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Yuba City, California

October 2003



Tuly Singh Johl

(Photo courtesy of Gulzar S. Johl, M.D.)



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*The year the director joined the Board.

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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

October Meeting in Nicolaus

We are pleased to announce that we will be returning to the Hermann Sons Hall in Nicolaus this year for our October meeting.

The luncheon is Saturday, October 11, with the social time starting at 11:30 and lunch served at noon. Lunch will be followed by a brief business meeting and then our program, with speaker Phyllis Smith talking about her experiences as a volunteer with the National Forest Service in their Passport in Time (PIT) program. This is a volunteer program that provides opportunities for individuals and families to work with professional archaeologists and historians on historic preservation projects.

Phyllis has participated in PIT projects throughout California over the last several years.

Lunch is \$12.50 per person and pre-payment is required. Either send in the registration form found in this Bulletin, or mail your check with your name and the number of people attending to The Sutter County Historical Society, P. O. Box 1004, Yuba City, CA 95992-1004. The deadline for reserving a place is Monday, October 6.

Greg Glosser has extended an invitation to members to follow up the meeting with a trip to the Chandler House, a mid-19th century Gothic Revival home that he is restoring in Pleasant Grove. We've been lucky to follow Greg's progress with the restoration of his home over the last few years. Maps/directions will be available at the meeting.

For information, please call Dorothy Ettl at 673-3412 or the Museum at 822-7141.

Sutter County Historical Preservation Ordinance

Slow Progress

by John Reische

The ad hoc committee has had regular meetings - there has been much discussion about the various elements of an ordinance and the committee has reached some agreement on several elements.

The committee still has a long way to go to actually present a recommended ordinance to the Board of Supervisors.

Keep in mind that some time before this recommendation is made to the Supervisors that a Public Meeting will be held to provide for and consider public comments and recommendations.

Notification of this meeting will be published in the Appeal-Democrat and the Historical Society will make a special mailing to the membership. Please plan to attend as a strong voice in favor of an ordinance is necessary to obtain a favorable response from the Board of Supervisors.

Questions/Comments? Please contact Phyllis Smith (671-3261) or John Reische (674-8106).

Director's Report

This fall the Museum invites you to view the new traveling exhibit coming to us through the auspices of the California Exhibition Resources Alliance (CERA). It is called *Poppy to Prickly Pear: California's Native Plants*. Photographers Marcus and Rosalie Wardell have traveled the state documenting California's native plant species in vibrant color. The exhibit explores specific regions of the state, and, of special interest to our community, the Wardells spent several days taking photos in our Sutter Buttes during the height of the spring wildflower season. Visitors will get a close look at the native plants that help make up the delicate and unique ecological system inside the Buttes.

An opening reception and program are planned for Thursday evening, October 9 at 7:00 p.m. The Wardells will present a talk and slide show, and they will be joined by a noted horticulturist who will add another perspective to the program. Plan to attend this special evening. The exhibit will remain through November 30.

As the Christmas season approaches, the Museum is once again looking for elves to help at the two Christmas Ornament workshops. They are scheduled for Thursday, November 6 and Wednesday, November 19 from 10:00 a.m. to noon. The handmade ornaments will grace the big tree that serves as the centerpiece for the *Trees & Traditions* fund-raising gala on Saturday, December 6 and Christmas Open House and Children's Program on Saturday, December 20. No special skills or knowledge are needed, just a willingness to help the Museum and to have fun with the other "elf" volunteers. Please put Thursday, December 4 on your calendar, too, as that is Decoration Day, when we need lots of elves again!

The Museum Store currently has several popular items. The Sutter Buttes appear on bracelet charms and on small flat flashlights that make great tuck-in gifts. The wonderful new book by Michael Jang called *The Local Nine: A History of Baseball in Marysville, California* is available and would make a thoughtful gift. A new variety of gift items, along with a comprehensive list of local, state and Western history books, make the Museum Store a great place to shop. Your purchases also help support the Museum by contributing toward its operating costs.

Help us say thank you to all of the hard-working Museum volunteers at the Volunteer Appreciation Tea on Monday, October 27 at 10:30 a.m. Kudos to all the volunteers for the fine work that keeps the Museum going!

See you at the Museum,
Julie Stark, Director

Memorials

In memory of **Alfred Boardman**
Louie & Betty Schmidl
Ruth & Howard Anthony

In memory of **Eleanor Boyd**
Julie Stark

In memory of **Robert L. "Bob" Burns**
Mrs. W. D. Chipman
Carolyn Mock Oswald
Howard & Ruth Anthony
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Bryant

In memory of **Andy Christensen**
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In memory of **Stanley W. Coppin**
James & Gene Taresh

In memory of **Elsie Crouch**
Bob & Sandra Fremd
Randy & Shirley Schnabel

In memory of **Rose Danna**
John & Jill Patrick

In memory of **Cory (Smith) Dicks**
F. Catherine Booth

In memory of **Opal Duncan**
Eleanor Holmes
Merlyn K. Rudge

In memory of **James F. Elliott**
Dorothy & Robert Coats

In memory of **Kenneth Engasser**
Dorothy & Robert Coats

In memory of **George Hendricks**
Dorothy & Robert Coats

In memory of **Dorothy King**
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In memory of **Judy McPherrin**
Hardy & Ardis McFarland

In memory of **Henry Miksch**
Richard & Elaine Tarke

In memory of **Lila Morley**
Dorothy & Robert Coats
Ann & Andres Karperos

In memory of **Virginia Cole Pasiuk**
Marie E. Fuller

In memory of **Marion Ratcliff**
Eleanor Holmes

In memory of **John Reynolds**
Virginia-Lee Woody

In memory of **Orlin Elmer Schuler**
Eleanor Holmes
Lawrence Harris & June Thomas
June Pogue
Anna Belle Brown
Chipman & Renfrow Accountancy
Corporation
Joyce Dukes
Bob & Sandra Fremd
Aut & Gerry Lemenager
Norman & Blanche Palmer
Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Schnabel
Della Schuler

In memory of **John Sheehy**
Dorothy & Robert Coats

In memory of **Andy Siller**
Jim & Alice Staas

In memory of **Elmer C. Smith**
F. Catherine Booth

In memory of **Lola Smith**
F. Catherine Booth

In memory of **James E. Smith**

F. Catherine Booth
In memory of **Ellsworth Turner**
Connie Cary
Dorothy & Robert Coats

In memory of **Paul Young**
Katie & Bob Bryant
Dorothy & Robert Coats

In memory of **Emil Zanioli**
The Rudge Family

Donation

H. S. Kuhar

Endowment Fund

Leila F. Gillett

Trees & Traditions Volunteers

This year the Museum is making a special effort to make Trees and Traditions the best it has ever been. With the help of Steve Richardson we are trying something new. Several chefs in the area have agreed to provide something "special" for partygoers on December 6th. However, the majority of the feast will be provided by the Museum and prepared by volunteers under the direction of Steve Richardson - the man behind the successful catering of Trees and Traditions for over 20 years.

