

Sutter County Historical Society News Bulletin

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Yuba City, California

January, 1995



MAMIE CHARGE MEIER

1885 - 1985

(Photo courtesy of Esther Fortna Forsythe)

COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM
OF SUTTER COUNTY
P.O. Box 1555
1333 Butte House Road
Yuba City, CA 95992

Sutter County Historical Society

News Bulletin

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The **News Bulletin** is published quarterly by the Society in Yuba City, California. The annual membership dues includes receiving the **News Bulletin** and the Museum's **Muse News**. At the April 1987 Annual Dinner Meeting it was voted to change the By-laws to combine the memberships of the Society and the Museum.

The 1995 dues are payable as of January 1, 1995.

Student (under 18)/Senior Citizen/Library	\$10.00
Individual	\$15.00
Organizations/Clubs	\$25.00
Family	\$30.00
Business/Sponsor	\$100.00
Corporate/Benefactor	\$1,000.00

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By the time you receive this Bulletin, the "old year" will be winding down and we are getting ready for a bright new year. We in the Historical Society were very pleased with all of our meetings this past year. We hope to continue with interesting and informative speakers and well attended gatherings.

Our second "October Fést" in Nicolaus was enjoyed by all. An outstanding German dinner was served by the ladies of Hermann Sons Lodge. Ken Engasser did a fine job of getting Nancy Rolufs and Mike Fassler to tell us about their families and other local history. It was most interesting to hear about the Swiss and German families settling in the Nicolaus area. Ken then gave a detailed account of his experiences during the 1955 flood. So many people only think of the "Yuba City Flood" and forget about the Feather River banks breaking in Nicolaus and flooding that area too. Ken said he was out of his house from December until the following May. What a long time to be displaced.

The Historical Society presented the Order of Hermann Sons with a plaque commemorating their 65th anniversary. Mrs. Anna Ulmer was presented with a certificate. Not only is she a charter member of Lodge No. 36, she is also a member of the Sutter County Historical Society.

Now that the Holidays are over, it's time to mark our calendars for the coming year. The January 17, 1995 meeting will have one of our board members as the speaker. Edgar Stanton will be speaking about the Oregon Trail. He has done a lot of research as his grandfather traveled this route coming west. This should be a most interesting evening.

Looking forward to seeing you at the January meeting.

Respectfully,
Evelyn Quigg



DUES DUE NOW

Once again, it is time to re-new your Historical Society/Community Memorial Museum dues. The schedule is on the inside front cover of the Bulletin. Although the cost of everything has risen, the membership dues have remained the same again for 1995. It's nice to know there are some constants in this changing world of ours.

RE-MAILING POLICY

If you move or your address changes for any reason, don't forget to let us know. Returned Bulletins will not be re-mailed. The cost of mailing a single Bulletin in 1994 was 75-cents and as you all know, costs have gone up in '95. To make sure you receive the full benefits of your membership, make sure we have your correct address.

Director's Report

At the beginning of the new year it seems like a good time to think about our environment. Not just our immediate surroundings, but the way in which Sutter County fits into the larger, global picture. Helping us to do just that, in February, is the Smithsonian Institution's Traveling Exhibition, *No Laughing Matter: Political Cartoonists and the Environment*. Touching on subjects ranging from global warming to nuclear power, *No Laughing Matter* includes cartoons created by cartoonists from more than fifty countries.

No Laughing Matter is coming to the Community Memorial Museum for some very basic reasons, the most fundamental being the need for all of us to better understand how our actions, environmental and other, impact on others. We hope that by bringing *No Laughing Matter* to Sutter County that we may begin to learn more about the planet we all share.

A program examining the way in which political cartoonists work and the effects of their work is currently being planned. A children's program on cartooning is also in the works. A monograph relating to the exhibit and a hand-out for kids on what they can do to help the environment will both be available free at the Museum during the run of the exhibit. *No Laughing Matter* will be at the Museum from February 4 through April 8, 1995.

While *No Laughing Matter* is in the main exhibit hall, the Museum staff will be hard at work in the back rooms putting together the 1955 flood exhibit set to open in May. If you have been thinking about sharing photographs, stories, or artifacts with us for use in the exhibit, there is still time to do so. All of our exhibits rely upon members of the community sharing their knowledge, and their possessions with us, but none have ever relied so heavily upon all of you as the 1955 flood exhibit. So far many of you have been very generous in sharing your photographs and stories with us, but we need you to think about objects for the exhibit. If you were evacuated, what did you take with you? What did you leave behind that survived and, perhaps, survives to this day? There is much that we can learn from each other in this exhibit. You can help us tell a story that, while not particularly pleasant, is an important chapter in Sutter County's history.

Please join us for *No Laughing Matter* and in helping with the creation of the 1955 flood exhibit.

Jackie Lowe
Director
Community Memorial Museum

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Mrs. Mamie (Charge) Meier's "Dear Hearts and Gentle People" was a wonderful gift to her family. We appreciate Esther Fortna Forsythe's willingness to share her mother's story with all of us. We hope this will be an inspiration to some of you to do the same type of thing for your families. Of course, we'd love to print your stories too!

In a future issue, you will find information concerning some of the people and places mentioned in the newspaper piece written by "Old Squire." The research is already being done by the person who found the original article. He said he didn't need any credit for sharing the article, so you'll just have to wait to find out who the "mystery man" is when the follow-up piece appears in the Bulletin.

Greg Glosser has provided us with diary material to use in future issues. He is also doing an article concerning the Trowbridge Store.

Dorothy Ross has some ideas for stories for the Bulletin. She has given us some wonderful articles in the past and we expect to hear more from her in '95.

We have been contacted by a couple of other people who are in the process of doing articles to appear in the Bulletin. We look forward to receiving their contributions.

Plans for the "Ag Building" addition to the museum are progressing. The preliminary plans are being presented to the Historical Society Board at their January meeting. We hope to hold a special informative meeting for all interested parties since it is your donations which will be paying for the

construction. There will be a full up-date in the April Bulletin.

The July Bulletin will contain the four winning essays from the "Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest." The information was sent to the various schools in November. The contest, open to all 4th grade students in Sutter County, ends in February.

Should we change the name of the quarterly publication? It's something we've talked about between ourselves and now we would like to have some input (and name suggestions) from the other members of the Historical Society. "Sutter County Historical Society News Bulletin" is what the publication is now called. Leave well enough alone and worry about what goes inside the cover? Change the name? Change it to what? Do you have an opinion about it? Let us know either by calling us (Linda - 673-2721 or Sharyl 674-7741) or drop us a note at P.O. Box 1004, Yuba City, CA 95992.

We hope your holidays were happy and safe. In 1995 we're looking forward to hearing from many of you with offers to contribute letters, diaries, stories, research papers, ideas for articles, photographs, names of people to be interviewed -- anything that deals with Sutter County, its people and its past.

