

Vol. XLIX No. 3

Yuba City, California

July 2007



2007 Judith Barr Fairbanks Essay Award Winners

from left:

Jody McAfee, Hailey West, Hannah Hawkins, Justin Nissen

photo by Sharyl Simmons



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*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
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President's Message

I hope to see many of you at the Picnic in the Park on June 22nd. Because of the heat wave last year, we decided to move the picnic up to June in the hopes that the weather will be pleasant rather than sweltering. Come at 11:30 to visit with your fellow members and enjoy a potluck luncheon at noon. A representative from the Middle Mountain Foundation will present a program on the work they, and local landowners, are doing to preserve the Buttes and adjacent farm lands. It's going to be a terrific day!

On July 14, all day, the annual Historical Faire will be at the Yuba Sutter Mall. It's surprising how many historically-minded organizations are in our area, and many of them will have booths explaining their mission, showing photographs, handing out goodies, and, of course, looking for new members. The varied organizations that have participated in the past include Rideout Hospital, the Marysville Cemetery Commission, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and yours truly, the Sutter County Historical Society, along with the Sutter County Memorial Museum Commission. Plan to spend some time that day visiting with people who share your interest in local history. And plan to learn something about the history of your area!

There are some new Directors on the board of the Historical Society: Janet Spilman, Leona Pennington and Jennifer Scrogin. We also have an opening for one more so if you, or someone you know, are interested in joining, please let me know. The Directors are listed on the front cover of the Bulletin along with the year they joined the Board. We realized that some of the Directors may be strangers to you so we are going to be introducing them over the next few Bulletins. If you have questions about the direction the Society is going or anything else regarding the Historical Society, these are the folks to whom you can direct your questions.

We are also asking you to do some work for the Society. We would like to grow our membership and we'd like you to help. When you get together with friends who are not members, please tell them about membership in the Society and the Museum. You would be surprised how many people in our community do not know about the existence of either the Historical Society or the Museum - and I don't mean just the new residents of the community. It's time for our members to spread the word about the Historical Society and the Museum and the benefits of membership.

Audrey Breeding
President

Director's Report

An important exhibit is on the horizon for this fall. During October and November, our Museum will host the traveling exhibit *What's Going On? California and the Vietnam Era*. The exhibit features historical artifacts, photographs, and documents interwoven with oral histories. Designed to raise questions and encourage dialogue, *What's Going On?* looks at the impact of the Vietnam War on California and focuses on its role as a staging area for the war. In examining the events of 1965 - 1975, it also looks at the relationship between cold war politics, the war, California's economy, social activism, and the rise of the feminist, African-American, Chicano, and veterans' movements, Vietnamese refugees and media images of the war.

The Museum is seeking photos, draft cards, oral histories, letters, story quilts, uniforms, documents and other memorabilia that will help to tell what life was like in California, particularly our local area, at that time. In addition to California - Vietnam War items, we are also interested in memorabilia from the anti-war movement, sit-ins, protests, and other activist groups. If you have any items that you would loan for the two month run of the exhibit, please let the Museum know.

What's Going On? first appeared at the Oakland Museum of California, and this slightly smaller version of the original exhibit is now traveling through California under the auspices of the California Exhibition Resources Alliance (CERA). Many young Californians were drafted into service and shipped out to Vietnam through the port of Oakland. This is the first exhibit to look at that experience in California through the tumultuous Vietnam years. We want to know what your experiences were in that time, whether as military, anti-war protester or refugee. There is much to learn from those years, as we come to better understand the powerful legacy of the Vietnam era for the entire nation.

There is good news to tell about the Brandstatt Family Farm Project. Several years ago, Museum member Jim Uren made a donation to the Museum in memory of his wife, Irma Brandstatt Uren, who grew up in Yuba City on her family's peach ranch. The monetary gift was set up to grant a scholarship each year to a student selected to write a biography of an area farm family that settled here prior to 1925. The biography would become part of the Museum's research library and, over time, the biographies would form an important resource for the Agricultural History wing.

Last year, the first biography was submitted by Yuba Community College student Elisa Garcia, and she detailed the Thomas Dean family of the Sutter Buttes and Wadsworth Canal area and its role in agriculture in Sutter County. Elisa did a terrific job, and now the biography resides in the Museum's research library. Again this year, we have a great candidate, Ben Cassady, also a history major from Yuba Community College. Ben is working on the Walton family, several of whom were prominent in local agriculture and farm related business. We look forward to the Walton biography arriving at the Museum this summer. Many thanks to Mr. Uren for inspiring students to look back at our agricultural roots. Thanks also to David Rubiales of Yuba Community College for his valuable assistance in the Brandstatt Project.

I look forward to seeing you at *Sister Swing & Antique Autos* on July 22. Tickets are available from Museum Commissioners and at the Museum.

