

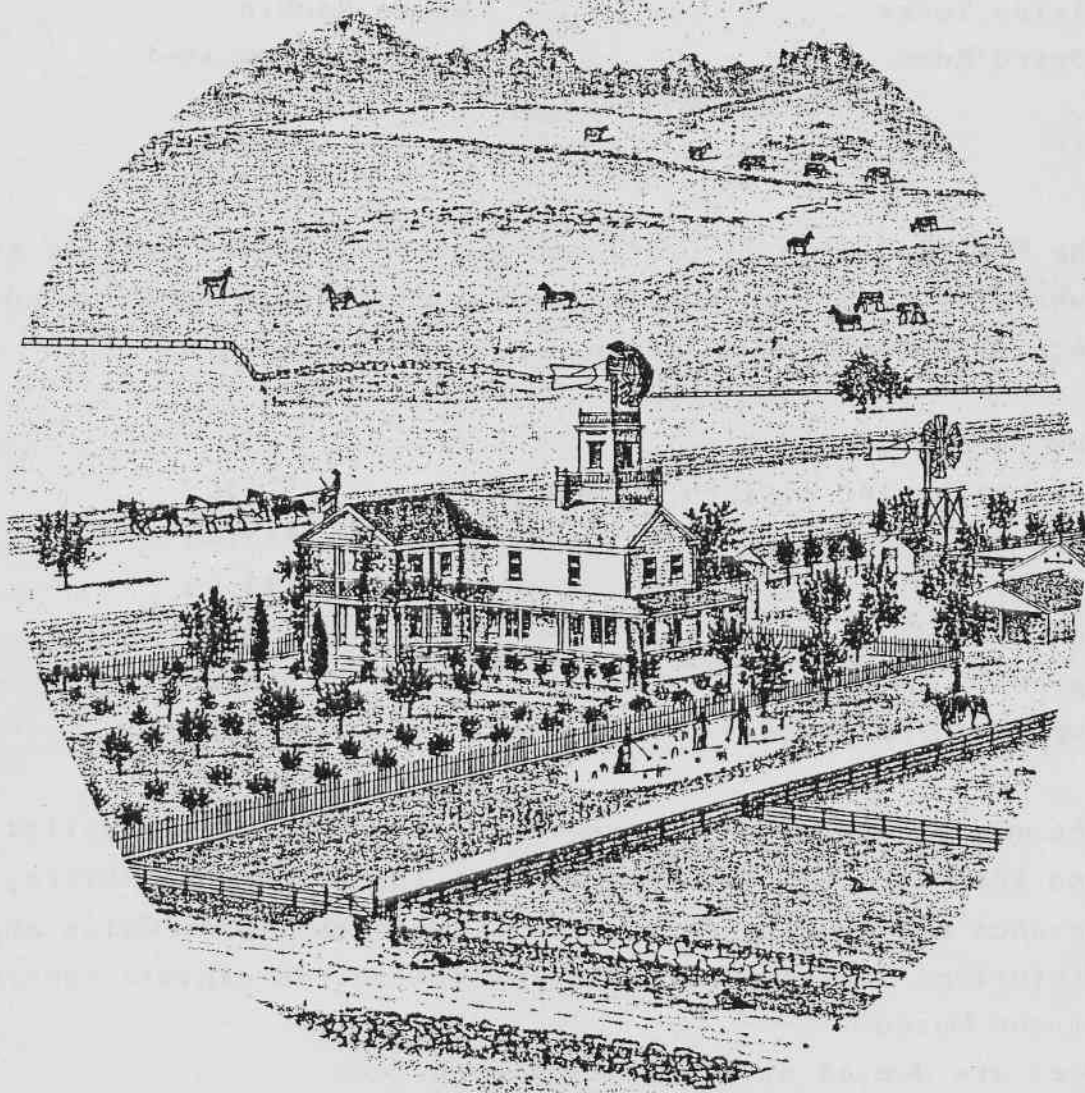
SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWS BULLETIN

Vol. XXIX No 4

Yuba City, California

OCTOBER 1988



RESIDENCE AND RANCH OF FREDERICK TARKE WEST BUTTE SUTTER CO 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
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 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

THE OCTOBER HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETING WILL BE HELD
AT THE COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM ON TUESDAY, OCT.
18th AT 7:30 P.M.

JACQUELINE LOWE, THE DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM, WILL
PRESENT A SLIDE SHOW ON THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT
THAT GOES ALONG WITH THE PRESENT EXHIBIT NOW SHOWING.

IT WAS WITH REGRET WE FOUND IT NECESSARY TO CANCEL
THE JULY SOCIETY MEETING. THE OFFICERS AND SOME MEMBERS
OF THE BOARD WERE AWAY OR ILL AND THE SPEAKER ALSO
HAD ILLNESS IN HER FAMILY.

DON'T GIVE UP. WE MAY HAVE THAT ICE CREAM YET.

WE HAVE COOKBOOKS IN OUR GIFT STORE THAT MAKE VERY
EXCELLENT PRESENTS FOR MANY OCCASIONS. ALSO THERE ARE
LOVELY GIFT BOXES ALREADY PACKED WITH ITEMS FOR YOU TO
TAKE HOME FOR THE UNEXPECTED GIFTS NEEDED AT THE LAST
MINUTE AT CHRISTMAS TIME. THERE IS A LADY'S BOX, A CHILD'S
BOX AND THE SUTTER BUTTES BOX AND FAMILY HISTORY BOX
WOULD BE SUITABLE FOR ANYONE.

DO COME IN ANY LOOK OVER THE MANY INTERESTING ITEMS
WE HAVE ON DISPLAY FOR YOUR SHOPPING NEEDS.

Director's Report

"Fasten your seat belt, we're in for a bumpy ride." This is a historical journal so most of you should recognize this paraphrase from the movie "All About Eve" starring Bette Davis. When September begins and things here at the Museum begin hopping again after the summer lull and we look down the road and see no respite till after Christmas, it looks like a bumpy ride indeed. Bumpy, perhaps, but lots of fun and very exciting. Kicking off our fall/winter busy season was the September Salad Luncheon on September 8. A perennial favorite, the luncheon is always a success and this year was no exception with 106 people enjoying the delicious salad and delightful company. Not far behind the luncheon, the "California Woman Suffrage" exhibit opened September 26 and will run through November 19. The exhibit, while on loan from the Women's Heritage Museum in San Jose, is truly a community effort. Ten local women's organizations united to sponsor the exhibit at the Museum. They are the American Association of University Women, Bogue Country Club, John Sutter Business and Professional Women, League of Women Voters of Marysville-Yuba City, Live Oak Women's Club, Native Daughters of the Golden West, Peach Bowl Area Council of Beta Sigma Phi, Soroptimists International Marysville-Yuba City, Valley Quilt Guild, and Yuba County Republican Women. A special reception honoring the sponsoring organizations was held October 1 and each organization is meeting at the Museum sometime during the run of the exhibit.

Around the Museum say "autumn" and we instinctively think "Christmas". The leaves may just have started falling from the trees, but we are already thinking rain, tinsel and Santa Claus. This year for Christmas we are also thinking peacocks, art deco and beautiful, shiny, hand-made ornaments for the big Museum Christmas tree. Once-a-month workshops started in September, but there is still time for you to join us Monday, October 17 and Wednesday, November 9 in making all kinds of elegant ornaments. The workshops are always enjoyable. Participants learn to make new kinds of ornaments and meet new people -- all while donating time and talent to the Museum. All of the ornaments made at the workshops will, of course, make their debut on the Museum Christmas tree at the Museum Commission's gala fund raiser "Trees and Traditions" on Saturday, December 10, but if you want to get a sneak preview, come on Thursday, December 8 for Decoration Day and help the Museum put on its holiday face.

In addition to "Trees and Traditions", in December the Museum will also play host to the community on Monday, December 19 with its annual Christmas Open House. On that day the Museum is filled with the rich aroma of hot, mulled apple cider and freshly baked cookies. A special children's program featuring Angela Woodrow, puppeteer, will take place at 1:00. Open house will be from 10:00 to 4:00, please join us for holiday cheer in the form of refreshments, entertainment and last minute shopping in "Past and Presents" the Museum gift store.

Happy holidays from the Museum staff and commission.