Linda Leone

Sharyl Simmons



Memorial Contributions

In Memory of **Adah Borchert**
Sylvia Lamon

In Memory of **John Breeding, Jr.**
Connie Cary
Evon Gilstrap
Dewey Gruening
Bob & Jean Kells
Linda Leone
Norman & Loadel Piner
Wanda Rankin
Caroline Ringler
Robert Schmidl Family

In Memory of **Frank Comarsh**
Joe Benatar
Fidelity National Title
M/M Robert Kells & Family

In Memory of **Howard Cull**
M/M R. A. Schnabel

In Memory of **Jane Ellis**
Sylvia Lamon

In Memory of **Bernice Gruening**
M/M R. C. Schmerback
M/M Ray Schmerback
Tom Schmerback

In Memory of **Jack Heenan**
Literary Guild

In Memory of **Dorothy Lennox**
Loretta M. McClurg
Norman & Loadel Piner
Wanda Rankin
Caroline Ringler
Gene & Jim Taresh

In Memory of **Pete Licari**
Sylvia Lamon

In Memory of **Donald Meadows**
Caroline Ringler

In Memory of **Lorena Orr**
Leonard & Suzanne Reynolds

In Memory of **Elmer Peters**
Eleanor Holmes

In Memory of **Elizabeth Randolph**
Mary Fran Nicholson

In Memory of **John Rogers**
Dale & Alma Burtis
Newell Burtis

In Memory of **Ron Ross**
Virginia L. Bowman
M/M W. H. Crow
Sylvia Lamon
Lockheed Corporation
Gene & Jim Taresh

In Memory of **Jack Salisbury**
Dale & Alma Burtis

In Memory of **Harold Sutfin**
Howard & Ruth Anthony
Linda Leone

In Memory of **Rainous Todd**
Tom & Marnee Crowhurst

In Memory of **Jack Washam**
Evelyn & Howard Quigg

HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

JANUARY MEETING

Join us in January as we travel the Oregon Trail with Edgar Stanton. His presentation is based on personal experience as well as thorough research. Edgar and his wife, Virginia, have travelled the same trail his great-grandparents, James and Mary MacDonald, took from St. Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento City, California in 1850. The Stantons have photographed and documented the MacDonalds' route. Edgar's enthusiasm for the topic will make the evening fun as well as educational. The meeting will be held on January 17th at the Museum. The program will begin at 7:00 p.m. The public is invited to attend so come and bring a friend.



OTHER MEETINGS IN 1995

The Annual Dinner meeting will be held April 11th. This is earlier than the usual April meeting to accommodate the speaker we have engaged. Pat Stanford of Sacramento will present a program about "Women Coming West." Those who have heard Dr. Stanford speak have found her to be an entertaining speaker who knows her subject. It has not yet been determined where the meeting will be held so be sure to check the April bulletin.

The July meeting will once again be a "Pot Luck in the Park." Last July we learned what good cooks we have and we're not about to let the idea of sharing good food slip away. Joining us on July 18th will be Jim Beckwourth (aka Verne Williams). Plan to join us and mark your calendars now.

The program for the October meeting will be presented by Maggie Moyers. Maggie is the wonderful person who goes to the area schools and does presentations for the students. She has previously shared the "Indian Trunk" with us. This year she is going to share the "49er Trunk." The date to mark on your calendar is October 17th.



1995 ORNAMENTS

We are sold out of the 1994 ornaments which featured the Sutter County Hall of Records. This year's ornament will feature the Sutter Buttes. We hope to have the ornaments here in time for the Butte hikes and bus trip and have them on display at the April meeting. (I know, you don't have the Christmas things packed away from '94 and you're having to hear about '95's ornaments.)

Dear Hearts and Gentle People

From the Recollections
of
Mamie A. Meier

as told to her daughter, Addie L. Meier

Members of my family have asked me to relate the story of my life, not an easy task for one past the age of ninety. However, with the help of my daughter, Addie, I will try to make it a worthwhile endeavor. It is our hope to put into words, memories of the past which I trust will be of interest to my grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren.

In writing a history, this quotation from Macaulay seems most appropriate:

A people that takes no
pride in the noble
achievements of remote
ancestors will never achieve
anything worthy to be
remembered with pride by
remote descendants.

First, a little background history for those of the family who may be interested in their ancestors. My father, Martin Andrew Charge, was born in Sutter County, near General Sutter's Hock Farm, on March 13, 1864. His mother, Mary Magdalena Autzburger (sometimes written Amsberger) Charge, was a native of (Bensheim) Germany.

She was born in 1824, and migrated to America in 1858. In Germany she was married to a Mr. Weaver who died in 1857. By this marriage she had one daughter, Augusta (later to become Mrs. Peter Nau), who came with her to the United States. They lived for about one year in St. Louis, Missouri, before coming to California. In 1861 she married Peter Charge, and they first lived on a farm located a few miles south of Yuba City, later purchasing a 400 acre ranch about five miles west of Sutter City. Peter Charge was born in 1830, in Prussia, northeastern Germany. Of this marriage there were three children: my father, Martin, another son, John William, and a daughter, Emma. All three lived to reach their nineties. Grandfather Charge died in 1871, my grandmother in 1912.

My mother, Agnes (Clemme Agnes Burgett) Charge, born May 18, 1866, was also a native of Sutter County. Her parents were Milbury and Lucinda (Rockholt) Burgett. I don't know much about the grandparents, except that Milbury's mother was Catharine (Milbury) Burgett, and Lucinda's mother was Mrs. Flowers. There is a small town, Burgettstown, in Western Pennsylvania

named after this family. A family Bible that belonged to Catharine Burgett is now in the possession of a great-great-grandson, Silas A. Schellenger of Sutter. Grandpa Burgett was born in Iowa on St. Patrick's Day, 1857. His wife, born in Missouri in 1842, also came to California in 1857. Of this marriage there were nine children: Sarah, wife of George Thompson, who, with his father, developed the Thompson seedless grape; Eliza, wife of Enos (Doo) Morelan; Harriett, wife of Bradley Perry; my mother, Agnes; my stepmother, Lena; Rhoda, first married to George Gard, later to Hen Page; Elizabeth, who died in infancy; Eva, first married to John Gulick, later to Matt Sullenger; one son, William.

Grandpa Burgett's brother, Henry, was reported to be the first settler (1856) on Butte slough, near the long bridge. Another brother, Oliver, owned the property where Mrs. W. L. (Ina) Meier lives today. He had a blacksmith shop near where the old Slough schoolhouse stands. There was one sister, Almena, who married Edmond T. Schellenger.

These early day settlers were industrious, hard working men and women, with few comforts for easy living. We may well be proud of them.

After a separation from her first husband, Lucinda Burgett married a man by the name of Davis, and thereafter she was always known as Grandma Davis. She was quite a lady -- always put her hair up on curlers and wore what I suppose would be called a boudoir cap. As she grew older, she kept busy crocheting, and much of her handiwork was given away to members of the family. She died in 1924, and is buried in the Sutter cemetery. Grandpa Burgett died in 1910, and is buried in the old

pioneer Stohlman cemetery. Also buried there are my mother Agnes Charge, and my paternal grandparents, Peter and Mary Magdalena Charge. I am grateful to my grandson, Steve Fortna, for putting ironwork fencing around the graves of my mother, and Grandpa and Grandma Charge.

Just a few words here about the Stohlman cemetery. This property and the adjoining farm land was claimed by a Mr. Johnson in the early 1860s, and was sold by him to a Mr. Isaacs in 1869. In 1870, when my grandparents purchased the ranch, the cemetery was included. At about this time, a small church was erected in the cemetery; it was built by the people of the community, square holes and pegs being used in the construction instead of nails. Regular pews and hymn books were provided, and a circuit rider, Father Crepts, conducted services. Chris Meier, an uncle of my husband, attended church there. In 1887 my grandmother Charge sold the property to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stohlmann, and the church building was moved (probably around 1905-1910) and incorporated in their ranch buildings.