Here is your chance to learn some tricks from someone who made a career out of teaching cooking and catering. We need volunteers Friday afternoon and Saturday to help with making hors d'oeuvres.

If you are interested in the hors d'oeuvres seminar, please call Steve Richardson at 673-6644 or contact the museum for more information. You'll not only be learning from the best, you'll be helping the Museum raise funds so that it may continue its many educational programs.

Correction: In our last issue, we printed an article about the Burroughs Family, but neglected to introduce its author. She is Lindee Burroughs, the niece of Eleanor Holmes, daughter of W.E. Burroughs, granddaughter of W.R. Burroughs, and great-granddaughter of W.C. Burroughs.

Tuly Singh Johl

By

Gulzar S. Johl, M.D.

with an introduction by Robert Coats

Introduction

Tuly Singh Johl and other Punjabi men came from Canada in 1905 and helped build the railroad through the Feather River canyon. Tuly came to Sutter County and worked as a farm laborer. I first met him in 1936 when I had a summer job working on the Frank Poole ranch. Tuly was foreman at that time, and I saw him occasionally over the next few years. Our real friendship began when I returned from World War II in 1946, married Frank Poole's daughter, and became a partner in the farming operation. Frank Poole taught me the business of farming, but Tuly Singh taught me how to farm. He taught details about pruning, thinning, harvesting, irrigating and other things.

Tuly Singh was foreman for Bill Eager before Frank Poole bought the ranch from Eager. Tuly continued to be foreman until he retired in the early 1960s. He was not a labor contractor. We paid the men directly and we worked with him in the supervision of the crew. He selected the crew. There were about 20 who worked year around and another 20 who worked in July and August. Many of these temporary workers were college students.

In addition to his ordinary duties, Tuly kept the peace in his area so well that deputy sheriffs would

come to him for advice on matters concerning conflicts among others in the East Indian community.

Prior to World War II, East Indians had great difficulty becoming citizens. As soon as possible, Tuly applied for U.S. citizenship. I went to Sacramento with him in 1947 when he became an American citizen. Shortly thereafter he brought his wife and two youngest children, Kartar and Gulzar, to Sutter County. When the U.S. government started selling war bonds during WW II, Tuly was among the first to buy. He was at the post office before it opened on the day the bonds were first sold.

Tuly's grandson, Malkit, now lives on Eager Road on some of the first land purchased by Tuly and his friends, including Balwant Singh who became an American citizen after serving in World War II. They bought property at prices that most people considered to be too high at the time. The first sales were financed by the sellers because they had confidence in Tuly. He was a community leader respected by the East Indian community and by others in the Sutter County area. He was a patriotic American citizen and influenced others to become citizens. The children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of Tuly and the members

of his crew have entered mainstream America as substantial citizens. The names of his crew members are well represented among the prominent people of Sutter County: Heir, Teja, Gewal or Gravel, Gill, Purewal, Brar, Siddhu, and Johl.

At his funeral, people were standing on the sidewalk outside the chapel because the chapel was full.

Tuly Singh Johl

At that time, India was part of the British Empire. Tuly's mother was Ram Kaur and his father was Achhar Singh. Tuly married Basant Kaur, the daughter of Jai Singh and Prem Kaur of Rurki, Jullundur, Punjab, India. Tuly was the youngest of four sons.

Tuly and his wife had three sons, one daughter, 19 grandchildren, 53 great-grandchildren; and 36 great-great-grandchildren. Of these, everyone except four of them live in or near Yuba City. His descendants are doctors, dentists, physical therapists, pharmacists, nurses, X-ray technicians, computer scientists, agricultural researchers, real estate brokers, members of law enforcement, teachers, businessmen and farmers.

A large part of this story consists of things that I heard about my father.

Tuly was a wrestler and one of the strongest people in Jundiala. He was humble, hard working and honest. He would always stand up for the under dog. He never challenged anyone but was never afraid if someone challenged him. Everyone liked him. His friends said that he never let anyone down.

He was the youngest in the family but he was the decision maker. The brothers would always accept his decisions because he had a way of making everyone feel that each has contributed in the final decision. Other people would ask for his advice to settle their personal or community problems. At his young age, people considered him very mature and wise and took his advice very seriously. He believed in non-violence and tried to settle disputes by people talking and listening to each other. He would always give the best advice he could to people who asked him for advice. He settled many disputes amongst quarrelling parties due to his patience and sincere thinking. This became a symbol of his life at an early age and continued throughout his life.

Tuly Singh was a farmer since childhood. He started working at the family farm where they grew wheat, corn, cotton and sugar cane. He was quick to learn the tricks of the trade of farming.

Tuly and his wife's first son, Lakha Singh, was born in 1903. At that time, some of the young farm boys were moving from the villages to the cities to get jobs instead of working at the family farms. Some were trying to migrate to countries like the Philippine Islands, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Australia, Canada, the United States of America and other lands. Tuly Singh wanted to go to Canada. Some travel agents were arranging passage to Canada through a shipping company. In 1904, Tuly Singh left his wife, a baby son and the rest of

the family behind and set out for Canada. When he arrived in Vancouver, it was difficult to find employment.

While he was searching for a job, he ran into a labor contractor who was recruiting workers to work on the construction of a railroad in the northwestern U.S.A. Tuly Singh signed up for the job. According to the reports, one of most difficult and dangerous jobs was to build railroad sections through the Feather River Canyon. Some lives were lost there. Tuly Singh was part of one of the Punjabi crews. He managed to keep the group cohesive and without infighting. His rule was: We are paid to do the job and we should do the work to justify our pay and have respect for our foremen and each other.

He visited Yuba City while working in the Feather River Canyon. He saw the vineyards, rice field, and fruit orchards in Sutter County. He made up his mind that he was going to get a job at one of the farms and not continue with the railroad crew. He could have continued to work with them because his work ethics were admirable and they wanted him to stay with the railroad crew.

