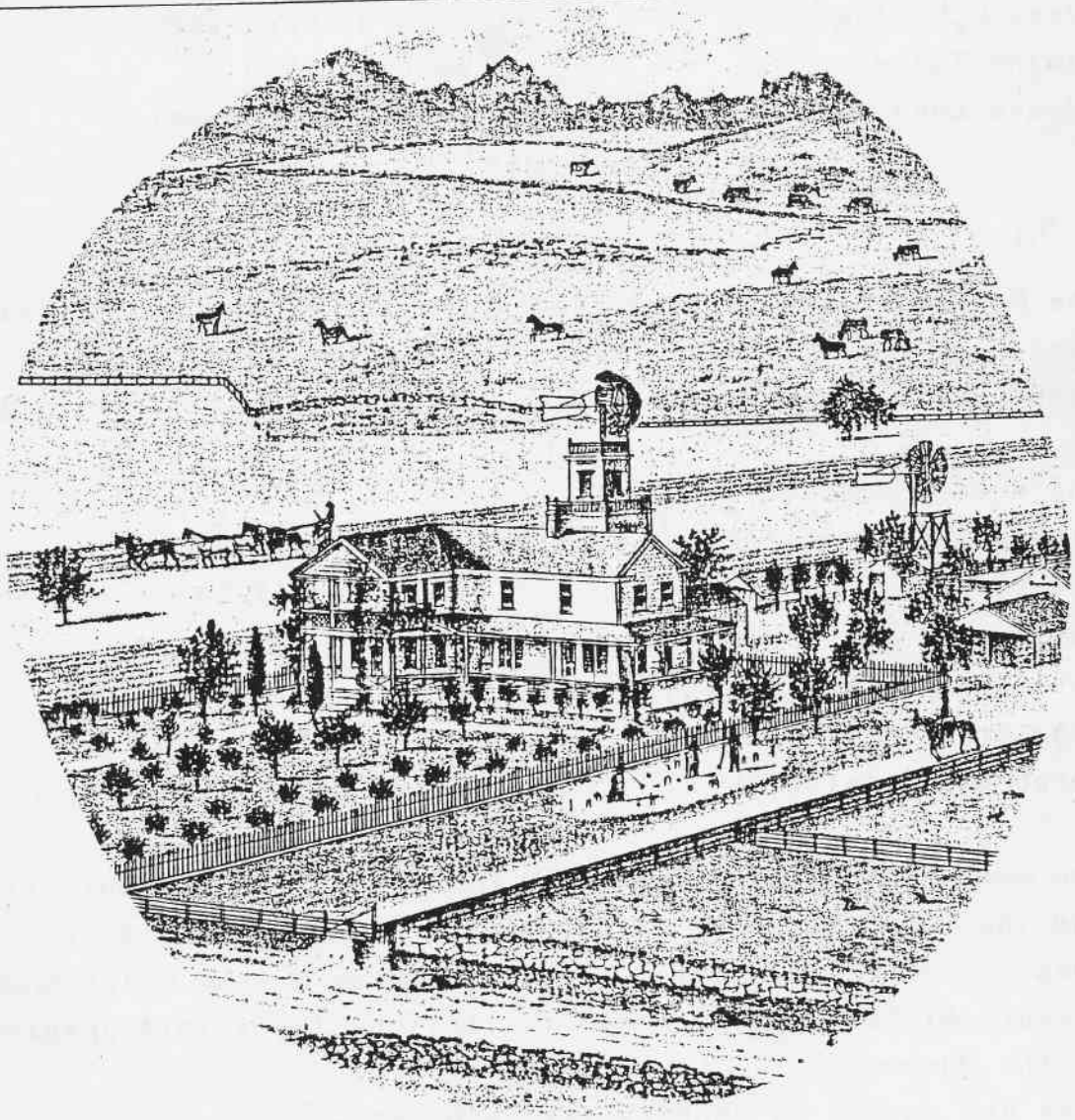
SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWS BULLETIN

Vol. XXVIII No. 3 Yuba City, California July 1988



RESIDENCE AND RANCH OF FREDERICK TARKE WEST BUTTE SUTTER C° CAL

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWS BULLETIN

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The News Bulletin is published quarterly by the Society at Yuba City, California. The annual membership dues include receiving the News Bulletin.

The dues schedule is:

Student/Senior Citizen, Library	$7.50
Individual	$15.00
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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 at the Museum.

Dues are due as of January 1st each year.

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 Museum

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THE SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETING

JULY 19, 1988

COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM 7:30 P.M.

THE SPEAKER WILL BE: DONNA DAY
AN ARCHEOLOGIST WITH THE U.S. FOREST SERVICE

COME ENJOY ICE CREAM WITH US

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The Nature Hike in the Sutter Buttes in early April was very well attended on both days. The weather was lovely and everyone seemed to enjoy it. Our thanks to Margit and Pete Sands who make the hikes so interesting for the participants.

The bus tour around the Buttes the following week was not so well attended but gave the participants another lovely and interesting day. They had lunch at Montero's in Live Oak before finishing the trip on the east side of the Buttes and into Sutter.

At our April Dinner Meeting we were pleased to meet our new Regional Vice President of the California State Historical Societies, Stewart Lott of Grass Valley.

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The story of the Tarkes in this issue will, of necessity, have to be continued in the next issue. Look for it in October.

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Director's Report
by
Jackie Lowe

If you haven't visited the Museum lately -- you wouldn't know us! Slowly exhibts of long standing are changing. This is good for us and the artifacts. For the artifacts, rotating them periodically into storage, where the enviroment is very stable, gives objects a chance to "rest". This slows their rate of deterioration and gives us a chance to use other objects in the collection that may not have been out on exhibit before. For the Museum staff, supporters and visitors these changes are good because they refresh us and allow us to see things in a different way.

Currently, a new exhibition on the Maidu Indians is in progress. They were the very first inhabitants of the Sutter County area and deserve a special place in the Museum. To do this, we have created a room at the entrance of the Museum so that the Maidu life ways can be better appreciated. This larger space is espcially important to school groups. When school children tour the Museum they usually spend a large portion of their time learning about the Maidu; now they will be able to this in a larger, well lighted, and well organized area.

As time and manpower allow, the changes will continue. We plan to do these changes slowly and gently so that you will be surprised and delighted when you discover new treasures in an old familiar place.

Events to look forward to :

September 8 - Salad Luncheon and Card Party

September 26- California Woman Suffrage Exhibit Opens

October 1 - Reception to celebrate the Suffrage Exhibit at 7:30

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE BUILDING FUND AND THE TRUST FUND

Burwell & Loretta Ullrey	In memory of Vivian Stevenson
Burwell & Loretta Ullrey	In memory of Elsie O. Yeates
Jack & Helen Heenan	In memory of Tom Hatamiya
Dick & Bee Brandt	In memory of Mary Jane Redman
Dick & Bee Brandt	In memory of Mary Lonon Mestmaker
Guy & Virginia Walton	In memory of Elsie Walton
Minda V. Allen	In memory of Dan Dillon
Bee & Dick Brandt	In memory of Callie Allison
Caroline S. Ringler	In memory of Dan Dillon
Caroline S. Ringler	In memory of Callie Allison
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Billie & Clyde Underwood	In memory of Dan Dillon
Del Prado Homeowners' Assn.	In memory of Dan Dillon
Joe, Judy and Mary Shannon Fairbanks	In honor of the Dick Brandt's 50th Anniversary
Walter & Jane Ullrey	In memory of Anita Andreason
Minda V. Allen	In memory of Anita Andreason
Jack & Helen Heenan	In memory of Anita Andreason
Mr & Mrs L. Schmidl	In memory of Anita Andreason
Norman & Loadel Piner	In memory of Gerald Allen
R.E. "Bud" & Lucille Berry	In memory of Gerald Allen
Mr & Mrs Allen Hoyer & family	In memory of Gerald Allen

