

---

Vol. XLIX No. 2

Yuba City, California

April 2007



Onstott Monument at River Valley High School  
*Photo credit: Phyllis Smith*



## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

Audrey Breeding, President

Constance Cary, Secretary

Bob Mackensen, Vice President

Phyllis Smith, Treasurer

## DIRECTORS

Bonnie Ayers-2001\*

Cynthia Pfiester-2004

Audrey Breeding-1997

Margaret Pursch-2002

Constance Cary-1987

John Reische-2000

Bruce Harter-1991

Jennifer Scrogin-2007

Helen Heenan-1996

Miles Shafer-2004

Bob Mackensen-2002

Phyllis Smith-2000

Leona Pennington-2006

Janet Spillman-2007

Steve Perry-1994

Bill Stenquist-2004

\*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 2007 dues are payable as of January 1, 2007. Mail your check to the Community Memorial Museum at P. O. Box 1555, Yuba City, 95992-1555. 530-822-7141

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

## President's Message

It is with sadness that I report the passing of another beloved board member, supporter, and friend, Dorothy Ettl. Dorothy served on our board since 2000, and was our treasurer for much of that time. She was also a Museum Aide, keeping the Museum open on weekends, and volunteered for events well beyond her regular duties. Her family is holding a memorial event for her on Saturday, April 14, and has graciously agreed to extend the event until 4:00 p.m. to allow those who attend our luncheon in Meridian to also meet with Dorothy's friends and family to share memories.

Once again we had a very successful Bus Trip Around the Buttes. The weather cooperated, as did our tireless crew, Don Burtis and Lyle Callaway. Many thanks to Ryan Robinson and Sutter High School for the use of their bus.

A reminder - this year we have moved the Annual Picnic in the Park to June 23, hoping to beat the heat. We've made it a luncheon, starting around 11:30 a.m., and as usual it's a potluck. Join us at Howard Harter Memorial Park, behind the Museum, for a casual meal and get-together.

Audrey Breeding  
President

## April Annual Membership Meeting

We have a special treat this year at our April meeting. You may remember that last summer we had such a vicious heat wave that we canceled our picnic in the park in July, when we had hoped to hear from Bill Knorr about Camp Far West history. Well, luckily for us, Bill has kindly agreed to bring his presentation to our luncheon meeting in Meridian! As this goes to press the forecast is for no temperatures below 70 until October, so we should have a beautiful day for our meeting.

The details:

Saturday, April 14, West Sutter Veterans Hall, Meridian

11:30 a.m. Social time

12:00 noon Roast pork lunch

1:00 p.m. Program

Presentation of annual budget

Election of Board of Directors

Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Awards

Bill Knorr, History of Camp Far West

The cost is \$15 per person and advance payment and reservations are required. Please see the insert in this issue, or call Phyllis at 671-3261 or Audrey at 695-2965. Reservations must be made by April 6.

## Director's Report

Have you ever wondered exactly where the Museum's money comes from and where it goes? The Museum is in a unique partnership with Sutter County, so that the County funds and the private funds that we raise and that you donate work together to support the Museum. Sutter County pays for the two full-time staff (40 hours a week), copier rental and maintains the buildings and grounds, and covers several miscellaneous expenses. The Museum raises the annual operating expenses, such as phone, office supplies, membership in professional museum organizations, archival supplies to properly store and preserve the artifacts, exhibit fabrication supplies, and postage and printing. The Museum also raises funds to pay the salaries of the extra help Museum Aides, who keep the Museum open on weekends and cover lunch hours at the Museum when one of the two staff is on vacation or sick leave. We appreciate the three wonderful ladies who do that and also volunteer for many things.

How does the Museum raise funds for the operating costs? First, you provide solid support by paying your membership dues and making memorial donations to the Museum. You support the Museum whenever you make a purchase in the Museum Store. If you purchase a birthday gift or a Christmas gift there, it really is a gift that gives twice. The Museum Commission works with the staff to organize four major fundraisers a year: *Trees & Traditions* Christmas gala, *Love's Messenger* Valentine gift bags, *Wear & Remembrance* Vintage Apparel Fair, and *Sister Swing* in the summer. An ongoing fundraiser is the sale of engraved paving stones in the Museum patio. You support fundraising by donating your time, effort and gifts. Your support of the Museum continues to be crucial to its ongoing operation and programs. You and the Museum are partners in its future and ensuring that it will serve our great-grandchildren as well as it serves our community today.

### Request for photographs and information about Yuba City

The Museum is launching a project that will result in a beautiful new history book to observe the centennial of Yuba City's incorporation as a city in 1908. We need your assistance in collecting images and information that will help tell the stories of Yuba City from the earliest times to the present. If you have photos you can loan to be scanned at the Museum, we will return them to you in short order. If you have memories of Yuba City that you would like to share, please write them down and bring them or mail them to the Museum. We look forward to the publication of this new book in the summer of 2008.

Julie Stark  
Director

## Onstott Plaque Unveiled

On February 26, 2003, the Jacob Onstott house on Colusa Highway was bulldozed. The property was owned by a developer and now, four years later, you can still see the vacant lot where the house once stood.

A local preservation group, Sutter County Heritage, sued the City of Yuba City for failing to require mitigation by the developer for destroying the house. The lawsuit was settled in favor of Sutter County Heritage. As part of the settlement, the developer paid for a monument to the Onstott house to be placed at the new River Valley High School.

Last fall the monument was put into place. It sits near the entrance to the school on Spirit Drive and is pictured on our cover. The bronze plaque is mounted on a Sutter Buttes rock, donated by Lance Cull. In addition, the school has agreed to an educational display in the library, showcasing the Onstott family and its important to Sutter County agricultural business.

The plaque reads as follows:

### **SITE OF THE JACOB ONSTOTT RANCH AND HOUSE**

Jacob Onstott and his brother John built the commercial raisin industry in California by being the first to ship raisins made from Thompson seedless grapes to eastern markets. Ninety-five percent of California raisins are made from Thompson seedless grapes, first propagated by John Onstott. They were sun-dried on this ranch and the adjacent Harter Ranch from whose railroad siding they were shipped across the nation.