Tuly started to work for Bill Eager, who was raising grapes and other fruits. More East Indians came to work at the Eager Ranch. Because of his work ethic and his ability to achieve cooperating and avoid quarrels among the workers, settle arguments when they arose, and his physical strength and stamina, Tuly became

very popular with his fellow workers and the owner of the ranch. He was made foreman

He continued in that position until he left for India at the start of the First World War. Upon his arrival in India he was arrested and put into jail because he was a member of the Gadder Party. The Gadder Party was formed in California to aid in the liberation of India from the British. The British Ambassador lobbied the U.S. government to outlaw the Gadder Party in the U.S. but to no avail. The British had the list of all Gadder Party members and that is why the British arrested him on his return to India. An attorney intervened and had him released on probation. The terms of the probation were that Tuly Singh could not leave his village at any time and that he had to report in person to the police twice a day. After a year or so, he had to report once a day. Later he was allowed to leave town but had to notify the police in advance about his destination and the duration of his visit. Immediately upon his return, he had to report to the police. Eventually he was free to go anywhere without reporting to the police, but he was watched very closely. He wanted to leave India, but he could not. The biggest obstacle was that World War I was going on.

Tuly farmed in India to take care of his family. Three more children were born to Basant Kaur and Tuly Singh. They had three sons and one daughter. When the war ended, Tuly managed to get out of India in 1924

and ended up in Mexico. From there, with the aid of a paid Mexican guide and four other East Indians, they made it to California. They had to travel through the jungles at night.

Tuly Singh and his companions, some from his hometown, made it back to the Eager Ranch on Eager Road in Yuba City. After a short time, he was given back his old job as a foreman of the working crew.

When Bill Eager sold his ranch to Frank W. Poole, Tuly Singh and all the other workers in his crew stayed at the ranch and most of them worked there until they retired or died. Frank Poole treated the men the same or better in regard to pay, wages, and living facilities, which were either renovated or improved. Tuly Singh stayed as the foreman until he retired in the early 1960s. In many ways he was a very unique person. In those days, keeping records at the farm were not as important as they now are. There were no deductions. Many were paid cash, but Tuly Singh had his own system. He had a big ledger book with the names of everyone who worked for him by each month. It contained the names of those who worked, what they did, and how many hours. The second ledger contained his name and the names of others, what each person did each particular day such as how many were thinning or irrigating or hoeing, etc. Out of this ledger, he made 3x5 cards with the number of workers and total hours of each job. There was a box outside his room. He would leave the card there for Mr. Poole to pick up.

When Robert Coats became a partner with his father-in-law, Mr. Frank Poole, Robert would normally pick up the cards and make the payroll checks. This record keeping was the source for 35 to 40 people proving U.S. residency and eventually getting citizenship of the U.S.A.

The following are a few examples of how Tuly reacted to specific different situations: Tuly's middle son, Kartar, was going to Khalsa College in Amritsar, India in 1936, but did not like it. He wanted to quit college and wanted his father to approve of his quitting. He wrote that college graduates make 14 rupees (4½ American dollars in those days) a month. Tuly Singh wrote back and stated that he did not want him to go to college just so he could get a 14 rupees a month job. Tuly wrote that he wanted him to gain knowledge so that he could become a better and more respected person who could help make the world a better place for others. Kartar continued college.

I came to Yuba City on January 30, 1948. The next evening, Tuly asked me what I wanted to study and I told him that I wanted to study medicine. Tuly looked at me with a serious look and said that to study medicine was very hard and very expensive. I asked my father what he wanted me to study. This time Tuly looked at me smiling and said, "I have never been inside of a school, so how can I tell you what to study. All I can tell you is that a few students from India came here to study. All of them wanted to be

doctors. Only two finished Yuba College. The others quit in the middle of their studies. I want you to be the first Indian to go to medical school and be the first Indian doctor here, if you want to be. Whatever you decide to study, finish it. Don't change in the middle. It will be expensive, but we will make it some way." I never forgot this advice. I graduated from medical school, and became an East Indian doctor. I have practiced medicine in Yuba City all of my professional life. Tuly believed in education. He advised all parents he knew to help their children get a good education.

Tuly had a way of making people see the positive side of people and situations. He was consulted by others as he was seen as one of the most honest and fair persons in the community.

East Indians could not buy real estate at that time. Around 1945, the ones who were married to U.S. citizens had bought land. There was a young man named Balwant Singh who used to work at the ranch while going to school. Tuly helped him more than just giving him work so he could get his degree from University of California at Berkeley. As soon as he received his degree in electrical engineering, he joined the service during World War II.

In the service Balwant got serious injuries and was hospitalized for a year. When he was released from the service and the hospital, he came home to the Poole Ranch in Yuba City. There was a special rule in effect permitting servicemen to become U.S.

citizens. Balwant became a U.S. citizen and was therefore qualified to own land in California. Tuly and a few others bought land and the deed was put in Balwant Singh's name. In 1946, Indians were allowed to buy property, so the partners were going to divide the property. Tuly asked Balwant which property he wanted. As Balwant did not think the others would give him what he wanted he hesitated to choose, but Tuly asked him to tell him anyway. Balwant told him that he wanted the place on Highway 99 (now Live Oak Boulevard), close to Yuba City. The next day at a meeting, one of the partners said, "Let us give the student the place on Oswald Road." Tuly Singh told him you can't give a thing if you don't own it. We don't own the property, he does. We should ask him if wants to give us any or not because he owns the property." No one argued and Balwant got the land he wanted.

Tuly's whole life was like that. The U.S. State Department used to publish a magazine called Span and distributed it through the American Embassy in New Delhi. In 1962 they sent a photograph and a writer to follow Tuly Singh for two days. This was published in Span. In 1965, the Sacramento Bee did the same. Tuly Singh never liked to be made any more than a human being doing his part. The word "I" was never part of his vocabulary. It was either "we," "us" or "ours." He had many friends in the Punjabi and American community. He died in 1978 at the age of 106.

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 III

Our stock had gotten very poor, but we had fared so much better than many others in saving our lives and all our stock that we felt truly thankful and went on feeling encouraged and refreshed by our rest in the City.

According to our guide book we had to travel 1,142 miles from Omaha and had 679 miles before we reached Marysville, our destination.

Camped on salt grass which grows on flat land is poor feed though our stock ate it readily. Some place it is so strong it tastes quite salty. This is the Bush road and said to be shorter than the stage road. Next morning we were soon in sight of Salt Lake.

The road is only a short distance from the shore. Along the waters edge are numerous furnaces with pans to evaporate water for the manufacturing of salt. When dried it is as white and nice as I ever saw.

There was at this time no work being done, but plenty of salt lying around. It is said that three pails of water make one pail of salt.

