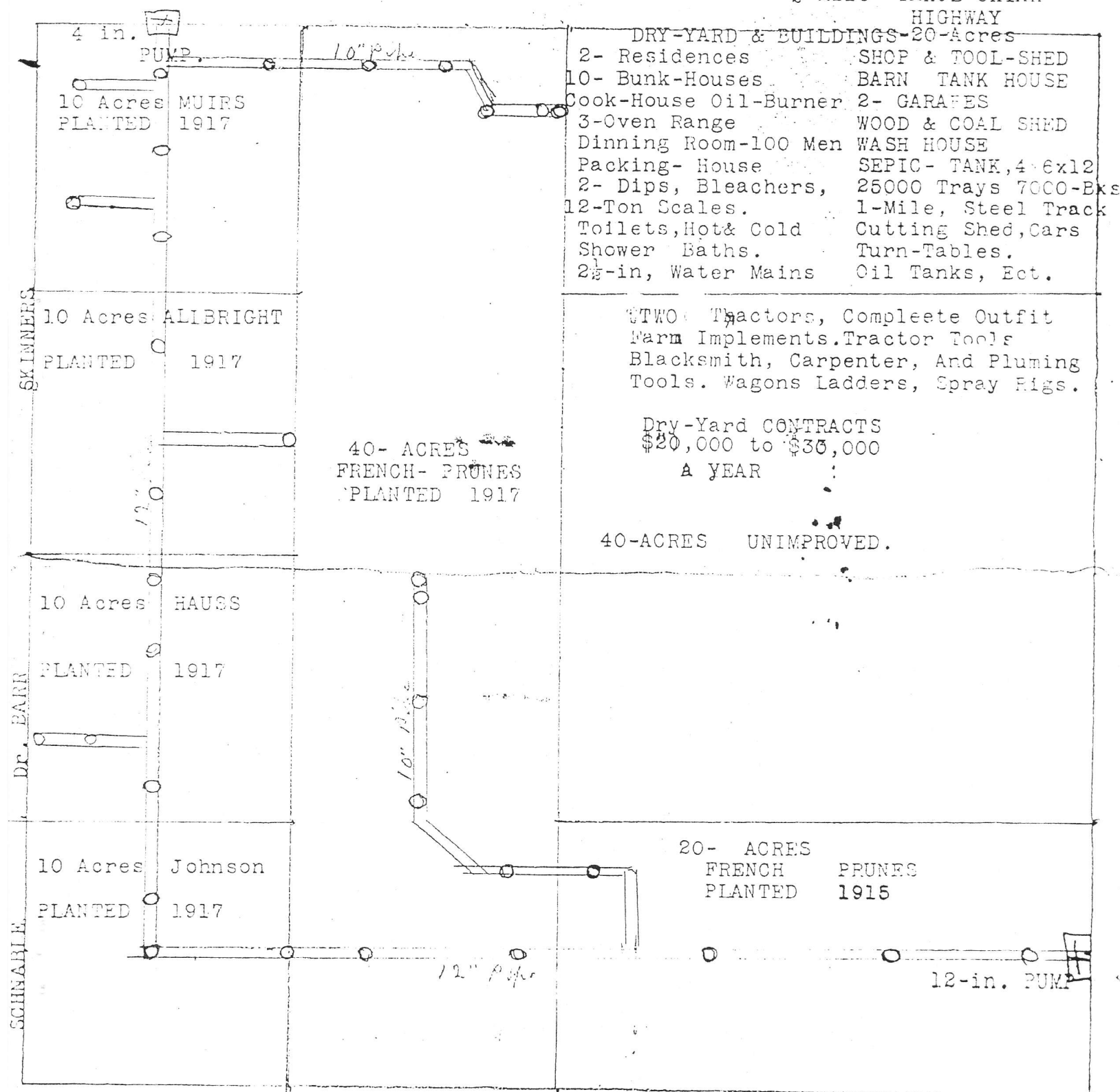
MI 1E

GEORGE ONSTOTT

One Half South City LIMITS, YUBA CITY

$\frac{1}{2}$ Mile- TAHOE-UKIAH

HIGHWAY



LANE & BOWLER DEEP WELL PUMP- 5 Stage 25-H.P.Motor, 1000-Gallons
STERLING 4-in. D.C. Pump- 10-H.P. Motor. 6in. Suc. & Dis. 22-Foot, Round Pit.
4680- ft. 12-in. Cement Pipe. 3300 ft. 10-in. Pipe. 400-Gals.
30- 10 in Valves, 6- K-T. Portable Hydrants, 1200-Ft 7-in, Surface Pipe.

ONSTOTT PACKING SHED IS DESTROYED BY FIRE

YUBA CITY FIRE ENGINE AND
STREET FLUSHER AID IN
COMBATING FLAMES.

About 6 o'clock last night a fire broke out at the J. T. Onstott Dry yard in Sutter County, destroying a large packing shed, three bunk-houses, 800 drying trays and a platform scales. A stemmer and a quantity of box shook in the shed were also destroyed, and the dipping-plant and other outbuildings on the Onstott farm were threatened. It is estimated the loss is about \$6000, which is covered by insurance.