The Onstott house was built in the 1880s. It was a prime example of the Italianate style of Victorian-era homes built by the prosperous ranchers of Sutter County late in the nineteenth century. Adjoining was a rare brick masonry tank house, one of only two remaining in California at the end of the twentieth century. Victorian landscaping and a number of barns and outbuildings surrounded the house.

The house, the tank house, outbuildings and landscaping were all destroyed in 2003.

There were many who cared.

## Memorials

In Memory of **Ed Addington**  
Elaine Tarke

In Memory of **Elizabeth "Peg" Andrews**  
Roger & Jackie Chandler  
Anne Crall  
Bill & Coral Hamon  
Shirley & Barry Hanks  
Ed & Lib Haraughty  
Dr. & Mrs Garron Riechers

In Memory of **Tom Crowhurst**  
Merle & Alice Russell

In Memory of **Cecilia Ettl**  
Mary & Wayne Gadberry

In Memory of **Dorothy Ettl**  
Joni Adams  
Maurene Adams  
Ray & Shirley Anderson  
Ruth & Howard Anthony  
Bob, Tom & Marian Barkhouse  
Joe & Ludel Bouchard  
Bob & Katie Bryant  
Eugene & Helen Cain  
Jean & Chris Capaul  
Connie Cary  
Leo & Alice Chesini  
Arlene Chesnut  
Ann & Paul Clark  
Babs Cotter  
Marnee Crowhurst  
Susan Driver  
Sue Durrant  
Jean Durst  
Thomas & Rosa Ann Ellis  
Gene & Joan Erfle  
Marc & Euda Fayi  
Jacob Fruchtenicht  
Wayne & Mary Gadberry  
Mrs. & Mrs. Lawrence Harris  
Ramona Hess  
Dolores Hobbs

Dan & Jean Jacuzzi  
Dorothy Jang  
Marjery Johnson  
Barbara A. Kenney  
Eleanor Knox  
Bob & Pauline Masera  
Hardy & Ardis McFarland  
Marjorie Muck  
Mary Lou Naughton  
No Kidding Lunch Bunch  
Mary S. O'Neal  
Michael & Tina Phelan  
Ida J. Philpott  
Loadel Piner  
John & Dorothea Reische  
Elizabeth A. Robinson  
Vicki Rorke  
Dorothy Ross  
Pete & Margit Sands  
Randy & Shirley Schnabel  
Sharyl Simmons  
Phyllis Smith  
Julie Stark  
Barbara Stengel  
Elna Stevenson  
David & Gina Tarke  
Elaine Tarke  
Helen Torres  
Joanne Washburn  
Kenneth & Meredith Weldin  
Clint & Suzanne West

In Memory of **Nadene Evans**  
Randy & Shirley Schnabel

In Memory of **Frank Hatamiya**  
Audrey & Mark Breeding  
Diane Breeding Putman

In Memory of **Raymond Helsem**  
Loadel Piner

In Memory of **George Herr**  
Merle & Alice Russell

In Memory of **Alice Manuel**  
Live Oak Women's Club  
Mr. & Mrs Russ Schmidl & Family

In Memory of **Adaline O'Neill**  
Helen Heenan

In Memory of **Irene Platter**  
Jim Staas

In Memory of **Marian Regli**  
Louise Bartholomew  
Dr. David Bradley  
James & Andrea Brinson  
Ron & Kathy Leger  
Elaine Tarke  
Dorothy Ettl  
Mike & Kathryn Hislop  
Donald & Sandy Norene  
Norman & Loadel Piner  
John & Dorothea Reische  
Julian & Nancy Rolufs  
Leslie & David Swartz  
Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence Willadsen

In Memory of **Mel Rushing**  
Sandra & Bob Fremd  
Wayne & Mary Gadberry  
R. Edward Yeilding

In Memory of **Johanna & Orlin Schuler**  
Sr.  
Janet & Ed Baur

In Memory of **Johanna Schuler**  
Wayne & Annette Ahlers  
Ruth Anderson  
Ron & Gaileen Bumgarner  
Joyce Dukes  
Sandra & Bob Fremd  
Darnell Howe  
Carol Lemenager  
June Pogue  
Randy & Shirley Schnabel  
Ivah Meischke

In Memory of **Kathlyn Schuler**  
Randy & Shirley Schnabel

In Memory of **George Siller**  
Jim Staas

In Memory of **Beverly Speckert**  
Maurine Adams  
Elaine Tarke  
Barbara Putman

In Memory of **Douglas Kermit Tarke**  
Ray & Shirley Anderson  
Barbaste Family  
Bob & Katie Bryant  
Leo & Alice Chesini  
Mary & Wayne Gadberry  
Guecamburu Family  
Larry & Min Harris  
Anna & Donald Harvey  
Donna & Barry McMaster  
Meridian Lions Club  
Calvert & Begona McPherrin  
Rosey McPherrin  
Sarah & Lee Roy Pryor  
Strachan Apiaries  
Bill & Leita Spoto  
Davd & Gina Tarke  
Suellen & Tom Teesdale

In Memory of **Richard Tarke**  
Sarah & Lee Roy Pryor

In Memory of **Betty Emery Thompson**  
Merlyn K. Rudge

In Memory of **Walter Ullrey**  
Erna Barnickol  
Dr. Joel & Jennifer Daven  
Elaine Tarke

Outright Gift to the Museum  
Rich Bowder  
Warren Swenson  
James Uren

# The Old Covered Bridge

by

Bernice Best Gibson

*Bernice Gibson was an elementary school teacher in Sutter County, and prepared the following article for her students.*

It had been storming all week but Friday was here and preparations must be made to go to Marysville on Saturday. The butter and eggs must go to market while they were nice and fresh and sweet.

Friday morning, Mama counted the eggs very carefully to be sure she knew exactly how many dozen she had to sell. She cleaned the dirty eggs with a clean cloth. Then she would lay them in a big box which she called her egg box. She would put paper between the layer of eggs so they would not be broken as we rode along in the buggy. She would mold the butter in round cakes which contained just one pound. The butter mold would make the print of a little flower on the top of the cake. The cakes of butter were placed in rows in a clean white pan and covered with nice clean cheese cloth. When everything was ready for market Mama began to call her neighbors on the telephone to find out the condition of the roads to Marysville. It had been storming so we knew the Feather River would be high and we might have trouble crossing the old Fifth Street Grade.