We had long promised ourselves a swim in Salt Lake. It was rather cool but this was our only chance so wife drove the team and the two boys and I each kept a mule to ride and had a fine bath and swim. The water is as clear as crystal. The bottom runs in very gradual slope and is a white pile stone or clay. The water is so heavy with salt a person can sit or lay full length without sinking. If there are any sore or raw

points on the body you can very easily locate them. After coming out and drying off, we were covered with a coat of salt and our hair was perfectly white..

I do not know the size of the lake but in it is a very large mountain 3 miles or more from the shore where we were. I was told that Brigham keeps this for his private grazing ground.

The lake has no outlet, but a number of good sized streams empty into it.

When we left the lake the wagon was a long way ahead. In the PM we had a hard wind with rain and hail. We passed through a small Mormon village called Tuella. Drove two miles farther and camped alone. Drove the stock up a very steep mountain on a level bench and found good bunch grass.

Next day passed through Stockton, a mining town just started, said to have fine prospects of rich silver ore. Next day overtook the two horse team we started with and camped together.

Wife was feeling badly. Made a short drive next day to the stage road and stopped at a stage station where we found a doctor camped and had him give wife some medicine. The boys took the stock three miles to a mountain but got but little feed. Next morning wife was some better. Had quite a range of mountains to cross and but little water for animals. We were late getting into camp with those we were with the night before. This is Government

Springs several miles off the main road but we had to go for water and it was also a fine place to lay over and recruit before starting on the desert. We remained here over Sunday and Monday. Ike Banta and Lew Harter washed and baked bread.

We generally used light bread and when laying over baked and put in sacks enough to do about a week. Wife was not able to be out of the wagon but felt quite comfortable.

I herded the stock a mile away on fine bunch grass and wrote a letter home and mailed it at the next station. Tuesday drove seven miles over another range of mountains some very rough and steep roads.

Camped at Indian Springs. Splendid water at mouth of canyon. Took the stock over a mile up some steep and narrow canyons to good feed. Here we lay until next day four o'clock PM then started on a forty mile desert. At midnight we stopped and I fed my mules some chopped wheat and gave them the water we had brought along in a ten gallon keg swung under the wagon for that purpose. Soon we came to quite a mountain was passed over. (sic)

When the moon arose we were traveling near the foot of a mountain and so continued until nine o'clock when we came to Fish Springs and camped. In the morning before we camped some of our mules got so tired and weak we had to walk and whip them to get them along. Lew Harter was sick all night from eating a mess of elder berries the day before. These springs are deep holes or pools of clear water with many nice fish in them but we could not get them to bite a bait at all. The grass is salt also the water is so it is not fit for tea at all.

This is a stage station and they were making arrangements to have a dance with some emigrants that were laying over here.

At five o'clock PM started on a twenty-one mile drive over very level roads.

At sunup came to Willow Springs and camped. This is quite an extensive valley. These springs are deep holes like wells and some so deep there can be no bottom found. Some run over other stand level full.

Every year some stock is lost here by drowning in these wells. Grass and water salt. At three PM we started to drive seven miles where we found good water and a little bunch grass. We were here alone.

Next morning our stock had wandered several miles into the mountains in search of feed which they are very apt to do where feed is so scarce. Got started late. Drove sixteen miles over a range of mountains to a valley called Deer Creek where we overtook the two horse team again.

Next PM drove five miles and camped on fairly good feed. Next morning filled our kegs at stage station and started on a twenty-five mile drive. The ropes gave away by which the keg was swung under the wagon and it was lost so the animals had no water all day, but we had a two gallon keg we carried in the wagon for drinking and cooking purpose. The road today was perfectly hard and smooth and almost at water level.

Camped at Antelope Springs. After supper Ike Banta and Lew Harter took blankets on mules and took the stock a couple of miles but found only a little feed. After leaving Fort Bridge (Bridger?) we did not corral the stock any more but when they were taken some distance some of us would take blankets and stay with them and bring them in the morning.

Next day passed over another range of mountains and camped at Shell Creek. But little feed. Next day drove five miles and found good feed and water near the summit of a range of mountains. Tonight one of my mules left the band and came a mile to camp and was very sick caused I

think by eating too much bunch grass which operates about the same as too much grain. By morning she was all right again.

About nine o'clock the two companies we left at Salt Lake City caught up and we all drove fifteen miles to Egan Canyon. Here is another mining town just started and quite a stirring place. Another dance with the emigrants here. Next day we drove eighteen miles. About noon we missed our dog. Isaac Banta took a mule and went back and found him where we had camped. He came in a while after dark. We had become attached to the dog because of his strict watchfulness while among the Indians. They could not come around without him knowing it and they had to keep their hands off of things. He was always the best guard in the camp.

Here was the last we saw of the two horse team and the three Norwegians. They were good company and nice to travel with.

Today we drove seventeen miles. It was considerably hilly but with good roads. Wife was quite sick again. Camped at Ruby Valley. This is a military station in a nice valley with considerable agriculture. We lay over the next day and the wife was quite sick until towards evening. Here all of our company left us and we traveled alone to Austin, a distance of 115 miles. Next morning wife was better and very anxious to go on. We started and she continued to improve and we drove sixteen miles. When we got in camp I was very sick with cramp colic but soon got relief by some medicine we had along. This was the only sickness I had on the trip. Drove eight miles the next day over Diamond Mountain which was the steepest road we had found. It was all our six weak animals could do to haul our load. Camped at Diamond Springs at the foot of the mountain. Plenty of pure water and warm. Soon after turning our stock loose there were two men with three Dromedaries

that overtook us and camped with us. These animals frightened our mules very much, one of them was so poor he fell down when he tried to make a quick start to run and when he got up, he was all over his scare. These animals are used some here on the deserts and carry large burdens. They look and act and endure much the same as a camel.

Next day traveled twelve miles over a very level desert. There was a small band of Elks crossed the road not far ahead of us passing from one range of mountains to the other. Camped at Sulphur Springs with the Dromedaries. Poor feed. Made a long drive next day over a range of mountains and got in camp after dark alone. Poor feed and but little water. Next day we drove nineteen miles over a level desert and camped at Dry Creek. Poor feed. Here we took fool's cut off which is well named. Traveled four miles up a rough and steep mountain. Reached the summit at noon. Turned out on good grass. After dinner hitched the wheel animals onto the wagon and started down. After going a little way, we stopped and cut down a good sized pine tree and hitched it behind on the wagon and drove down about a mile to a spring and camped and drove the stock back where we had nooned. Without the tree on behind, I think the wagon would have run over the mules. Next day, we drove over some very rough roads and camped at a spring--a regular camping ground--about three miles from Austin. This is an important mining town built within the last two years. The ledges are rich in silver ore and there are two quartz mills running and others constructing. It is a hard looking place for a City as it will be in a few years. There are fine business houses here but all building timber has to come from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, a distance of about 200 miles and hauled on wagons. There are some valleys in this region of the country

that produce hay and a few vegetables, but grain for feed and all provisions and merchandise and machinery has to be brought by teams from the valley and cities in California taking from 40-50 days for a trip.