It is interesting to note that J.A. Friend who was the sixth sheriff of Sutter County, and his wife, Harriett, are buried in the Stohlman cemetery. Another interesting fact is that the headstone on the grave of Felix Martin was pictured in Ripley's "Believe It or Not". It shows the figure of a man holding a horse, with the inscription "Hold to him Frank". Mr. Martin was hauling grain to be put on the river boat at Meridian. While unloading, the wagon slipped on the bank, and he lost his life in the river. His close friend, Frank (Franz) Nau had the inscription carved on his tombstone. Mr. Nau's

grave is next to that of his friend. Although this happened before I was born, I can remember people telling about it. Ripley also pictured the Sutter Buttes, identifying them as "The Smallest Mountain Range in the World". The earliest burial in the cemetery is thought to have been that of a seven year old boy, Elza Gray, who drowned in 1860. On his headstone is found this quotation: "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth".

And now I come to my own story. I was born October 31, 1885, on my grandmother Charge's ranch, near the foot of the Sutter Buttes. There is an illustration of this ranch in the "History of Sutter County", published by Thompson and West in 1879, and reproduced in 1974 by Howell-North Books. For many years a lone fig tree remained at the site, but it too is now gone. My mother was the second patient attended in childbirth by Dr. E. V. Jacobs of Meridian, who at that time was just beginning a long and active practice. Gertrude Stewart, later to marry my stepbrother Ralph, was the first baby he delivered. Although my mother was a strong and healthy young woman, complications apparently developed, and she died when I was ten days old. So it was that my kindly grandmother took me as her own, and cared for me until I was ten years old.

The boy, Willie Meier, who was later to become my husband, had also lost his mother at an early age. It was at this time that he came to do chores for Grandma Charge. He was eleven years older than I, and many times I remember Grandma telling me how Willie rocked my cradle, and always said that some day he would marry me.

After the death of Grandfather

Charge, Grandmother kept up the ranch as long as she was able, later selling to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stohlmann. Descendants of the Stohlmann family still own and operate the ranch today. Grandma then moved to the little town of Meridian, situated on the east bank of the Sacramento river. Willie at this time was working for Mr. Dirke, a rancher near Meridian, and it was one of his duties to deliver home-churned butter to residents of the area. Grandma was one of his regular customers, and I can remember watching at the gate for Willie.

When I was about five years old, we moved to Elk Creek in Glen County, and it was there I first went to school. Grandmother's daughter, Emma (our beloved Aunt Em), a young lady at that time and soon to be married, lived with us, and those were happy days for me. The best time was when my cousin, Cordie Nau, came to visit. We were both near the same age, and remained close companions throughout grade school. There was a watermelon patch nearby, where my Uncle Will lived, and Cousin Cordie and I would pick out the largest we could find to carry home. As might be expected, we usually dropped our melon and had to eat it on the spot, then go back for another to take home.

In those days, it was customary to voluntarily expose children to the measles to insure they would develop the disease at an early age. Our family was no exception, and when Cousin Cordie came down with the measles, I was urged to kiss her. Needless to say, this exposure had the desired effect. Another old fashioned custom was the use of asafoetida [**Note:** asafoetida - a fetid substance prepared from the juice of certain plants of the parsley family, used

in medicine as an antispasmodic] bags worn around the neck to ward off disease. Children disliked them very much because of their garlic-like odor. Possibly their only value was to keep others at a safe distance.

After Aunt Emma married Joe Robertson, Grandmother and I moved back to Meridian to live with them. One summer, in order to earn some money, she and I, along with Uncle Pete and Aunt Gusta Nau and a couple of their children, went to the hop fields near Nicolaus to pick hops. I am afraid I wasn't much help, but Grandma usually managed to fill her hundred pound bin by the end of the day. It was becoming difficult for Grandmother to meet expenses, and my father did not feel that he could assist financially with my support. So, with sadness and reluctance, on Grandmother's part as well as my own, I joined my father's family. (You may wonder why my grandmother did not have funds remaining from the sale of her ranch. Sufficient it is to say that her son, Will, was responsible for losses incurred during the intervening years.)

My father had remarried about a year after my mother's death; his second wife, Lena Burgett, was a younger sister of my mother. At the time I went to live with them, my father was employed part time by Frederick Tarke of West Butte, and we lived in a little house on part of his hill property. My father also hunted ducks and geese, which were plentiful in those days, and sold them at markets in Yuba City and Marysville.

It was a difficult adjustment for me to make, leaving my dear grandmother who had cared for me since birth, and going into a home where

dishwashing, bread making and minding children were never-ending chores. My step-mother was a hard working woman, and I am sure did the best she could, but no one could take the place of my grandmother. Grandma truly understood the heart of a child; when I lived with her there was always a doll for me at Christmas, and colored eggs at Easter. How happy I was whenever she would come and stay with us for a little while. There were four other children to be fed and clothed, and most of our clothing was made by hand. Underwear was usually made from flour sacks, and my step-mother put many a stitch in beautiful handmade quilts. Shoes were purchased and brought home to us, hopefully of the right size. One time my father surprised me with a new hat, a really rare event.

Attending school was perhaps my greatest enjoyment, and I never missed a day if I could help it. The Slough school was about three miles away, and my three stepbrothers and I walked this distance, rain or shine. The school house, built in 1888, is still standing, although not in use since 1962. Later my children all attended this same one-room school. (My husband attended the Slough school that was in use before this one was built.) Spelling was my best subject, arithmetic my most difficult. In those days pupils were taught word analysis, an excellent help in learning the meaning of words. Although few Indians remained in our area at that time, there were two Indian girls, Emma and May, who attended school when I did.

A few of you may remember the one-room school, heated by a large castiron stove in the center of the building. This supplied plenty of heat for

the nearby students, but left those on the outer fringes somewhat chilly. The older children took turns helping the teacher with the janitor work -- cleaning blackboards and erasers, sweeping the floor and dusting. Outside on the porch was a pump and sink, and a tin drinking cup for use by one and all. Two anterooms, one for boys and one for girls, provided hooks for wraps, and shelves for dinner pails. Two outhouses took care of toilet needs, one in one corner of the yard for the girls, and another for the boys on the opposite side. Room and board for the teacher was usually furnished by one of the neighbors. All of my teachers were men; among them were Charley Ward, Edgar Ward and R. S. Zumwalt.

When I was in the sixth grade, we moved closer to Sutter City, and I attended the Brittan school there. One of the teachers, Miss Brittan, was a daughter of the man for whom the school was named. Although not my teacher, she was very kind to me and saw that I kept warm when I had chills and fever from malaria. The Ramey family lived just over the hill from us, and the daughter, May, became one of my closest friends. As time went on, she married Mr. McLaughlin, a construction worker from Canada, and we lost tract of one another. Years later we renewed our friendship when I visited her and her daughter, Marjorie, in 1974, at their home in Vancouver, British Columbia.

After several moves from one place to another (the Watson place, the Peterson and the John Pohle), my father finally settled on a small farm situated on Butte slough in District #70. Here he and my stepmother spent the rest of their lives.

In all their long years, my parents had no modern conveniences in their home. The cook-stove and heater used a lot of wood, especially in the wintertime, and my father cut and split it all in his spare time. But in spite of many difficulties, this devoted couple remained independent, and cared for their two handicapped children until very late in life. They lived to celebrate their 70th wedding anniversary in 1956. I have my stepmother's old family Bible which was given to her by her Sunday school teacher in Kelseyville in 1884.