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Mary Carnegie	In memory of Maude K. Roberts
Marvin & Lee Williamson	In memory of Dan Dillon
Marnee Crowhurst	In memory of Dan Dillon
Marnee Crowhurst	In memory of Maude Roberts
Phil & Gloria Irby	In memory of Dan Dillon
Lavon Hoffman	In memory of Dan Dillon
Mrs. Helen Hunt	In memory of Dan Dillon

Dorothy & Ted Rall	In memory of Dan Dillon
Bogue Country Club	In memory of Maude Roberts
Gerald & Carmen Frye	In memory of Glenn Potter
Glenn & Lois Zeller	In memory of Dan Dillon
Mr. & Mrs. John J. Monnot	In memory of Dan Dillon
Tom Pfeffer	In memory of William Monahan
Howard & Ruth Anthony	In memory of Clarence M. Haan
Carolyn M. Oswald & Joe, Jane & Erin Goss	In memory of Mary Lonon Mestmaker
Norman & Loadel Piner	In honor of Dick & Bee Brandt's 50th anniversary
Dan Hewitt	In memory of Anita V. Andreason
Fidelity Nat'l. Title Insurance Co.	In memory of Anita V. Andreason
Gary & Ann Gosse	In memory of Maude Roberts
Eleanor Holmes	In memory of Lex J. Daoust
Mr & Mrs Kenneth Wagner	In memory of Grace Ruth
Mr & Mrs Joe Serger	In memory of Mrs James Andreason
Howard & Ruth Anthony	In memory of Ernest W. McKinnon

A BIOGRAPHY

OF

LOUIS FREDERICK TARKE

With apologies to other members of the family for omissions, mistakes and differences of opinion. This script is original except for the occasional data supplied by by sister, Ann, for which I thank her very much. It was a great help.

December 1966

by Frieda Tarke Sanstrum

A BIOGRAPHY

PREFACE

July 8, 1966

For several years, I have contemplated compiling a life story of one of the most estimable men I have ever known. Various events and circumstances have intervened, preventing my ambition from being completed.

It is difficult to explain but perhaps the best excuse I can offer, after this long delay, and concluding that physical information may one day cause me to have to abandon the who idea of such a paper, I now feel compelled to start - and at this very moment.

After much reflection and realizing I shall meet this man, my father in the "Great Beyond" (that is my fondest hope), and "though all former things shall have passed away," I am confident that I could not ever join him happily with a clear conscience, and with a sense of duty fulfilled, if I do not write this record.

For truly in this life I have not honored him as I have fervently wished to. I do not mean that on the contrary I have dishonored him, God forbid! But simply in the eyes of the work, materialistic and unsympathetic, as it is today, I have achieved no fame that would honor his name. May God forgive me for overlooking opportunities I may have had. I have no adequate reason to offer; the call was not strong enough. Or I did not try hard enough, tho' I did try, but without success. Duties always pressed upon me too violently. I have not accomplished any ambition for worldly acclaim. Perhaps that was wrong to hope and wish for, since worldly fame is vapid in any case.

But since it is better to have tried and failed, than never to have tried at all, I shall now try.

My very best is not good enough to record the life and memory of this gallant, courageous, and revered man. I'll do my best. I can do no more.

Frederick Louis Tarke was born December 24, 1858 in the little cross-roads village of West Butte in Sutter County, California. He was the son of Peter Louis Frederick Gottlieb Tarke and Mary Annie Stohlmann. They had immigrated to the United States from Westphalia, Prussia, a province of Germany.

It has been my belief that they came by steam-ship around Cape Horn. They landed at San Francisco thus ending a long and wearying journey. San Francisco was then a small city of trade and cosmopolitan population, not the immense metropolis of today.

It has never been clear in my mind just what happened for several years from then on. Whether they both actually came by water, together or singly, or how they got from San Francisco the the mid-west is indefinite. But an early history of the family records that they were married in Iowa in 1855.

Peter Tarke must have been an enterprising and far-sighted man to have been in the far-away-reaches of the Mississippi River Valley, and to have realized the vast possibilities of a life in the fast-developing West. It was during the days of the Civil War, and I suppose that news of the Gold Rush in California had reached them and like many other young couples, their ambition flared to follow the trails to where gold lay in nuggets all over the ground. It promised thrilling adventure.

Well, they would have been married nine years when they became established in this new and fabulous country. The details are very meagre.

I should add a coincidence that added much color to these early days of their lives at this particular time. Louis Tarke's life was closely interwoven with a close friend, who became a staunch and faithful partner of those years, both in life's associations and business partner ventures. This man was William F. Hoke. I believe his parents also came to America by sea, and also move to California in their fifties. His father, Frederick Hoke was born in Germany in 1815, and migrated to the United States in 1844.

Three children were born to Peter and Mary Tarke; namely Louis, Annie and Mary. The two sisters were younger than Louis and all were born at West Butte.

At the age of forty, Peter Tarke acquired a claim in 1864. The Government sent surveyors and he was given a quarter section under preemption. He bought out other land owners. He obtained possession of about three thousand acres of tule, hill and valley land. He also raised about one hundred head of horses, five hundred head of cattle and at one time had three thousand head of sheep.

I have not been informed at the present time just when the livestock mark was issued to the Tarke family, but the same mark is used by the third generation today. Peter Tarke must have applied for it to the U.S. government Department of Animal Husbandry. It is still registered. It consists of "a crop off the left, and an underbit on the right." These marks are very skillfully and quickly made on the ears of cattle, sheep and hogs. I believe some sort of disinfectant is applied to prevent infection.

Peter Tarke, who was a natural farmer or rancher, was discreet enough to have selected a very favorable location for his enterprises in the new state. His holdings were, and are, ideally situated in the center of the Sacramento Valley and contain some of the richest soil in the entire state.

The partners who came with him at the same time from Germany or at least approximately at the same time, Frederick

Hoke, followed much the same pattern of life as Peter Tarke. They bought and developed ranches adjoining each other in Sutter County. The land was watered and fertilized by the great Sacramento River, whose source was at the foot of Mt. Shasta, and the Butte Slough, a tributary of the Sacramento.

They built identical homes about two miles apart. The architecture was in the intriguing early California style. They were two-storied, with bay-windows, balconies or verandahs surrounding the sprawling center room. They were designed both for comfort and style, with fireplaces, porches, staircases with newel posts, and many clever closets and cupboards.

Three children were born to Peter and Mary Tarke, Annie, Emma and Louis Frederick.

The Hoke family with two sons, William Frederick and Harmon August, and two daughters, Alice and Louisa.

These children grew up in a typical pioneer neighborhood of the day and time. Families were scattered at intervals of a few miles all around the countryside. Some were immigrant like the Tarkes and Hokes from Germany.

MISSING PAGE

humming birds, road-runners. At the proper season, between the fall and winter migration periods, vast flocks of wild geese and ducks fly over these fertile fields and valleys and come to rest or to feed in the marshes or flooded areas. The familiar V-shaped formations are a familiar sight flying over, accompanied by the peculiar cry of the leader guiding his flock to new pastures. Have you ever heard it? There is no sound like it.

It is a hunters' paradise and the land-owners have profited by leasing these feeding grounds to various hunting clubs, whose membership includes sportsmen from nearby cities such as Sacramento, Oakland, San Francisco and others. Such memberships are highly coveted and at the present time the clubs are active. Some very modern and attractive club houses have been erected.

Now I must revert to the family life of the Tarke's and the Hokes.

The Tarke family, Peter and Mary Annie and their three children lived happily and busily on the big ranch at West Butte. There was always work to be done and much hired help had to be employed. At this time immigrant Chinese men often drifted into the neighborhood or were purposely imported, for they were excellent farm workers. The maintained their characteristic way of living, always oriental in speech, dress, hats, shoes, coats, food and customs. The were called "Coolies". The oldest ones even wore quueus, a long tail of black stiff silk strings and wound about the head. I do not know exactly the tradition, but woe to anyone who interfered with or belittled a Chinaman's queus. There must have been a

certain superstition about this relic from the Orient - perhaps religious.

These men did not bring their families, but lived by themselves in camps. There were not good mixers because they never learned to speak good English and always preferred their own Chinese food.