We had a telephone in the country then. You might think it was a very old fashioned telephone but it was very helpful to us. It was a long box fastened to the wall and we had to turn a little crank and ring a bell to call people. We had twelve different families on our line and we could ring

the bell and call any of them. They each had a different number of rings. Our bell was two long bells and two short bells. We called it two long and two short when we told people what our bell was.

Mama called several people who had been to town that week, and she found out the water was high but one could still drive the horse across the Grade which was covered with some water but it wasn't so deep that it wasn't safe if you had a good steady horse. Mama had faith in old Maude, our buggy horse. She had driven Maude a long time and knew just how to handle her. Old Maude knew us too and she tried to be careful so we would not get hurt.

Saturday morning came and my sister and I were very carefully bathed and dressed for town. The butter and eggs were put in the back of the buggy and covered with a piece of canvas. Maude was hitched to the buggy and we were ready to start to Marysville. It was very cloudy and stormy looking but the rain had stopped for a while. The roads were so muddy that we had to drive very slowly. Sometimes we were afraid we would get stuck in the mud but Old Maude was a big strong horse and she would always pull us out with a little coaxing and some kind words from Mama. Of course, my sister, who was just about two years old, and I would tell Old Maude to "get-up" also. After about an hour and a half we came



to Yuba City. Yuba City was just a little town then and Mama could get a better price for her butter and eggs in Marysville because the market was larger. We drove up to the bridge which crossed the Feather River to Marysville. You would think it a very interesting bridge because you hardly ever see anything like it today.

It was a covered bridge, that is, it had sides and roof over it like a house only it was long and narrow. We drove up the approach to the bridge on the right side, because there were two driveways in the bridge and one must always keep to the right. The bridge keeper sat sleepily in his old arm chair at the entrance to the bridge. His name was John Wilkeson but everybody called him John or Uncle John. Uncle John lived in two rooms which were attached to the west end of the bridge. Mama stopped our horse and asked him about the high water. He told her it was safe to cross, that the water might be up to the hub of the wheels on the grade, but it would not come in the buggy. A sign at the entrance to the bridge said, "Slow your horse to a walk in the bridge, under penalty of the law." One time I asked Papa why the horses had to walk. He said, "A trotting horse or a cat walking on the bridge will make it sway." Old Maude was glad to walk because she was tired after coming so far in the mud. As we walked across the bridge we could look out the little windows in the wall of the bridge and see the water rolling and tumbling on its way to the ocean. It looked angry and wicked. It was nice and quiet inside the bridge and the sound of the horses' feet would echo down the inside of the walls. As we came out the other end another watchman was sitting in his chair at the

Marysville side. We rode along a short way on an open bridge where we could see the water which looked very high and dangerous. The Fifth Street Grade was still to be crossed and that was where we had to drive through water. I was scared and began to tell Mama to turn around and go back but she only took a firmer grip on the lines. I looked at her face to see if she wouldn't turn around but she had that set, determined look on her face which I knew meant we were going ahead, come what may. Mama clucked to Maude and pushed on the lines, slapped them on the horse's back just a little. Maude raised her head, lifted her feet high and plunged forward into the water. A horse is very sure footed so we had lots of faith in Maude. I was scared and drew my feet up into the seat and began to cry just a little under my breath but I didn't let Mama know I was crying. Mama drove Maude straight across the grade being very careful to go straight and not turn to the side and get into the deep water. When we got across Mama said, "There, didn't I tell you we would get across all right." That was good but I knew we had to go back again in the evening and that water would still be there only it might be worse. My sister was too little to think about the danger and it was great fun for her. I knew I would be glad when we reached the old covered bridge on our return trip and we were safely under the roof and Old Maude was walking across the inside of the bridge on the other side, still keeping to the right, when we returned.

# Henry S. Graves – From Miner to County Leader

by  
Carol Withington

First published in *Daily Independent-Herald* dated Wednesday, June 1, 1977

During the month of October in 1948, a company of gold seekers from Benicia was directed to the Yuba River by a Major Cooper, pioneer of Parks Bar. A mining camp was soon erected and by the following spring, claims on Long Bar, as it was to become known, were taken up so rapidly that nearly 1,000 people converged on the area. Several hotels, stores, saloons and bakeries were started that fall and winter, and more were opened the following year. A post office was also established in this bustling little community.

The bar became one of the largest and most thriving in Yuba County. During the summer months, the population dwindled somewhat as the miners scattered along the river, but by winter, the population rose once more. In just a few years, a half-dozen stores, at least eight saloons and gambling houses and an equal amount of hotels and boarding houses were established in this gold mining camp.

According to research, work at Long Bar continued later than at many other mining camps, although the place was not "so rich as its two great rivals - Parks and Rose Bars." By 1879, however, the camp was entirely deserted and a covering of mining debris was left in its wake. The river now flowed over and around the old site, forming part of it into "an immense sand and willow island."

Henry S. Graves was born in Middletown, Connecticut in 1830. At

the age of 10 he accompanied his parents to Iowa. During his boyhood, however, his father died, and Graves remained with his mother until 1849 when he crossed the plains with some ox teams. He arrived in California at Long Bar on October 15.

He immediately began mining and continued until December, when with four others he purchased a whale boat along with a stock of provisions. While en route to the mines, a terrible storm occurred and nearly wrecked the crew. Somehow they managed to get as far as Long Bar but decided to abandon the enterprise.

The lure of the mines continued to interest Graves and he soon embarked on a new trade of running pack trains of supplies to the miners. In February of 1852, when scarcely more than 21 years of age, Graves took up a squatter's claim along the western base of the Buttes. According to records, he began improvements on the ranch and at the same time continued to run his pack train to the mountains. In addition, this ambitious young man carried provisions from Sacramento to the mines by river.

On January 13, 1862, Graves married Mary Terstegge Darple, a widow and native of Germany who came to the United States as a child. She arrived in California in 1852 and lived for some time in Marysville. She had one daughter, Carrie, from her first marriage to George Darpel. A few years later, they built a two-story home

with wide verandas on North Butte Road.