As a young boy, my father carried the mail from Sutter City to West Butte on horseback. He was an expert sack-sewer, and worked on the George Summy harvester when twenty-four horses were used to pull the harvester. Even after reaching the age of eighty, he could still outdo many a younger man sewing sacks. He drove a 1926 Model T Ford for many years, until about a month before his death; a restricted driver's license permitted him to drive a short distance from his home in order to purchase groceries and other necessities. My grandson, Larry Fortna, has restored the old Ford, and occasionally shows it off in parades.

My stepmother died in 1958 at the age of 89, my father in 1961 at the age of 97. They are buried in the Meridian cemetery, as are five of their seven children: Harry, Clifford, Etta, Peter, and an infant daughter. Two other sons, Ralph and Martie, are buried in the Sutter cemetery.

When I was sixteen, I graduated from the ninth grade at Slough school. At that time, the final examinations were prepared and sent out by the Superintendent of School's office. We

anxiously studied for these exams, and were greatly relieved when they were over. We usually had picnics in the Buttes on the last day of school, and climbing to the top of one of the peaks was a big event of the day. Although rattlesnakes are numerous in that area, I don't recall any casualties.

The summer following graduation Willie started calling on me, and although my father was very strict, Willie was the one boy he allowed to court me. The engagement ring he gave me was a gold band with delicate etching and a tiny diamond. It was purchased at Peter Engel's jewelry store, one of the leading jewelry stores in Marysville. The cost of the ring was six dollars, a seemingly insignificant sum today, but not by the standards of 1902 when wages were a dollar per day. Willie also gave me a beautifully engraved gold Waltham watch, which to this day keeps accurate time. It had a long gold chain, and fleur-de-lis pin with which it could be fastened to dress or waist.

Our marriage took place at the parsonage in Yuba City, and the ceremony was performed by Reverend Johnstone. My wedding dress was made by a seamstress in Yuba City, and for my wedding trip Willie gave me a suit which he had purchased for thirty dollars. Those attending the wedding were my father and step-mother, and his sister and her husband, Lena and Fred Stohlmann. After the ceremony, we rode the mule-drawn street car to Marysville, had dinner at the Empire Restaurant, and then boarded the Southern Pacific train for Sacramento. (A picture of the mule-drawn street car can be seen at the Mary Aaron museum in Marysville.)

We spent the night in

Sacramento, and the following morning went on to San Francisco for a three weeks honeymoon. It was a wonderful three weeks, especially for me who had never been in a big city. We rode the street cars all over San Francisco, getting transfers from one line to another. If I remember right, fares then were only a nickel. We often went to the Cliff House, a major attraction at that time. While in the City we purchased the family album which I still treasure. I also have the blue and yellow salt and pepper shakers which I purchased at the Hampton Hardware store in Marysville when we were first married. They are included in my salt and pepper shaker collection which I have added to over the years.

On our return home we settled down on a sixty acre ranch about three and one-half miles east of Meridian, and shared a happy married life for twenty-seven years. Here our six children were born, all delivered at home by Dr. Jacobs, the same Dr. Jacobs who had delivered me. He was our family doctor for many years, taking care of all our ills, which ranged from treating my husband's sciatic rheumatism to extracting a painful wisdom tooth for me, not to mention all the childhood diseases the children had. At one time I wanted him to remove a needle which I had stepped on when I was a child, and which had worked its way up above my knee and was close to the surface. But he thought best to leave it alone, and I presume the needle is still somewhere in my body. Behind his combination office and drug store, the doctor kept some large birds - peacocks I believe they were - which always attracted the children.

Our first child, Eva, was born on the first anniversary of our marriage. A

practical nurse we called Auntie Reed (later married to Mr. Stroud), stayed with me at that time. We gave the baby the middle name of Agnes, the same as my mother's middle name and my own. When she was beginning to sit up alone, I used to set her in a horse collar on a blanket on the floor. This left me free to get my work done. With the next three children, one of my aunts stayed with me and helped out. Our first boy, Arthur, was given the middle name William, after his father. When our two youngest children were born, I had a trained nurse with me, Aunt Sarah (Esther) Bokman. She was an excellent nurse and a good cook. Our youngest daughter, Esther Emma, was named after her and my Aunt Emma. Billie was named William Martin after his father and grandfather.

During my early married life, we did not have the conveniences that are taken so for granted today. There was no indoor plumbing, no running water, no electricity, no telephone. At first, clothes were scrubbed on a wash board, seldom seen now, except in museums. Later we had a washing machine with a wheel on the side; turning the wheel operated a mechanism which agitated the clothes. Water was heated in a wash boiler on the wood stove in the kitchen. Butter was made with a plunger-type churn. Later, when cream separators came into use, we sold our cream and purchased butter from the creamery.

Butchering was an event that took place every winter, when the weather turned cold and frosty. Neighbors helped one another, and two days work resulted in a winter supply of meat and lard. Hams and shoulders were soaked in brine, then hung in the smoke-house to be smoked daily until the meat was

cured. The smoke-house was a small, tightly constructed building with one small window. The wooden cover for the window could be adjusted so as to allow a small amount of smoke to escape. An old heating stove was used for a slow-burning fire to produce smoke. Chips and bark from fruit, walnut or oak trees were preferred on account of the good flavor they gave the meat. Meat for sausage was ground, mixed and seasoned in a large wash tub, and stuffed into pig entrails which had been carefully scraped and cleaned and turned inside out. To this day my family insists there is absolutely no sausage to compare with that we made and smoked ourselves. Later on, I had very good results canning sausage patties. Liverwurst was another sausage we made, especially enjoyed by my husband. Lard was rendered in a large iron kettle, and required constant stirring with a long wooden paddle. (These kettles were also used for scalding the hogs, after which the hair could easily be scraped off.) Some people today have these kettles in their yards with flowers planted in them.

Sometime around 1907 a flood occurred, and our horses, cows and pigs were taken to the nearby levee for safety. The chickens found refuge on the hay in the barn. Fortunately, water did not get into the house, which stood about six feet above the ground. This house was one of the first built in Sutter City, square nails being used in the construction. It had been moved to District #70 sometime prior to our ownership of the property.

High water, with the danger of floods, was common during the winter, and neighbors took turns patrolling the levee. In 1914, when we lost our baby

daughter, the water was so high we could not cross the wooden bridge which spanned the slough. My husband and his brother-in-law carried the tiny casket across the railroad trestle for burial in the Stohlmann cemetery. Later, after my husband's death, the body was removed and buried at the foot of his grave in the Sutter cemetery.

In the early days, people were greatly influenced by the phases of the moon, especially in the planting of crops. Superstition also played a part. My husband's uncle, Chris Meier, would never start anything on a Friday - that would be bad luck indeed.

Our knowledge of the universe was very meager in the early 1900s, and when Halley's comet appeared in the western sky, sometime around 1910, we watched in wonderment from our back porch. It was a phenomenon long to be remembered and talked about. We did not know then that we would see this comet again some sixty years later.

Our farm land originally was used for the cultivation of grapes. Later the vineyard was replaced by crops of barley, corn and alfalfa; still later, flax was grown. We owned a few acres of bottom land across the slough, which was excellent for raising beans. One year my husband planted peanuts, perhaps because the children were always wanting peanuts; for once they had all they could eat. We also had a blackberry patch there, and I canned quantities of berries and made jelly for winter use. We had a few apple trees, and people from Sutter City came to buy apples. These were white Astrachan apples, good for both eating and cooking. I canned applesauce, tomatoes, various fruits, and mincemeat for pies. Sealing wax (rosin)

was melted in a can and used for sealing the lids.