It is recalled that lacking other work in the winter, large numbers of these Coolies would be kept busy building walls for fences over the hills and little valleys of the foothills. These were constructed from the native rocks on the hillsides, having probably been cast there, centuries ago by volcanic action. They were of all sizes, some were miniature boulders, five or six feet in diameter, then others diminishing to smaller rocks, smaller than one foot. It must have indeed been tortuous work to lift and pile and adjust these stones into walls, that would stand and not tumble down through the years. They had no tools to help but picks, shovels, sledge hammers and human hands. There were two kinds of walls, single and double, the latter much stronger and durable, to resist the destructive action of nature, and the pay and force of horses and cattle. At any rate, they were built, and withstood the ravages of time and weather very well for many years. Later barbed wire was strung along the tops to keep the livestock from jumping over. The only disagreeable feature was the harboring of varmits, which would prey on the young cattle or lambs.

But to my mind, there were beautiful, the vari-colored rocks blending with the ochre hillsides, and at a distance, making graceful tracings over the slopes to mark certain pastures and fields.

How they surveyed the fields or knew just were to build the walls, I do not know. But perhaps, the owner, having told them once where they should be, they never forgot, by some uncanny Oriental sense of direction or calculation. Who knows - or will know.

Many a crop Peter Tarke must have gleaned from his fertile fields. He was successful and in a few years became a wealthy man.

Came a day when he decided to return to his native land. I do not know what relatives he'd had in Germany, but upon his return, he brot back several German boys. Mostly friends, they were perhaps distant relatives and nephews, about ready for military service under the Emperor. Somehow they had learned that if they came to America they would escape conscription. A certain number of years of military service was required of every native male in Germany, and the only escape was to leave the country.

These young boys were honest, hard-working, likeable, young fellows, some young enough to attend the local grammar school. The talked fluent German, but only broken English and they were anxious to learn. And they soon all learned to read and write English. They were satisfied to work for $1.00 a day

with room and board. They saved their money, and even on this seemingly meagre wage, soon were able to have a nest-egg to invest. I believe economy and thrift are inherent traits of Germans, and they are progressive too. Most of them married and became successful financially, as well as respected citizens of the new and growing California. They must have liked the new world, especially as a haven from their worries, for few of them ever went back to the "Old Country" and I remember some descendants of their living in this part of California to this day.

Louis Tarke was a exceptional young man. He realized early in life that he needed more education to manage his large estate and meet the demands of life. So he went to San Francisco by himself. I do not know the exact age he was, but he enrolled in Heald's Business College and attended for six months. He must have been a very studious young man and didn't waste any of this time, I'm sure there is also a record of his having attended Golden Gate Academy in San Francisco.

At any rate he obtained a good business education. He learned Double Entry Bookkeeping, and used this method of keeping records of the business transactions of the large ranch he was soon to manage. He also learned the Spencerian mode of hand-writing and wrote a beautiful hand. It was the custom of the day to make all Capital letters (upper case) with heavy shading on the longer strokes with the pen. (fountain pens had not been invented). There were for many years at the old home several copy-books filled with his practice hand-writing, beautiful specimans. He always wrote this slant method, and his signature was a thing of beauty. Type-writers had not been in use either, to divert students from learning to write legibly.

At one time, I remember, he caught a severe cold while in San Francisco, which settled in his lungs. He told of this experience, which was so touching it always remained in my mind. A wise old Doctor, to whom he went for help, told him the best thing you can do for your congested lungs is to ride out to the Cliff House every day, and lie on the sand on the beach in the sun, for several hours. I suppose today a Doctor would have given him a shot of Penicillin or another Anti-Biotic, and it wouldn't have taken half the time or trouble for him to recover.

Louis Tarke lost his parents early in life and subsequently heavy responsibilities fell upon his youthful shoulders.

His father, Peter, died in 1888. The story of his death is perhaps adequately illustrative of the character of the man.

It seems that among his brood mares there was one who was flighty and nervous. Tied in the stall, she refused to let her young colt nurse. This irritated Mr. Tarke and he thot he could force her to take the colt. He tried to push it up to her, must have gotten too close, and quick as a flash, without warning, she kicked him with both heels in the stomach and abdomen. It was a vicious and fatal blow. Since he lived

eighteen miles from town, medical aid was delayed too long, and he died from the effects of the blow. He must have suffered excruciating pain, but perhaps merciful unconsciousness relieved the agony.

He was only sixty-four years of age, and died in 1888.

This left his wife, Mary Annie with heavy duties, and three young children to raise. She survived her husband on two years, passing away at the early age of fifty-six in 1890.

It should be recounted that before his death Peter Tarke made the before-mentioned trip to Germany - in fact it would seem that he made two such trips. While he was gone, he instructed his family to make certain improvements on the family residence, completely renovating, enlarging and remodeling it. The chief responsibility fell on the daughter, Emma. She engaged carpenters and painters and decorators from nearby Marysville. A remarkable job they did. The result was a larger and more commodious house, two-storied, with double bay-windows in front and on two sides, a wide stairway with a long balustrade. Part of the original house was preserved intact, the part that was identical to Frederick Hoke's. This part was joined to the new structure. It became the large, roomy kitchen and diningroom, with a large hallway and stairway both to the second floor and to the cellar. They became part of the new house.

I must mention a style of interior wall-finishing which I fear has disappeared from use entirely at the present time. This was called wood-graining and left a beautiful design on wood-work. It was made with a fine-toothed steel comb being dragged over a wet varnish and the result was an imitation on the grain in certain woods - with the knots left in.

There was a large tank-house with a wind-mill that was used to supply all the needs of the home, the large flower garden, ornamental and fruit trees and lawn, that surrounded the house. A picket fence was erected all around the spacious yard, both front and back.

An old daguerrotype shows men and women (ladies) playing croquet on the south side of the house. It was a very popular game at this time. The residence remains about the same at the present time (1966).

There were also several great barns to store hay and straw to feed cattle and horses. There were hog sheds too for in this part of California, farmers believed in having shelter and protection for their live-stock. There were many corrals, enclosed by wire-fences, panels and the rock walls I have mentioned before. A map or drawing would show the location of all of these buildings, and the roads and pens around them better that words can. There was a large shed for storing vehicles and farm machinery, a black-smith shop, equipped with forge and bellows and all kinds of tools for repair and maintenence of the machinery of the ranch. Also hand rakes, hoes, shovels, spades, pick-axes and wire and rope were stored here.

I remember a peculiar instrument that was used to grind threads on pipe so they could be joined together. There was another fastened to a large post which could bore holes in metal. It was very powerful, tho' operated by hand and left large metal filings whenever used.

It would seem odd to store loose hay or straw, but this was before the days of baled hay, which is so prevelant today. There were also several well-constructed chicken houses, a lumber shed, another large shed to keep grain harvesters in.

The huge barn had eight rows of stalls to tie teams in to rest and feed, and a great loft for hay. A large hay fork lifted the hay up to the loft, pulled by one horse with a single-tree attached to the fork. I'm sure this is a forgotten art to the young people of 1966, but it was a fascinating performance to watch in those days of my youth. It developed into a trick or skill almost to perfection to get the great loft filled properly. After a wagon full of hay was driven directly under the opening under the gable, where hung the hook, first the man on the wagon would pull the hook down to the load of hay. This worked by a properly adjusted pulley with cables running back under the roof to the far end or the opposite gable. This big hook with teeth about 5 feet long and curved or bent so they could "take a heavy bite of hay," would be shoved down into the hay, the man having to push it or even jump on it to make it hold onto the hay. Then the man on the ground, who was waiting ready with the single horse would start the horse and walk it forward way out into the corral as far as the cable would play out, lifting the fork-ful of hay and moving it way back in the loft. A third man on the hay in the loft, or perhaps two men, watching carefully where the hay should be placed to have the mow filled evenly and properly, would yell, "Dump". The man on the wagon would jerk a rope from the fork, tripping it, and down would come the heavy forkful of hay. The the fork had to be pulled back through the pulleys to the spot above the wagon ready for another lift.