We lay here ten day to recruit our stock. We had come so far over hard roads and much of the time with scant food. We took them two miles into the mountains to good bunch grass and brought them in once a day to water. They picked up fine. We moved our cooking and beds into a vacant shanty that had a fireplace in it and dirt floor and took the door for a table instead of taking a tin plate on our knees and sitting on the ground or stone, so we lived quite at home and refined. Wife's health improved very fast here so she felt better when we started again. My wagon tire had gotten quite loose. I intended to have them set in Austin, but they wanted \$25.00 for the job.

I concluded that I could do better so I took the tires off and put one thickness of leather in each joint of the fella and also under the shoulders of the spokes next the run of the wheel until all the joints came up tight. I heated the tire and put them on and the wheels would ring like new and they never got loose again while I owned the wagon. Several companies here adopted my plan. I did my mule shoeing here. We sold some chopped wheat here at 16ct. per lb. Dried apples at 25ct. per lb.

We heard from our train that had left us behind. Two wagons went on to Virginia City and one remained to recruit his stock and came to see us. From accounts from California of the several years severe drought we concluded to go to the extreme northern part of the state to winter our stock. Here we got acquainted with a nice family from Illinois by the name of Davidson who joined us and we arranged to start in a few days. We first came to Rose (Rese?)

River Valley and traveled twelve miles and camped on the bank of the river which is about two yards wide. Next day drove twelve miles. Our comrade had his lead harness dragged off and eaten to pieces by a cuyota (sic) wolf. Next day drove twenty-eight miles to Fish Creek. Camped some time after dark. Drove twenty miles next day over rough roads and got in camp long after dark. This road from Austin to Humbolt is new and not improved.

We camped here without water -- only what was by accident in our kegs which was a short allowance for tea. Next morning drove three miles to water and good feed. Camped near Golconda Ranch.

These men were well acquainted in the country near Marysville where we had intended first to go. They said there would be scarcely any more feed along the road, except what we would have to buy. No one in our company were able to do this--only myself, but we did not like to go alone so late in the season, as heavy snows were liable to come soon. We also feared it would not be best to risk wintering stock in the Sacramento Valley.

We lay here three days and moved five miles into another canyon where there was good water and splendid bunch grass. Stock did fine. The mountains all around were so rugged our stock would not get out except only by coming by our camp.

In one week we left here and drove fifteen miles across a small desert into Poavine (??) Canyon near a small ranch. Good feed and water. Here we considered whether to go through or stay over winter. We concluded if we could find where we could earn grub, we would arrange winter quarters and stay. Three of us rode thirty miles to Unionville and Starr City which are new mining towns, but found no possible chance for a days work. After returning to camp, Ike Banta and Lew Harter concluded

to take two mules and ride through to Marysville, but before they got started, the wife and I concluded to risk it also.

Davidson's family arranged with the bachelor ranchers and moved into his house.

Mr. Iveens, an old Californian that we had traveled with much of the time made arrangements with a cattle dealer who had some twelve hundred head of cattle here to winter and turn his horses and mules in and help herd for his board. In a few days, we got started which was the best thing for us as this whole country was pillaged during the winter by hostile Indians and all settlers suffered more or less and many had to leave.

It rained and snowed on us the first day. We drove late and got but little grass.

Next day was fair and we got into Humboldt Valley and struck an old emigrant road and camped where there was but little feed. In the morning we found the mules on the road going back and three of them out of sight. After breakfast, I took a mule and followed back fifteen miles and found them. It was long after dark before I overtook the wagon in camp. Here was plenty of grass but of very poor quality. Next morning started late and drove after dark and camped at a stage station at the sink of the Humbolt River.

It is strange but universal feature of all the streams between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The water rises mainly in the large mountains and flows down in streams forming large rivers for hundreds of miles then growing gradually smaller and smaller until they disappear altogether. There are three of these main sinks of large river between these large ranges of mountains. The sink of the Carson River. The sink of the Truckee (sic) river. These are from the Sierra Nevada Range; then this sink of the Humbolt from the Rockies; all large rivers before they begin to

sink. Along the Humbolt River is some very fine land mostly taken up and some improved.

To-night (sic) bought some hay at five cents per lb. to feed our stock well. Next morning started onto the desert of forty miles which is a level plain farther than the eye can reach with one in a while an abrupt eminence of pile of rocks. There is no vegetation excepting in a few places scattering spears of salt grass. A couple hours before night we came to the boiling springs. Here we camped alone. The earth seems to be a thin hard crust and hollow below like a great floor. We stopped within forty yards from where water was thrown up above the surface by the boiling from ten to fifteen feet. I never saw water boil so furiously over hottest fire. We saw the steam rising a couple of hours before we got there. It is a deep cave or craggy hole of perhaps twenty feet across where the main volume of water is thrown out. At regular intervals of perhaps four or five minutes it would subside and go down below the surface some ten or fifteen feet among the large craggy rocks then slowly begin to rise faster and faster until it was a seething foam of water in the air with a rumbling underneath. It would remain at its height for about a minute then gradually subside as before for a minute or two then repeat itself. It was a striking demonstration of some violent inward force in nature. There are numerous holes of different sizes sometimes cracks for rods in the surface like in great bodies of ice and at different places along these cracks there is steam escaping. By putting your ear down anywhere on these cracks, you will hear distinctly a boiling and rumbling noise, and in many places see the boiling of a thick must (mist?) like fluid the color of ashes and smells like strong lye or sulphur. The water is so strong a mineral and is said to act very powerful and violent

on persons affected with gravel and similar diseases. It is said to have effected some wonderful and speedy cures but is so severe it can scarcely be endured.

