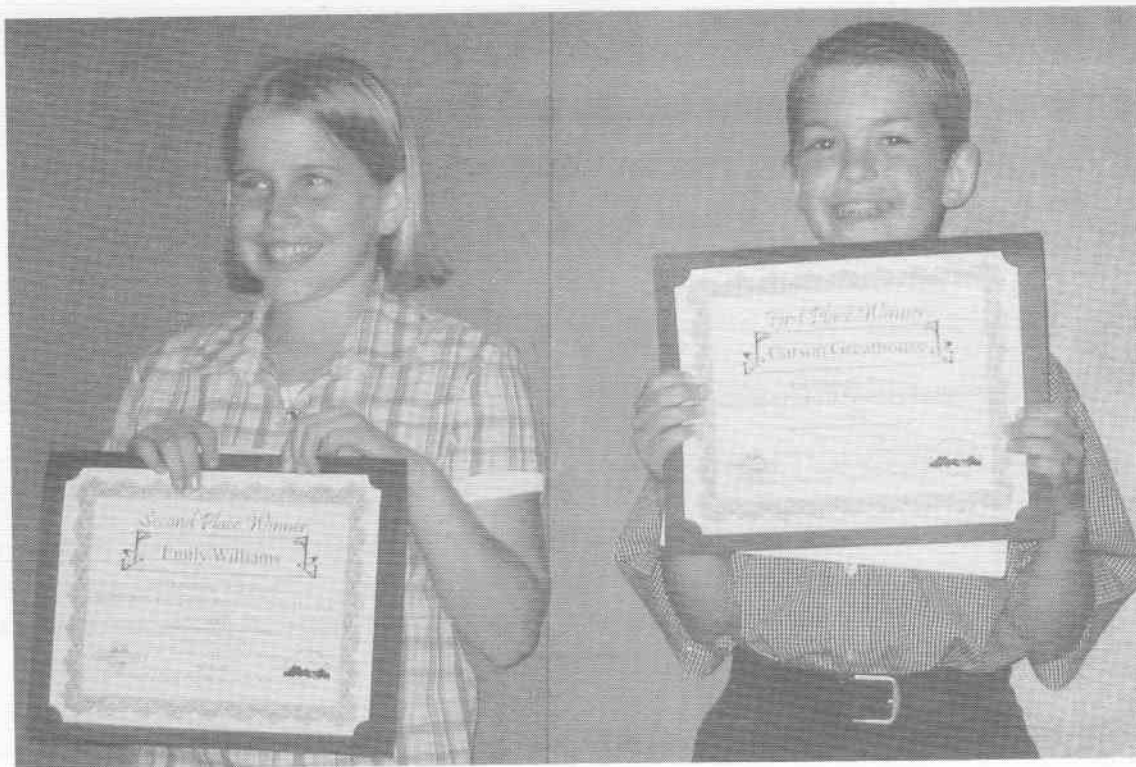


Vol. XLV No. 3

Yuba City, California

July 2003



Judith Barr Fairbanks Essay Award Winners

Emily Williams and Garson Greathouse

Not pictured: Laura Arellano

(Photo credit: Phyllis Smith)



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Dorothy Ettl-2000

Randolph Schnabel-1957

Bruce Harter-1991

Phyllis Smith-2000

Elaine Tarke-1985

*The year the director joined the Board.

The **Bulletin** is published quarterly by the Historical Society in Yuba City, California. Editors are Sharyl Simmons and Phyllis Smith. Payment of annual membership dues provides you with a subscription to the **Bulletin** and the Museum's **Muse News** and membership in both the Society and the Museum.

The 2003 dues are payable as of January 1, 2003. Mail your check to the Community Memorial Museum at P. O. Box 1555, Yuba City, 95992-1555.

Student (under 18)/ Senior Citizen/Library	\$ 15
Individual	\$ 20
Organizations/Clubs	\$ 30
Family	\$ 35
Business/Sponsor	\$ 100
Corporate/Benefactor	\$1000

President's Message

In assuming the office of the president of the Sutter County Historical Society, I would like to offer my thanks and congratulations to John Reische for the three years during which he led the Society through some singular accomplishments.

John began his tenure with the Jacob Onstott House furor, the Hock Farm Project, and the Century Farms Project, and ended it with the Historic Preservation Project, and we all owe a huge debt of gratitude to John for his dedicated service.

As for myself, growing up in a family of five boys, the youngest three of whom were born in a period of about three years, I was introduced early on to the concept that "the squeaky wheel gets the grease." Consequently, I would like to ask that all SCHS members, and particularly board members, "squeak" when the president needs to do something which isn't presently being done. I am confident that my old Naval Reserve commanding officer, Randy Schnabel, will not hesitate to do this, but some of the rest of you may need some prodding on this score; consider this your prod.

I look forward to working with all of you to make the goals of the Sutter County Historical Society be realized.

Tom Crowhurst, President



Potluck Picnic in the Park

Come to our general membership meeting Tuesday, July 15 in the Howard Harter Park behind the museum. Social time begins at 5:30, dinner at 6:00.

Mark your calendars and bring the dish of your choice.

Be sure to bring your appetite!

See you there!!

Director's Report

With the Museum galleries still echoing with the curious and excited voices of hundreds of school children, we settle down to a more serene time of welcoming families from our community and travelers visiting the area. Visitors this summer will have an opportunity to see the new exhibit *Oddly Appealing*, an eclectic mix of artifacts donated during the last several years. Wonderful children's toys and clothing, several wedding dresses, and unusual tools and implements mix with intriguing photographs of another era. The story of an itinerant Northern California cowboy and ranch hand is revealed through photographs and belongings: a pair of buffalo hide chaps, cowboy hats, a daily account book, and a "trick rope" used in performing at local rodeos. An unusual transom window reverse painted with a quaint scene from an historic house near the Sutter Buttes joins photographs and documents from a pioneer family. A beautiful blue ceramic covered jar that traveled to California in a covered wagon contrasts with the rustic utilitarian form of the bridge tender's lantern from the old Meridian Bridge. The exhibit may grow during the summer, as Museum staff continues to process donations. *Oddly Appealing* will remain through September 21.