Well, I doubt if my incomplete description would suffice to set-up the complicated process of filling a barn full of hay from a wagon. But it was an interesting performance to watch anyway. Over and over again till the wagon was empty. The workers in the mow would carefully and painstakingly place the fallen hay with pitch-forks, keeping the mass level and even.

I once thot it would be great sport to drive the horse, with the single-tree and the long cable. So George, the trusty hired man let me. I was a young girl then and willing to try and adventure. You had to hold the heavy single-tree up off the horse's heels with your left hand, (of course it hung from heavy traces from the horse's back). You must hold the reins, or lines, with your right hand. The gentle, stoled horse soon learned to do his part of the trick. I'm sure he knew it all already or he would never have learned from my awkward performance, and if he hadn't been the spirit of patience

itself, he wouldn't have put up with my foolishness.

It was a great experience. But my curiosity was soon satisfied. Really, I was terrified. If I didn't hold up that heavy clanging single-tree right, or let it bang the horses's heels, he might kick me, I was very close to him. Or if I didn't get it unhooked in the nick of time, the apparatus inside the barn would all foul up, and I would be in serious trouble. So I had my fun the one time and I never wanted to help unload a wagonful of hay again. I'm sure George was glad I never wanted to try again either.

But memory brings back the enchanting scene; the sweet, fresh smell of the hay, alfalfa or barley, the neighing of the horses, the stamping of their feet, the clanking of the harness chains, the shouts of the men. I see strange things again; as the great wagon wheels turned, some of the sticky, black oily axle-grease where the hub of the wheel fitted over the axle would ooze out making many original, captivating designs. I loved to watch it. They hay itself was so graceful and so designed to form into a mound on the top of the unwieldy wagon, hanging like fringe all around the edges.

The horses worked so very hard. They were powerful, muscular and strong. Their great shoulder muscles pressed on the heavy collars to tighten the traces and made the load move. Wonderful, patient creatures they formed great masses of white foam under the harness, and their legs and sides and necks were dripping wet. But of course they liked to work, or I thot they did. I'm sure they were not overworked.

The men kept them roached "very particularly", which means that their manes and forelocks were carefully trimmed. The curried the horses with the odd curry-combs used by horse fanciers, making their coats shine. How faithful they were and devoted! Queen, Duchess, Bessie, Fannie, Duke, I can't remember them all. When the day's work was over, and the heavy set of harness were unbuckled and unstrapped, and lifted off their tired backs, they almost spoke their thanks. If you've never seen a set of harness for a team of work horses, you cannot imagine all the complex assortment and arrangement of leather straps, snaps, buckles, chains, bits, blinders, traces, reins, collar and collar pads, and bridles. It was a work of art, and an expensive thing too. How glad the horses were to be free from the heavy harness! They would be turned loose for a little while in the corral in front of the big barn to get a drink and some exercise. They almost seemed to laugh in glee as they ran around, shook their heads, galloped, raced, and often rolled over and over in a sandy or soft spot. Oh, what a relief it must have been after a long hard day of pulling against the collars.

Then for a cooling drink from the long, zinc trough, which stood at one side of the corral. There was a queer little contraption called a "float", a hollow brass ball about the size

of a hand ball, that was attached to the pipe. It kept the water in the trough at the right level, when it floated correctly or shut off the stream of water. The trough was never too full or empty.

We children loved to climb on the board fence or sit, watching the horses and activities around the barn. Of course we couldn't go into the corral for some of the horses were not gentle and might kick.

The horses enjoyed long draughts of water apiece. It seemed they couldn't possibly hold all the gallons they drank. But they seemed to know they couldn't come to the trough very often, so they took plenty of water while they had the chance.

The men, meanwhile would have filled the mangers with hay for the night's feeding, throwing it down from the loft up above.

Our horses were well-fed and looked healthy and strong. For every stall, had a feed-box on each side of the manger for grain, ground barley, which they like very much and was good for them. They would begin to munch it eagerly as soon as they got near it. It gave them extra vitality and strength which hay alone would not provide. I think it served the same purpose that vitamins for humans serve today. Straw had also been placed on the floor of the stable, for the horses to lie on.

I don't think tho', that horses naturally lie down at night to rest. It has been said that they "sleep standing up", and I believe they do, for I have walked into a barn sometimes late a night and found the horses standing and with their eyes wide open. They seen to feed at all hours of the night too. You can hear them munching and grinding the tough hay and grain. However, some of them to lie down to rest their tired legs, and their eyes will be shut. Queer, queer animals! Will we ever understand them?

Highly intelligent they are too. And they will easily learn certain habits. With training they become so gentle and trustworthy.

I am reminded of another interesting phase of life on this big ranch. I remember it, because it was so thrilling and afforded no small amount of entertainment for us children. This was the breaking-in of young horses or colts to ride or drive, to wear harness, or just anything a horse needs to know to be of service and be useful and valuable. This occupation required several men, but it was always under the direction of one man, a Mr. Butler. He called himself a professional horse-breaker, and a strange, unusual character he was. I'm not sure how old he was, this wiry, dried-up looking little man. His hair was unkept, and he wore a moustache, reddish gray. Clothes never bothered him any, because they had only been clean once, I guess when he bought them. Then his leather boots with lacings to the knee, he always wore them. He used spectacles too, which seemed incongruous considering the rough, dangerous work he was engaged in doing.

By the way, have you ever studied a horse's hoof? It is a peculiar structure. It is strong, powerful, agile and very, very serviceable. Work horses did not require to be shod, their heavy, horny hoofs being ample protection on the underside. Of course, it depended on the particular kind of soil they worked on. But riding and driving horses were always shod.

Well, Mr. Butler would put on quite a show when he broke a horse. The ones selected to be broken were really wild, untamed and savage. They had never even been in a corral. They had never been confined anywhere. So first Mr. Butler had to get them used to a rope around their necks. A lasso (you know that is a loose, long rope with a slip knot at one end) would be thrown so that it landed over the horse's neck or head and when the end was pulled it would draw him up close to a stout post or fence.

After the noose, came the halter. Then a bridle with a bit. Oh, how they hated the whole thing! Some of them were vicious, frightening and kicking, with a particular aim to strike or lay low that tormentor, Mr. Butler. They snorted and pawed. But his patience, understanding and skill were outstanding. He knew just what to do to conquer the spirit of a horse and bring him to the point of being submissive, gentle and obediant. He was never cruel or vengeful, tho' some violent profanity often polluted the air around the corrals when a horse was unusually stubborn and willful. Oh, how we loved the show and there was real danger from those flying hoofs and sharp teeth!

Mr. Butler knew just how long it would take to break a horse, and soon he would have the whole string of ten or fifteen submitting to halters, then harness, then to be hitched up to a cart. This was a "breaking cart" with extra long shafts where the driver could sit way back from the horse on a tiny seat, something like a jocky in a race. When they could be driven in the cart, knew how to be guided by the reins, to stop at "whoa", or to go faster at the touch of a buggy whip, they were "broken". I know our father must have had lots of confidence in Mr. Butler's ability, for he came year after year. But I never knew where he came from or where he went. Just a happy-go-lucky, unattached, hard-working little man. I have no idea how much it cost to break a colt, but he was the best.

Now it becomes necessary to revert to the personal life of the family of Peter Tarke, Louis, Annie and Emma.

Louis was left the administrator of the estate of his father, Peter. Of course legally the wife inherited ½ of the property, and the heirs divided the remaining half equally or one-third each. I am sure that the will was recorded and was executed to the letter of the law. Mrs. Tarke inherited the vast real property and the children thirty thousand dollars each. It now became Louis' duty to administer the terms of the will. It is difficult to appraise real estate and personal property too. I suppose this was left to some court appointed

attorneys or the county judge. Naturally, it was discovered after the proper passage of time that such large amounts of cash were not readily accessible, so Louis, always agreeable and compliant as he was, assumed the duty and burden of paying off both of his sisters.

They were both married at this time. Annie had become the wife of William Hawn, an enterprising young man to had come to those parts from Missouri, seeking his fortune. There happened to be a large cattle and grain ranch about fifteen miles north of the family home. It was for sale and Will and Annie were willing and anxious to take this place as her portion of the inheritance.