A strong temperance man throughout the years, Graves spent considerable time traveling in order to advance the cause of the International Order of Good Templars (IOGT), a branch of the Masonic order. On February 2, 1973, the North Butte Lodge No. 452, IOGT was organized and Graves was elected to lead the group by the fourteen charter members.

Throughout the years, Graves became known as one of the first and leading temperance men of the state. He continued to hold many positions of trust and honor in the Good Templars organization and was once its candidate for Congress in the local district. Graves was also a Presidential Elector and for many years served as the District Deputy and representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States.

With continued interest in civic matters as well, H. S. Graves became one of the first directors on the North Butte Hall Association, formed September 10, 1877. This association, in conjunction with the school district, erected a building at a reported cost of \$1,000. The upper part of the building was used for a hall which was rented to the IOGT, IOOF and Grange for \$130 per month. The lower portion was used for school purposes. Two years later, Graves was elected to serve as president of the directorship.

The same year Graves, along with C. Williams and M. V. Smith, was elected to the board of trustees for the North Butte District. The importance of these positions, as stated in an historical account, was that "the judicious and economical management of the Trustees depends, in a large

measure, on the success or failure of the school. This is realized by the people of Sutter County by the fact that they elected their most cultural and liberal citizens to this responsible position."

During the ensuing years, Graves continued to pursue the ranching and stock business and by additional purchases from time to time was able to accumulate 4700 acres of range, farming land and tule land. A large portion of this land was devoted to farming and the remainder to raising stock.

A charter member of the Pioneer Society of Marysville, Graves was also one of the founders of the Sutter County Farmer. And during the hydraulic mining controversy, he was also selected to serve as a member of the Advisory Committee in the Anti-Debris Association during the early 1880s.

In June of 1888, after lingering with a bout of pneumonia for a period of four weeks, Graves died at his home at the age of 58.

A letter by A. S. Noyes, a close friend, appeared near the obituary notice in the Sutter County Farmer stating that "Mr. Graves was one of the few temperate 'forty-niners' who gained wealth and enjoyed it."

Along with his widow, Graves' survivors included three boys and three girls. Shortly after his death, his wife and daughters moved to Santa Cruz while the three sons continued to farm the land and enlarge their holdings.

Frank, the eldest, who later became a supervisor of the First District, took over the management responsibilities of the ranch. Later all the heirs were included in incorporating the farming and stock

interests known as the Graves Estate Company, with Mrs. Graves the principal stockholder.

During the years that followed, the ranch was largely devoted to the raising of sheep, having a band of 3,000 to 4,000 at a time.

While visiting in Gridley on January 31, 1917, Mrs. Graves was taken ill. And because of her "advanced age of 84," she could not rally although every attention was

given her.

The funeral was held at the Graves Homestead near West Butte and the interment was made in the Noyesburg Cemetery where her husband was buried in 1888. Another chapter of Sutter history closed, but the influence of Henry Graves will forever remain beneath the silent gaze of the Sutter Buttes.

## **Augustus Chandler, Life Tied to Rivers**

by  
Carol Withington

*Published in the Daily Independent-Herald, April 5, 1977*

As mining communities mushroomed throughout Northern California during the 1850s, demands for faster freighting became apparent as provisions to mines began to "pile higher and higher" along the piers of San Francisco. And as wagons and mule trains became incapable of hauling away these goods, river steamers were "hurriedly built" to relieve this developing chaos. Soon a sizeable fleet steamed regularly up the rivers to Stockton and Sacramento.

In 1849 the steamboat *Linda* passed the town of Nicolaus and anchored in the middle of the Feather parallel to a little settlement to be known as Marysville. Soon thereafter a regular steamboat service was instituted and "fortunes were reaped" by the city fathers of this bustling community.

During the next couple of years, additional steamers were built and according to research, during 24 hours

in August of 1851, there arrived at the Marysville wharf with full freights a total of seven steamers.

In April of the following year, a strong opposition sprang up between the steamers on the river from Marysville to Sacramento. In May, a combination was formed to raise the rates.

Two years later on the first of March, the California Steam Navigation Company, a joint stock company, was formed and rates were established between San Francisco and Marysville. The local merchants and all the larger cities and towns on the rivers and bays, however, regarded this combination as opposed to their interests. According to them, it tended to temporarily shut out all competition and prices were made to "suit itself." This feeling against the monopoly soon led to the formation of an opposition line called the "Citizens Steam Navigation Company."

A sharp rivalry between the two lines quickly erupted and the following year a "compromise was effected whereby uniform rates were established."

In 1874 a new line of steamers was started by D. E. Knight, W. T. Ellis and J. R. Rideout. The steamer "C. M. Small" was purchased and a year later the "D. E. Knight" was built in Marysville. Both were freight vessels, carrying grain and produce to San Francisco and making return trips with merchandise for the Marysville area.

In addition, these men owned four barges, one of which was known as the "Hope." On February 20, 1884, the steamer "D. E. Knight," having in tow this barge laden with a cargo of wheat and other merchandise, touched a sandbar and the towline broke. According to the *Sutter County Farmer*, "the barge, being left at the mercy of the current drifted crosswise at the river and went against the bar. The hog chain broke and her bow and stern settled....The current washed the sand from above her and the upper side settled three feet below the water's edge, leaving part of the lower side a foot or more above the water."

The steamship and barge had left that morning from the Farmers' Union Warehouse in Yuba City. This warehouse was owned by the Farmers' Cooperative Union, established in 1873 by local farmers in order "to encourage and promote the business of agriculture, horticulture and stock raising...." Among the first directors of this corporation were George Oheleyer, Francis Hamblin, G. E. Brittan, Henry Elmer and A. L. Chandler, a resident of Nicolaus who was also known as the "Father of the Senate."

Augustus L. Chandler was born in 1831 in Orange County, Vermont. He became an orphan at a very young age and grew up as a "youth among strangers" working and acquiring what education he could. Regarded during his schooling as industrious and studious, Chandler was able to acquire an education and discipline that was to become a "pillar of strength" to him throughout his lifetime.