The Summer Children's Program is set for Wednesday, July 16 at 10:00 a.m. It features an agricultural theme in keeping with the recent opening of the new agricultural wing. Lots of fun activities are in store and are suitable for children of all ages.

The Museum Patio is open at long last and may be enjoyed by visitors during regular Museum open hours (Tuesday through Friday from 9:00 to 5:00 and Saturday and Sunday from noon to 4:00 p.m.). Paving stones are still available for purchase and engraving for \$100.

Enjoy your summer and plan to spend part of it at your museum.

Julie Stark
Director

Memorials

In memory of **John Baldwin**
Allen and Kathe Herr

In memory of **Gwen Mell**
Betty and Louie Schmidl

In memory of "**Charlie**" **Brown**
Fred and Jane Boone

In memory of **Henry "Hank" Miksch**
Bob and Sandra Fremd

In memory of **Mrs. Elma Bryant**
Tom and Jean Pfeffer

In memory of **Paul Morgan**
Betty and Louie Schmidl

In memory of **Angelo Cartoscelli**
Michael Andrews

In memory of **Phyllis Purdy**
Eleanor Holmes

In memory of **Andrew Christensen**
Hardy and Ardis McFarland

In memory of **Evelyn Quigg**
Patricia Monzingo
Richard McKellyis
Helen Quigg

In memory of **Etta Field**
Joe and Margaret Serger

In memory of **Harold & Evelyn Quigg**
Tom & Janet Hamilton
Dorothy J. Ross

In memory of **Edward F. Heilmann**
Helen Heenan

In memory of **John Clem Johnson**
Ida J. Philpott

In memory of **Duane Pangle**
Dorothy Ettl
Howard & Ruth Anthony

In memory of **Dorothy King**
Louis and Betty Tarke

In memory of **Alice Strachan**
Roland & Gwen Barber

In memory of **Roberta J. King**
Dorothy Ettl

In honor of
Randolph Schnabel's
90th birthday
Helen Brierly

Where Does Your Contribution Go?

Currently, all donations to the historical society are going into the General Fund. In the next few months, with some guidance from the Museum as to what will best suit their expansion needs, we hope to announce a new building project for the Museum. Monies from the General Fund are used to pay the Society's insurance premium, post office box rental, Bulletin printing and mailing expenses and other operating expenses.

All donations are greatly appreciated.

Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest Winners – 2003

The Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest honors Museum Commissioner Judith Fairbanks, a fourth grade teacher who loved history.

The Essay Contest is sponsored jointly by the Museum and the Historical Society. The contest is open to fourth and fifth graders, who are studying California history and the westward movement in the United States.

The title of the essay contest is "Letters Home." Contestants study California and Sutter County in the 1840s, '50s and '60s, then put themselves in the place of a migrant or immigrant new to the Sutter County area and write a letter to the folks back home telling them about how they traveled to the area, what they found and their experiences in this new land.

Garson Greathouse
Faith Christian Elementary
Mrs. Paul McBride
1st Place

Dear family,

I am still alive here in Sutter County after the long sad journey that I had. I miss you dearly. The Reeds are very nice to me. Mr. Reed is a farmer and I milk his cows. We go hunting a lot just like Dad and I use to do with Aidan. Is Bell alright? I would like to know if everyone is alright. I would now like to tell you about my journey. After I left you at Springfield, Missouri on March 4, 1846 it got exciting. Mr. Reed gave me a pistol, a special case, extra bullets, and a special belt. I rode on an extra horse named Bullit. It was very fun until the day of the Indian attack. We fought bravely but the cost was dear. One child and ten men were lost. A

day later the Reed's grandma died. It took us months to get here but we finally made it. Here is Sutter County.

They have orchards and orchards of peaches. I have one every day. I play find the "Needle in the Haystack." It is very fun living on a farm. The houses are very far apart four miles at least. The fertile river valley, which boasted wild grains reaching as high as a mans shoulders, an abundance of game birds, and fish, wood for fuel and river transport is why they call it paradise here in California. Not long ago a man named Sam Brannan and a man named Pierson B. Reading negotiated with John Sutter for a part of his land. The cost was \$2,000. They formed a city named Yuba City across from Cordua's Ranch and west of the Feather River. Farmers have begun farming in the rich bottomlands of Sutter County. There are vineyards, orchards, and gardens at the Hock Farm and Claude Chana's

place along the Bear River. There are about 20 stores and one operating ferry business in Yuba City. Along the rivers and banks are stands of Sycamore and Oaks used to fuel the steamers on the river. Pine, Cedar, and Fir are abundant and are used to build houses and other projects here. It is flumed down the mountain to us. They are talking about making two bridges. After getting some supplies recently, Mr. Reed and I crossed the river on a ferry. We were just arriving at the hotel when a messenger roared past

yelling, "barn fire, barn fire at the feed supply barn." Mr. Reed cracked the whip stating we were to join the bucket brigade. It was two miles away but it only took us five minutes to get there. I threw who knows how many buckets of water on that fire. Finally it was out we reached home safely. Uh ow are barns on fire got to go!

Sincerely,

Emily Williams
Nuestro Elementary School
Mrs. Judith Lagen
2nd Place

Leaving Home

May 14, 1850

Dear Ma and Pa,

It seems like I have been gone forever. I miss you so much, I think about you every day. It seems like it was yesterday that I was buying my supplies with Lilly. We went to the supply market. We heard it had everything at low price. A short fat stubby man greeted us at the door. He looked at us like we were too young to be traveling. He said, "Hello, how may I help you?" We gave him a list of things we needed. Then I went down the list while he got the things we needed.