Jackie Lowe

CONTRIBUTIONS TO TRUST FUND AND AG. BUILDING FUND

Hap & Marie Campbell	In memory of Ethel Beatrice Griffin
Hap & Marie Campbell	In memory of Earl Everett
Dewey Gruening	In memory of Arthur Elbert Derby
Johanna & Orlin Schuler	In memory of Lavene Young
Wanda Rankin	In memory of Leon Webb
Loretta D. & Burwell Ullrey	In memory of Leon D. Webb
Loretta D. & Burwell Ullrey	In memory of Ada Lavene Dixon Young
Roy & Kay Goodman	In memory of Maude Roberts
Hap & Marie Campbell	In memory of Diane Lynn Morse
Louie & Betty Schmidl	In memory of Eula Weis
Dewey Gruening	In memory of Page Atwater
Jack & Helen Heenan	In memory of Margaret Clyma Triplett
Walt & Celia Ettl	In memory of Gail Glenn
Hap & Marie Campbell	In memory of Robert E. Jensen
Wanda Rankin	In memory of Bertha Lantz
Bart & Donna Edwards	In memory of George N. Atwood
Marnee Crowhurst	In memory of Grace Ruth
Marnee Crowhurst	In memory Louis Cairo
Phyllis & Warren Hall	In memory of Leon Webb
Mr. & Mrs. Joe M. Serger	In memory of Frank (Dutch) Johnson
J.A. Benatar & Daniel L. Hewitt	In memory of Angelo Giusti
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Mr. & Mrs. Newell Burtis	In memory of Kay Fong
Mr. & Mrs. Bob Bryant	In memory of Ruth Hust
Mary Carnegie	In memory of Phyllis M. Paxton
Mr. & Mrs. Joe Serger	In memory of Mrs. James Andreason
Howard & Ruth Anthony	In memory of Ernest W. McKinnon
Mrs. Gerald F. Allen & Family	In memory of Marie W. Brown
Linda & Scott Leone	In memory of Gertrude Simmons
Mr. & Mrs. Lee DeWitt	In memory of Marie Brown
Howard & Ruth Anthony	In memory of Robert B. Renton
Mr. & Mrs. Leroy Davis	In memory of Lawerance M. Nall
Loadel Piner	In honor of Eleanor Boyd's service to Museum
Fred & Helen Covell	In memory of Addison Jacobson

Papa was progressive. I will illustrate why I say this. Long before refrigeration was invented or discovered, in order to have the benefit of preservation of foods, and realizing that the household needed some way to cool food, he devised, and had built at a hardware store in Marysville, a "cooler". It consisted of a large round zinc tank set in a large tray with an upstanding edge about 1½ inches high so it would hold water. Inside this big tank, was another identical in shape, but smaller with built-in shelves of wooden slats, which were removable so they could be cleaned. There was a large door with double walls too.

Now when this "cooler" was installed on the side porch where a big windmill pumped a steady stream of cold water whenever the wind blew, the water would circulate all through the walls, and run out through an outlet pipe on one side. It ran away to the pipe into the yard adjacent to the porch. So it really killed two birds with one stone. It was an entrancing sight where the little stream flowed winding through Mama's ferns and plants and shrubs, on and on, and watering lemon, orange, figs, effortlessly keeping the yard wet. There were also geraniums, lemon-verbena, roses, and oleander. It was a delightful place to play in the summertime. The boys would make little wooden boats or ships, whittling them with their jack-knives and putting up little paper sails on sticks and float them down the river to far away places. Maybe they pulled them with strings because they had no power of their own. I can hear the boys laughing and shouting as they raced their little sailboats, and the big old wind mill clanking and churning away and it pumped the water up into the cooler. It would pound and hammer away, making a sucking sound all day and even all night. There was a long handle fastened to a rope that could be tied down and stop the pumping when necessary, like when a hard north wind came up, as it often did and the wind mill would pump itself to pieces if it weren't shut off. This never did happen tho'. Above the cooler was a pipe and faucet, attached to a pipe coming down from the hill, which brought cool, refreshing, drinking water from the reservoir there.

I can see the lazy bees and yellowjackets humming and buzzing over the little river, sipping a cool drink on a hot afternoon. You know those insects will never drink from standing water. It must be running and so fresh and lucky they were to have such a convenient drinking place.

There was a tree in the yard that I was afraid to play near, or even walk under. I had been told or heard somewhere that it was deadly poison. It was a pink oleander, which is attractive, with pretty red, white or pink blossoms and evergreen leaves. Someone said a child had put some oleander leaves in her mouth and she died from the poison. So I, well all of us, kept our distance from that tree, as well as a row of them along the road in front of the house. However, this fear of poison from these trees has not prevented people or towns from planting them and they are very attractive. The terrible story served to teach us to remember to be very careful about these poison trees (if they really are).

In order, to not omit any of the activities that occupied Louis Tarke's time, I want now to describe a project to which he

gave much energy and study. I refer to the reclamation of the valuable lands in Sutter County, which had been subject for long years to flooding. He had acquired his holdings in a district which lay mostly between the great Sacramento River and a tributary to it called the Butte Slough. This was some of the most fertile and productive land in the State of California. At the time of his acquisition and subsequently, the cultivation of it, this land was subject to inundation from these streams, especially in wet years. These acres were sparsely settled at this time. The farm houses were situated along country roads, often far apart and the owner protected their ranches as best they could with levees which they built themselves. This was a heartbreaking task, for the levees were inadequate and often broke under pressure of a mighty flood, and this created great damage and destruction.

Later however, Mr. Tarke, having long studied the flood problem, devised a system of levees which would protect this large acreage, approximately eighteen thousand acres. It lay mostly between the Sacramento and the Butte Slough. This was exceptionally rich and fertile soil, prevailing alluvial, which means land added to a shore or riverbank by water action. It was flooded so often that silt and other productive essentials were added to the fields.

Mr. Tarke realized that this section of land needed protection from these destructive floods, if it was ever to develop properly. He spent much time organizing and establishing an irrigation and flood-control district in this very locality. So eager was he to see this accomplished and completed, that he devoted his skill and energy and fervor to securing local and state aid for the momentous project. He went so far in 1915 as to campaign for the State Legislature. He served for two years as a member of the Assembly in the notable legislature of 1917. He had campaigned strenuously on the campaign of reclamation and flood-control. At his insistence, he succeeded in having his dream come true, and in obtaining the aid of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. This body worked over the flood and irrigation problems and later corrected nature's mistakes by building miles and miles of immense levees under new surveying techniques. This was done with Federal Funds and local irrigation taxes from "District 70" as the newly formed Reclamation venture was called. Now, since the initial goal had been reached, there was much more to be done.

This all happened before the dream of a giant dam across the Sacramento at it's head-waters. This apparently controls the excess waters at the present time. And perhaps the flood control was meant to be worked out, as it was then, by men of vision and ingenuity like my father.

He devoted much of his time seeing that all went well in the organization and development of the new Levee District.

I remember so well how consecrated he was to the task he

felt was his while in the Legislature. He was uncertain of the meaning of the term "agenda" but understood well when it was pointed out to him, it meant the importance of getting new laws that hoped to be passed or adopted, onto the program or time schedule of the Assembly, so they could be brot before the house before adjournment. I was proud to help him formulate a speech he delivered before that body, in which he presented his proposition in person. I also typed it for him, with a few minor suggestions. I have often wished to have a copy of the speech, but would not know where to find it, except perhaps in the Records of the Assembly.

Well, in due course of time, an organization was developed involving lands on both sides of the Sacramento River in Colusa and Sutter Counties. It was set up as a Board of Trustees of District 20. Officers were elected, with Mr. Tarke as President, Aderbine Wood as Secretary and Lon Summy as Treasurer. Meetings were held monthly, I believe in the town hall of Meridian and many prominent men of both counties served on the Board. Mr. Tarke attended faithfully and regularly, riding all over the District in his little buggy and driving his wiry little horse, Minnie. Many, many miles he drove and Mama used to worry greivously when he was late coming home because the meeting was long and he was detained. Especially anxious she was, because Minnie was shy and nervous, and could easily have been frightened at some unexpected object and run away. But he never had an accident.