When not yet 21 years of age, A. L. Chandler came to California via the Isthmus of Panama, arriving in May of 1852 in Nicolaus. His first labor was that of chopping wood. Later he took to teaming and after a brief stint teaching school, Chandler settled down to farming in 1855, a trade he continued for the remainder of his life.

On April 29, 1860, Chandler married Caroline Noyes, also a native of Vermont. During this same year, he also became one of the early peach orchardists in the vicinity of Yuba City along with P. L. Bunce and Dr. Eli Teegarden.

In 1873, Chandler was the choice of the Republican party as its representative in the Legislature and during the ensuing years he served as Assemblyman for the Eight District for three sessions and Senator of the Sixth District for five.

Chandler also helped in the formation of the Nicolaus Farmers' Grain Warehouse in 1873 where he served for many years as president. A frame warehouse in the shape of a trapezoid with the capacity of 2,500 tons was built on the bank of the river. The Nicolaus farmers often found it largely to their advantage to store their grain here in the fall, as the roads were often so bad during the winters that it

became impossible to go to market for weeks at a time.

Even during the Fourth of July celebration of 1876, "the citizens of Nicolaus, being prevented by the state of the roads from going to any other place to celebrate" had to remain at home.

According to a newspaper account, the proceeding commenced with a torchlight procession at midnight of the third, and the following morning a salute of 21 guns was fired to star the day's celebration.

Listed among the dignitaries appearing on the program was A. L. Chandler, as reader. Following the program, a dinner was served on a reported "half of a mile" of tables. After the dinner, the platform was crowded with "eager representatives of the Terpsichorean art" followed by a dance until dawn in a local hotel.

During the years that followed, Chandler accumulated a total of 1,100 acres in Sutter County and 320 acres of land in Placer County. In addition to his other interests, he was a charter member of the Yuba City Grange, later withdrawing to the Pleasant Grove Grange nearer his home. He also belonged to the Pleasant Grove Lodge, No. 269, IOOF organized in 1877, and was a member of the Masonic order. Chandler also served on the Executive Committee of the State Grange and at one time was listed on the Marcum School Board of Trustees along with A. L. Deane and L. D. Nash.

In 1883 the turning point of the battle against hydraulic mining in the Federal Courts occurred when Col. Edward Woodruff, owner of the Woodruff Block in Marysville and two tracts of land in Yuba County, came forward and permitted his name to be

used as a non-resident as required by law.

A suit was then started against the North Bloomfield Gravel Mining Company and others in the U. S. Circuit Court. Through it came the "permanent relief" sought by the Valley men, many of whom came forward to present their case.

Among them appearing as a witness on behalf of the complainant was Augustus Chandler who during the proceedings described the condition of the land due to hydraulic mining.

According to Chandler, much land had been destroyed during the 10-year period from 1871 to 1881, especially near Nicolaus due to the sand and slickens from the hydraulic mines. He also stated that the land would be "rendered uninhabitable" if the deposits of the mining debris in the channel of the Feather River continued.

On July 19, 1883 Chandler's testimony, along with others, was challenged, but six months later the famous Sawyer decision was handed down which perpetually enjoined hydraulic mining operations in California.

On November 5, 1888 August L. Chandler died at his Nicolaus home at the age of 56. According to the newspaper, he had been taken with a chill the day before which later developed into pneumonia. His condition worsened rapidly despite all medical aid.

Just two years previous, Chandler the "Father of the Senate" was reelected to office.

Chandler was survived by his widow, five daughters and an 8-year-old son. Both county and state mourned the loss of this public servant who had so enriched many lives.

## News

### *Wear and Remembrance*

The Museum's annual Vintage Apparel Fair, **Wear and Remembrance**, is Saturday and Sunday, **April 21 and 22**, at the Yuba-Sutter Fairgrounds, Franklin Hall. This is the place to purchase that special piece of jewelry or other accessories, a one-of-a-kind outfit, or books about previous fashion styles. It's also fun to just browse through the interesting items and see what kinds of artifacts from earlier times continue to fascinate people.

Yuba City's Caffe T'Latta will be selling lunch, and Museum volunteers will have a variety of desserts available. Admission is \$5, or \$4 with a pink coupon available from the Museum or found in your issue of the latest Muse News. The fair runs from 10:00 to 5:00 Saturday and 11:00 to 4:00 Sunday. Come along, and wear your finest vintage clothing!



### *New Museum Exhibits*

The Museum annually hosts the art of the Yuba City High School Art Department, showcasing student achievement. This year the theme is **Culture Club**, about the diversity of students at the school. There will be an opening reception on Friday, **March 23**, from 5:00 to 7:00. The exhibit runs through April. Please be sure to visit the Museum to see the amazing talent shown by these young artists.

Then on May 8 a new exhibit, **From the Byways to the Highways: Rondal Partridge Photographs California 1936-1969**, opens. Rondal Partridge apprenticed with two of the great photographers of the twentieth century, Ansel Adams and Dorothea Lange. They both influenced his work, and he and Lange collaborated on shots of rural Depression.

Partridge's daughter, Elizabeth Partridge, curator of the exhibit, will speak at a program at the Museum on **May 24** at 7:00 p.m. The exhibit runs through July 8.

## Growing Up In Sutter County

by  
Ray Frye

My sister, Gladys Estep, wrote a history of the Frye family for the News Bulletin of April 1974, so I will dispense with all the preliminaries and limit my remarks to growing up.

My father was born in 1870, about one hundred yards from where I was born. His name was Hiram Thomas and he was known as "Tom." He signed his name as "H. T. Frye."

My mother was born in Nashville, Illinois, and came to California in 1890.

Her maiden name was Wilhelmina Christina Elizabeth Koenaman. She went by the name of "Minnie" Frye. I think I understand why.

I was born on the fateful day of March 7, 1910, at our house at the west end of the old Long Bridge. The birth was officiated by Dr. Jacobs of Meridian. There were five siblings in the family of whom I was the last, but not the meanest. That honor goes to my brother, Emmet, who was four years my senior and never hesitated to show his superiority. I still have scars to prove this.

Our house was very comfortable with a bathroom and hot and cold running water, a luxury in those days. Of course, we also had the proverbial privy which we used to save water from the tank house. The water was pumped by a windmill atop the tank house. The windmill and tank house were installed by my father and older brothers, Ulys and Gerald, after tiring of carrying the water from the Douglas

hand pump. Ulys was 14, Gerald 12, and Gladys eight years older than I.