Then we went back to the wagons to do some work. That night everybody sat down by the campfire and talked about cooking and cleaning. I'm not that good of a cooker as you know, so I got to feed and water the animals. The best part about the animals is that Chuck the hunter brought a beagle puppy for hunting which means I get to take care of it! We are in Texas now. Texas is a really nice state, everybody is so nice here. There are so many people who are trying to go to California. There are two new wagons that have joined us already. I am really happy you let me go to California. We went over a very, very deep river. When we were crossing Lilly fell overboard. She doesn't know how to swim. So I did the only thing I could. I dove in after her. When we got to the other side she was knocked out. When she woke up we took her inside the wagon and tried to keep her

warm and hope that she didn't catch pneumonia.

Today is June 15, 1850

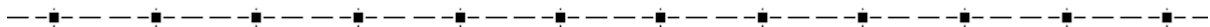
Dear Ma and Pa,

I miss you so much. I think Kelli is very nice. She is about my age. I just met her a few days ago when I was going to get water for the cattle. (Kelli is the girl who takes care of the cattle on her wagon.) Today we are going over some big mountains. It has been very hard. The cattle have been starving and there is nothing I can do about it. We are now a little bit out of Texas. I'm not really sure where but it has been really hot and dry for about two weeks now.

July 18, 1850

Dear Ma and Pa,

Yesterday the worst thing happened. Chuck's son got killed in a rock slide. I didn't see it (thankfully). Chuck has not been the same. I feel really bad



Laura Arellano
Luther Elementary School
Teacher J. Kincade
3rd place

August 24, 1850

Dear Marco,
We left Virginia when you came

about Billy being gone. We past some mountains and rivers and we haven't had that many injuries, except for Kelli. She got bitten by a snake and was sick for a few days.

September 12, 1850

We are crossing the Sierra Nevadas. We have been going back and forth, up and down. There have been lots of deaths but I finally reached California. It is a wonderful here.

October 17, 1850

California has great people. I have a house and I still keep in touch with Lilly and Kelli. Chuck is getting better and he gave me his puppy. I named him Billy after his son. California could be the fairy tale ending I was looking for!!!

With all my love,

back. There is lots of sun. Me and Ma is writing to you. We really miss you a lot. Today is my 10th birthday. How was South Carolina? Well, if you are wondering what Pa and the sisters are doing. I'll tell you. Pa is up front, sisters are asleep. I miss you. Why did you want to go to the army? Ma said because you want to save up the

money. Pa said we are going to California for land and gold. How do you feel? I feel fine. I'm sick a little. So is Ma. I really, really want to see you.

Well, I am almost asleep but I'll still write to you. Ma is asleep, Lorena and Suzana are too. We had beef jerky and homemade bread for dinner. Pa and me hunted for buffalo and killed two. Ma made your favorite kind of bread. Pa told us a funny story and off we went. We are separated from the others. They went their own way. Pa made us breakfast this morning. It was good. We had beef jerky sandwiches with water.

I've see lots of stuff this month. I'll tell you what I've seen lots of deserts, prairies, Mt. Shasta, Mt. Lassen, Mt. Whitney, Sierra Nevada Mountains, the deserts I saw was Death Valley. I don't remember the rest of them. The gold miners we saw were your friend's Pa. Pa got all the mining supplies. We know that our cottage is near Sutter Buttes and in Sutter County. I saw lots of orchards. I saw apple, kiwi, walnut, peach, and almond orchards. I saw lots of them. We are in the Buttes. I see ranches and sheep, goats.

I saw lots of tomato crops every other day. I saw the Feather River and Yuba River. Three months ago we left Virginia but it was fun to help Pa hunt, Ma cook and everything else. Lots of your friends Pa's are going mining with Pa. When we get to our cottage I'm making homemade bread and hunt without Pa for buffalo it's for dinner.

You I know how I told you we already had dinner. What I meant was lunch. For breakfast I'm going to the farm, get some eggs from the chicken pen, hunt buffalo and make it. Did I tell you we had a farm.

We all have chores. My chores are pick the garden, set the table, and clean my room. Mom's chores are milking the cow, making breakfast, making dinner, lunch and supper. Suzana's chores are clean her room, get eggs from the pen, wash clothes. Lorena's chores are wash dishes, clean her room, make drinks. There is a new chore we have to do. It is whoever gets up first has to make Pa's lunch. Guess whose chore is picking after the animals in the farm. It is all of us. Whoever gets up second.

Pa is going gold mining in the mountains. Me and Suzana are going to make a garden for the gold miners so they can eat vegetables, fruit. I forgot to tell you Pa's chores gold mining, feed the animals. I really miss you a lot. But everything is not the same without you. I know you want to fight for our country and be famous about it but it is hard without you being here. You are amazing. You are only brother. I love you a lot. I'll miss you forever.

Your Beloved Sister,



Burroughs Family

A Long Line of Pioneers

by
Lindee Burroughs

Living on the old John Sutter homesite at Hock Farm is a woman whose family has its own long history. Eleanor (Burroughs) Holmes comes from a long lineage of pioneers. The pre-Revolutionary Burroughs family was first dated in the US in 1759, coming from England and settling in Vermont. Matthew Burroughs, Eleanor's great, great, great grandfather, was a Revolutionary soldier in Seth Warner's Regiment of the Green Mountain Boys. In 1785, after the conflict, Matthew married Annah Blanchard.

The Blanchard family dates back to 1555, when Jean Blanchard was born in Normandy, France. He later settled in England. His son Thomas (born in England) sailed to America in 1654.

Matthew Burroughs and family moved from Vermont in the 1790s to Pike, New York, where three sons and one daughter were raised. Farming was their livelihood. Matthew's second son, Jesse Blanchard Burroughs, Eleanor's great, great grandfather, fought in the war of 1812. Jesse later married Phoebe Whitford in Castle, New York. She was also born in Vermont and of English ancestry. They had four sons and two daughters. In 1833, one year after their last son was born, Jesse, Phoebe and the family moved with several other families from New York to Michigan. Much of Michigan was unsettled territory at that time. The Township of Pulaski was organized, and Rev. Jesse B. Burroughs, a Methodist Episcopal minister, was elected supervisor. In 1836 the

Burroughs family moved to nearby Concord, Michigan, and continued with farming.