Also in the Legislature, Papa had been disturbed by "lobbyists", a new species of vultures that he had never encountered before. He would tell us when he returned home on weekends from the Legislature sessions that a certain man, or group of men, had approached him and made him an offer. "Say, if you will vote for our bill (something he had not studied much, so did not know exactly the right or wrong of it), we'll vote for your Reclamation Bill for District 70." This of course was political but dishonest and the worst kind of politics. He never got involved but no doubt lost "friends" because he stayed aloof and remained honest and true to his convictions. What a sorry set - that the Lobbyists have become in modern days! But my father wanted no part of it! How characteristic this was of the man!

But the drain on his energy and health began to tell, especially after his labors at the Legislature. He was always frail and he suffered a serious illness after the meetings were adjourned for the year. My mother had stayed with him and they had nice rooms at the Hotel Land near the Capitol. She would not leave him alone there, but in spite of this, his physical condition deteriorated. He was too conscientious and fearful that he would not serve his constituents well. Heart trouble, from which he had always suffered, increased in severity from that time on.

However, you can't keep a good man down and his interest

and labor for District 70 never faltered. There was much to be done since the U.S. Government was now definitely overcome. There were also objectors to be won over to the new plan of reclamation, in fact there were some who were down-right enemies and my father took many a taunt from some short-sighted person, who could not see the benefits ahead or did not want to pay increased taxes. But he took it all courageously and fought on for what he believed was right.

District 70 today has been tremendously developed and has increased to a much greater value. A great system of levees has been built. They had been enlarged to about twenty feet in height before the last great flood in ____?____ but still disaster came. In spite of their gigantic size, as wide at the base as they were high, a break caused by a gopher hole, where the water could seep, or by a weak place in the levee could suddenly release a great volume of water and then would come a flood. This was all before the days of gasoline and diesel-powered tractors and Caterpillar-drawn huge farm machinery, and all of this levee-building was done with horses. Local labor was used to do the work. Many of the fertile acres were plowed, then piled high along the banks of the river by heavy horse-drawn scrapers. It was a sight to see these hard-working men behind a powerful team of horses, guiding them to pull a scraper-full of dirt to just the right spot, then by pulling a long, rope attached to the handle on the scraper, to dump it at the proper moment and pile up the great levee higher and higher.

To take care of this huge system of levees required maintenance crews under the supervision of the Board of Directors. It was a constant expense too, because the men had to live on the spot, and have sleeping and eating quarters. that meant cooks as well as laborers.

With this constant supervision, it would be supposed there would never be another break in the levee. But as I have said the last one did come in 1940. Some have surmised that the breaks were not caused by an act of God, but were deliberately engineered by parties on opposite sides of the river. For instance, if the water was very high near the town of Meridian, some scoundrel land-owner, near the danger point, could sneak across the river, set off a charge of dynamite on the levee, blow a great hole in it and thus relieve the terrible pressure on the Sacramento side. Thus the flood waters could pour through the hole on the Colusa side. There were many lawsuits over just such suspicious occurrences but I don't think anybody was ever convicted of the crime.

I believe it now behooves me to tell in some detail just what happened when the levee did break on the Sutter side, and the disastrous results that followed.

Because the River and the Slough both have a tremendous fall, or slope toward the low lands and the Pacific Ocean and there is drainage from such a vast plain, when the levee breaks

and the waters escape, there comes an accumulation of volume, momentum and depth. They create a frightening noise, because of so much movement both in speed and power. It sounds like the voice of destruction, chaos, with supernatural force, intent on destroying everything in it's path. All are combined in one fearful drive with disregard for all life or order.

I have stood on the shore of this ocean of "high water", that is far from the natural shore, and watched and listened. Immense trees, uprooted by the sheer strength of the mighty flood-waters go whirling by caught in the vortex of this horrible volume of uncontrolled water. A section of a panel fence passes, boards and wire all twisted and tangled and mingled with a swirling mass of debris. This terrible sea of water, smothered in a cloak of white and yellowish foam, angry, restless, insatiable, furious and cavorting like a mad devil. All are churned to violent rage by the sheer rotation of the motion of the water.

There is a melancholy moaning, as it were a cry of exultation, that accompanies all this melee. There is no escaping it's refrain. Sometimes there goes rushing by all that remains of a house, a roof, a piece of steps, huge lengths of lumber, broken boards that once belonged somewhere, or even a car body, old or perhaps new.

Saddest of all, you might spot an animal, a horse, a cow, a sheep, a pig, now dead and distorted, the carcass carried along without protest, having succumbed in the mighty stream of the flood waters. No life could survive. Though the irony of this tale is almost comical, I heard my brother, Fred tell that one time, as he stood on one of the huge levees, watching the high waters rushing by, his eye caught an object on a small log bobbing along. It was a ground squirrel almost merrily showing off. But in reality the poor little creature was enduring the most frightful episode of his life. He did not seem to realize his terrible danger. He rode out of sight and who knows? Did he reach a safe harbor at last, or did fate turn over his bouncing log, and cast him to his death in the flood?

My sister lived in this flood section, protected by these huge, supposedly invulnerable levees. Their home was two-storied and represented years of planning, labor, construction and individual effort. One year the levee broke about a mile and a half north of them and the floods came. Understand that these vast volumes came only after unusual periods of rain and storm, that sent so much water coursing down the river that it could not contain it. A break just had to come as the only relief. I did not see the flood then, only heard their vivid description of it some months afterward. The catastrophe was real. Later on a visit to her we were shown relics of the destruction that took place. "Look at the sewing machine", she said, "Open the drawers". I tried to but I couldn't. They were stuck shut filled to the top with dried mud and silt. This was the peculiar, sticky, slick residue left by

all muddy, churning, grasping, demolishing waters of unusual origin and demonical intent.

Nearby lived my brother George. His nearly new early California style home had been inundated too, of course. Ruin was apparent but in neither case, Ann or George, were the houses moved off their foundations. Sticks, rubbish, trash and refuse were everywhere, as if a bunch of giants had had a free-for-all struggle all around the house outside of it. "Look at the ceiling," said Janette, George's wife. "In the livingroom." It had been such a pretty room. "Guess what those marks are?" I saw some huge gashes or dents in the beautiful white plaster ceiling, as if someone had tried to gouge holes in the floor above to gain entrance. "That's where the piano kept hitting the top, as it floated around in the water in the house," she said. Outside the devastation was appalling, too.

It took weeks, even months for the oozy, nasty mud to dry, and then everything looked ugly. Leaves of shrubs and bushes and trees were covered with a coat of dried silt that would take a long time to get rid of.

I can recall only one fatality, tho' very possibly there were others. This was the death of a woman who took the awful chance of driving down the road on top of the levee. The might of the water through the awesome break was ahead of her, caught her car, and she was swept away in the current. Neither the car nor the woman was ever seen again.

Well enough about these gruesome floods. For the authorities say there will never be another. Progressive development and prosperity have followed the establishment of Reclamation District 70. Several real estate development agencies became interested in farming here because of the almost fabulous productive ability of the land, invested and brot outside capital which helped to bring success. Today it is a prosperous highly developed section of California, and I doubt if an acre of the District would be for sale at any price. I wanted to illustrate for you the energy and courage of my father and his persistence in achieving results which he thoroughly supported and in which he believed. No cost was too great, and he forgot all about himself in his zeal for some goal that would help others.

I have inadvertently omitted an incident which helped to show his great progressiveness. He had learned about acetylene lights almost as soon as they were invented and perfected. So after a dreadful catastrophe happened to some very dear friends of his, this was in 1911, I believe, he had them installed.

Before we had used coal oil or kerosene lamps all over the house. I have thot it a wonder and a great blessing that thru' all our childhood days, carrying lamps all around, upstairs and down, climbing the long stairways to our rooms with a live flame in our hands, we never once had an accident, no burns or close-calls.

But after Papa heard of the disaster that happened to Mr.

and Mrs. Charley Moore near Sutter City, he seemed to fear some trouble with kerosene lamps.

It happened this way. Mrs. Moore was sewing one evening, seated in front of her sewing machine. It was getting dark, so in order to see her work, she lit a stationary oil-lamp and stood it on the machine near her. As she busily pulled the material under the fob, suddenly by a jerk or movement of her hand, she knocked over the flaming lamp. Instantly the gauzy window curtains caught fire and blazed up out of control. She was alone, could not summon help. She could save only a few pieces, tho' she did her best. It was a beautiful new Colonial home - white with green shutters. In almost less time that it takes to tell about it, the house was completely destroyed.