It was quite an obligation, but Louis assumed the mortgage for it, having more than ample securities in the remaining estate. It took severals years to clear up the mortgage, but Louis managed well from the earnings of the old ranch home. Will and Annie built a fine home, with many other buildings and lived there for about twenty years. Will was a successful farmer and accumulated a fortune from raising grain, horses, mules, sheep, hogs, turkeys and summer crops.

Three daughters were born here to them. Effie Tarke, Henrietta Melvina and Donnella Urilda. Effie became an R.N., Henrietta an accountant and Donnella a school teacher. In order to educate the girls, the Hawns sold their ranch property for $40,000 in about and moved to Marysville, where they bought a nice home on Fifth Street. Severals years later, since Will had retired and Annie preferred city life, the disposed of the town house and moved to Oakland. Here they lived until they both passed away.

I have never known about any of Will's relatives in Missouri, but my sister recalls two of his sisters visiting him when all of us were growing up. She thinks they were maiden ladies, but didn't know their names.

As of the present, the only surviving member is Donnella. She is a retired school teacher living with her son, Wendell Winder of Pleasant Grove. She is a cripple from arthritis.

Effie was unhappily married to William F. Richards, an unknown scoundrel from Kentucky, who deceived her and absconded with her property.

Henrietta married a railroad man named Snyder from Sacramento. They had an adventuresome life, but poor Henrietta was always delicate and died at an early age.

There were no heirs to perpetuate the name of Hawn.

I must again revert to complete the story of Louis' assumption of settling the estate of his parents.

Emma, the youngest daughter, received her portion in cash. She had married a man, also a newcomer to Sutter County. He had some distant relatives here, but they did not vouchsafe for his reliability and integrity. His name was Ralph Graves. He was an undertaker by trade, a dandy and a dude. As far as I know, he never did any honest work in his life. It was a sad

story because everybody knew he was not responsible or trustworthy, a man without honor, a drunkard and a slicker.

But Emma, her mother's darling, became infatuated with him and he made persistent love to her. Both Annie and Emma had spent some time at "College City", where there was an academy or finishing school for young ladies. Emma became an accomplished painter. Some of her works in oil still hang in the family home at West Butte. Both girls studied piano and I know they were very attractive young ladies.

Now thier mother, Mrs. Tarke must have had a premonition about this Ralph Graves. She had survived her husband, Peter only a few years, when she was fifty-six. Before her death which occurred in , she begged Emma not to marry the man. She knew the character of the man. But Emma, blinded by love, told her mother, "I will never promise you that!" And so they were married soon after, much to the family's sorrow.

Well this scoundrel Ralph proceeded, as many had predicted, to invest Emma's money for her. They went to San Francisco where he found an apartment house with her fortune. I do not know if it was a wise investment in a fine, new building. I do not even know the location or address. At any rate Emma's title to the property was clear and it should have provided for her generously, with proper management. I doubt if Ralph ever followed his trade of undertaker or embalmer. The only time I ever remember seeing him was one summer day when we were very young he came calling. We were actually frightened of him for he wore a black suit with a long black tails and a high black silk stove-pipe hat. I suppose that looked professional. Whether he came on business, I don't know, but that was the last we ever saw of him.

It wasn't long till he persuaded Emma to borrow money on the apartment house (he may have done this without her knowledge). He probably forged her signature to any income checks that were ever sent to her, and spent the money. Of course he didn't keep up the payments on the loan he borrowed; never intended to, never tried to, much less. So in the course of time, they lost it.

Poor Emma! How could she have continued listening to the man's suggestions, connivings, while all the time he was absconding with her income and deceiving her.

Her brother, Louis, grieved about all this trickery and the trouble Emma was having. She must have written to him finally for help. But the scoundrel would intercept his letter, take out the check, which Louis would send her to relieve her poverty and suffering, forge an endorsement and never tell her that the letter had come.

He often left her in abject want and probably sick as well as destitute. My father thot this was the case, in fact discovered it to be true after he found her once. Somehow she had managed to move to a small chicken ranch, most likely could not buy it, so she rented. It was near Ceres, a small town in

central California. I do not know if Ralph was there too or not, but it must have eeked out a living of sorts for her. My father traveled to see her once there and he was terribly grieved to find her so unhappy and in such dire circumstances. She never returned to her childhood home, so we, her nieces and nephews never knew her. It was a tragic story, and one that breaks my heart to tell it now.

Later, much later, when I was attending University at Berkeley, my father came one day to get me and we went together to attend Emma's funeral in San Francisco.

She was cremated and her crypt is in some mausoleum in San Francisco. I remember my father saying to me, "Even in death, Ralph laid his hand on her." For when the undertaker asked him if he would like to keep the nameplate off the casket, he replied, "No, it doesn't mean anything to me for that wasn't her name." Ralph had had inscribed on the plate, "Nuncie", which was a pet name he used for Emma, and which my father considered very foolish. He said "that silly name". I do not remember if any of us ever saw Ralph again, or whatever became of him. And so ended the life of sweet Emma.

Now it will be necessary to revert to the private life of Louis Tarke, for it was my original purpose to tell about him and I have sadly retrogressed.

First a little about the Hoke's and their story.

It was a fervent and deep thing this friendship of Peter Tarke and Frederick Hoke. It endured for a lifetime, witnessed their having moved to adjoining ranches and built homes identical in style. And her they both lived until their deaths.

Frederick Hoke was born in Germany in 1815 and migrated to the U.S. in 1844. He went to Iowa and lived there modestly. Six years later he came to California across the plains with ox teams, travelling with his boon companion, Peter Tarke. On his arrival Mr. Hoke engaged in mining and continued at it until 1855. Then he returned to Iowa and married Louisa Erke. Four children were born to this family. William Frederick, who died in 1922, Harmon August and two girls, Louisa and Alice. Frederick Hoke continued to reside in California after he had come there the second time.

But Mrs. Hoke went back East to visit friends and it was while she was on this trip that Harmon August was born. She started back to California when he was about six months old. Somewhere in the interim of his childhood, he contracted scarlet fever, which left him completely deaf and dumb.

Later he attended the State Dept. Dumb and Blind School in Berkeley and received a very good education. It was there that he met Miss Mary Edna Daggett of Oakland and they fell deeply in love. They were both very proficient in the art of the sign language with the hands, and it was a revelation of talent to watch these two people converse. I used to watch them open-eyed and mouthed in wonder. I even tried to learn to talk to them. But they moved their fingers at lightening speed and I

was never clever enough to keep up.

The couple had two daughters, Lova and Pearl. They were perfectly normal and both very pretty girls. I was a peculiar trait that the Hoke family was prone to have auburn hair, but I do not know which grandparents had it. But William, August, Lov

a and Pearl all had the same striking red hair, and it was curly too. There were no boys born in the third generation of Hokes, so the name has passed from the records.

William Hoke married and had one daughter, Hazel, by his first wife. She died very young and Mr. Hoke later married an attractive widow, Ella Jones, who had one son, Clair. One daughter was born of this union, Carol. The family is widely scattered now with many descendants, but none to carry on the name of "Hoke".

There is a family living in Sutter, Sutter County, near West Butte, whose name is Beecroft. Their mother's name was Erke, which makes them related to Hokes, through the original Miss Louisa Erke. We were schoolmates of the Beecroft children, all girls.

Family trees are intriguing, but confusing and much of this one may be, but I hope it is not too far from the truth.

There are some old friends, dating back to the original immigrants from Germany. In fact they are distant cousins from Mrs. Peter Tarke's family (the Stohlmann's). A third generation cousin, Analena Welter, has become very much interested in the family history and about three years ago, started compiling it. She was able to locate relatives in Germany--carried on extensive correspondence with them, and I believe is working intensely on the genealogy of the family. I have read some of the letters from an old gentleman, an uncle in Germany and his memory was remarkable. I hope to read it all some day.