In 1849 sons Thomas and Rufus Whitford (named after his mother's father) Burroughs headed for California. They traveled by oxen and 120 wagons. Only half the party ever reached Sacramento, the remainder having been massacred, robbed and burned by the Indians. Eleanor's great grandfather Rufus was a successful gold miner and settled in North Bloomfield in Nevada County. He married Sara Ann Pool in 1852. She was a native of England who crossed the Isthmus of Panama and arrived in California in 1851. Rufus and Sarah had three sons and a daughter and resided in North Bloomfield. Rufus had a partnership in the Manhattan Quartz Mining Company in 1861, located on Prescott Hill in Grass Valley. He later became a teamster and contracted to transport freight from Sacramento to the mountains and from Colfax when the railroad reached that point. He died in 1906.

Rufus and Sarah's eldest son, William Curt (W.C.) Burroughs, was Eleanor's grandfather. He was born at Morris Flat, Nevada County, in 1856. W.C.'s first wife, Kittie Harrigan of Nevada City, died of pneumonia a year after his first child was born. He and his child then moved back to North Bloomfield from Nevada City to live with his family. He had learned the butcher trade in Eureka, California and purchased the butcher shop in North

Bloomfield when he returned. In 1880 he sold half interest of his butcher shop and developed a partnership. W.C. married Mary Jane (Poole) Dunning that year. She had lived in nearby San Juan and was also a native Californian, whose parents came west from Massachusetts.

W.C. was a member of the Marysville police force for nearly thirty years, and is currently pictured in a display of police force history at the Marysville Police Department. He was known for breaking up opium rings, and a newspaper article written at the time

of his retirement in 1913 said he was "a terror to evildoers." After leaving the force, he became the caretaker of the Odd Fellows' Building and a director of the Odd Fellows Hall Association. He was also a Mason and a member of the Fraternal Brotherhood of the Foresters of America.

W.C. and Mary Jane had two sons and two daughters. William Rufus (W.R.) Burroughs, Eleanor's father, was born in Marysville in 1886 after his parents had moved there from Challenge. In 1906 he married Mabel Case of Mendocino County.



Officers of the Law: January 30, 1907
Standing left to right: Charles Becker, Erwin Sayles, Joe Single
Seated left to right: Sheriff Charlie McCoy, Police Chief Marshall Maben, W.C. Burroughs

Mabel Case's grandparents, Isaac and Mary (Hall) Case, were also pioneers. They were married in Maine in 1849, then came across the plains from Maine to California. The Cases were first noted to be in California in 1851 and initially settled in Placerville. Isaac Case was a teamster.

W.R. Burroughs was a general contractor in Marysville. He and Mabel had a son and two daughters: William E., Leona and Eleanor.

W.R. attended Marysville schools, then got his practical experience by working at the Feather River Boat House for Charles Young; with C. J. Miller at Hammonton City; with Burnight and Cobb of Oroville during the flood season of 1907; and

then as a carpenter in Sacramento. He returned to Marysville, then formed a partnership with G.E. McDaniel in 1916. They were responsible for erecting, among other buildings, the Lotus Inn, Central Gaither and Cordua schools, the original community center at Iowa City, and all three buildings at Robinson's Corner. In addition, McDaniel and Burroughs owned a brickyard behind the Marysville cannery on Fifth Street, just over the levee. They supplied the bricks for the Marysville Hotel.

In 1936, Eleanor married Philip Holmes, and in 1945, they moved to their home at Hock Farm. They had two sons, Barry and William (Bill).

Buttes Hike

by
Norma Jenks

March 22 was a cloudy, somewhat windy day, but a group of hardy folks gathered at the Community Museum to "head for the hills" on a trip to the Buttes.

We wended our way by carpool, through many gates until we reached our "jumping off" place.

Enroute, we saw large numbers of sheep, clearly being herded by something. Finally we picked out the herder, a great Pyrenean, who blended right in with the sheep.

We had a short rundown on the geologic history and features of the mountains by Brian Hausback, professor of geology at CSU Sacramento, complete with large maps to see. The group then divided up - some for the more strenuous hike, my group for the "stroll." It was so peaceful in the

emerald hills and rugged oaks. Our guides, Babs and Joe, were knowledgeable of the history, flora and fauna of the area. Our group was very congenial and friendly.

I had looked forward to seeing the spring flowers and we saw several varieties of delicate blue, red and yellow flowers.

We visited and explored two areas of "grinding rocks," where the Maidu Indians prepared flour from the acorns.

We lunched in a little meadow, with fallen tree trunks for seats.

On our way back to the cars, we stopped to inspect an old barn, built many years ago and still in use.

It was a fine way to spend a day, and I recommend the trip to all.

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL PRESERVATION ORDINANCE

In the making!

by
John Reische

The Sutter County Board of Supervisors has appointed an ad hoc committee of thirteen members to draft a proposed Sutter County Historical Preservation Ordinance.

This action was in response to the public outcry of the destruction of the Jake Onstott house on Colusa Highway. Because there is no ordinance in Sutter County to prevent the destruction of historical buildings/sites, there is no legal means to prevent future acts of this nature. The Sutter County Historical Society has taken a leading role in the establishment of this ordinance and will pursue positive action until the Board of Supervisors approves such an ordinance.

The ad hoc committee had its first meeting on April 24, 2003. This was an introductory meeting where the members got to know each other; a chair was named; and there was general discussion concerning the what-when-why of an ordinance. There was general agreement that such an ordinance was necessary, although there was some concern about what an ordinance would include, how restrictive it would be, and if necessary how would funding be provided to preserve sites and buildings.

At the second meeting Cindy

Woodward of the State Office of Historic Preservation (OHP) presented information on how to create an ordinance and the different options available to local government. The OHP is developing a "how to" book for groups such as ours to use as a guideline for preparing an ordinance. That book should be ready this summer.