She did however, think of a handsome cedar chest, almost completely filled with handmade things of her daughter, Nydia, who was soon to be married. As quickly as she could she ran upstairs; she could not move the heavy chest, but she grabbed armsful of the lovely things so carefully put away for a wedding day and ran downstairs. She barely escaped being trapped and burning up alive. A mother's devotion? The Moore's had worked hard for many years, farming and dairying and had saved frugally to build the new home. I remember one odd, but very attractive thing that hung in a doorway of the home. It was a portiere made of seed-pods from eucalyptus trees strung on cord. It had taken hours and hours to make, and was so beautiful. All gone up in smoke, in a few minutes like the new home, Mrs. Moore said after the smoke and flames died down, days afterward, she and the girls went to look for their new silverware in the ashes of the ruins. They found a pile of molten silver, all that was left, unrecognizable as knives or spoons or forks. A sorrowful tragedy indeed.

But, as I said, Papa seemed to have given serious thought to the dangers of coal oil lamps. So as soon as possible, he sent for the salesman of acetylene gas lamps and had them installed.

It was about this time that he purchased his first automobile. It was a "Great Smith", obsolete now of course. But it had acetylene headlights and perhaps these, as an innovation helped to convince him to get a new kind of lighting for the house. For all in all kerosene lamps were very dangerous.

Another instance of his thoughtfulness, quick thinking and devotion. One evening when the whole family was in the kitchen eating supper, someone had built up a blazing fire in the fireplace, in short, had just put on too many logs. Someone of us children had a bad cold and Mama had been rubbing his throat with turpentine and oil, an old-fashioned but much used remedy at that time. She had set the bottle on the mantle.

Now that fierce, too hot fire blazed up so quickly it heated the bottle of turpentine so hot, it caught fire and broke

into flames. Somebody heard the roar of the flames. Papa always so alert and heedless of danger to himself, rushed from the table, thru the long halls and into the sitting room. Quick as a flash he seized the fiercely blazing bottle, ran out into the porch with it and threw it out in the yard. It was a miracle that the bottle did not explode in his face. But enough damage was done. His hands were practically cooked. For want of a better remedy, Mother quickly grated new potatoes into a large tin milk pan and immersed those poor, scalded, burned hands in it. The pain must have been very severe. But Mama's first-aid did help. She said so much fire was drawn out of those blistered and scorched hands that the great pan of potatoes were cooked. How Papa must have suffered! The rest of his life he bore the scars on his hands. There were never any pores or hair on them. But he saved our lives and our precious home from being destroyed. Such bravery is not common, I think.

Another thing that showed his provision and care for his family. In order to have adequate and proper water supply for the home and everything around it, Papa conceived the idea of a reservoir. It was built on a hill about one half mile from the house at quite an elevation and above any danger of pollution from sewage or flood waters. I don't know the height or the capacity of the large galvanized tank that was installed there. Of course a good well had been dug or drilled first, and a large powerful windmill set up. The drop to the house gave a strong force to the water coming down the hill through the maze of pipes to the house and all through the barnyard. We could always use at least three or four sprinklers and had ample water for everything.

It was wonderful water, good-tasting, cool and soft. The well on the hill was so deep it never slacked, and the circular reservoir, cement-lined and covered with a heavy shingle roof kept the water at a low temperature.

What an exciting adventure it was to walk up to the windmill, along the winding path, usually with Mama and Papa. There was from this height a beautiful panorama in every direction, giving an entirely different perspective of the Buttes. We seemed so much nearer to them. Papa would lift the big heavy door to the reservoir to see how high the water was below. We could shout through the opening and get some reverberating sounds and echoes over and around the water, that gave us great fun.

Later when my brother Elden was old enough my father told him it would be his responsibility to keep the big windmill oiled so it would never squeak or run dry. He was very faithful - and so was the industrious windmill.

This reminds me of a special task allotted to my brother Fred at the same time. George was much too young then. High up under the gable of the big shed (it was really a combination granary, toolshed, blacksmith shop and storage shed for farm machinery, wagons and vehicles, etc.) High on top was a little

weather vane, so-called but it was really a wind-vane, a cute yellow rooster standing guard on one foot. It was made of iron, and many times I have looked at it to see from what direction the wind was blowing.

Now inside this big shed is a large pigeon loft, built in a corner of the west gable about twenty-five feet up. A tight fitting door in front of it was kept closed by a latch. It could only be reached by climbing a heavy stationary ladder on the front. The pigeons could enter by a little square holes in the front wall, near the floor. Outside there was a little step or space in front of each little door. I used to be brave and venturesome enough to go up the ladder, just to look inside. There were all the pigeons, perhaps as many as fifty. Often there would be baby ones around on the floor. Pigeons do not build nests so the young would be left anywhere, perhaps inside of a ring of mud which the parents have provided from mud brot up in their beaks. Here the babies lived, fed by the parents, until they grew old enough to be able to fly.

It was always a treat for a special occasion to have squabs for supper, or for Sunday dinner. Old Tie was very efficient at preparing the delicate young birds; it was really a lot of exacting and careful work. I learned how to do it too, so I would know how, but I would always rather not. The had to be scalded, picked and cut up, usually a half-squab to each person. Oh, nothing could have tasted better than a cup of pigeon broth after a bout with a sick stomach. I was so good, appetizing and nourishing.

It became Fred's responsibility to take care of the pigeon loft. Of course it had to be cleaned ever so often. The pigeons always flew down to the ground whenever the chickens were fed, and ate with them. The chickens were fed outside the big shed, for they were loose around the barnyard. Chickens and pigeons all ate together, and what a commotion it was when feeding time came and the chickens came running and the pigeons flew down, all hurrying and scrambling to get some grain. All manners were forgotten; it was first come, first served.

Pigeons make a peculiar sound or call. There was always something soothing and pleasant about going into the shop and hearing them cooing and calling to each other. They could be heard early in the morning too, as they woke and flew away on some little trip, darting and dashing away and everywhere. They were beautiful birds; some bluish gray, some solid brown, some mottled purple or speckled brown and some pure white. If you picked one up and held it close, you could feel it's little heart racing and beating at a fearful pace - poor frightened thing.

I grieved me later, when someone decided to abandon the pigeon house and all the pigeon raising. They were considered dirty and made a dust, but phooey! They were a great joy to me and I miss their plaintive coos and calls when ever I go home to the old ranch. They will never be heard again.

My father loved to have his special fruit trees growing around the house and corrals. I can see him now coming in with an armful of apples from one of his favorite trees, a Lady apple, delicious, little bright red, sweet little beauties. He was so proud when it bore it's first crop.

He liked to have a little vegetable garden too. There was a sheltered little alley between two foothills, over the hill from the house, just an easy walking distance. Papa was not supposed to have any very strenuous exercise in his latter years, on account of his heart condition. But he would have a hired man plow this little plot very carefully, rake it and lay it off in long rows. Then Papa would plant it himself; there was a strong panel fence around it to keep out the cattle. Of course this had to be done early in the spring for there was no way to water it except by the early spring rains. He was very fond of fresh green sweet peas and was very pleased when we could have some from his garden, from the long straight rows from his garden over the hill. I think he had string beans, radishes, onions and maybe a row or two of sweet corn.

But understand this was only a little hoppy. The garden didn't produce much. But Papa was a true son of the soil and he loved to watch things grow. It gave him light exercise, but he had been forbidden to even ever so much as lift a hoe. In later life he had a severe heart attack and was subject to recurring spells of angina pectoris.

He went to a celebrated heart specialist in San Francisco for help. He told him, "Mr. Tarke, if I could just give you a new heart, I could help you." But he could only give him medication to relieve the excruciating pain of the heart seizures, put him on a salt-free diet and tell him to lead a quiet life with no exertion and lots of rest.

There are several things that I want to tell, episodes in his life that illustrate his exemplary character and his love of his fellow man. I cannot tell them in the order of their happening, but I do not think it will matter.