I raised turkeys for the market, and chickens, ducks and geese for our own use. Eggs helped to pay for our groceries. In those days we were not obliged to pay cash at the stores in Meridian; we could buy on credit, and pay in full when the crops were harvested. Sometimes I had baby pigs or lambs to raise on the bottle. It was no easy chore getting up at night to feed these little animals.

We operated a small dairy, usually six or seven cows. All of the cows had names, and one or two of the old ones were friendly enough that my daughter, Addie, could ride them around the corral. Our work horses were Daisy, Nellie, Prince and a white horse called Cabbage. Cabbage was used for pulling the derrick to load hay into the barn. Addie used to ride her too, and would take the younger children on with her. My first horse for driving was old Prince, a very dependable old horse. We drove him when we went to Yuba City for our wedding, and knew he would take Willie's father (who had been celebrating a bit) home safely. Later, Willie purchased a mare named Edie from Fred Landerman for me. She was a trotter, gentle enough for me to harness, and speedy on the road. During the hot summer weather we used a horse net to protect her from the bothersome flies. Our first dog was an old hound-dog we called Sport, who drifted in from somewhere and stayed with us. Our little girls loved him.

When Grandma Charge came to America, she brought her feather bed with her. We too used feather beds, and saved duck and goose feathers for that purpose, and also for pillows.

Schmierkase (cottage cheese) was one of Grandma's favorite foods, and she made good coffee-cake which we called "kouga" (probably derived from the German word "kuchen").

In those days we did most of our shopping in Meridian, going to Marysville (an all day trip by horse and buggy) several times a year for clothing and other items, and perhaps a jug of whiskey. We always kept a jug on hand, and my husband occasionally liked a drink after a hard days work. We called for our mail at the Meridian post office, as rural free delivery was not yet established. Newspapers came by mail, and the Sutter County Farmer, published once a week, was the leading newspaper. Magazines at that time included "Hearth and Home", "Comfort Magazine" and the "Youth's Companion".

When I was first married, a trading boat came up the Sacramento river to Colusa, making stops along the way. We could purchase clothing, yardage and groceries on board the boat. An old peddler, a Chinese with the traditional queue, came through our community, selling fresh vegetables and other produce from his covered wagon. He also brought Chinese candy, for us an unusual treat. My two youngest, Esther and Billie, thought it great fun to mimic his sing-song voice calling out his wares, "let-tuce, turn-ip, and pea."

Another peddler, a Jew called Ike, had a push-cart which carried a variety of articles such as towels, tablecloths, clothing, baby shoes, and even alarm clocks. Occasionally, old Benjamin, another peddler, came along with clothing and other goods. A meat wagon, driven by Billy Hill, delivered meat from the shop in Meridian. Later on, the

butcher shop in Sutter City sent out a meat truck, and W. H. McPherrin drove this truck.

Hoboes were common in the early days. As a rule they were honest fellows, glad for a few days work in exchange for a few dollars, good meals, and a place in the barn to spread their blankets. Occasionally gypsies came along, and these we did not trust as they were noted for stealing. One in particular became very angry with me because I would not let her tell my fortune; thinking to spite me, she told me I would have six children. Although her prediction later proved true, this didn't bother me in the least. There were also wagon tramps who often camped nearby, wherever there was shade. I remember one family who stayed about a week after the birth of their baby. Mothers in the neighborhood felt sorry for these people who had so little, and gathered up baby clothes for the new baby, and food for the family.

Hindus were beginning to arrive from India at the turn of the century, and some came to our area to work in the bean fields. They often came to us to buy chickens, eggs and milk, but spoke very little English and kept to themselves.

Although there was a lot of hard work in those early days, there was fun and pleasure too. Soon after our marriage, friends and neighbors gathered around our house late in the evening to serenade us with an old fashioned charivari. Beating on all manner of pots and pans, they created enough noise to arouse the soundest sleeper. There were barn dances with fiddlers supplying the music, and a caller for the square dances. The Red House barn, on Louis Tarke's property, was a short distance

southeast of our farm. Later, Marshall and Anna (Tarke) Shields remodeled the so-called Red House and established a home there. Neighbors met in homes for card games, pedro being a great favorite. Children were no problem; they were put to sleep on blankets while the grown-ups continued their games.

There were picnics in the summertime, one every year in Gridley, another in Grimes. For the trip to Grimes, we would go to Meridian by horse and buggy, and take an excursion boat from there. The circus, which performed in Marysville, was a big event for both parents and children. A parade through the downtown area always preceded the big three ring performance, and this in itself was a big attraction. Occasionally road shows came to the small towns, and tents were put up for the evening performance. Later came the silent movies (picture shows), with their popular Westerns and exciting serials. Some years we attended the State Fair in Sacramento, and one time our little girl, Eva, was determined to have a big red apple from one of the exhibits. My husband finally had to find someone who would sell him an apple in order to shut her up.

For amusement in the home, we had one of the early Edison phonographs (gramophone), and among the popular records were "Casey Jones" and "Just a Wee Dioch and Doris," and another about a preacher and a bear. Later we had a radio, and two of our favorite programs were "Fibber McGee and Molly" and "Amos and Andy." We had two horns for our phonograph, one a long, black horn, the other a rose colored, morning-glory shaped horn.

Living in the country as we did,

there was little opportunity to attend church. I was baptized a Catholic (Grandma Charge was a Catholic and saw to that), but I was not brought up in the Catholic faith. First to influence my religious thinking were two gospel missionaries who traveled through our section of the country on bicycles. These ladies were welcomed into our homes, and held meetings in the local grammar school. One was Bessie Dunkin, the other Alma, whose last name I can't recall. "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" was one of their songs I especially liked. I still have the Bible given to me in 1913 by these dedicated women.

In 1912 the Northern Electric Railway built a line to Meridian, later extending it to Colusa. The roadbed cut through our ranch, leaving the house and barn on a small section to the north of the railway. For convenience sake, we then decided to move our house to the south. This was accomplished with no problems, except the cable broke once which stopped the clock. I stayed in the house and cooked dinner while the move was being made. The small section of land on the north side was later sold to the Tarke Warehouse Company and a large warehouse was erected on the site. The original building was destroyed by fire, but was soon rebuilt, and is still in use.

The orange trees we had in our front yard, where we first lived, are long since gone, but remnants of the olive trees and pomegranate bushes are still growing. When the state highway was constructed, our ranch was again divided.

The railroad was a great convenience for trips to Marysville. People from ranches in the district stabled their horses in our barn (for a

small fee), and boarded the train at Tarke station, which was a short distance from our house. Students attending Sutter Union High School took the train to Sutter City and walked a mile from the depot to the high school. A book of tickets for students could be purchased at a reduced price. These boys and girls came from Yuba City, Live Oak, Meridian and way stations, Sutter High being the only high school in the county at the time. All of our children attended this high school. My future son-in-law, Harmon Johnson, was a brakeman on the Sacramento Northern in 1919-1920.

One fatal accident occurred at the crossing in front of our home. The iceman who delivered our ice, was killed instantly when he drove his truck directly in front of an oncoming train. Needless to say, this was a horrifying experience for all concerned.

A "third rail" was used for power conduction for the trains, and this could be dangerous. Although there were cattle guards, we occasionally lost a cow on the tracks. The railroad company reimbursed us for such losses. Our children were aware of the danger, but even so, the two youngest, Esther and Billie, liked to try their skill at walking on the third rail. Naturally they didn't let me know about it. They were always up to something. One time when they were playing near the slough, Billie fell in, and it was just by the grace of God that Esther was able to pull him out. I didn't know about this escapade at the time either.