My mother told about "Pop's" proposition of marriage. She asked him about his financial status and he replied, "I have five dollars." The five dollars consisted of a five dollar gold piece which he lost while pulling weeds in the bean field. Could you start a marriage on that today? Probably, with government assistance.

One of my first recollections was of an old black hound dog we had. His name was "Old Pete" and he was in bad shape with mange and old age. My father told Ulys to take him out and shoot him. I was about two years of age and Emmet was six, but we managed to hide "Old Pete" under the house. The house was built on stilts about three feet off the ground to combat the winter floods which occurred every year. I remember my mother telling of Ulys and Gerald paddling around in the backyard in wash tubs. Wash tubs are what they washed their clothes in in those days with a washboard. By the way, I don't recall seeing "Old Pete" again.

Another thing I remember at the age of three, a dramatic thing happened. My father had just come in from work and was unlatching his team of horses when he was attacked by a drunken, knife-wielding Indian who lived on the levee nearby. My dad calmly removed the neck yoke from the tongue of the wagon and knocked him



in the head. Incident closed, but to Emmet and I it was a big event and we stood at the back door snapping our cap pistols to protect the family from any more Indians.

One of the things I loved to watch was Pop reloading his brass 12-gauge shells for the next morning hunt.

He was a market hunter of ducks and geese before there was any game laws, and would stay up until midnight reloading his shells over a coal oil lamp. How he ever managed to rise at 4:00 a.m. and get ready for the next morning's hunt is a mystery to me. He planted a small field of buckwheat in the overflow land which the ducks really savored. He would bring in a duck boat full of birds about noon and Ulys and Gerald would meet him at the levee of the slough and carry the ducks to the house to be drawn. That means removing the guts. Then Pop would go out for more ducks. These ducks were shipped to San Francisco from the ferry at Meridian. Pop received fifty cents per pair for mallards, sprig and canvasback. I think twenty-five cents for lesser ducks. This market hunting was a great supplement to our daily lives of farming beans and raising hogs, chickens, eggs, vegetables, melons and fruit to ensure a healthy and happy life.

At about three and a half years of age, I remember my mother throwing bits of food to a gray squirrel who lived in a giant walnut tree in our back yard. These tree squirrels were delicious eating which proved my dad was just a pussycat because he wanted the squirrel to stay alive.

One of the great treats in our

lives was when the boat docked at Meridian on the Sacramento River. On a Sunday or whatever, our dad would take the horse and cart and purchase a chunk of ice off the boat, and you guessed it. We would have homemade ice cream. We always had a milk cow and all the milk, butter, and smearcase we could use. I hated buttermilk and smearcase, known today as cottage cheese. It was good feed for turkeys and chickens.

One day Pop brought home from the boat a whole bunch of bananas, and for once in our lives we could have one banana per day until they were gone. That did not take too long with seven people. Maybe we cheated a little.

One big event in our lives occurred during the reign of Jack Johnson, the colored heavyweight boxing champion of the world. A move was on to find a "Great White Hope" to defeat the black champion. That hope was Jim Jeffries who had held the championship at one time. As it happened, he came to Marysville to train for the bout and stayed at the Western Hotel. He was a frequent visitor at my Uncle Zan's (Alexander Frye) saloon on "D" Street where he professed a desire to hunt geese. He was introduced to my dad and a hunt was set up for my Uncle Albert Graves place, which is now the Brady estate. My mother cooked breakfast for the trio and remarked how my father and uncle looked like two little boys as they left the house alongside of the former heavyweight champion of the world. Now, a happenstance comes up that I had never heard of before. I was

talking with my neighbor, Yuil Joaquin, who told me that Paul Morehead had informed him that my father and Bob Morehead (Paul's dad) and my uncle, Zan Frye, had attended the fight in Reno. I knew that my dad had been at the fight in Reno, but what I did not know was that he had sized up our "Great White Hope" and decided he was not capable of the job. The betting odds were ten to one, favoring Jeffries. Where Pop got the one thousand dollars to wager, I'll never know, but he apparently ended up with ten grand. This helped him to purchase the Pinch Gut ranch in the Buttes. The date was 1912. The price was twelve thousand dollars. This was for eleven hundred seventy-four acres of hill and valley land.

If this be a true tale, none of the family ever knew about it. If my mother had known, she would have killed him for gambling. This property is now known as the Southridge Golf Club.

The family moved to our new location in 1914. I was four years old and remember handing up a toy horse to my dad who was loading our possessions on a hay wagon. We had a four-cylinder Cadillac, one of the first cars in Sutter County. I called it the "Goop." Where I got that name, I will never know, but we rode in it to our new home. Two of the older boys drove the wagons. The "Goop" was gray and had two straps from the top to the front end to hold down the canvas top.

The first night in our new house, a two-story affair with nine rooms, a bath and two porches, we were sitting around the fireplace burning some

leftover lumber. I was getting sleepy, and asked to go home. My mother replied, "We are home, honey, we live here now."

This began a new era.

My dad's brother "Thede" (Theodore Frye) had done work for him building a barn and granary. As part payment for his labor, Pop took over Thede's son, our cousin Dick Frye, who lived with us for a year or so. This is when my outdoor education began. I was five years old now, Emmet was nine and Dick was about ten. We roamed over the hills barefoot and explored every rock and bush on the hill. I don't recall wearing shoes until my first winter in school. When summer came, we took them off again. My mother never seemed to buy my shoes big enough. After going barefoot all summer, they were too tight and pure hell to wear.

The only time I suffered discomfort in bare feet was when my dad sent me into the stubble field to bring in the milk cow. That short stiff barley stubble was like walking on nails.

Whenever we kids stepped on a rusty nail, Pop would pull it out and douse the wound with turpentine. Same thing if we stubbed our bare toe on a rock. The turpentine did the job alright, but it smarted worse than the accident.

I was the only one in the family who did not attend Slough School near Meridian. I started first grade in the old two story high school in Sutter which also served as Brittan Elementary School. Same location as it is today. This was 1916. The building

was torn down to make way for the new cement school which was completed the same year I started. That building has since met the wrecking ball to make way for the present buildings.