I want to recall trips that he and Mother took before he became so desperately sick and which gave him a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment. He had the faculty of being able to place himself completely in the environment in which he found himself. In other words, he never worried about how things might be going at home while they were away. He had done all he could in preparation and he trusted all would go well. I heard him say once, "Mama is different that I am. She worries that an old hen might fly over the picket fence, into the yard and scratch up her nice flowers. But I'm not going to worry while I'm gone." He was a delightful travelling companion.

The folks attended the St. Louis World's Fair and Exposition. I think it was about the year 1906 or 7. They went by train from Marysville. They had asked Aunt Neva to stay at our house while they were gone and take care of us children. She was such a lovely lady, and we had lots of fun together. We

must have nearly worn her out tho', as we were fairly lively, noisy energetic youngsters.

One day we teased her to make a "blackbird" pie like the Queen baked for the King. What an undertaking that was! I think a hired man shot them. Surely there weren't four and twenty as the old poem says, but she prepared them. What skinny little things they were when she got them scalded, picked and dressed. She made the pie like we'd heard about. The birds were stewed first, then the gravy thickened and the pot full of stew poured into a large, flat milk pan. This she covered with flaky, white biscuit dough or pie crust, and baked it in the oven. I looked very nice, a rich golden brown. She set the big pie in the middle of the big diningroom table. We all gathered round to sample the pie. As I remember tho', we weren't as hungry for blackbird pie as we thought we would be. I think our consciences hurt us too much as we remembered those black shiny little birds that had had to be killed to make the big pie. I've never eaten any since or again.

I'll never forget what fun it was helping to pack the big trunk for the trip East. Mother was always very particular about her clothes. How careful she was in placing them all just so, in the various trays. Father's were arranged with care too. They stayed several weeks. Besides seeing the Fair they visited relatives in Missouri in the country near St. Louis. They had many exciting and pleasant adventures to tell us about when they got home.

Another memorable trip was one made to Honolulu on the Lurline of the Matson Steamship Line. The party was made up of Aunt Annie, Uncle Will, cousin Henrietta their daughter and my brother George. He was then a young fellow still in high school. I'm sure they had a wonderful trip and enjoyed it very much on the voyage. It was another of those times when Papa could get away from the cares of home and not worry about anything.

My aunt, as I remember was the only one to be seasick, tho' they took along plenty of "Mother Sills Sea Sick Remedy", which was highly recommended at the time. Aunt Annie said she got so tired and provoked lying in her cabin sick hour after hour that she thought of something to make her feel better. At last! It was a beef-steak. So she called the purser and ordered a well-done T-bone. She sat up and ate it, and sure enough it did the trick. She came out on the deck, and from then thoroughly enjoyed herself. Do you believe in her remedy? Try it some time. It's a true story tho' perhaps not medically sound.

I'm sure they were a gay party and did all the exciting things that visitors to Hawaii do, or are supposed to do. My mother had a passion for souvenir collecting and always thoughtfully and generously remembered everyone who couldn't go along. We all fared well, because of her interest in souvenirs and I cherish today things she brought from Hawaii. She also

brot me sheet music of songs she had heard and liked on the beach and in the hotel. I was singing a lot then, and wasn't that grand of her? She described it us our first knowledge of a ukulele. She was also always busy writing letters and postcards home and to friends, and I have some treasured ones telling of the sights and sounds of the Islands.

She brot gifts to every member of the family. She brot me also strings of beads made of palm seeds, a clever basket made of a hollowed out coconut shell, books of beautiful pictures of Hawaii. A treasure for the home was a strange bouquet of flowers made of translucent shells. She said they were Queen Liliawaukalani's tears, which she had dropped on the crater of an active volcano which they visited. Other gifts were slippers, jewelry and baskets.

They didn't like the queer, native foods very well, poi, fish, etc. But they could always get American food. They were facinated by the wonderful beaches, the pineapple plantations and the abundance of tropical fruits and glorious exotic flowers. Also they brot leis for everyone - something we had never seen. The natives had placed them around their necks before they boarded the "Lurline" to return home. It was a thrilling experience for all of them and they never stopped telling about it for a long time.

I want to tell you of another trip which our father really dreamed up and engineered. Yes, this time we all went - to the Portland Lewis and Clark Exposition in September, 1904. this was really a community affair. When the various families around West Butte decided to go to the Fair as a group, the party consisted of nineteen friends and neighbors.

Here are their names:

- | | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. Will Hawn | 7. Will Hoke | 13. Louis Tarke |
| 2. Effie Hawn | 8. Ella Hoke | 14. Nannie Tarke |
| 3. Will Straub | 9. Hazel Hoke | 15. Anna Tarke |
| 4. Alice Straub | 10. Will Wilbur | 16. Frieda Tarke |
| 5. Lola Straub | 11. Nellie Wilbur | 17. Fred Tarke |
| 6. Cecil Straub | 12. Myrle Wilbur | 18. George Tarke |

It was lots of fun getting ready. Everybody had to have new clothes. Ann and I had new dresses and sailor hats with wide brims and ribbon streamers hanging down the back. They were very pretty.

Oh that was an exciting experience. Going on the train, sleeping on the train in berths and everything. Each family took it's big basket of food and lunch. I don't remember how long we were on the train, but it was a day coach. The upper berths had to be lowered from the ceiling and the lower ones were made up from the seats turned around someway. The girls of the party looked askance to the negro porters, but they were always exceptionally nice and helpful.

I remember my brother Fred was supposed to carry a wooden box of Thompson Seedless grapes. It was quite a responsibility

for him, and he got pretty weary with those grapes before we reached Portland. But he did very well.

Cousin Effie, (always practical, who later became and R.N.) had learned to wash handkerchiefs in the dressing room wash basin, then spread them very tightly and smoothly on the train windows (inside of course). "And you don't have to iron them at all", she said. Sure enough, they came out very smooth and white thanks to Effie's ingenuity, every night were on the train. This was before the days of Kleenex, of course. We girls, all teen-agers, were subject to fits of laughter, or rather giggling a great deal of the time. I don't suppose we knew what we were so convulsed about.

It was always a great adventure when Papa took us on a trip. This journey to Portland was one of the most memorable. It is such a beautiful city, and tho' I couldn't locate the Exposition grounds today, I remember them vividly. There were, and are so many lakes in and around the city, so much water and trees, trees, trees, everywhere. It is well named the City of Roses and has such a marvelous climate. It's never too hot, a cerulean blue sky opens above and the sunshine is animating and refreshing.

We had relatives, and friends, the Reuters near Portland, at a small community named Forest Grove. My father had written them we were coming to Oregon and so upon telling them of our arrival they insisted on our coming out to their ranch to visit them. This of course did not include the entire company, but just our family. How we got there I don't know, but it seems they met us at an interurban depot with a large wagon and team. What a fine visit it was! A hospitable host and hostess with a family of girls about our ages. It is said that all the women have beautiful complexions in Oregon, for there is no dust, searing sun or heat, and the rains often to cleanse the air. Their girls proved that to be true and I shall never forget their beauty. Their unbelievable soft, rosy skin with natural color. They had no need for cosmetics; they were so pretty and fresh. They opened their home and hearts to us. I believe we spent two days and nights with them. And such good meals! Mrs. Reuter was a marvelous cook. They had their own dairy and vegetable garden, poultry and fruit. I've never forgotten a salad she made of sliced cucumbers with vinegar and sweet cream, seasoned with salt and pepper. My eyes fairly popped, it was so good.

Their house was interesting too. It was pretty inside and out, cool and fresh, like only a real housekeeper could make it. There were so many flowers and so much greenery and trees all around. I suppose the almost daily rains made this possible.

We left with many regrets at so brief a visit and with their promises to visit us in California. We did keep in touch, tho' they never came to us. I corresponded for years with Helen who came to San Francisco to enter a nursing school. But alas,

so many things have come between us since, and sad to say, I have lost all communication with her or the family now.

I do not recall too many details of the Fair tho'. I was impressed with the outstanding beauty of the Exposition Buildings and grounds. The Forestry Building remains in my mind especially. It was entirely rustic, made of immense rewood or cedar logs, like a giant log cabin. There was such a fragrance inside the building. I have never forgotten the beautiful statue of "Sakajawea", the indian maiden who acted as scout for the pioneer explorers, Lewis and Clark in their trek across the wilderness area. She rode her pony and knew all the trails, tho' she could not speak English, she was a great help to these two intrepid trail-blazers and I wonder what became of the life-size statue of her and her Indian pony.