The coming of the railroad brought electric power, and this enabled us to have electric lights, and a motor for pumping water. Prior to that time we used kerosene lamps (collectors' items

today), and we depended on a windmill or hand pump for our water supply. Most everyone in those days had tank houses with large tanks to store water. Instead of having water heated in pipes running through the fire-box of the kitchen stove, we could now have an electric water tank. And a modern bathtub took the place of a galvanized washtub for bathing. The wooden icebox with ice compartment on top, preceded by the old water cooler with burlap sides and water container on top, gave way to an electric refrigerator. And an electric range provided more comfort for cooking, especially in the summertime, although kerosene stoves had been in use for some time. Some of the best angel food cakes I have ever tasted were baked in the oven of a kerosene stove by Nellie Staas, the wife of my husband's cousin, August.

Sometime earlier, our first telephone was installed, a wooden box on the wall which was operated by turning a crank. This was a great convenience, not only for emergencies, but also for keeping in touch with the neighbors. Party lines were the rule, as many as five or six parties on one line. We could call others on our line simply by ringing their number of rings, long or short as the case might be. For other calls, it was necessary to ring "Central."

When we were first married, Willie and I vacationed one summer with my folks, at Alder Springs in Glen County. This was a long trip by truck-wagon and a team of horses. We cooked over a campfire which wasn't exactly fun, but we didn't seem to mind. The men spent their time hunting deer. In later years, when automobiles came into use, I had many interesting trips with various

members of my family. One of our favorite vacation spots was Donner Lake.

We purchased our first car, an Overland, in 1918, from Dunning Bros. in Marysville. Automobiles in those days were open on the sides, but side curtains with isinglass windows could be snapped on in cold or rainy weather. My husband did the driving at first, but I soon learned, and continued driving until I was eighty years old. By that time my vision was impaired by cataracts, and my family discouraged me from renewing my driver's license. In all my years of driving, I never had an accident. I learned quite a bit about autos, and could change a tire if I had to.

I had poor health when my youngest daughter was born (1915), and that summer Dr. Jacobs advised me to go to Shasta Retreat in Siskiyou County to try the mineral water supplied by the springs in that area. So, with my three months old baby, three older children, my Aunt Emma and Cosma Vicencio, the motherless boy she was keeping, we started off. The Southern Pacific train left Marysville in the early hours of the morning, so we checked in at the U.S. Hotel and tried to get some sleep until it was time to go. In due time we arrived at Shasta Retreat, and although accommodations were rather primitive, we enjoyed our two weeks stay. The children thought it fun to walk a mile down the railroad track to Dunsmuir, and perhaps carry back a watermelon. A mile in the other direction took us to Shasta Springs and a nearby waterfall, another walk which we enjoyed.

A few years later we went again to Shasta Retreat, this time for a month, and my husband joined us for the last half of our stay. It wasn't easy for him to

get away, but his cousin, Louis Meier, agreed to milk the cows and do the chores while he was gone.

Malaria was very prevalent in the Sacramento Valley in the late 1800s and early 1900s, and often at school I would find myself coming down with chills and fever. Quinine was widely used, and Grove's Chill Tonic was a preparation I gave my own children. In 1918 Dr. Moulton of Chico treated me for gallstones, and surgery was performed at Enloe Hospital. Two large ones were put in a bottle for me to take home; sometime later my little girl, Esther, found them in a dresser drawer, and thinking they were candy-coated peanuts, ate them. In case you are interested, she says they were very bitter, and burned her mouth! Several years later I had surgery for removal of a kidney stone at the University of California Hospital in San Francisco. Dr. E. E. Gray of Marysville became our family doctor soon after that, and it was he who (with the help of my daughter, Eva) pulled me through when I was critically ill with pneumonia. He also treated our little boy, Billie, when he had to be hospitalized with Bright's disease.

I might mention here that cousins on both my husband's and my side of the family had diabetes mellitus. In our immediate family, my grandson, Stephen Fortna, developed the disease at the age of twelve.

World War I, which started in 1917, is rather dim in my memory now. We bought Thrift Stamps and War Bonds, much the same as we did in World War II. Sugar was scarce, dark flour was used for breadmaking, and children planted vegetable gardens in school yards. We felt very fortunate that

my husband, because of his family, and occupation of farming, was not drafted. I still have a handkerchief that his cousin, Henry Meier, sent from France.

Near the end of World War I, the influenza epidemic struck the United States. This was a severe type of influenza from which thousands of people died. All unnecessary activities were restricted, and people were asked to wear masks in public. All in our family were ill, with the exception of my husband and one daughter.

On a rainy night in December 1927, friends and relatives joined us in celebrating our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. It was my hope that we would be together to observe our fiftieth, but this was not to be.

I made extra money cooking for the men who worked at the Tarke warehouse, and during the slack times on the ranch, my husband worked in the warehouse. It was there on November 11, 1929 that he was accidentally killed when a pile of beans fell over on him. This was exactly twenty-six years after the death of his own father. I would like to include here a bit of my husband's family history.

William Frederick Meier (my husband) was born August 31, 1874, a few miles east of Meridian, on a ranch now known as the Waldo Nall ranch. His paternal grandparents were Henry and Dorothea (Schneitger) Meier of Germany. His father, William Meier, born in Germany in 1836, was the first of the Meier brothers to leave the Fatherland, coming to California in the late 1850s. My daughter, Addie, has an old leather-covered trunk he brought with him from Germany. Willie's mother, Christina (Richman) Meier, also a native of

Germany, was born in 1852. She died in 1875 when he and his sister Lena (Carolina) were very small children. Friends and relatives helped care for the children, and Willie attended the Slough and West Butte grammar schools, and later Heald's Business College in Stockton.

My husband was a kindly, easy-going man. I don't believe a more honest man ever lived, and the same could be said of our two sons.

When Willie was about sixteen years old, he went to work as chore boy for Frederick Tarke. His father had also worked for Mr. Tarke, and helped build some of the rock-wall fences which are still in use on the ranch today. Willie's father died of pneumonia in 1903, and it was a disappointment that he did not live to see his first grandchild. He and his wife are buried in the old Stohlmann cemetery, the graves protected by an iron fence erected by my husband and his brother-in-law, Fred Stohlmann. Still growing there is a lilac bush which was planted by their daughter, Lena. Lena died of a brain tumor at the age of forty-four, and is buried in the Sutter cemetery.

The depression came along in the early 1930s, and the banks were closed for close to two weeks. We had our own farm produce, and times were not as hard for us as for those living in the big cities. Government subsidies were put in effect, but we did not approve of this policy, nor am I in favor of it now. At this time we had the misfortune to lose our barn by fire. It was full of alfalfa hay, and the fire was thought to be caused by spontaneous combustion. Lost in the fire was an old fan-mill, used in the early days for cleaning beans, and our old

wagon and buggy.

With the help of my sons, Arthur and Billie, I continued on the farm after my husband's death until 1938, when I sold part of the property and purchased a home in Yuba City. While we were in the process of moving, our house in the country caught fire and burned to the ground. Friends and relatives were very generous in replacing many of our belongings, but some things of course were irreplaceable. Among these were family pictures, including large ones of my mother and my husband's mother, and an old trunk which contained several dolls belonging to my older daughters. Also lost was a canary, and my son's little bulldog, Skeeter.