As far as is remembered Mr. Tarke did not have a procession of flaming love affairs. He was a modest, unassuming man, who having once made up his mind about something, persisted on that one course until he accomplished his object. This was the way it was with his romance. It had been rumored that he showed some attention to a young lady, who, I believe was more a friend of the family's than particularly Louis's. They lived in Yuba City, which is near Marysville, about eighteen miles away. Her name was Lena Neukom and she often visited the Tarke girls. However, I can't say for sure that she and Louis were ever engaged.

For about his time Louis declared his love to his true sweetheart, Nancy Elizabeth Santee. She was the daughter of George Washington and Elizabeth Compton Santee. There were 2 sisters to Nancy, Geneva Robinson and Carrie Urilda. She Santee family lived on a small ranch at the cross-roads between West Butte and Noyesburg. Louis and "Nannie", and everybody called her, became engaged. She was a charming and beautiful girl, and had many admirers. But Nannie was ten years younger than Louis, and she felt much too young to settle down to the seriousness of

married life. I remember one suitor, a distant cousin of the Ralph Graves, who was Emma Tarke's husband. His family were well-to-do land owners of West Butte and pioneer settlers. Frank courted Nannie but he must have surmised that Louis had won her heart. It was a rather complicated situation. I remember my mother shyly telling me of the love affair once. So Frank Graves became interested in a Colusa girl, who was related to the Straub's of West Butte. Her name was Lillian Reagan (Zumualt) and soon they were married.

Louis must have loved Nannie very much. I know he did, because even tho' when "she did not want to be married so young", he told her he would wait. And he did - several years, I think.

But came the day for the wedding, May 13, 1890. It was a lovely sunny, springtime day, and a happy, joyous affair in the West Butte Community church. All the friends and neighbors for miles around were invited. I have had the great pleasure of treasuring some of their beautiful wedding gifts to this day. They were a very popular couple.

You see, Nannie was my mother. Her gorgeous wedding gown of silk lace over taffeta was made in the prevailing style with a tight, very tight bodice and full skirt. She wore a headdress of white chiffon with sprigs of white wax orange blossoms. I later wore some of these charming flowers on my head at my own wedding and I was very proud of them.

Mother kept her wedding dress for years and years and we girls loved to dress up in it when we played "lady".

The happy couple went to San Francisco and Santa Cruz on their honeymoon. They stayed at the Sea Beach Hotel at Santa Cruz high on a hill overlooking the Pacific Ocean. I saw the hotel once, but it was later demolished for more modern buildings. After their trip, the young couple returned to establish their new home at the Tarke Ranch.

Five children were born of this union - Anna Marie, Frieda Elizabeth (which is me), Frederick Louis, Elden Santee and George Washington. Thus began the third generation of Tarke's. And by the way I should explain about this family name. When Peter Tarke first came California he spelled his name "Take" and pronounced it German style, with two syllables "Tahka". However, few people would use this pronunciation, and mostly called him "Mr. Take". This irritated him so much that he said he would add an "r" - he would not be called "Mr. Take" - and so he did.

Anna was the first child. She was the pet of the entire establishment. She was an entrancing baby, as photographs of her show. She was above the average intelligence too. Taling fluently, not "baby talk" at nine months.

At this time and continuing for several years, there were two hired girls or "domestics" as they were called who came to live at our house, doing all sorts of housework and helping care for the baby. The first was Louisa _____, who came from

Germany and spoke broken English. We were very fond of her. I remember her best as a rather plain maiden lady, who was very good to us, tho' I think we were very mischievious and a great trial to her.

The second girl was Emma Meinert who had lived in Davenport, Iowa. She was lively and good-natured and I think she had her cap set for one of the eligible bachelors around Sutter County. She was quite pretty. However, she didn't marry until she returned to her native state. Then we lost all trace of her.

I was the second child of Louis and Nannie and I'm sure I was a dissappointment because I wasn't a boy. My mother once told me she knew when she had me that she would have to keep on having children until she had a boy, as heir so the family name wouldn't die out. And so she did, three of them, Fred, Elden and George.

It seems to have become an established custom to use the name "Frederick Louis" and next "Louis Frederick". At the present time the fourth generation exists.

Elden was not named for anyone, but my mother's sister, Aunt Geneva had heard and liked the name so my mother permitted her to name the boy Elden Santee, the maternal grandparents name.

By the way Aunt Neva, who we all loved very dearly, had been engaged to one of the young men whom Peter Tarke brot back to America with him on one of his trips to Germany. But her romance had a very tragic ending. The boy, Henry Belle, had returned to Germany, leaving Geneva here as his fiancee. He had completed his journey and had reached a city near Denver, when the train was wrecked and poor Henry was killed instantly. His body was brot back to West Butte, and he was buried in the family plot at Noyesburg Cemetary.

Poor Aunt Neva! It must have been a terrible shock to her. I don't think she recovered from it for years. Later, however she married a friend whom she had known for many years, George F. Straub. But her life was doomed to tragedy and she died in childbirth after only two years of happy married life.

When the third boy was born to Louis and Nannie, he was named for his mother's father, George Washington. Mother said she thot it would be nice when he grew up he could sign his name G.W. Tarke. But he never does, but uses the name George. He married a girl, Janette, whose father's name was Grover Cleveland Galbraith. She said their wedding invitations were certainly patriotic.

We were a happy, happy family growing up in loving tender care and protective circumstances. We were very sheltered and I don't remember having a care in the world until I grew up and left home.

I am now going to diverge and tell part of my story just as it come to me, not so much about "us" as about my father - as memory serves me. There's enough to tell many tales of our

wonderful childhood days.

My father was a generous, thoughtful provider and he never let anybody want for anything.

Seems we always had the old Chinese cook; he was always old, or looked old and careworn. I never remember when he first came to us. But these two Chinamen appeared from somewhere. Ane Ah At going to the Hoke Ranch and the other, TieOn, was ours. We pronounced his name "Owen", and just guessed at the spelling. He became a faithful and devoted member of the family, so to speak. He took a great interest in each of us, especially George for he was the baby at that time.

He never could learn to speak very good English, but we understood him perfectly. It was Pidgion Chinese, I suppose and his lack of English never made him shy of talking. He could not write nor read either Chinese or English. One time, my mother, thinking, it was a shame he couldn't read, attempted to teach him to read English. He just couldn't master the letters, and after a few fruitless trials, he said, "No can see Leadem B", gave up and that was the end of his education.

He and Ah of course had to sneak their way into California, for there was a strict quota of Chinese immigrations in those days, if they entered the country legally. It is a wonder he ever returned, for periodically (about every two years), he would make that perilous journey to China. He had to smuggle himself in and out by way of Mexico and work his way finally through San Francisco back to Marysville. He had a wife in China, whom he said he bought "velly cheap," and of course it was his prime ambition to have a family. It was a disgrace in Oriental countries not to have children. But all were at first girls, until finally once he returned in high glee because a son was born. He saved his money meticulously, talking only small amounts of his wages to send through a financial exchange to his wife. This old At, at Hoke's had some education and was a High-Binder, so he would read letters that came to Tie and also answer them for him, making all the arrangements to get the money eventually to his wife. At must have been honest, for they never seemed to have any trouble.

However, I do believe At did feel somewhat superior to Tie, having been born into a higher caste and having some education. At, of course could read recipes and he really was an excellent cook, whereas Tie had to just learn by experience and only knew the standard foods, that he could prepare by routine.

At could make "lady-fingers" - I fear they are things of the past, but oh what delicious lovely concoctions they were. He would sometimes bring some to our house for us and we all loved them. They were long strips of dough, like sponge cake, rounded on the ends (like fingers I suppose). When baked, he sprinkled or rolled them in powdered sugar. Of course poor Tie couldn't make them, and I don't think At would have told him how to do it anyway. It was just another of his superiorities.

Well old Tie just thot that there was nobody like

Louis Tarke ("Lou Tucky," he called him). When he would finally arrive in Marysville from his journey of several thousand miles to China, he would have some friends in Chinatown there or it was often a clerk at the Western Hotel, who knew Louis Tarke. One of these persons would telephone to us at home that our Chinaman had come back and please come and get him. We were always overjoyed to hear that he had returned safely. He would wait at the Stohlman Ranch at the Long Bridge, having come out from town on the Northern Electric R.E., which ran trains between Marysville and Colusa.