It was on this trip that we first learned about Welch's Grape Juice. There was the cutest stand where it was sold, entirely covered with grape vines with clusters of great purple grapes hanging over it. I suppose it was all artificial. What a refreshing drink it was, after you had walked many, many miles (?) over the spreading Fairgrounds.

The lighting of the Fair was exquisite with many large pools, fountains, much trees, shrubbery, winding walks and drives. The exhibits dazzled me too. Always having had a yen for souvenirs I could collect them to my heart's desire, and free. To this day I have some of them. It seems the exhibitors were more generous than they have been of late years at Exhibitions. These cute things I treasured in a large scrap book, I made afterward. H.J. Heinz Co. gave everybody little green pickles - pins to wear and a real pickle to sample.

Campbell's Soup Co. handed you a tiny cup of hot soup and a tiny cracker. What fun! The tastes of grape juice and milk were so good. Today there is scarcely a nibble of anything to try - a trend of the times, I suppose, but it made your sight-seeing more thrilling.

Mother was busy collecting and buying souvenirs too, as she always loved to do.

I was just getting interested in writing and sending picture postcards, and it was a lot of fun. I don't remember to whom I sent them but we had a hilarious time writing them. Cecil Straub was a jolly fellow, and as we sat around the Hotel lobby writing cards, we fairly made the rafters ring with laughing. We were such a lively bunch. I don't know what was so funny and I doubt if we knew ourselves.

Well, all good things must come to an end. And so the time came to say farewell to Portland. Our visit was rushed somewhat tho, and prematurely ended for some. We had allotted so many weeks to be gone from home. But one night, about midnight, suddenly and without warning, we were roused from our beds, by the ringing of firebells and the shrieks of sirens. Lo and behold! The fire engines came right to our block, to a small hotel just a few doors down the street from our hotel. We

were all roused up and policeman told everybody to leave their rooms and go out on the street in front. They were afraid the buildings would catch fire. It was a frightening scene. I saw people in the windows of the burning hotel and firemen in uniforms and helmets helping people down the long ladder. It was a new and strange experience for all of us, for we were country people and had never seen a fire in a big city.

Finally the fire was out, the danger past and we returned to our rooms. I don't think there was any sleep for us tho' the rest of that night.

But the next morning, we were all up bright and early. Some of the older folks had decided already that they had had enough of Portland and the Fair. They wanted to start home immediately. A quick check-up found everybody of the same mind - we were all suddenly very homesick and the quicker, the better to be on our way back home.

So that was the end of our trip. Nothing tragic happened to our party. I believe one man was badly burned, even critically in the destroyed hotel. Of course it could have been a major, major calamity for us, but for the grace of God that spared us. We were all thanking Him for His great mercy and care.

The trip home was uneventful. I recall this trip mostly to recount the solicitous care and loving generosity of our Mother and Father in this, only one of the marvelous good times our family had together.

We often went to the annual picnics, celebrations like the Fourth of July, Chinese New Year and Circuses. There was the Gridley Cannery Picnic, a large peach cannery event.

There was the Grimes Picnic, which was especially thrilling because all the neighbors for miles around would drive to Meridian, where a large river steamboat was anchored and chartered to carry the picknickers down the Sacramento River to Grimes and Grand Island to the big picnic grounds around the beautiful oak grove. There was fun for all that day.

Another gala day was at College City down the river too where folks would gather from near and far for this unusual celebration call the "Dove Stew". This was a great delicacy. Great iron kettles had been boiling for hours, full of the wild game - free to all comers.

The annual State Fair at Sacramento was still another great event which we looked forward to from year to year. "Now when you go to the Fair", Papa would say, "Try and see something that you can learn from and remember after you come home. Don't just look at clowns and things like that." Oh how I would try to see something I could describe to those who hadn't gone or maybe write a story about at school. I always enjoyed the agricultural displays, so cleverly arranged with all the extraordinarily large varieties and specimens of vegetables, fruits, nuts, grains and such. It was all much as it continues to be today.

The livestock show of fine cattle, hogs, sheep and chickens was always a marvel to my eyes. I was especially fond of the horse races. Of course we never had any favorites on which to put bets. We just thrilled to sit in the immense grandstand amongst the colorful and noisy crowd and watched the beautifully groomed and trained horses and their little jockeys, some riding the horses, like tiny monkeys, and some in little two wheeled rubber-tired carts. The horses were so spirited and the man and rider seemed almost one.

Many times Papa took us on the Interurban Third-Rail Electric Train from Marysville to Sacramento to the Fair. We were always cautioned on entering or climbing down from the coaches to be careful. Remember there's an extra rail that is alive with electricity and it will kill you if you touch it. You may be sure we were very careful. This train, and also the branch running to Colusa, have long since been abandoned. I suppose because of the increased automobile traffic, when people began to have their own cars as means of travel. The shipping of grain products from District 70 at one time became a thriving industry. The local station was named "Tarke", in honor of our father who was instrumental in the establishment of the railroad.

I have mentioned before that Papa was always progressive and I told you he owned one of the first, if not the first automobile in the neighborhood, the magnificent "Great Smith". Some wide-a-wake dealer in Marysville sold it to him. It was something to behold, and something more to ride in, and to drive. It was a beautiful crimson color with a polish like a grand piano. The trimmings were all made of brass, which tarnished easily. So it was our task, Ann and I, to clean the car, polish the brass, and get it in tip-top shape on Saturday morning. We girls always took piano lessons in Marysville on Saturday afternoons. How proud we were when we had the car all shiny and clean. We used a certain kind of polish on the body and another on the brass fixtures. There were acetylene lamps, head and rear which operated from a tank of acetylene gas attached to one running board. The horn was a marvel by itself, a huge rubber bulb, which blew a shrill blast when compressed by the chauffeur.

The collapsible top was held in place by long straps which reached to the hood, near the radiator. On rainy days there were ising-glass side windows, that would be put in place all around the car with little snap fasteners on the bows. It was a real puzzle to get them all correctly adjusted. But the car was warm and cozy when they were all fixed. I suppose this model was the original convertible and it would be a prize for an Antique Club today. I don't know what ever became of it.

Of course it had solid rubber tires, this was before the time of inner tubes. No, on second thought, we did have inflated tires for I remember about flats. There were no such things as service stations. When you had a flat tire, a

puncture, the tire had to be removed and after the hole was discovered, it must be repaired with a piece of sticky rubber cloth pasted over the hole. Every driver carried a kit for such emergencies. It was a lot of work to take off a tire, remove the inner tube and patch it. Then it must be blown up with a little hand-pump. You stood the pumps up perpendicularly, stood on the little platform on the bottom, your feet on each side, attached the little rubber hose, tightened the valve and pumped up and down with all your might. It took a good deal of pumping till the tire was full and hard, and contained the proper amount of air. It was indeed an exacting job to change a tire and more so for a woman. If you had tire trouble, it was just too bad. The tires were heavy, and hard to lift off the hub and rim, held on by large bolts and nuts which must be tightened with a heavy wrench.

Drivers learned to carry spares, which lightened the task a great deal.

I must not forget the roads. Of course there were no highways, no paved roads, no white lines, no speed limits, no road signs, no stop signs, no Highway Patrol. Just a dirt road, with a track for each side of the automobile. An macadem road was unheard of tho' road improvement was beginning with rock and gravel base. This furnished employment for many men, grading, leveling and applying the sticky black tar.

Nobody ever had a driver's license or a number on his car, nobody ever got a ticket for over-parking for there were no meters along the street, no traffic laws.

But it didn't take long for the government to realize there must be some control of the fast-increasing automobile traffic and that here was a neglected source of revenue. So automobile licenses were instituted and the tax applied to highway construction. Then came drivers licenses, another means of income and of fraud.

Perhaps the near-perfect highway system should never have been devised. Many an innocent victim would be alive today were it not for speeding on the glass-smooth tracks. The temptation is always there, when a careless driver sits behind the wheel and knows he had a 110 mile an hour engine under the hood. He becomes selfish and unreasonable, and forgets all about others, only the thrill of high speed driving - and then it's too late.

The government thinks of everything but it hasn't solved the problem of slaughter on the highways.