The Yuba City fire department and the street flusher were hurried to the Onstott ranch which is about two miles from this city. Chemicals were used, and water pumped from the large tank of the street flusher aided in combating the flames and prevented the fire from spreading further.

The smoke from the fire could be seen in Marysville and Yuba City, and scores of people rushed to the scene of the fire in their automobiles to render every assistance possible. The early arrivals joined in the bucket brigade and did much in keeping the flames from spreading.

Roy Onstott suffered slight heat burns on his arms and face while fighting the fire.

Patent Granted to Jacob Onstott Two Years After Death

A year before his death, which occurred two years ago, Jacob Onstott, prominent Sutter county resident, applied to the United States patent office for a patent covering a new type of connecting rod for automotive engines. The patent has just been granted by the patent office, according to word received by relatives from Washington, D. C.

The device was submitted with application for patent on Oct. 6, 1930. It is probable that the rights to the patent will be assigned to heirs of the estate.

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SHOOTS UP TOWN AT SUTTER

ORRIS FISHER MUST ANSWER TO SERIOUS CHARGE AS RESULT OF
DRUNKEN REVEL

Orris Fisher, a carpenter employed on the Butte Slough bridge caused great excitement in Sutter City last Sunday night when in a drunken tantrum he proceeded to shoot up the town. Although no one was killed in the shoot up it was not the fault of Fisher who fired many loads promiscuously among the populace with threats tokill before he was finally captured by Constable Handy Epperson.

He had quarreled with his wife and after shooting several times at her proceeded down the main streets and held up all who were in his way at the time using strong language while so doing. Several who tried to pacify Fisher were answered with a volley of shots for their trouble.

Constable Epperson finally affected his capture by rushing quietly upon him from behind, disarmed and further rendered him unable to do any more harm. He was charged Monday morning in the Justice Court of W. E. Tucker and the preliminary examination set for Friday morning at 10: o'clock on a charge of attempt to committ murder. Bail was granted at \$1000.

Here was this kid just kidding around in his front yard one afternoon. From up in Sutter City there came the sound of guns popping.

He remembered that a few days before a travelling shooting gallery had been set up by the bank building. Of course, there was no bank--never had been, but it was the bank building for sure. So, not wanting to miss anything, the kid started uptown, taking shortcuts, and all the time more occasional shots.

But as he was nearing his destination (good cliché) some of the Betty family hailed him and took him in their yard. More shots-- not very far away. Then some loud voices, and someone said something like "Shoot me, shoot me, I'm an American." And that's about all I remember about that Sunday afternoon when a man named Fisher became a little irked over a domestic problem. No bloodshed. And Fisher went back to work on Long Bridge.

Robbie Epperson

10/15/14 Laurence Fisher bailed out \$500.

10/22/14 Guilty plea--assault with a deadly weapon-sentencing Oct. 31, 1914

11/5/14 Continued to 11/7/14

11/12/14 Fined \$300. Paid by Black Bros. Contractors

OUR BEAUTIFUL BUTTES
A VALLEY TREASURE

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollections present them to view."
The orchards, the grain fields, the Buttes in the background
And all the dear sites in my youth that I knew.

Rock walls, secret springs, scrub oaks by the cow trail
Chattering squirrels, sauntering skunks, a coiled snake or two,
Soaring buzzards, scolding bluejays, a covey of gray quail.
Their message? "Accept us! Respect us! This is ours, too."

Pink petaled wild roses that border the creek bed,
Creamcups, buttercups, lilies white and blue,
Flame bright or pale poppies as nurtured by nature
Are massed in profusion enhancing the view.

Faint wagon roads on the edge of a canyon,
Or along a quiet stream at the base of a hill,
Or crossing small valleys with soft slopes around them,
Roads used at one time very much at free will.

Gates opened? Or closed? Left alone! That's an order!
A legend? A myth? Common sense if you please.
The sheep need the pasture the cattle, the water,
The gate is the key to these basic needs.

Land holders? Mostly sheepmen and cowmen
Hold titles dating back many decades ago.
May they always respect their position as keepers
Of this unique and truly remarkable show.

The Buttes, nature's gift, a pleasure, a treasure
For all in this valley to see and to share.
Don't mar them, don't scar them with tin roofs and towers,
Man-made atrocities the viewer must bear.

Let each of us thrill to the sunset behind them
Or be awed by their beauty in the sun's morning glow
Or see them capped with a nebulous cloud bank
Or rarely, yes, rarely, a scattering of snow.

Please, then, let us keep them as nature presents them.
Let future generations enjoy and know
The orchards, the rice fields, the Buttes in the background
This gem of creation our valley's top show.

Anita Laney

Anita Laney

1/28/1987

(First two lines attribute to: Samuel Woodworth's
"The Old Oaken Bucket" 1785-1842)