Sutter County Historical Society Preservation Site chair Phyllis Smith and past president John Reische are representing the Society on the committee. Other members are: chair Lee Jones, Supervisors Dennis Nelson and Casey Kroon; Museum Director Julie Stark, Joe Benatar, Donna Decker, Carol Koelker, Bob Mackensen, Diana McHugh, Bill Meagher, and Cynthia Pfiester.

The committee will meet for a series of working sessions to develop draft preservation criteria, then hold a public hearing to present the draft and receive input from the public. As work proceeds, we will give updated reports in the bulletin. Please keep in mind that the time will come when SCHS members and other interested persons will be asked to attend the public meetings and/or write letters to your Supervisor asking for positive action on the proposed ordinance.

“Wong Way Ong”

Bing Ong has been a prominent local fixture since his father opened the Lotus Inn in Marysville. Recently he shared many of his scrapbooks with photos and other mementoes of his life.

Bing Ong was born in China 80 years ago. While he was still a young child, his father came to America, then sent for his mother. Bing stayed behind with his four uncles and his grandparents, and when he was 14 he left China with some distant relatives and moved to San Francisco. He stayed there a few months, then moved to Marysville in 1937.

Bing learned his English in a Marysville grammar school. In evenings and on Saturdays he attended the Chinese school on C Street, near the levee, where he learned to read and write the Chinese characters. While the children learned to speak Chinese at home, their parents had not been to school and couldn't teach them to read and write.

After five years of grammar and high school, Bing left high school to join the service. He wanted to be in the Air Force but didn't know enough English to pass the entrance exam, so his father sent him to Houston to a Chinese mechanics school. Ten or fifteen people from this area went to the school and could then pass the test to enter the Air Force. When he completed his courses his grades were so high he was asked to be an instructor, but he declined because he didn't feel his English was up to the task. He spent several years in the Air Force working on the B-24 Liberator.

After graduating from Yuba College he went back to China and married. His wife, Ellen, did not speak English when she arrived in the U.S. but his family was here to help her. The Ongs eventually had five children, two of whom have since died. His kids live in Sacramento, Los Angeles and Washington, DC.

While Bing was in China getting married, his father was remodeling the building on the corner of Second Street and Maiden Lane, now Oak Street, where the Lotus Inn would stand for 30 years. When he came home the restaurant had been open for a few months, and Bing went to work for his father, learning every aspect of the restaurant business - he did bookkeeping, cooked, washed the sidewalks, tended bar, and waited tables.

The Lotus Inn served real Cantonese food the old fashioned way - they bought everything fresh and high class. They bought half a beef and aged the meat in the big refrigerator, made noodles from scratch, served fresh bean sprouts, and other vegetables, and made cakes and pies. They also served American food, such as veal cutlets and chicken fried steak, so the restaurant could cater to groups that included people who did not like Chinese food. The Lotus Inn was successful immediately, but that was because of the bar, not the

restaurant, which just broke even. In 1968 the Inn received an award from Seagram's for selling 2500 cases of their liquor.

Bing worked long hours, sometimes 12-16 hours a day, and like the other bar owners, made the rounds of the other bars to see how those businesses were doing.

The Lotus Inn was popular even with out of towners. Bing has a photo of Roy Rogers playing the piano, and lots of movie stars, including Bing Crosby, visited the restaurant. But in 1976 the city of Marysville tore down the Lotus Inn to make way for a parking lot for the new library. Bing retired when his restaurant was demolished.

Since then he has not been idle. He's used his Lotus Inn fame to raise money for favorite causes by selling raffle tickets for dinner, then cooking in the winner's home. For years he has been active in the Chinese Community Association and the Bok Kai festival and parade, wearing a gorilla suit for the year of the monkey, riding a horse backwards for the year of the horse (earning him the nickname "Wong Way Ong"), and serving as gongmeister and grand marshal. He flew to Hong Kong to bring home the current parade dragon.

When invited, Bing also speaks at schools and libraries on local Chinese culture, the Chinese language, and how to use an abacus, and he is a resident artist with the Yuba-Sutter Arts Council, drawing Chinese characters.

Although he didn't graduate from Marysville High School because he joined the Air Force, Bing attends high school reunions of the

class of '44, and last year received his diploma in a special ceremony for people who didn't finish because they went to war. Each graduate was given ten invitations but Bing made 80 copies and distributed them to his friends. His picture was on the front page of the Appeal Democrat, in the Sacramento Bee, and he was interviewed on Channel 3. Everyone wanted to shake his hand, not, he says, because he was a veteran, but because "I was famous."

He's very active socially and often sees people at parties who used to frequent the Lotus Inn. One of his favorite jokes is to see someone and say, "before the Lotus Inn closed you had a big party there - 200 people. You never paid the bill! With interest you owe me \$5,000! I've got the bills right here!" He still has the Lotus Inn checks and can write a check for \$99,999.99, so he'll write one and hand it over and say "here, you can have it all back."

Bing has also done his share of traveling. Although he has no current trips planned, he has seen much of the world, including Iran, Lebanon, Vienna, China, Taiwan, Paris, West Berlin (before the wall came down), Hong Kong, Egypt, Sydney, Japan, Venice, New York, Guam, and Saipan. He's also returned to China a number of times.

Although Bing has thoroughly enjoyed his travels, he misses seeing all those who visited the Lotus Inn. But all in all, he has enjoyed his life and wishes everyone could have such a good and fun life as he has had.

CROSSING THE PLAINS

by

George Harter

Marysville, Cal, 1865

Revised in 1902 by George Harter

A DESCRIPTION OF A TRIP FROM CASS COUNTY MICHIGAN TO
MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA IN 1864.

Part II

Third day we came opposite Fort Larami (sic). The train as we had formerly traveled together which was all horses and mules crossed over the and cattle continued on the north side of the river. I expected to have some blacksmithing done here but could get along without as everything was so dear.