As I said, in those days, it required a lot of preparation to get ready for a ride of any distance. You must wear a duster, (a long coat made of some light cotton material). It was usually grey or tan, and was meant to protect your clothes from flying dust. Men wore dusters, hats or caps, and most likely large colored glasses to protect the eyes. They completely encircled the eyes, with little side glass panels, and were called goggles. They also wore long gauntlet gloves, for to grasp the steering wheel of one of those first "machines"

required quite a show of strength to keep it in the tracks and avoid ruts and mud holes.

The ladies, who wore these dusters too, also wore hats, securely fastened to their hair by long hat pins. the covered their hats and heads and sometimes their faces with large silk or chiffon veils.

Some were square, some oblong, some tied under the chin and some left to fly in the breeze as a gay decoration. They were of all colors. It was fun to have different colored veils.

Well, as the years went by, Papa had other makes of cars. There was an Overland, a Mitchell, an Oakland, and once he bot my Mother a beautiful Franklin model. He thot it would be very nice for her because it required no water in the engine. I think maybe it also had a self-starter, which of course required no cranking, which was a dangerous and difficult performance, specially for a woman.

Mama was determined to learn to drive it and so she did on short drives near home, but I don't think she ever had any confidence in her driving or got any pleasure out of it. She would always rather have someone drive for her.

Now I must revert to another trip which my parents took and which they enjoyed immensely. They decided to see Alaska. I don't know was excited their interest; perhaps several friends had gone to the Nome country in the Gold Rush Days and they had wondered about this distant and facinating land. the man, who married Mother's sister, Aunt Neva, was an adventurer in the North land. However he did not return with fabulous wealth. Be brot back a good friend, ? Mudgette, who married a High School teacher in Sutter and we enjoyed them for years. Perhaps they talked so much about Alaska, that the folks had a desire to see it.

As he always did, Papa enjoyed this ocean voyage too. Maybe even more so, because it was so restful. They went by the Inward Passage which is smooth and calm. He loved the water, and the exploring of new places. Both of them had many exciting experiences to recall. They made new friends and had much to tell us about. It was enchanting to them to have seen firsthand Eskimoes, dog teams, igloos, the Land of the Midnight Sun, the Aurora Borealis, Nome, the Yukon, and Saskatchewan. They enjoyed the days spent on the glorious blue Pacific (I wish I could remember the name of the ship). As she always did, Mama brot us all charming gifts and souvenirs. I had a beautiful brooch fashioned of original Alaskan nuggets of pure gold, a pair of sealskin moccasins, beaded by the Indians - the others fared just as well as I.

A trip to San Francisco was always a pleasureable adventure for our Father. I remember so well one winter when we went with him, Ann and I, to see the U.S. Fleet come in thru the Golden Gate. He planned the trip and it turned out so well, tho' I do not know why Mama did not go. It was very rarely that the Fleet came into San Francisco Bay. Many friends were going

to see this big event.

We stayed at the home of some old friends from West Butte, Maggie and Tom Forsythe, who had a houseful of teen-age boys. We went with them on the street-car to Land's End on the Peninsula high up on the Point at Golden Gate. We sat among the sand dunes to watch the display, as one by one the majestic steam ships proudly steamed by far below, America's flags flying from each one. They sailed on to anchor in San Francisco Bay. Wish I could remember how many there were. It was inspiring sight and one I've never forgotten.

This trip of ours included a visit to some old friends of Papa's in Oakland. This, of course meant a ride across the Bay on the big Ferry Boat. We were so thrilled with this ride, the throb of the powerful engines, the splash of the great paddle wheels at the rear, the white sea gulls flying along side and sometimes even trying to light among the passengers on the decks. We loved every minute of it and the bite of the salty, fog-laden air on our faces. I have regretted that the Ferries were abandoned after the Oakland Bay Bridge was built.

Then came a ride by taxi to the Schultzes. They were an old German couple, immigrants, who had come from the old country to California, quite a few years before. Mr. Schultz, who had had the foresight to envisage the future of the Bay Region, had purchased land, acres of it, where Oakland had been built. In fact, his property is right in the heart of Oakland today - Broadway and 12th and 13th. By good speculation, he maneuvered to keep his holdings till they reached the pinnacle of value and realized such a profit that before he knew it he was a millionaire. He kept enough lots to build a nice home on. It was not a modern palace but it was peculiar because he maintained a flower garden, and had a white picket fence, almost in the center of Oakland, 12 and Broadway, stone's throw from the new City Hall. His home was the best that money could buy at that time.

Mrs. Schultz was a motherly old soul, and she proudly showed us her fine house. As she led the way from room to room, she would push the electric buttons to show Anna and me, two little country girls, she kept saying, "See just push de button and the light come! See! From her humble birth as a peasant in Prussia it was a considerable rise, and we humored her in her pride. She reared a large family and lived in her Broadway home till her death, never having learned to speak good English or to write it. But she loved her new homeland and so did her husband.

They invested in farming land in Colusa County and I assume some of their sons still reside there and continue to pursue grain farming there.

The daughters married men in Oakland, but I have lost all connection or knowledge of them.

The Schultz's were of pioneer stock and they contributed their share to the development of America. I think all their

youthful dreams came true.

This was just another example of our Father's consideration of others, appreciating friendship and contributing all he could to make them happy. In his kindly, generous and courteous way, he was saying, "What can I do to help you? I'm at your service."

My father was not a writer, but whenever he had to convey something in writing, he could express himself very well.

He was overwhelmed with grief at the sudden death of his boyhood chum, pay, friend, companion and neighbor, Will Hoke. He was not prepared to lose him; the tragedy, while not entirely unexpected left him shaken, and with a dreadful sense of loneliness. He was consumed with the value of this friendship, which was life-long, the loss of his counsel and advice, and the future without him. Mr. Hoke had been County Supervisor for a long time, was a successful rancher and a highly respected resident of Sutter County.

Papa said one morning after Will's passing. "I'd like to do something for Will. I think I'll write a little piece about him and his life and send it to the Farmer", our local newspaper, published at the County Seat, Yuba City.

So he went alone into his office, where he remained for quite a while, probably reviewing all the happy and rewarding hours he and Will Hoke had spent together. When he came out he was carrying the little slip of paper upon which he had been writing, in his hand. He rather shyly handed it to Mama and me. We read it. I could not speak, nor could she. It was a stroke of genius, a short, concise account of Will's life, with the out-pouring of his loving-heart for the life-long friend who had left him.

I mailed the eulogy to the paper, and it was duly published. It expressed the sentiments of Will's many friends too. The incident always touched a tender spot in my heart. It does upon recollection today. It showed and revealed so much of the "unexpected and unexpressed but not unremembered little acts of kindness and of love" that were so much a part of the man who was my Father.

I have often wished to have a copy of his composition for Will, but thru the years, I have never found one, and I regret it very much. I recall that Father could express himself creditably orally too. While President of the Sutter High School Board he was for years asked to present the diplomas to the graduating Seniors at the annual Commencement and I felt very proud whenever this occasion arose. He always spoke appropriate words to the Class and to the audience.

Often did I hear him say that if a man lived by the "Golden Rule", he couldn't have a better guide. He said it this way. "Do unto others, as you would be done by". His life showed that he believed and lived what he said. He was always considerate and understanding, trusting that there was some good in every human being. It would have been hard to have found

that quality in some of the characters he befriended. They took advantage of his friendship, his kindness, his generosity and his helpfulness. But it ill behooves me to pass judgement, and it was his pleasure to help those less fortunate.

However, there comes to my mind one particular person, and since he became such a controversial figure in our family, I will tell his story briefly

This man was Ralph Skinner. My Father knew him as a boy and watched him grow up, because the Father of Ralph had been an old and trusted friend. It is a mystery how his son could have been such a scoundrel with such low principles.

He one-time invented a gas-saving devise for automobiles. He was convinced he had a fortune within his grasp if he could only get it patented and on the market. I do not know exactly what it was or how it worked.

He spent what money he had travelling to Detroit and other cities where there was large auto manufacturing plants, to try to interest them in adopting this invention of his for their cars. I suppose by this time he had his invention patented. But he had no success. Perhaps the device had no value or there were better ones.

At any rate, after these failures, he conceived the idea of forming a stock company. He would be President, and he would sell stock in his company and us promote his product. But he needed money and backing.