Some time before we were here, the main spring began discharging a stream, like a strong spring branch which flows several hundred yards and gradually all disappears. Prior to that time, for some years it had not boiled so strong nor discharged any water. We tied the mules close by the wagon and fed them hay and the boys made their beds nearby. After midnight, they awoke me and said the mules made so much noise stepping around on the ground they could not sleep so we harnessed and started on. There was a strong cool wind. The road was level and smooth and we had a fine day. We passed some very nice but strangely shaped rocks and low hills. Today we saw a great many skeletons of stock that had died in former years doubtless from exhaustion from crossing this desert. This was the main traveled road during the great rush to California. In those days, there was a great deal of stock lost by over driving when men got so excited and in a hurry as they were nearing the great gold fields. Along here were also any amount of wagon irons of all descriptions full and complete for a wagon.

The wood had been burned for fuel. In early days, teams and wagons were not of so much value here as there were few roads in the mountains and everything was transported on packmules. These animals are raised and mostly used by Spaniards who are adept in the business of packing. They still carry on that business in the mountains during the winter.

About noon we came to Trucky (sic) River which is a very fine stream from the Sierra running rapidly over its rocky bed. From here we followed up this river to its source which which is the Trucky Lake right at the summit of the Sierra Nevada

Mountains. We crossed the river which is about fifty yards wide. Here is a small vegetable ranch. Three miles farther we camped on the bank of the river. Had fairly good feed. We traveled alone since we left Peavine Ranch and found it easier and pleasanter than in a train where are so many various interests and notions and much easier finding suitable camp grounds.

Next morning had several miles of very rocky and rough road and crossed the river three times. Traveled some time after dark in order to get where we could buy some hay.

This is Trucky Meadows, a small village in a large valley, where raising hay is ??? main business. This is twenty miles from Virginia City and Washoe City and Gold Hill, all large mining centers and good hay and vegetable market. This valley is the largest open country that is inhabitable that we saw since we left the lower Platte River. It was truly encouraging to us weary wanderers.

Here we bought a few pounds of flower (sic) at 16ct. (green backs) per pound. We started in the morning in sight of Sierra Nevada Mountains before us looking black with the heavy growth of timber with which they are covered.

At noon, we came to the old Hennes Pass road which is said to be the best pass over the mountains and the principal road of early emigration. It is now a toll road for heavy freighting in the mines in Nevada. At three o'clock we left the river and came to Crystal Peak, a mining town just by the edge of the heavy timber and at the foot of the mountain. In half a mile, we crossed the line between Nevada and California and our little girl began to cry in her disappointment of what she expected California to be.

It was a steep winding grade in a dense forest and in the shades of the evening as the sun was behind the

mountains.

To us older ones, it was truly inspiring at once to enter into such a magnificent forest of tall pines and cedars and spruce as we had never seen before west of Chicago we had seen nothing to compare to this. Several times on the trip we could see on some far off mountain tops what appeared to be timber.

After going into the mountains at Fort Laramie, all the timber was here and there and old Cedar that looked as old and uncomely as the hills. After traveling from June until November and seeing only odd trees and sage brush, it was cheering to get in so dense a forest where it seemed we had to look twice to see to the top of some of those old giants.

From Crystal Peak over three miles up a steep but fine winding grade along side the mountains and at the top we came to the Bower's Hotel, a large two-story building right in the woods. Here was a large crowd of teamsters in the business of freighting from Marysville to Virginia City and other mining towns in Nevada. These teams were from two to ten animals in a team and from one to three wagons to the train, which was quite a sight and waking to our ideas of California business.

This camp was the first on the trip where we had all the wood we wanted to pile on our fire and it was hugely enjoyed as it was quite cool. I bought half a bail of hay and turned the mules into a corral.

All next day traveled through the mountains on fine roads. Camped at Trucky Lake (Donner Lake?). Here again is a large fine hotel on the bank of this beautiful lake which is within about one mile of the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This lake is nearly round and about 1 mile in diameter with beautiful banks and sparkling pure water. This is the source of the Trucky river and from it flows a perpetual stream

as large as Twin Creek half bank full at West Alexandria. There is no visible supply in the summer season and where this large body of water comes from at this altitude is a mystery no one had yet solved.

There are several large lakes farther south and near the summit of this range of mountains. In some places are fine springs of cold water but as you approach the lower valleys, there are a few springs and warmer and in the main large valleys there are no perpetual springs.

Next morning, crossed the summit and six miles down, we crossed the middle Yuba river, a fine strong flowing stream. The roads were good and the weather fine and we felt relieved from our fears of being caught in heavy snow blockades and were reasonably sure of reaching our destination.

In these mountains, snow falls sometimes from five to fifteen feet deep and stops all travel.

About a mile before we camped we came into a dense forest of the finest looking timber I ever saw. Nearly every tree is a large fir and very tall and straight. Occasionally there is a cluster of a few acres of small firs of different sizes as nicely shaped as though they were trimmed for door yard ornaments. This was a damp cold camp and we pulled out early in the morning.

We soon came to Yreka, a small mining town once quite prosperous, but now almost deserted. These mines are called surface diggins and extend over many acres of territory. Three miles farther is Magentry, high flume, one hundred and twenty three feet where the road passes under it. It is built in bends or sections of heavy timbers with a large square box flume extending from one mountain to the other to conduct water for mining which is brought many miles in a large ditch similar to a large mill race.

This water is conducted so that where it is wanted it is on the top of a mountain perhaps a couple hundred feet above where it is applied through a large hose and nozzle from two to four inches in diameter against a bank of mountain causing it to crumble and wash down by hundreds of tons per day and tumbling and tossing large boulders about like marbles. By this process, mountains are torn down in some places more than two hundred feet high and washed down through a heavy flume where the gold is caught in riffles made of large logs hewn square and sawn in block of about a foot in length and set on end in the bottom of the flume placed in such a manner as to leave holes and cracks where the gold settles and is held. The dirt and rocks are forced on by the great rush of water and dumped in some canyon and the main part and heavy material stops there but the lighter is carried on and on and as the grade decreases the deposit is made. There is, however, quite a percent of earth held in solution as muddy water is carried into the rivers and deposited and even into the bay of San Francisco over two hundred miles distant.

After a month or two of washing down the banks of mountain, the water is turned somewhere else. The blocks all taken out the bottom of the flume and all washed clean and the gold carefully collected. One mile before camping we passed through Cherokee, another old mining town.

The hills here have been washed away from one to one hundred feet deep and over perhaps hundreds of acres.

Next day, we passed through French Corral, a mining town. Here is a large company still working a surface claim. Crossed South Yuba River and at night, camped at Empire Ranch, where is a large hotel, eighteen miles from Marysville.

The landlord, having a keen and very generous appreciation of our inward wants, presented us with a fine fresh pie and with our heart-felt regards to him and a very slight ceremony to the pie, it disappeared.