Horse shoeing \$16.00 per span.
Horse shoe nails \$4.00 per lb. and everything else in proportion. This is a military station and quite a village besides. Here I saw Mr. Ezra Chambers from Eaton, Ohio, in the military service. We lay here until next day noon when our Indian fears had partly subsided. In talking with Co. Colins, commander of the post, he assured us there was good ground for apprehending (sic) danger. We had then concluded to leave the cattle train and go up on the south side of the river. We told him our strength which was thirty men. He said we might possibly go through safely, but cautioned us to be closely on our guard and carry our guns constantly in sight, as much depended on us showing ourselves. He said Indians would not attack a train without first following a day or two, skulking in the hills and watching how everything was managed. There were three more guns procured and we started out into the black hills

which are rightly named. Here we had our first rough roads and there was not another day on the whole trip that we did not cross over or were near by some hills or mountains. There is but little more trouble for wood as there are some scrubby cedars in the mountains and sage brush in the valleys. The women are no longer seen gathering Buffalo Chips in their apron to cook their meals with. They were a poor substitute in our stove. We had hauled wood to here over three hundred miles. The second day from Laramie we overtook a train from Kentucky having thirty-five fine horses and three wagons.

Mr. John Walsh the owner of the train was left sick at the Fort. His father with his two sons and two daughters and some hired help were going on with the train. The father had been sick and one of the daughters was then quite sick. Today we passed another dead Indian disposed of in the usual way.

The boys were carrying guns to shoot Indians so one tried his hand on this one, but I think he did not hurt him. Camped on the bank of Plat (sic) River, graze scarce, Lew Harter lost his revolver in the river crossing in search for grass. Next day traveled twenty-five miles. I counted forty-five head of

cattle that had died mostly within a few days. They had eaten something poisonous at Bitter Cottonwood Creek where we had passed the day before. Today Welshes received a telegram informing them of the death of the son and brother at Laramie. Camped at Elkhorn Creek. Good Grass. We lay over Sunday. About three o'clock PM old Mr. Welsh died from the effects of this former sickness. He was 62 years of age and had been a sea-captain, but at last had to die and be buried on the lonely plains. It was a sad scene, but his children bore it well. We went about a mile where there had been a wagon left and from the bed made a rough box and put him in and buried him next morning.

Since the Indian excitement we always at night formed a corral with our wagons by forming a circle and running the near front wheel on the inside of the off hind wheel of the wagon in front. The last wagon was left out and after all the stock was in and the last wagon drawn in its place we had them quite secure, most of the animals were tied to the wagons' wheels. This formed a Fort of defense and secured our stock. Horses and mules were mainly what the Indians wanted. There was always an armed guard sent with the stock to graze and they were always brought in before dark, also a guard around the corral at night. About half a mile and on the opposite side of the creek from us was a camp of returning Californians and Idahoers. Just at dark as we were putting the corpse of the old man into the box we heard the report of a gun and horrid screams of a man saying, "I am shot." "I am shot." Great excitement in their camp. We supposed it to be Indians and expected them among us in a few minutes. We were

soon ready to give them a warm reception. In half an hour two of our men went and called as there was thick willow brush between us. They answered saying one man shot, think it was by an Indian. Before midnight we heard them drive out and leave.

Next morning we found the shirts they had taken off of him. He was shot in the back through the breast with a number of buck shot. He must have died before they left. We heard afterwards they stopped about sunrise and buried him. Circumstances went strong to show his own company had murdered him for him money. Today noon overtook a cattle train that had lost so much stock they could go no further with their loads. Traveled until after dark and found no feed. Camped and agreed to start at two in the morning. In the morning when all were about ready to start the Captain raised a fuss for wanting to drive before daylight. There was a meeting called and election held which resulted in myself being chosen Captain. Before sunup we were started. In ten miles found good grass. This PM we passed where three weeks before there had been a train captured and robbed.

Flour sacks and featherbeds were emptied and wagons burned out by the Indians. A few miles farther came to where four men were buried in one grave. They had been killed by Indians.

Here there were two women and three children taken prisoners. Camped near the river but little grass. In three miles next morning came to Deer Creek crossing. This is a military post. I saw here two Preble County boys in the service.

Here my wife talked with one of the ladies that had been taken by the Indians. After being with them three

nights, she stole away with her seven year old boy and made her way back by traveling late night and laying by in daytime. Here was a man who had twenty-seven arrows shot into him and still lived. The man who lost his wife and two children was here. One of these children had its head split open by these savages before these mothers' eyes soon after they had been taken. This mother with her remaining child had intended to escape with those that came back but failed from some cause to reach the appointed place of starting and had not been heard from.

Our roads here were very good with some hills. The mountains on both sides coming near the river. Next day noon crossed Plat Bridge. Here is a military station and five days before the soldiers had a fight with the Indians. They had taken one chief and his family prisoners and had killed others but could not tell how many. These Indians when they expect to fight tie themselves onto their ponies so that if the rider is killed the pony follows the band and carries the rider away from the enemy. They believe if the body is taken, the spirit is lost forever. This chief was told if he would bring back the woman and child he and his family should have their liberty. If not, they would all be put to death. We heard afterwards he had gone twice and returned saying he could not find them. We never heard what was done with them.

Camped with a large cattle train and traveled next day over very rough roads. Camped at Red Buttes and lay here over Sunday. Good Grass. In the morning there was some shooting at a beaver in the river which frightened twelve horses where they were feeding

causing them to stampede into the mountains some five or six miles.

Here we left Platt (sic) River after traveling up its valley seven hundred and sixty-two miles.