I think he proved to be the most persistent man I ever knew. If ever a person deserved credit for being persistent, he was the man. He began to call on Father. He would pester him day after day so much, that some way he got himself set up to live at our house so constantly that a room was appropriate for him. We all laughingly call it the "Skinner Apts"

Oh how tiresome that man became! How he could talk, beg, cajole and promise! Vapid words, often untrue and exaggerated. I think he must have dreamed of becoming a multi-millionaire. But since he knew that my Father had money, he would not let him alone.

My mother had intuitions that the scheme would be a failure. She did not trust Skinner. She tried her best to keep Papa from yielding to his promises and schemes.

But in the end, I think probably and after a long period of maneuvering and because he was not well, and was so weary of the man, he finally agreed to buy some stock. I do not remember the amount of the original investment. Skinner also persuaded other men in the neighborhood, friends, and acquaintances to invest in the "Skinner Automotive Device Company."

Then with quite a sum of money in his clutches and at his disposal, he really got busy.

Perhaps I do the man an injustice when I brand him a scoundrel, and a total fraud. At any rate, he was a clever schemer. Perhaps he had such faith in his invention that he was blinded to it's worthlessness. I will be generous enough to

give him the benefit of the doubt.

Anyway, he decided he could have better luck in Europe. More schemes. So he went to Paris to induce the Fiat Company, the French Ford people, to adopt the "Skinner device". Oh the honey-sweet letters he used to send home to stock-holders! "I've got a big thing. Just give me a little more time - a little more and we'll all make a killing! etc. - etc.. On and on, for months and even years.

In the meantime, Skinner married Carolyn ?, the daughter of a quite well-to-do contractor and construction engineer in Sacramento. But this wise old man, evidently read his son-in-law like a book, and wanted no part of his scheme. We learned on good authority that he refused to give, lend or invest one penny in his risky invention.

Well, this went on for several years, during which Skinner would even make occasional visits as home and to the neighbors to report the progress of his company. Success was always "just around the corner." They would be paying dividends soon.

It must have been all-in-all a heart-breaking experience for Papa. He realized nothing from the investment or the time spent. Perhaps he lost faith in the whole thing finally.

In fact, he passed away, and, still hopeful, I suppose, those valueless Skinner stock certificates were included and listed in his last will and testament, as part of the assets of the estate.

There was never any dividend.

I kept my stock, and several years after I was married, I questioned Skinner by correspondence about the company, it's standing and progress. I always had the feeling that he disliked me very much on account of my inquiries and my doubts as to the future of the Company. He would answer formally and politely, but evasively and unsatisfactorily.

He managed to live in good style in Sacramento on his wife's estate, and perhaps does yet. I do not know. But I do know, he managed to inveigle \$30,000, at least, from our Father; he ranked as one of the heirs, and to this date has never returned a penny of interest or dividends. How click can a man be, or become? If his conscience doesn't hurt him, it should. And I am yet bitter (as Skinner called me) toward the man who deceived my good, honest, trusting Father, who, as far as I know, never condemned him.

My Father liked to take a chance now and then and invested modestly in other stocks and bonds, of which the bank notes and stocks were the most successful. There were copper mines in Arizona. Once he took a trip, for several days, with the promoters to visit this mine, called the _____. It never made good.

There was gold-mining stock in Grass Valley, California. Once when we were teen-agers, we took a trip, Ann and I with Papa to see this mine, the "Golden Center," and I never have

forgotten our ride down into the depths of the excavations. We put on miner's suits and caps and rode on a funny little railroad car that brot up the ore. It was dangerously exciting, deep, dark and damp and we each carried a candle for lighting. The ride was filled with thrills. We were given some beautiful specimens of ore, quartz, containing flecks of high grade gold. We brot them home and prized them for their beauty. We used them as ornaments, paper-weights, etc. I think the venture went into bankruptcy, altho' "there was gold in them thar hills" and who wouldn't have expected it to pay off? Poor management or more scoundrels?

Please understand, and do not misunderstand me when I tell you these really trivial and inconsequential episodes in my Father's life. Far be it for me to judge, criticize, blame or censure anything he did! Did he not deserve these few and unimportant little escapades, when he lived such a busy, responsible life with is many duties; so many terrific burdens on his frail shoulders? His wisdom and judgement were so dependable and his concern for his fellow man so real and so deep, that I would certainly be remiss if I uttered one word that questioned or doubted his faithfulness or his success.

So I have told these incidents wholly to bring out his integrity and consuming desire to help others. I wanted to show too how such men are often imposed upon by those whose motives are not forthright and unselfish.

Please forgive me, and read my expose in the light in which it is written.

I come now to the sad, sad portion of this story, the end of this remarkable life. Such a life can have no end, however, for "it lives on in the hearts of his country-men, his friends, his associates, his benefactors and above all his family.

Those who were near him during the last years of his life, realized what was inevitable. His physical strength was diminishing, his brave heart growing weaker steadily, but surely. But is indomitable will and determination to direct his business, and care for those he loved most, kept him more active than was for his own good. He was plagued by recurring attacks of angina pectoris, which in turn caused Bright's disease of the kidneys. The suffering during those terrific onslaughts was so severe his agony was intense. His heart struggled to faithfully perform its functions, but it was too much. It causes me deep pain now when I recall the accounts of his pain.

I was not at home during his last illness but Mother told me that his best source of relief during one of those spasmodic seizures was for my brother, George to hold him, to hold him tightly, pressing into his chest with his hands, till the heart somehow regained its pulsation and stopped hurting. No doubt this was relieved some too by medication. (nitro glycerine).

But the best doctors in the world could not have saved his life. A specialist in San Francisco to whom he went for diagnosis and treatment said there was nothing to be done; just

keep him comfortable and quiet.

One of the prescribed rules was a salt-free diet, and that was so obnoxious to him and annoyed him so, that he said he would rather not eat than without salt. "Who wants to eat meat without salt," he asked. I do not know why he couldn't or didn't use salt substitutes.

His questing mind and intelligence, never ceased to reach out, interested in everything that went on, till sheer physical exhaustion and weakness prevented more.

It was during this last illness that my brother was married to Ruth Spiva at a lovely ceremony in Stockton. They planned a honey-moon in Hawaii, a gift from our ever thoughtful and generous Father. It was while they were in Honolulu that they received a telegram at their hotel, telling them that Father was gone.

Ruth said afterward that it was almost too much for Fred to hear and he turned absolutely white and was close to fainting in the lobby. They immediately cut their trip short and took passage home. The services had been delayed till their return.

As it must, death came to this noble man, relieving him of his suffering and pain, his agony and his great weariness. He was at peace at last.

A minister from the Episcopal Church of Marysville who had come to call on him one of those last days asked him, rather presumptuously, I thought it seemed, "Do you believe in God?" His reply was typical, as his entire life of service and faith in his maker had shown. He replied, "Do you think I have lived all these years and do not believe in a Supreme Being?" His life was his answer.

It was said that so dearly was he beloved and revered thruout the entire area, that the little country church at West Butte, where he and Nannie had been married _____ years before could not begin to hold the men and women who came to offer their respects. They crowded all around the yard, under the Monterey cypresses and into the street.

The officiating clergy-man chose as his text the familiar words of Micah 6:8, "What doth God require of thee, O man, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" What more fitting words could have been spoken of Louis Tarke? These maxims had indeed ruled his life. He left a lonely, desolate home and community, for he was so widely known and loved. No one had ever done more for his family, friends or country.

It occurred to me after the first sad days were over that our Father had indeed left us a great heritage what we would be hard pressed to fulfill.

We could always remember and cherish his kindly solicitous advice, his faithfulness, his generosity, his pride in our well-doing, and well-being, and his great love.

The men he worked for and with were deeply shaken and moved out of complacency. the Elks Lodge of Marysville

remembered him with a touching and heart-felt memorial service.

"Like a great oak he fell, and left an empty place against the sky." He was indeed an honor to his ancestors and his motto "The Golden Rule" was never by any one more fully lived than by this great Christian, my father.

My mother remarked that she missed him most at eventide when the shadows fell, and they could no longer be together by the fire-place. The room was so lonely and still, and his great rocking chair empty. His presence was missing but the memory lingers and will linger long in the memories of those who knew and loved him.

God rest his soul!

Amen and Amen!

Frieda Tarke Sanstrum