After supper and with the thought of such civilized compliment to us and in view of only one more days travel to reach our long sought destination, we all felt so cheered up, we scarcely wanted to go to bed, but were anxious for the morning when we would wind up our cooking and sleeping and living out of doors.

Next morning, had breakfast and ate up everything but the dishes and these we did not wash, but dumped them in and started.

We were soon in sight of the fine Sacramento Valley, such an extensive fertile level country as we had not seen for several months. Such a view at perhaps several hundred feet elevation and in an atmosphere where the eye will as readily take in a distance of 60-75 miles as it can take in 20 miles in Ohio, and with no elevation and no timber to obstruct excepting a little strip along the Feather and Sacramento rivers and in looking westerly across the valley, we see very plainly the Coast range mountains, a distance varying from 60-100 miles as the valley widens towards the Bay.

At four o'clock PM November the 5th, we were in Marysville at the home of John A. White, a family that were our close neighbors and friends in Michigan and who had left there soon after we had and came by way of New York and the Isthmus to San Francisco and arrived here in May. They had written several letters to us and we had written to them, but none were ever received.

We were over three months later getting through than we expected when we left Michigan because of our delay at Omaha

and the trouble among the Indians and the great scarcity of feed.

Our friends had heard of the depredations by the Indians on the plains and feared we were among the victims but providentially we were never attacked by the villains.

We traveled about four hundred and fifty miles having no assurance of safety, only our guns and diligence in watching.

We were received as the "lost that were found" and our wants royally and hospitably provided for. We were soon seated at a table of refreshments that were cooked and served in a house by loving hands, a comfort and blessing we had not enjoyed for nearly seven months.

It was rather an awkward position to be seated on a chair at a table groaning under its load of substantials and delicacies in a land of plenty and of God's richest productions. But this embarrassment was soon overcome by passing a few jokes on facts and we proceeded to enjoy a meal such as no one ever enjoyed, only those that had crossed the plains by teams.

We were very fortunate and got along well under the circumstances and with the exception of my wife's occasional sickness we all stood the trip well. Out of all the companies we first traveled with and after heard of, we were one of three companies that got through to our destination before winter overtook them. One company wintered at Ft. Bridger, one hundred and eighteen miles east of Salt Lake City. Another wintered at Salt Lake City and one about forty miles on this side. Four companies wintered in the State of Nevada. They all stopped because their teams were too poor to travel farther. There were all horse teams and they cannot stand hardships and short rations like mules will.

All the mule teams so far as I know

got through. It was a long and tedious journey fraught with many privations and dangers, but I feel myself amply paid in that which I have seen and experienced. With my wife's improved health, we are satisfied and pleased with the country, feeling we will be able to find opportunity to earn a living and establish a home if we think best so to do.

After trying and perchance failing to remain satisfied, we feel safe in having our home in Michigan where we may return, perhaps wiser and poorer than when we left there. We are here to stay until this experiment is fully made and at present, we feel hopeful and encouraged in our attempt.

This is a revision by the same writer made 38 years after the original was written. The scenes as described appear as real and distinct now as when first written and very many of the spots could be definitely identified if even where the incidents occurred. These years have come and gone constitute quite a majority of the years of my life, and in some respects the most eventful incidents have transpired during this time.

In many cases, individual lives are made up of one or more distinct turning points. In my case, I think there is but little of this, and yet the change from my nativity of over 2,500 miles into a different climate and seasons with different customs necessarily brought new conditions in my life. This trip was planned and executed mainly because of the ill health of my wife. On some occasions it was quite trying on her strength, but she felt a gradual improvement and upon the whole was very satisfactory.

On our arrival in Marysville, my exchequer was \$68.00 in green backs worth 45cts, in gold on the dollar, gold and silver being the only current money here. Flour was worth \$8.00 per hundred and other

things in proportion. You could make no purchase for less the 25ct and 10ct. was the least coin in use and any difference in change below that was generally taken by the merchant. 1864 was an unusual dry season here and hard times was the universal cry and no work to be had at any price.

Economy was our only salvation and our experience for the last year gave us practical knowledge in every detail. We joined with Mr. Whites in renting comfortable winter quarters and strange to say were quite happy and contented. After keeping my stock here a couple of weeks, I, with two teamsters took our stock 70 miles up the valley and turned them out for the winter in a large enclosed pasture on the Sacramento River. In January, I got a few days work sowing broadcast ten acres of wheat. In March, Isaac Banta and I took a job of cutting cordwood of some Pine Trees and logs brought from the mountains in flood times and lodged on the Yuba River bottoms.

This work amounted to over \$20.00 and was the first gold that came into our possession. Some later, I bought a secondhand six horse freight wagon for \$325.00 and a team harness for six animals for \$105.00.

In May, I got my mules home all fat and in good condition for work. Before starting on the road, I bought a lumber and built a house out on the commons 16 x 18 feet boarded up and down with cracks battened with two doors and two windows and all out of doors for door yard (sic). When I was fitted out and my first load on my wagon for the mountains, I was over \$600.00 in debt.

The freighting season was good and by November, I had my debt all paid and money enough to winter on as teaming stopped when rains set in. In the spring of

1866, I bought two mules and a new two-horse wagon for a lighter, which is hitched on behind the big wagon and worked eight mules. In September, I was taken sick with malarial fever and under the Doctor's care for two weeks.

After recovering some, I was advised to go to San Francisco to recruit which was healthful. During my absence, our little daughter was seriously sick, but better when I returned. I had chills and fever during most of the following winter.

Marysville was a very sickly place, so we moved out 12 miles into the Butte Mountains on a stock ranch which I took care of for the winter. In the spring of 1867, I sold my farm in Michigan and bought 160 acres three miles west of Marysville. It was one of the first and best improved places on the plains of Sutter County. I moved my family there and took my team and went to the end of the Railroad which was building east from Sacramento and had gotten within ten miles of the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. From there, I teamed to the mines in Nevada until in December when snow came and I returned home.

I then bought 160 acres adjoining me and during the winter, I did my first farming. After harvest, I went on the road hauling freight up and bought fencing at the saw mills for down load for improving my ranch. Did the same for two years. In 1869, the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific met this side of Salt Lake and the great Railroad communication was accomplished between Sacramento and Omaha. After harvest in 1870, my wife and I and our four children returned to Ohio and Indiana and Michigan and spent three months very pleasantly and returned home well pleased and contented with California.