Next day we had good roads. Passed some strong alkali springs. This AM Welshes left behind three fine horses that had got so poor they could get them no farther. At noon, they unloaded three wagons and were going to leave one and part of their goods and provisions because their stock was becoming too weak to haul so much. The wagon and most of the goods was taken by different parties in the train. Drove two miles and camped. After turning out saw a notice stuck up saying "Poison grass on this slough" and we took our stock in. Next morning there was one sick horse. He traveled until PM and gave out and died that night. This PM we met a large number of snake Indians on their way to Fort Laramie to receive their government supplies. One of their number was sent ahead holding up a letter written by a United States officer directed to emigrants stating these Indians are peaceable and inoffensive and asking emigrants to let them pass as such.

Camped on banks of Sweetwater River.

Next day lay by until PM on the first bunch grass on the trip. After dinner drove two miles to Independence Rock where there is another small military post.

Here is another family that had been robbed of their stock by Indians and could go no farther. Here we left two companies out of our train. Welshes stopped mainly on account of their sick sister who was very sick and gradually growing worse. We afterwards heard she died soon

after we left them. This was three deaths in that family in less than a month.

Mr. Hammel had lost two horses out of eleven and stopped to recruit what he had left.

Independence Rock is said to be six hundred yards long, two hundred yards wide and three hundred feet high. It is shaped much like an apple cut in the middle and one half laid flat side down. In many places the surface is quite smooth where are hosts of names of travelers pointed or carved. Five miles up the river is Devil's Gate, through which the river runs. It is four rods wide, half a mile long, and almost perpendicular rocks on each side of the river. Good grass but too much alkali. In some alkali beds it lays one and a half inches thick and looks nearly as white as salt.

Next day, Mr. Buell had a spell of delirium caused by fever from severe cold and nervous excitement from fear of Indians. He was taken suddenly and continued ungovernable for over an hour, then gradually recovered his reason.

Camped on Sweetwater. Here we left Buells with a cattle train. Today crossed the river three times in one mile. Camped at fourth crossing. Here is a small military Fort. In the morning started on a twenty-two mile drive where there is no grass nor water only what we took along. Two of my mules gave out so we had to take them out of the team. Coming to the river found good grass. Here we caught a fine lot of fish by sewing some coarse sacks together for a seine. Next day had fine road excepting a few miles which was very rough and rocky. There were flat stones set edgewise and very hard. Looked as though they had been

in fire. Today passed ice springs. They are emphatically what they are called. It is said along here ice may be found all seasons of the year by digging a few feet deep. Along here the country is very barren. No timber in sight for days. Next camp had no grass. Started at daylight drove twelve miles and found grass. Here is the last soldiers' camp on the east side of the Rocky Mountains. All the Forts from Laramie here are occupied by the 11th Ohio Cavalry. Here was another family that had lost their stock by Indians. This PM we crossed the summit of the Rocky Mountains. This is called the South Pass. The word pass conveys a very incorrect idea of its appearance. It is comparatively a level plain to the very summit with a very gentle ascent and the road is smooth and hard composed mostly of gravel and sand. The altitude of this summit is seven thousand feet above the sea level. Here the Idaho road called Landers Cut-off turns to the right.

Three miles down the Western slope which is much steeper than the eastern, we came to Pacific Springs and camped. There were great fires in the mountains causing dense smoke but we could see several snow clad mountain tops. Next evening at four o'clock, started and drove all night over good roads, had no water, only what we hauled. At daylight camped at Little Sandy River. One horse in the train gave out a few miles before getting into camp. He had been alkaliated and too weak to travel. After dinner drove twelve miles to Big Sandy and camped on poor feed. Next day traveled fourteen miles over barren country. Saw some antelope. Camped at Big Timber River. Next day noon were at Green River. This is generally ferried,

but we had no difficulty in fording as the river was at low stage. Here part of our train camped.

The grass was green bottom grass.

About half in the train filled our vessels with water and drove out preferring to run the risk for better feed. Near sundown we found a spot of good mountain bunch grass and camped. In this nearly all unexperienced (sic) emigrants make a serious mistake by refusing bunch grass when they first come to it. It is very poor looking feed I assure you. At this season, it is perfectly dry and generally very short and fine in this barren country and only one stool of spere (sic) in a place. It is almost as nutritious as grain.

To-night our stock came near stampeding from a pack of kiota (sic) wolves. They came near and all at once set up the most frightful howl I ever heard. Three or four of these kiotas can make a howl as though there were fifty or a hundred of them.

Next day came to the Denver Salt Lake stage road at Hams Fork. There was a black-smith shop and several dwellings. In a short time after, it was attacked by Indians and one man killed, two women burned in their houses and everything consumed. Here the Oregon Road turns off and two wagons of our train left off. Seven wagons only left in our train and the balance did not overtake us until the second day we were in Salt Lake City. Camped on little grass. Started early next morning and soon came to Church Buttes.

This is one of the finest scenery on all the road. It is a small mountain of soft rock covering a space of perhaps five acres. These are other smaller mountains or rocks with smooth level

passes between all situated in a small valley or barren plain. The walls are mostly perpendicular, some places overjetting. Some places large masses have fallen where persons can ascend to the top. Some of the points are perhaps over a hundred feet high. All presenting a mass of columns and points carved cornices and spires. At the base the wind had blown the dirt and dust away and it is hard and smooth as a pavement. Ten miles farther is Pillersville, a stage station. Nooned here and drove twelve miles to Fort Bridger. This is the first military station west of the Rockies and is occupied by California soldiers. It is very handsomely located. There are in this vicinity numerous delightful streams of pure mountain water running over rocky beds. Camped here on Saturday night and lay until PM Sunday and drove on in search of better feed which we found on the Chalk Creek cut-off road. We made short drives in order to recruit our stock. This is a new road of sixty miles but little improved. Splendid feed and twenty miles shorter than the old road. Came to the old road forty miles from Salt Lake City. Here for the first time in two months we saw what looked like civilization. It is a settlement of Mormons in a narrow but productive valley which is divided into small tracts and cultivated in corn, wheat, oats, barley and all kinds of vegetables. The grain was not all harvested the 20th of August. It was truly gratifying to once more see what looked like living.