Our dad purchased bicycles for us to ride to school. We had pestered him until he gave in and bought the things. This was great for a couple of years. The trouble was, it was about four miles to school and a mile and a quarter to the county dirt road from our house, all down hill. It was fine going to school, but coming home was a different matter. When the north wind howled down that road it was impossible to pump a bike against it. We finally gave up and started riding the horses.

In 1924, my sister started teaching at Sutter High School, the same year I started as a freshman. Our dad purchased a brand new Ford Tudor sedan for us to ride in. This was really "up town" -- some times it pays to have a sister.

My first encounter with firearms occurred at age three. My father had just returned from a deer hunt in the Coast Range. They had just unloaded the spring wagon, but the old 45-60 Springfield rifle was still lying on the floorboards. Emmet was seven at the time, but had a knack for getting into trouble as well as a burning desire to discover what made things tick. He said to me, "Let me show you how this thing works." He succeeded in jacking a shell into the chamber, then laid it back on the floorboards and found a stick with a nail in the end. With this he managed to reach into the wagon

and pull the trigger. With the resounding roar of the rifle there was a piercing scream from the kitchen as my mother crashed through the screen door shouting, "Oh, my baby! My baby!" Her baby was ok, but she was one distraught woman. Emmet and I never saw a gun again until we moved to the Buttes.

When I was about six years old, Emmet and Dick taught me to shoot the .22 rifle at which I became proficient. We did not do much shooting with the rifle at that time because we had to filch the shells from our older brothers.

Incidentally, Ulys and Gerald gave us each a Daisy pump B.B. gun for Christmas. They held fifty shot each and were powerful and accurate. More so than today's B.B. guns. You could buy a 250 package of lead shot for five cents. Nevertheless, our dad caught us shooting grasshoppers and took away our guns for two weeks. We were only allowed to shoot birds. Anything else was wasting shot.

There were two very large fig trees in front of the house and the birds loved figs, but woe to any of them if they ventured within fifty feet of our trusty weapons.

We had two crops of figs per year on these trees. The first crop were large ones which we ate and of which Mom made delicious jam. The second crop were smaller and excellent for drying. They were very good stuffed with walnut meats and rolled in powdered sugar, delicious at Christmas and Thanksgiving.

Back to hunting. Emmet also taught me how to make a slingshot out of a crotch from a tree branch, rubbers

from an old tire tube and a leather pouch from an old shoe. I was a pretty good shot with it too, but Emmet was a dead eye. He could kill birds up to twenty feet with deadly accuracy. One day our dad caught him shooting rivets that he was using to join well casing in a well he was drilling. Emmet got a good wallop for that and had to go back to gathering rocks for his ammunition.

At age twelve, Pop took Emmet deer hunting and he killed his first deer. At age 13 he met with a deer hunting accident that claimed his right arm up to the shoulder. This slowed his hunting days down for a while, but not for long. He soon became proficient with both rifle and shotgun, having had to learn to shoot left handed with one arm.

We did a lot of hunting and fishing together in our lifetime. Emmet would rather fish than eat. To me, the choice was about equal.

Everybody should learn to swim. I was about seven years old, Emmet was eleven. This was the era when we were riding our bikes to school. We usually met our two nearest neighbors (about two miles) and went to school with them. Ranious and Abbott Todd were about the same age as us. The two older ones decided we should learn to swim. There was no water in the Buttes, but the Todds knew of a water hole near Summy's Station on the Northern Electric Railroad. This swimming pool turned out to be either a buffalo or a hog wallow. I'm afraid it was the latter. It was barely three feet deep and fifteen feet across, but deep enough to paddle in. We took our first

lesson and arrived home a little late to do our chores, which included milking the cow, gathering the eggs, and bringing in wood for the kitchen stove.

We each got a licking for this felony. The next day was a repeat of the same thing and another licking. After about four days of this, we were able to swim but found it difficult sitting down.

We spent quite a lot of time with the Todds as there were no other neighbors our age. On one of our other escapades we were playing around the railroad tracks near this same Summy's Station. There was a third rail on the tracks that was highly electrified and furnished electricity to run the electric trains. This electric rail caused the death of any horse or cow that came in contact with it. We four kids decided it would be exciting to walk on it and this we all accomplished by jumping on it with both feet at the same time. If we had let one foot touch the ground, it would have been curtains. This pastime was sort of like a game of chicken. We discontinued this pastime after Emmet tossed a piece of barbed wire across the third rail and one of the other rails and it disintegrated in a great hiss of fiery smoke. Yes, we all grew up to adulthood.

Kids had their experiences with tobacco in those days too. We used to pick up "snipes" - that's a partly smoked cigarette or cigar - and extract the tobacco from it and when we had enough, put it in a pipe or roll it into another cigarette for smoking. We were not adverse to rolling a little dry horse manure in a newspaper either. I never did inhale the smoke because I did not want to get sick, but Emmet

went all out and developed the habit. He lived to be eighty-seven, but paid for his sins the last few years of his life with emphysema. Thank God that is one bad habit I did not acquire.

After arriving at the Butte ranch, our dad ran a dairy of about thirty cows. He sold the cream after it was separated from the milk. We fed the skim milk to the hogs and chickens. After a few sanitary laws were enacted, he changed to beef cattle and ended up with a hundred and fifty head. They, with about twelve head of horses, consumed a considerable amount of hay which was mowed and raked with horses. Then it was put into shocks with pitchforks. When hay hauling time came around, we hired extra men who slept in the bunk house and were cooked for by my mother and sister. They were paid one dollar per day and board. This operation was a well organized affair. We had a large horse barn and a double cow barn all equipped with derrick and trolley equipment. We had three hedder bed wagons drawn by two horses each. [ed note: hedder beds could be moved from wagon to wagon]. There was one man on each wagon and two men in the field to pitch the shocks of hay onto the wagons. The man driving the wagon would spread out the hay with a pitchfork and tramp it down for a good solid load. It depended on his skill to form a good load. The wagons, when loaded, would take their place at the front of the barn. Here a large derrick fork called a Jackson fork was lowered to the wagon where it picked up a large load of hay. The man handling the Jackson fork had to be highly