This was the end of his journey. If we hadn't met him, he would have had a long, dusty and hard walk from the Bridge. He always brot us something Chinese such as preserved fruit, dipped or rolled in coconut, Chinese candy and lichee nuts. What a peculiar smell everything he wore had! His luggage was in a long matting sack and I believe it smelled funny because he had smoked some opium with his friends in Chinatown. He would admit "he had tried a little" at some den in Marysville and of course it was illegal. He would also try his luck at a Chinese lottery, but I don't believe his tickets were ever lucky.

Poor old Tie! Simple life, simple pleasures, a simple and trusting faith in everybody, and always content with his lot. Indeed a lesson to the many people today who have so much and yet have never found happiness.

The last time he started back to China he was getting quite old. He always said he was "a hundred little more" but of course not really. He was only a tiny figure of a man and getting frail. That time he never came back.

He was a great singer, in Chinese and I can hear him in a fancy, droning his queer falsetto voice in those strange melodies, as he sat peeling potatoes, or went about the yard gathering eggs or some other little chore he had to do. Oh yes, as he washed dishes, he always sang, and perhaps it lightened his burdens, or he would be carried far, far away to his native land in memory. I guess he loved it, where his family was, but he realized he would never have a chance there, so he ventured to the new country, unafraid and willing work for his living.

He was very fond of all of us. Of course he didn't understand what Christmas was all about, but when we had the annual family tree, a happy event in our lives, he wanted to have a part in it. He would always ask Mama to get presents for each of us in Marysville. It was always ladies handkerchief for the ladies and men's handkerchiefs for the men and boys. He would come into the big front parlor where the tree was, all beautiful and the room decorated. We had strung pop-corn and cranberries for days before, and I have treasured some of the old ornaments to this day, spun glass angels, funny little clamps held tiny wax candles on the evergreen branches and candy canes. There were mesh stocking too for us children.

Mama always had presents for Tie too, a new sweater, slippers or something else nice.

After the presents were distributed, we would go back around the fire-place in the livingroom where Tie or somebody else would pop great poppersful of fluffy delicious popcorn, and there would be oranges, apples, candy and nuts, peanuts home-grown and roasted in the big kitchen oven. What a glorious, happy time it was!

It was characteristic of him that when I had been away at college and came home for Christmas, he wanted to give me a "presment" - he said a fountain pen, like he had seen someone have. And so Mama got it for him, a nice Waterman and I used it for a long time. They were very new then.

Later at my wedding, he brot me (I was married at home in a gala wedding celebration) a real Chinese teapot and six little cups, no handles or saucers, Chinese style. It was packed in a straw cozy. I have it yet and have always been so proud of it. He was a true friend, if there ever was one.

Our father was a modest man, and never thot of himself. He didn't seem to require much. Our mother used to say, he wouldn't ever have clothes to wear if she didn't insist that he get some. He would never think of a new suit or overcoat unless she told him he needed it and then he would get one.

But he was most generous and free with everyone around him. One time he got my sister and me and our three cousins, Effie, Henrietta and Donnella, cut and handsome little silver chatelaine watches for Christmas. It was the style then to wear them on chains around the neck, like lockets. We loved those little watches. The were not toys but real time-keepers. I could show you mine now, if you were here with me. The chain had a diamond-shaped slide, with a little blue turquoise set. The slide was used to tighten the chain around your neck.

Another time it was Christmas too, and Papa never paid too much attention to all the fuss and preparation going on. But after we'd had the tree and presents in the front parlor, which was almost sacroscant and used for only special occasions, then he said to Ann and me, "Come into the sitting room a minute". This was really the center of our family life and every evening, a glowing, roaring fire was throwing out it's warmth into the big room.

And when we came into the room, what a wonderful surprise greeted us. Papa had put on the mantle, two beautiful gleaming gold watches, standing in their velvet cases, one for Ann and one for me. Mine had a large solitare diamond set in the front cover with a crescent of smaller diamonds on one side. It was an Elgin. It had a long gold chain with a pretty engraved square slide. I don't seem to remember what Ann's was like but I think it was set with a single solitaire diamond.

But a gift was something extra to Papa's thinking and not just any trifle. Oh, we were delighted with our handsome gifts. They were so very beautiful. I was very proud to wear mine when I went back to college after vacation.

Louis became a man, much in demand for his good common sense and judgement, his wisdom and advise to young people, his respect and regard for every person, rich and poor. He could see good in every individual.

He was a member and later President of the Sutter High School Board of Trustees for many years. And his opinions and forward-thinking helped to build a modern High School building on a new campus about 1925. The original building was burned.

He was also director of banks in Marysville and Yuba City, always progressive and ambitious thot others often were not so. It was typical of him that when he would attend a "Bank Meeting" he would invariably bring back the twenty-five dollar fee and a large box of chocolates to Mama.

He paid our way through college, that is when I attended the University for five years and my sister San Jose and Santa Barbara State Normals for 3 years. She also had a year at Berkeley. And later he did the same for all three of his sons. As for myself, if I ever ran short of funds, I would write home and the money would be forth-coming. I don't think I became extravagant but I always had nice things and ever a few dollars to loan a roommate or a friend if she needed it. I appreciated his generosity and tried to made good use of my money. I remember that the only money I ever earned while I was at college was during two years when I was elected Treasurer of our House-Club, and tho' this paid only five dollars a month I was very proud to be able to earn a little money besides what came from home. I had my first experience with a bank checking account and it was good training for me. Papa explained his theory this way, the money situation, I mean. He would say about us girls, "If they need money bad enough, they will ask for it". But we always had plenty for he never refused.

To illustrate his humility and kindness, I remember that he would often ask a total stranger, in fact, a tramp who came walking down the road, with a roll on his back to come in and sit down and eat at our family table. Of course the regular hired men always ate with us, but they were different. We knew them so well, they were almost part of the family. But tramps were usually derelicts, dirty, uncouth, unshaven and rough of speech. I think many of them were mean and likely to steal or rob. But Papa was not afraid of them, in his trusting, loving-his-neighbor fashion. They were always welcome at his table. And if one came to the door between mealtimes, Tie had instructions to fix him a hand-out lunch. Many times I've seen him fix several sandwiches of great slices of bread with meat in between pieces of cake and cookies and whatever was on hand with great tin cups full of coffee. They never left his door hungry. How could they harm a man like that?

Perhaps if there were more of the milk of human kindness shown today, there wouldn't be so much crime. Who knows?

My mother did not approve of them coming to the table for sanitary reasons, she was sorry for them too. But Papa

persisted in his way and I don't think, in fact I'm sure, one less fortunate than he was never turned away.

It was the same with peddlars, who came travelling through the county. Sometimes one would have a horse and wagon, piled full of wares to sell. The horse would be fed too and given shelter, if the peddler stayed overnight.

I remember two of these travelling salesmen in particular. One was a little man, a Jew who had things to sell which are called "findings" in the world of sewing, such as needles, thread, pins, darning cotton, buttons, safety pins, embroidery scissors, etc. He kept his things in a big case like a cupboard with many drawers and shelves. It was lots of fun when he came. He had a Jewish name and we called him "Mr. _____ Something", but I can't think of it. He would bring his wares in on the big screen porch, take out the trays and spread out everything out for us to look at. He talked all the time, I suppose in Yiddish and was a very good salesman, or else Mama bought things from him out of sympathy or the kindness of her heart. He often ate lunch with us and I believe he sometimes stayed overnight. He had beautiful pieces of lace, embroidered insertion and ruffling and Mama would put it on our petticoats. I believe it was imported or smuggled.

Another regular comer was an old darky man. Oh, he much have been very old! He was coal black, his head was covered with snow white wool, his face was terribly wrinkled and he wore a curly white beard and moustache. He was bent and stooped. It was pretty hard to understand what he said. He didn't come to sell, but to collect junk, that is why we called him the Junk Man. Anything he could find in the way of iron, steel or other metals, and of course he could only pay a pittance for anything he fancied. He drove an ancient, decrepit horse and his little wagon was loaded with his gatherings.