The cultivated land is irrigated by mountain streams conveyed in ditches so as to use when desired. This valley is perhaps five miles in length. We then entered a canyon which occupied near half a day to pass through.

It is mostly narrow and a small stream flowing through with not room on either side for a wagon road without grading. Sometimes it seems to be a couple hundred feet to the stream below and so steep it would be difficult for a person to ascend. At other places it is as far to the top as and almost perpendicular rocks. This stream farther down had plenty of fine trout fish in it. It had numerous large Beaver dams in it.

Camped on good bunch grass. We cut with butcher-knives and put in our wagons enough to do us next night when we expected to be in or near the City.

Next morning after driving a few miles we were a little too late to meet Brigham Young and a number of his wives and friends. They were mostly in carriages. Some on horseback and had just turned off on another road. They were on a visit to some country friends and made quite display for this wild and frontier county.

Road today is very similar to yesterday.

Camped after dark in the border of Salt Lake Valley, three miles from the city. Next morning drove in before breakfast. Turned out stock into a corral to hay. Bought some potatoes and vegetables and had a square meal. We soon dispatched a messenger to the P.O. as we were very anxious to hear from civilization. We received several very acceptable letters, but one brought the very sad news of the death of my father. It was not altogether unexpected though as is always the case very sad news.

It brought many vivid recollections of my youthful life and happy privileges I had enjoyed under his care and protection. We stopped here

on emigrant square which is all the term implies and was occupied by a large number of weary wanderers from all quarters.

We offered the wagon that was purchased at Omaha for sale. It was soon taken. It was the best place to sell anything and old things of any description that I ever saw. Anything was in good demand and was not altogether safe laying around loose. We had to unload both wagons and see what we had and dispose of what we did not need in order to get the remainder all in one wagon. It was a very busy day with us. All of the company except myself and two children went to the theater that night.

This is one of the Brigham's individual institutions and is a fine building. There was a light shower of rain in the evening and another in the morning which is uncommon here at this season. After dinner I saddled two mules and my wife and I took a ride through the City. (I forgot to say we got a good sidesaddle when Welshes unloaded and were going to leave one wagon and much of their plunder. When they stopped to leave our train their wagon and provisions and all other things that they would have were given back to them, but the sidesaddle they did not want.) The City is nicely located in a pleasant and fertile portion of the valley close by the eastern foothills.

The City is splendidly watered by a mountain stream conducted through all the principal streets and ditches for the purpose of irrigating gardens, etc. in the City and grain fields in the suburbs. The principal building recently erected are of brick. One stone front of gray granite. A large majority of the buildings are adobies. These are built

of large square bricks dried in the sun laid up in walls from one to two feet thick. Brigham's residence is a large fine looking mansion.

At his front gate is a very large spread eagle perched on the arch above and a huge lion standing on each side. He had a square enclosed with a high brick wall which is in orchard and garden etc. Brigham had commenced erecting a temple which is all of gray granite and is procured in the mountains twelve miles distant. It is said to cost over a million dollars when completed but many think it never will be. This building is also enclosed by a high wall. In a very early day the City was encircled by a heavy earthen embankment for defense against Indians. In some places this wall still stands ten feet high. We rode two miles to the Warm Springs. This water is clear but smells strong of sulphur and tastes of salt and sulphur. It comes out of a large mountain through a hole in the rock large enough for a man to crawl in and the stream was as large as my body. It empties into a large pool dug over three feet deep and enclosed by a high board fence for the use of visitors bathing in it. In first stepping in, it appears too hot but after being in a few moments is very comfortable. It is said to possess some powerful medicinal qualities, as some of our company experienced after bathing by getting so sick they could scarcely get back to camp.

From here we went two miles farther to the boiling springs. These are very similar to the former and so hot you cannot bear your hand in it at all. Along the way are numerous smaller springs coming out of the same mountain and all temperatures down to cold.

Going back to camp we were in a rain from which my wife caught cold which troubled her seriously at times for over a month.

East of the City in the low hills is Camp Douglas. Here is stationed a regiment of California soldiers. They are very bold in expressing their sentiments in opposition to Brigham and his institutions generally for which I think they deserve great credit.

A large portion of this valley is comparatively worthless because of lack of water to irrigate to make cultivation profitable. Timber is very scarce. Fruit trees about the city look fine and were bearing full.

On Monday PM we hitched six mules to our wagon and drove out. This left more spare animals so we could change and rest the weaker ones. We left in company with a two horse team we had traveled with a long time. It was over two weeks before any of our company overtook us. About one mile west of the City is the River Jordan. This is a deep and sluggish stream which is bridged here so we passed "over Jordan." For some days after we were at times singing, "Over Jordan into Glory." "We'll go on, we'll go on." It appears then was the first time that I really felt as though I was going to California.

We seldom looked farther in our guide book than to Salt Lake which made it appear as if that was the end of the journey.

We were a little over three months from Omaha which was five weeks longer than we should have been had it not been for the Indians and scarcity of feed.

[From the editors: We will continue printing this narrative throughout the year.]

Puzzle Page

H	H	C	M	O	N	B	B	L	O	O	M	F	I	E	L	D	T	H	I
H	F	E	C	M	W	U	S	R	O	U	Z	P	U	L	Y	V	Y	R	Q
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Arellano	China	HockFarm	Ordinance
BingOng	Crowhurst	LotusInn	Patio
Bloomfield	Eleanor	McDaniel	Picnic
Burroughs	Greathouse	Museums	Preservation
ButtesHike	Harter	Norma	WongWay

COMING EVENTS

July

Oddly Appealing exhibit continues at the Museum

- 15 **Potluck Picnic in the Park**
Howard Harter Park (behind the museum)
Social time 5:30, dinner 6:00
- 16 Spring Vacation Children's Program
Museum, 10:00
Agricultural activities
- 21 Museum Patio Opening Celebration
7:30 – 9:00 p.m.

August

Oddly Appealing exhibit continues at the Museum

September

- 21 *Oddly Appealing* exhibit ends at the Museum