Although we were eventually settled comfortably in Yuba City, I missed the farm and my many friends in that area. At that time I was a member of the Meridian Wednesday Afternoon Club, South Butte Parlor #226, Native Daughters of the Golden West, Sunflower Rebekah Lodge in Yuba City, and the Sutter Grange. (Of passing interest, I might mention here that the Meridian club house was given to the women's club by Dr. and Mrs. Jacobs in memory of their son, Voriece, who died of typhoid fever at the age of twelve.) As a member of South Butte Parlor I was instrumental in the placement of an historical plaque in the pioneer Stohlmann cemetery. Near this cemetery there was at one time a small hill, where my children loved to pick wild flowers - snowdrops, Johnny-jump-ups, buttercups, bluebells, and the familiar California poppy. Now the hill has been leveled and an oil well marks the spot.

I have retained my membership in the Meridian Club and Sunflower

Rebekahs, but after moving to Yuba City, I transferred from South Butte Parlor to Marysville Parlor #162, NDGW. I have held office in both these organizations, and in 1954 was president of the Sutter County TB and Health Association. I am a member of the Homecraft Club and Garden Club of Meridian, the Veteran Rebekahs of Yuba City, and the Past Presidents Organization of Native Daughters. I am a charter member, and hold a life membership in the Sutter County Historical Society.

During World War II my son, Arthur, spent four years with the Tank Destroyers in the Pacific. My son, Billie, was a radioman in the Navy, also in the Pacific theater. My daughter, Addie, an Army nurse, served with the 170th General Hospital in Europe. I had one grandson, Harold Johnson, in the Air Corps, and a grandson by marriage, Howard Marshall, in the Marines. Both served in the Pacific.

During the war I was a member of the Navy Mothers' Club, and helped with the USO. I also took part in manning the posts set up for detecting enemy planes. Margaret Graves usually accompanied me on these early morning trips, and did her share in the voluntary work. Housing was needed for Army personnel stationed at Camp Beale (now Beale Air Force Base), and I rented rooms to soldiers and their wives. Some of these people still remember, and write to me at Christmas time. Although gasoline was rationed, we managed to have enough to visit my son, Arthur, at Ft. Lewis, Washington, and later at Pittsburg, the port of embarkation from where he left for overseas. As did many others, we were saving our sugar in order to make candy and cookies for those in

the service.

My husband, and baby daughter who died at birth on New Year's Day in 1914, are buried in the Sutter cemetery, as are my sons, Arthur and Billie, who lost their lives in the 1955 flood which inundated Yuba City. They were working to save the levee on Christmas Eve when the break occurred, and were caught in the rush of water from the Feather River. My grandson, William Arthur Fortna, who was born the following July, was named after his two uncles.

Arthur was never married, and lived at home; after the war he worked for the Charles Merz Co. (tire doctors) in Marysville. William, known as Billie, was married to Hazel Minchin, now the wife of Gordon Sterud; he was employed by the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. and they made their home in Yuba City. They had no children.

My eldest daughter, Eva Agnes, married Harmon A. Johnson of Sacramento, a principal for many years in the North Sacramento schools. Esther Emma, my youngest daughter, married Vernon R. Fortna of Colusa. He owns and operates the Valley Termite & Pest Control Co. located on North Township Road in Sutter County, where they also have their home. Addie Lena, a registered nurse who retired after forty-nine years of nursing, lives with me.

In conclusion, I would like to name my seven grandchildren: Harold and William Johnson, Bernice Johnson Marshall, Barbara Johnson Wherity Driffill, Larry, Stephen and William Fortna; fourteen great-grandchildren: Randall Johnson, Kristine Johnson Humphrey Jones, Denise Marshall Cox, Thomas, James, Daniel and Richard Marshall, Robert, David and Jonathan

Wherity Driffill, Nancy Driffill, Linda Johnson Hawkins, Bradley and Carrie Esther Fortna; one step-great-grandson, Bradley Jonas; eleven great-great-grandchildren: Kenneth Johnson Irby, Laura and Lisa Humphrey, Michael, Christopher, Justin, Nathan, and Aimee Cox, Jonathan and Michelle Marshall, Donald Driffill. A step-great-granddaughter, Mary Ann Jonas, who died of a ruptured cerebral aneurysm at the age of nine.

The events of my life which I have related here have covered a period extending from the horse and buggy days to the space age. It has been a wonderful experience, and my hope for each member of my family is a good and worthwhile life, such as I feel mine has been.

/s/ Mamie A. Meier

N.B. The writing of this history for my mother has held for me both pleasure and sadness - pleasure in recalling events of a happy childhood, sadness for the heartaches of my dear mother. May God bless and keep her always in His loving care.

/s/ Addie L. Meier

July 4, 1976



TRIP AROUND THE BUTTES

Editor Farmer: Last Friday myself and wife celebrated the battle of Bunker Hill by making our regular biannual trip from Live Oak around the Buttes. The day was lovely and the knats considerate. Before arriving at the adobe, wheat looked fine, but the adobe had suffered from lack of drainage. On arriving at Pennington we find Bud J. C. Kingbury doing a good mercantile business, the two blacksmith shops lively with work, and the grain looking better than ever. Next we come to Butteselvania, the home of the late Dr. McMurty. Dr. T. H. Furguson is now the owner of this valuable ranch and starts in with 4500 bags to hold the present wheat crop. Coming to the Graves farm the grain is heavier than we ever saw on this land, but the rust is bad in places, and will probably cause the wheat to shrink. We pass a barley field already harvested and come to the Kersey place, where a change has been made in the road, and more barley has been put in the sack. Surely there is something in a name, for we would not have found the ancient Noyesburg only for the name being painted on the old shop. Mr. Noyes is an old '49er, he has a fine home, a school house nearby, a cemetery just too convenient for anything, raises good crops and has demonstrated that alfalfa will grow on the driest soil but not with enough vigor to choke out foxtail, or to pay as well as wheat raising. At the old Jack Porter place the house has been moved away and the crops look fair. We see some heading has been done, and arrive at West Butte. Geo. Straub and sons run everything here, which consists of a general merchandise store, blacksmith and repair shop. There are some neat residences, a public hall and a fine church, but what its politicks were we didn't find out.

G. W. Santee had threshed his barley and J. M. Cope was looking after the threshing and marketing of his barley which he had sold for 80 cents per cential.

We pass where W. W. Wilbur is heading a heavy crop of wheat. Go on over two new bridges, interview the Farmer school house, where they have a fig staff to enforce that loyalty to the government, if not to the teacher. Return to Butte creek, eat our lunch, and are again on our way around the south end.


W. F. Hoke has a very heavy crop of early wheat which has been damaged about one third by the late storm. We find one harvester running on wheat, pass some fine residences, including Joseph Girdner's, and arrive at Sutter City. The place has not improved with age, but on viewing its tree fringed avenues one could only wish that it had boomed into the Gem City of the Valley, but alas, it stands as a monument to its founder, of faith in the reversal of the law of nature, of hope in impossibilities, and charity with the dollars of deluded worshipers at his shrine.

Continuing our journey home by way of Union school house, where the grain everywhere was immense. Interviewed G. N. Smith the ex-Justice of the Peace and Assessor, whose worst public offense has been the assessing of too many stray dogs. Mr. Smith's 500 acre farm is at the foot of East Butte, his home is a comfort to look at, and his young orchard is an emblem of enterprise.