I was always fascinated by his poor old feet. There were encased in heavy, hard, stiff shoes. It must have hurt to even draw them onto his poor, old, tired feet. However, he was always pleasant and jolly and full of stories about his adventures. He could always pick up some pieces of old plows, harrows, rakes, pieces of pipe, old wagon tires, and whatever had been discarded around the ranch. He would load it all onto his rickety old wagon. He sometimes stayed all night, and next morning after a hearty breakfast, would go happily on his way. We didn't even know his name, or where he came from. We wouldn't see him again until he appeared out of nowhere - that would be about once a year. He would seem to be about the same, with the same schedule as on the last trip, only of course older, more stooped, more wrinkled and more feeble. At last, he just didn't come any more and that was the end of another staunch and true old friend.

My father was explicitly a man of his word. If he promised something, he would fulfill that promise, if it were the last thing he ever did. I so well remember that at my

wedding, which was a large country community one, he had told an old cousin of his, Charley Stohlman, that the ceremonies were set for eight o'clock. Charley said, "It might be kind of hard to get there just on time - you know so many chores at home and everything you know". "That's all right", Papa said. " We'll wait for you, Charley, if you're a little late, it won't matter." Well Mother objected to this because she thot it was bad luck to postpone a wedding. But luckily Charley wasn't late so there weren't any complications. But Papa would have kept his word no matter what happened.

Papa didn't approve of any kind of nonsense. When my brothers grew up and began to court some girl of their choice around the country, he would notice their absence a little too often evening after evening and remind them that there was too much galavanting going on. But there was never any misunderstanding between him and his boys.

He liked a good joke. You could be sure if he told one, it was really humorous. He got so much fun out of Kolb and Dill, Dutch comedians who were in their prime at this time. In fact they were so popular around the country, that a group of friends and neighbors made up a party, including Mama and Papa and went to San Francisco to see Kolb and Dill at the Orpheum Theater. It must have been a merry party and they thoroughly enjoyed the show and the trip for they talked about it long afterward. Papa would laugh whole-heartedly when something funny or comical appealed to him. Often at the long dining room table in the kitchen, where the hired men always ate with the family, he would regale the folks around the table with a story that would make everybody laugh. My sister and my brothers have inherited this trait from him and have a good sense of humor.

He was very good to the men who worked for him. They had their own quarters, in two places in fact. One was in the big old bunkhouse built in the big tool and wagon shed, the other was on the second floor, adjoining the main house and over the kitchen. The men were always welcome and expected to come into the livingroom around the fireplace after supper. As they always retired early, they wouldn't stay long.

The room would be almost crowded with all of the men and all of the family, Papa in his big leather rocker, reading the Sacramento Bee, a daily paper, but it always came a day late because of our slow mail service. Mama reading "The Christian Herald", or "The Ladies Home Journal" or sewing. We children doing our school lessons or reading. There was a book which Ann and I nearly wore out with reading it so much. It was Grimm's Fairy Tales and we read it not only in the din of the evening but often stole away quitely to re-read it during the day.

Yes, it was a cheerful, homey, happy scene, evening after long winter evening. The men would enjoy the sparkling, blazing fire in the huge fireplace. He had an abundance of splendid logs and other wood, for the Slough grew all kinds of trees, willow, oak, cottonwood and sycomore suitable for burning.

Every fall it was the custom to chip and haul up to the house load after load of logs. Then they would have to be chopped or sawed into lengths suitable for burning and piled nearby. Also there would be an immese pile of shorter lengths put in a woodshed at the back of the house to be used in the kitchen range. An old stove was also used in the laundry shed, to heat the big washboilers. There some vast washings were done once a week regularly every Monday morning. The clothes were hung on long lines, a great many of them in the big back yard. It was one of Tie's jobs to help hang clothes and I can hear him singing now, as he straightened the countless sheets, carefully matching the corners, as Mama had taught him to do. She was very particular too, to have the white pieces hung on the sunny lines, to get lots of sunshine and the colored clothes in the more shady and secluded spots. Tie became very proficient and those lines and lines of immaculate washings were sights to see. Many, many basketfuls of clothes, big wicker backets they were, were carried out of the wash house across a little plank bridge and up on the levee, there to flap in the breeze and get fresh and white.

About sundown, they had to all be taken down, and brot into the kitchen. Then they must be sprinkled, rolled up and packed again into the baskets to be ironed the next day. We had so much to iron, there were so many of us, that two ironing boards were necessary, set up in the kitchen between the long table and chairs. Of course there were no electric irons, so sad irons were used, kept heated on the range, I think no one could realize the work required to keep a large family like our supplied with fresh, clean clothes, beautifully ironed. Clothes were starched then too, and how lovely they looked when the were finished, sometimes with so many ruffles, and the men's shirts had to have the collars and cuffs pressed real stiff.

I forgot to ask if you ever saw one of the first washing machines ever invented? They were indeed great inventions. But they did a perfect job with a job of dirty clothes in a big tub of hot suds - that is if somebody stood and turned the wheel or jerked the handle back and forth to rotate the dasher long enough. The succeeded in abolishing the old wash boards which were such drudgery to use and so lightened the work of many an over-worked housewife and mother.

I have digressed again to my surprise. I was telling about the happy evenings around the fireplace and did not finish my tale.

Perhaps someone would say "Let's play a game". Then would follow a merry session of some lively and popular game such as Pedro, 500, Pinochle, Hearts, Old Maid, Pit, Checkers, Crocinole, or others I have forgotten.

Often there would be music on the phonograph, one of those early model gramaphones, an Edison, with the big morning-glory horn and cylinder records. Papa would always get an innovation like that when it would first come on the market. He wanted to keep abreast of all the new inventions. We all

loved the music and the comedians. No matter how many repetitions we loved it just the same. Of course there was no plugging into an electric wire, but just a crank that wound up a spring. But who cared if you forgot to wind it up tight enought and it ran down with a wail and a descending scale of sound. Just rewind it and start again.

We also had a music box that few will recall. I believe it was brot from Germany, but I am not certain, possibly not. The music was exquisite. It was produced like a player piano by a large metal disc about fifteen inches in diameter with short tiny teeth from indentations in the disc, rolling over the disc. Of course the teeth had been planned exactly according to the musical scale. The power was supplied by winding a spring with a hand crank. The sound was like chimes, but very musical. It was a complicated, ingenious contrivance and we never got our fill of the lovely music. The best of the classics was hidden in those magic discs. Strauss waltzes, Mendelsohn, Wagner, Liszt, of course all instrumental, because it could not reproduce a voice. This was our Regina, the grand music box. The joy we had from the Edison and the Regina! We listened to them over and over again, and then repeated the concert the next evening.

There was also an organ in the livingroom. After Ann and I learned to play on it; to pedal, to adjust the many stops we often played on this instrument in the evening too, mostly hymns from the different church song books, and what fun it was! There was a high back to the organ, decorated with carved and indented designs in the wood. It was the most beautiful organ of it's kind I have ever seen. Mama could play on it too, but she didn't often perform. She had a sweet high voice and I loved to have her sit at the organ and sing away so happily to her own accompaniment.

After Tie had finished his dish-washing and straightening up the kitchen after supper, he would steal into the sittingroom to be a little while with the family. He would amuse himself looking at a magazine for a few minutes, most likely one with a "velly pletty" girl on the cover. Of course he might very well hold the magazine upside down, for he couldn't read a word, but he enjoyed the large highly-colored advertisements.

Then he might take a notion to prepare a treat for the group. If the blaze wasn't too high in the fireplace, just a hot bed of coals, all red and glowing, he would get the corn popper from the corner cupboard, the ears of red and white popcorn, shell some off the ears by rubbing them together or with his fingers. When everything was to his liking, he would sit down in front of the fireplace, hold the popper (it was a screen, square shaped box with a tight cover and a long handle) at the proper distance from the red-hot coals and proceed to pop the corn. He was a master at producing a popperful of delicious snow white, curly popcorn, knowing just how close to hold it and how long, so as not to char it coal black. If you weren't