In the spring of 1871, I built a large barn and in the fall of 1872, a two-story house. The lumber for these was all hauled

from the mountains by my own team. In 1876 wife and I and two children visited in the home states and attended the centennial exposition at Philadelphia. After returning home, I bought 550 acres of improved land adjoining me and went in debt \$20,000. I then farmed 870 acres. In seven years I paid off my debt and sold the 550 acres for more than I paid. One year I raised over 13,000 bushels of wheat.

In the spring of 1884, we visited with one child, Lloyd, in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. In 1887, we spent some time at the Joackson (sic) Sanitarium at Dansville, N.Y. for the benefit of my wife's health and visited in Ohio.

In 1888-9, I bought property in San Jose and built a house. For twelve years past, the family were here during school term for school privileged. On the 17th of May, 1890, wife and I were thrown from a wagon by a runaway team and she died in 36 hours after her injuries, aged 57 years. I had then sold my team at the ranch with the intention of renting it and remain with my family in San Jose, but suddenly there came upon me the saddest incident of my life, but through it all I was enabled by God's grace to say to Him "Thy will be done and not mine" with five sons and one daughter, we have all been blessed with rugged health and but very little sickness.

Among the many blessing of my life, I am glad to say not the least is, that I have not been allowed to become wealthy, neither have I ever met any heavy loss nor felt the sting or inconvenience of poverty. I have never been without a home of my own and peace and plenty with which contentment has been my lot, from my earliest recollection to the present time. It is very evident this has not come to me by any wisdom or foresight of my own. In looking back over these 70 years of my life, I see so much of sunshine as compared with

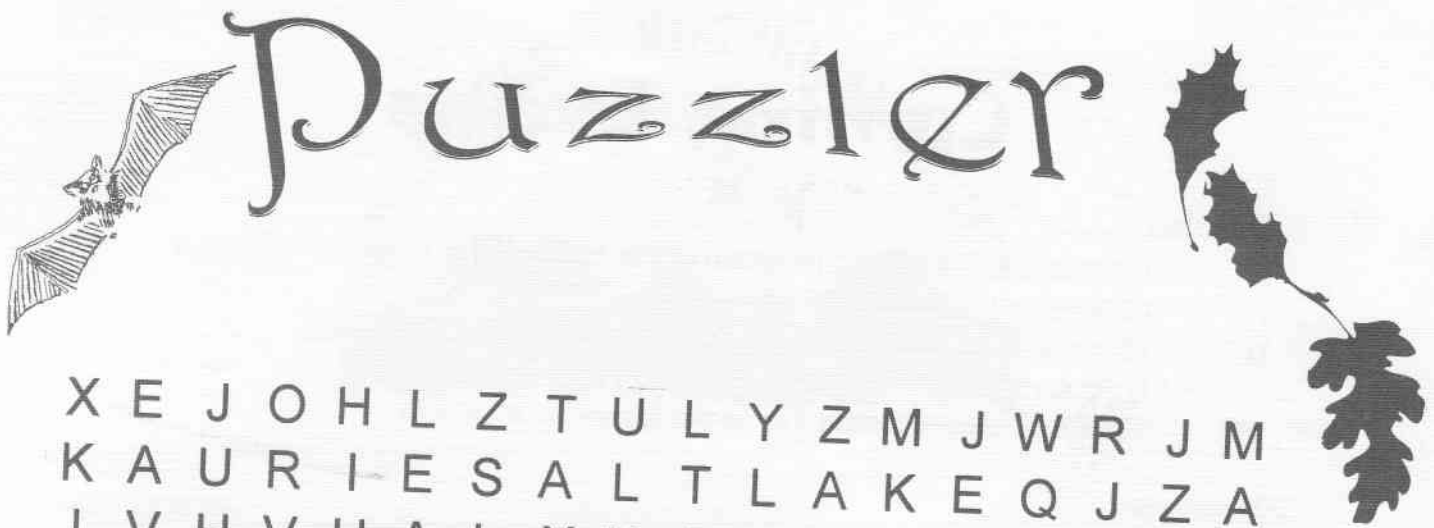
many of my acquaintances and the question arises why all this in my life? I remember very distinctly in my twelfth year when alone in my bed the thought of God and my responsibility to him came to me so forcibly that it changed by childish purposes from bad to good and while there were still many acts by me, they always brought to me a degree of conviction. I have been enabled to see how gently I was lead without any special human teaching, but in my childish simplicity to commit myself into god's keeping and he accepted the little offering and how through all these years, I see the hand of God caring for and leading me in pleasant paths. There have come to me several escapes from serious danger, and doubtless many unseen dangers and through them all I have been protected and spared.

In the fall of 1890, I rented my ranch to my sons Glen and Clyde and made my permanent home with my daughter and son-in-law J.M. Gallahorn, in my house in San Jose. I have spent considerable time of the ranch in Sutter County, also in Modoc County at my son Jay's. In September, 1893, son Glen and I visited the Chicago exposition and went to Ohio and remained until the following season, March. In June 1901, I left here and visited in Ohio and Michigan and returned home on the 25th Day of December, 1901.

*** The End **

NOTE: Available at the Museum is the recently published Wagon Tracks - George Harter's 1864 Journey to California by Robert D. Harter. In it, Robert Harter retraces the route taken by George Harter and his family. It includes the journal, commentary by the author, color photos of various locations and maps showing the route that George Harter and his family followed. The book is \$20.95. Remember to ask for your members discount.

Puzzler



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Balwant

Eager

El Paso

Feather River

Gadder

Gulzar

Harter

Humboldt

India

Johl

Kaur

Malkit

Marysville

Nicolaus

Poole

Salt Lake

Siddhu

Singh

Truckee

Tuly



Coming Events

October

- 9 Opening reception and program at the Museum for *Poppy to Prickly Pear, California's Native Plants*, 7:00 p.m.
- 11 **Historical Society luncheon, Hermann Sons Hall, Nicolaus**
11:30 social, 12:00 luncheon, program to follow
- 27 Volunteer Appreciation Tea at the Museum, 10:30 a.m.

November

- 6 Christmas Ornament Workshop, 10:00-12:00 at the Museum
- 19 Christmas Ornament Workshop, 10:00-12:00 at the Museum
- 30 *Poppy to Prickly Pear* exhibit ends

December

- 4 Decoration Day at the Museum, 9:00 a.m.
- 6 Trees and Traditions fundraising gala, at the Museum, 5-8 p.m., tickets \$25 available at the Museum or from Museum Commissioners
- 20 Museum Open House and Children's Program with John Carter performing, 1:00 p.m.

January

- 6 Undecoration Day at the Museum, 9:00 a.m.