Passing over Snake river the black land shows as good a prospect as the best loam land in the county. T. H. Stafford's almond orchard is thriving. More heavy grain lines the road and in every house is a candidate for sheriff.

Old Squire
Live Oak, June 24, 1892

Sutter County Farmer - 24 June 1892



1995 Trip Around the Buttes & Hikes Too!

"Old Squire" and his wife celebrated the battle of Bunker Hill by circling the Buttes; you can celebrate Maryland becoming the seventh state to ratify the Constitution (1788) the same way. The Society's bus trip around the Buttes will take place on Saturday, April 8 - rain or shine. We are working on improving and expanding last year's handout to include more information about the various locations discussed on the trip. Randy Schnabel will be our "guide". Burwell Ullrey will share his knowledge of the West Butte area with us again this year. The trip takes about four hours to complete. There is a \$10.00 per person charge. Reservations must be made by April 1. For further information or reservations, please call Linda (673-2721).

The Historical Society's guided hikes in the Sutter Buttes have been scheduled for March 18th and April 1, 1995. The charge for the hikes is \$15.00 per person and reservations must be made since each hike is limited in number for safety reasons. Reservations may be made at the Museum (741-7141) or by calling Linda at 673-2721. The reservation deadline for the March hike is March 8th; the deadline for the April 1 hike is March 22nd. Money must be received by the Wednesday prior to the hike date. The proceeds from the hikes go into the Historical Society's Ag Building fund.



SEARCH FOR FREMONT'S CACHE IN BUTTES

Yuba City, July 11. -- Claiming to have information that will aid them in locating a quantity of early day guns, salt petre, flint and other things cached by General John C. Fremont, pathfinder, in 1846, a group of savants of the University of California will explore the Sutter Buttes for the hiding place.

Past efforts to find the alleged cache have failed, it is said, because calculations made by Fremont and found in his log book, were quite inaccurate, for the reason that he made his observations by the stars.

The cache to be sought is part of an arsenal assembled by Fremont during his stay at the Buttes for affording protection to the early settlers against the Indians.

Oroville Mercury - 11 July 1924

MOTORCYCLISTS OF VALLEY TO CLIMB SUTTER BUTTES

Marysville, August 20 - Motorcyclists from all over California are coming here next month for a two-day hill-climbing tournament that will make the Sutter Buttes still more famous. The dates are September 21 and 22.

The contests will be held on Tarkey [sic] Hill, west of Sutter City, where a course up a steel hillside will be marked out.

The motorcycle meet will continue two days, it is announced, and many of the riders will no doubt come in advance in order to get acquainted with the course.

The event will be participated in by motorcyclists from all the big cities of the state and will be under auspices of the Capital City Club.

The roads leading to the scene of the contest will be signed and accommodations will be arranged as necessary on the grounds.

Oroville Mercury - 20 August 1924



NAMES OF GRAND JURORS

In the Superior Court of Sutter county the names of twenty-seven grand jurors were drawn to appear before said Court on Wednesday, the 18th inst. From the twenty-seven there will be nineteen chosen to serve on said Grand Jury: J. M. Hampton, Jas. T. Bogue, J. J. Bruce, J. P. Onstott, George W. Bailey, George Ohleyer, G. J. Betty, B. F. Walton, F. J. Gilpatrick, C. E. Wilcoxon, Emmet O'Connor, William Doty, Richard Barnett, George E. Brittan, W. H. Campbell, Ira H. Wood, C. W. Beilby, C. Weeman, J. C. Albertson, Eben Fifield, W. H. Stafford, H. B. Corliss, W. M. Wadsworth, L. P. Farmer, Joseph Girdner, C. A. Everett and Jas. Carroll.

The names of W. M. Manaugh and M. C. Winchester were drawn from the box, and owing to the death of Manaugh and removal of Winchester, the slips containing said names were destroyed.

Sutter County Farmer - 6 December 1895

Note: Chosen jurors were: William Doty, George E. Brittan, B. F. Walton - foreman, F. J. Gilpatrick, W. M. Wadsworth, G. J. Betty, L. P. Farmer, C. E. Wilcoxon, Jas. T. Bogue, J. C. Albertson, C. W. Beilby, George W. Bailey, W. H. Campbell, Jas. Carroll, J. P. Onstott, J. J. Bruce, Joseph Girdner, and Emmet O'Connor.

Happy New Year!!

Kid's Page

PETRHENCGNDQFXKEOGLM
AMSFPSQBAPGIADDIEGON
NYAUKGAMWJZILODCQDLA
WGEMOLLNBNIQUORJEQGA
ERALIHLCFNIARTRLBMKY
PYAROEEOCRYEOWTLJZTT
KUATWOMRXFAJMHHERJIEC
MGSZTSHEANTNTWIICXYJ
TSHRPOACIWNWCTKRLNEX
KEERESHISEWALIEQYLG
OAMRXLNDTHRKITSGGTIR
OIBOIJDUQFGXTDLCRJMW
BGBBCUUDYGOUBMIWOUFD
ZCOUSQOENSMOVWRHOBP
PGQTYDYSYPCKILPPEEYB
VVYTKWOEDIPEGXSXBMAJ
KACEIOSOLLKYOMZFFJZT
SSFMYUPLLOSXXNZXOUL
QAXHCAVROFAQIKZTCLWG
CDBYNMHUPHUHCSQSQGF

The following words are hidden in the puzzle

ADDIE

BURGETT
BUTTES

FLOOD

HALLEY'S COMET
HOPS

MAMIE MEIER
MERIDIAN
MODEL T

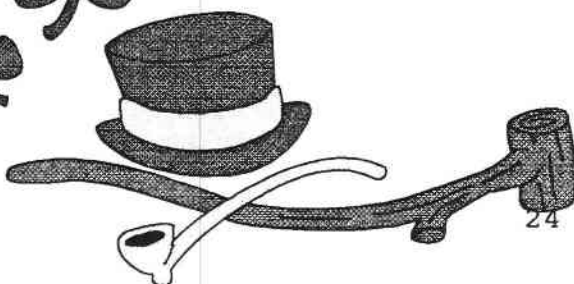
OLD SQUIRE

PEDDLER

SAN FRANCISCO
SISKIYOU
SLOUGH SCHOOL
STOHLMAN
SUTTER CITY

TRAIN

WAREHOUSE
WHEAT
WILLIE



Are you interested in history
and preserving our past?

Do you like to meet interesting people?

The Community Memorial Museum of Sutter County
would like you as a volunteer!

Please call 741-7141
or stop by
1333 Butte House Road, Yuba City



COMING EVENTS

January

- 5 - "Undecoration Day" at the Museum
- 17 - Historical Society Meeting - 7:30 p.m. at the Museum
The Oregon Trail - Edgar Stanton

February

- 4 - *No Laughing Matter* exhibit opens at the Museum
- 4-5 - Bok Kai Festival
- 11 - Love's Messenger Valentine Gift Box - Last day to order
- 14 - Valentine's Day
Love's Messenger Valentine Gift Box - Delivered

March

- 8 - Reservations Deadline for March 18 Hike
- 18 - Historical Society Buttes Hike
- 22 - Reservations Deadline for April 1 Hike

April

- 1 - Historical Society Buttes Hike
Reservations Deadline for Buttes Bus Trip
- 8 - Historical Society Bus Trip Around Buttes
- No Laughing Matter exhibit closes
- 8-9 - *Wear & Remembrance* - Yuba-Sutter Fairgrounds
- 11 - Historical Society Annual Dinner Meeting
Women Coming West - Dr. Pat Stanford

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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