skilled in order to place it correctly in the hay. This man was my older brother, Ulys, who could unload an entire wagon in about five or six forks full. The hay was pulled to the top of the barn by the derrick horse hooked to a cable and a series of pulleys. When the fork and carrier hit the top of the barn, it engaged with a trolley that carried it to the end of the barn or wherever the spreader wanted it dumped. When it got to the right place, they would holler, "Dump" and Ulys would pull a rope that dumped the load, then pull the fork back down to the wagon with the same rope. The two spreaders were usually my brother Gerald and Cousin Cecil Frye. It was their job to see that the hay was spread evenly and tramped down solidly to get as much in the barn as possible. When the derrick driver heard the shout, "Dump" he stopped the horse, picked up the single tree, hooked to the cable, so it would not bump the horse heels, and backed up to the starting point. One day, for some reason we had no derrick driver. Emmet had just lost his arm so he was out. You needed two arms for this job. You guessed it. At eight years of age, I was elected. Things went pretty well for a while til I got too close to the horse's heels while backing up, and found a horse's hoof with eleven hundred pounds of horse on top of it on my bare foot. Ooh! that smarted. Pop finally came to my rescue and pulled the horse off. I continued to work until noon but by then my foot had swelled to the size of a catcher's mitt. My sister Gladys took over for the rest of the day. She was sixteen at the time.

The next day Pop had a new derrick driver.

We had a friend, Floyd Smith, who was hunting with us on the hill one day. We had told him about the many rattlesnakes we had killed there. We were all bare foot, as usual, and had only one gun amongst us. Sure enough, on top of the hill a snake rattled and struck short of us. "Smitty" took off down the hill at a dead run and we had to chase him half way to the house to get the gun that was in his possession so we could go back and kill the snake.

There were many things we did on the ranch for entertainment and subsistence such as:

Hunting rabbits, doves and quail; throwing up tin cans and walnuts and hitting them on the fly with a .22 rifle; playing horseshoes and marbles; playing mumble peg on the lawn with our pocket knives; shooting hawks and horned owls to protect our chickens; watching an eagle kill a rabbit by catching it and dropping it from three hundred feet in the sky.

Hunting bird eggs for a blown egg collection; making a butterfly collection; helping in the butchering of seven hogs each winter; cutting up the fat and rendering it into lard in a large black kettle; playing with the blown up hog bladders which served as balloons and footballs.

Eating hog livers for a week and hating it; enjoying home smoked sausage, bacon and ham all year long; eating the cracklins from the rendered lard; taking headcheese and duck and goose breast sandwiches to school in our tin lunch buckets which consisted of empty tobacco cans.

Playing Pedro with the family around the kitchen table with the lights from the coal oil lamps; watching Mom knead bread dough after all had gone to bed and putting it in the warmer of the wood stove to rise overnight; coming home from school to cut off the heel of a loaf of fresh baked bread and spread it with fresh churned butter melting into the warm crust - yum!; eating crackers and milk for a bedtime snack; popping corn around the fireplace.

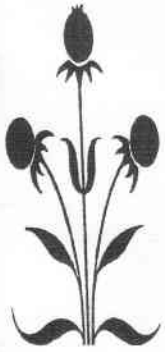
Occasionally attending a movie at Bert Paxton's theater in Sutter featuring Tom Mix or Hoot Gibson. These were silent movies, black and white with the words spelled out on the screen. They were usually of six reels with a two reel comedy at the end. Half of the audience read the words aloud which took care of the sound effects. Clair Paxton sold boxes of crackerjacks during intermission at fifteen cents per box.

Making wine out of Thompson Seedless Grapes on our grandfather's wine press; making alcohol out of the sour wine with a homemade "still"; watching about five hundred quail thunder down off the hill at sunset to roost in the fig and orange trees. The heat from these numerous small bodies kept our oranges from freezing in the winter.

Picking wildflowers to surprise my mother; helping Mom plant a vegetable garden; going to the Stohlmann's lake in the horse and buggy to fish for catfish; hunting ducks and geese at Butte Slough; wearing homemade shirts and underwear that read Sperry Flour across the bottom.

# PUZZLER

Q L V W Y H B A R R Z M C B C O S L  
 E D R H H J C O V E R E D C X F E A  
 Q Y U K N U R M O T L O H S J K T K  
 Z R R G F W I L K E S O N W X L T O  
 T N L F H L S O Z H Q J M S J Z U O  
 D F S O T H G I B S O N W Q S E B K  
 X Y P W A T H E R I T A G E I L P X  
 N C H A N D L E R H G S N I S I A R  
 U A R H A I X W Y H T O R O D A Q F  
 N K I M E K X S N W Z J T V M I N A  
 G E Q D N N D V U C L A M P E R S F  
 L F D O I F R K P T P B V F A H G G  
 R Y R U P R R Y I R T I S Q M U L Q  
 A R L G A C E Z W M J E T L Z A T L  
 I S E L O M F M A Z S E R L D Z M E  
 N G W R T T O T S N O N Y Y J D R W  
 I A Z G T U B W D L U H S R P A S W  
 F E X V H L R S K N A B R I A F W F



Barr	Buttes
Chandler	Clampers
Covered	Dorothy
Fairbanks	Frye
Gibson	Gladys
Henry	Heritage
Knorr	Maude
Meridian	Onstott
Raisins	Sholto
Sutter	Wilkeson

## Coming Events

### April

- 4 Children's Program, 10:30 a.m. at the Museum  
Pre-registration required
- 14 Historical Society Annual Membership meeting  
11:30 social time, 12:00 luncheon  
West Sutter Veterans Hall - 4<sup>th</sup> & Bridge Streets, Meridian
- 21-22 Wear and Remembrance  
Franklin Hall, Yuba-Sutter Fairgrounds  
Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sunday 11 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
- 26 *Yuba City High School Art Department* exhibit closes

### May

- 18 *Rondal Partridge* exhibit opens at the Museum
- 24 Exhibit program featuring Elizabeth Partridge, 7:00 p.m., at the Museum

### June

- 23 Historical Society Annual Picnic in the Park, 11:30 a.m.  
Howard Harter Memorial Park, behind the Museum