Julie Stark, Director

Memorials

In Memory of **Elizabeth "Peg" Andrews**

Mr. & Mrs. T. E. Berg
Harryette & John Hughes
Sharon Scott
Phyllis Smith

In Memory of **Kenneth V. Cenedella**

Joe Benatar

In Memory of **Zelma Corbin**

Ruth & Howard Anthony

In Memory of **Dorothy Ettl**

Dewey & Barbara Gruening
Norma Jenks
Jo Kness Hilling
Mary Margaret Purviance
Louis & Betty Tarke

In Memory of **Louis Fuller**

Marie E. Fuller

In Memory of **Vianna Hagen**

Marie E. Fuller

In Memory of **James O. Harter**

Norman & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Ed & Paula Haynes**

Marnee Crowhurst

In Memory of **Frank "Boots"**

Inderbitzen

Harryette & John Hughes
Ron & Nancy Mulcahy

In Memory of **Frank Itano**

Terry Itano
Dr. Andrea Itano Moldovan
Julie Stark

In Memory of **Charles "Mac" McBurney**

Merlyn K. Rudge

In Memory of **Al Micheli**

Michael & Helene Andrews
Helen Heenan
Harryette & John Hughes
Tom & Suellen Teesdale

In Memory of **Marian Regli**

Dewey & Barbara Gruening

In Memory of **Zoe Reische**

Marnee Crowhurst
John & Dorothea Reische
Tom & Suellen Teesdale
Carol Ray Trexler

In Memory of **Melvin Rushing**

Marnee Crowhurst

In Memory of **Johanna Schuler**

Chipman & Renfrow Accountancy
Marnee Crowhurst
Pete & Margit Sands

In Memory of **Kenneth Sorenson**

Jim Staas

In Memory of **Douglas Kermit Tarke**

Lori Benintendi
Marnee Crowhurst
Jeanne Pederson
Elizabeth Phillips

In Memory of **Dorothy Viano**

Ev & Liz Berry

Judith Barr Fairbanks Memorial Essay Contest Winners – 2007

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

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

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

Hannah Hawkins

Teacher: Paula McBride, Faith Christian School

1st Place

Dear Aunt Val,

I finally arrived in Sutter County!

We went by wagon train. It took five months! We left home after the spring rains.

We went by mountains - big, big, big mountains! They were huge! We saw animals like deer, beavers, and skunks. Phew! They smell. There were also birds like the American Kestrel.

Finally we arrived at Sutter's Fort. We took the steamer "Linda" to Marysville.

In Marysville, we took a ferry across the Feather River to Yuba City. I felt funny to be in a new world and also I saw a bunch of people working on houses. I heard people say that Luis Arguello named the Feather River because he saw many feathers of wild birds floating on the water.

There was a mountain range in the middle of the flat land that was called Tres Picos which means Three Peaks. They are also called the Marysville Buttes. How they got here was that the volcanoes began erupting and started forming these mountains. I saw a lot of wild grapes growing along the side of the river. The Spanish word "uba" means grape.

Next we found Sam Brannon at his store and my father bought one of Sam's parcels of land. Then Sam Brannan offered my father a job at his store. Isn't that great! So my father took the job. When he first smelled the pepper, he sneezed. It was hard to keep my giggle inside. My mom said it was time to go, but when we got home, I felt lonely. After that, Father walked in the house and said, "I just made money so we can have food to eat and clothes to wear!" Then we had the best night ever. That's how we got to Sutter County.

Love,

Sarah

Justin Nissen

Teacher: Connie Robinson, Nuestro Elementary School
2nd Place

January 14, 1853

Dear family,

I love Sutter County. How are things going in Colorado? Did you get the house built after the flood?

The journey here was not so good. We had 15 people on the trip. Three people died of small pox. I met three of the Crow Indians. They were not very friendly. It took us three long months to get here.

Now we live with Jack Hans. He was a person with us on our journey. He came to Sutter County to gold mine.

I have found some property next to the Feather River. I'm going to build a home there. I started a blacksmith business. It makes fairly good money. Lots of farmers come in with broken tools wanting me to fix them. So I do. It is a learning experience.

The other day I was walking and ran into a group of Maidu Indians. They were very friendly. They taught me how to grow corn. So now I know how to grow corn at my home. I have been wanting to go to Marysville and sell some of my tools. Jack got back from mining and said Marysville is a nice place and there is a lot of people.

I hope to have the house by next week so then I can come and get everybody.

I'm going fishing tomorrow with my hand-made bamboo pole. I found a little cove with lots of fish.

Once you get here, the children can go fishing. I'm also going to help build the school house. The teacher is very nice. Her name is Mrs. Lipy. It is going to be a red brick school house.

I miss you so much and when you get here we are going to have a big celebration the day you get here. We will have turkey, fish, pumpkin pie, mashed potatoes, gravy and cranberry sauce.

P.S. I am planning to leave in 13 days to come and get you.

Hailey West

Teacher: Christina Perry, Robbins Elementary School

Title: A Long Journey

2nd Place

Dear Ma & Pa,

I've missed you!

How are you and Baby Betsy?

I'm fine, just it is so boring in this old, cluttered wagon. The things that keep me busy are sewing and seeing the most amazing things.

But before I tell you about them, I need to tell you what I miss about the house is the smell of the house filled with fresh flowers and the sound of the wood crackling in the fire. And most of all, the sweet taste of Ma's homemade blackberry pie. I can still hear Pa's old guitar strumming a peaceful lullaby.

Now that I have that off my mind, I can tell you the amazing things that I saw.

First of all, we went all the way to Arkansas. That took a long time. While we were going through, I saw dozens of big, puffy, fat chickens. We had to stop the wagon because they were crossing the road. I have never seen these kinds of chickens back in Tennessee. They are humongous. After that, there was not very interesting things to see until we came into Texas. I saw black and white bulls with their long horns. They looked really mean. Also I saw cowboys with their dusty boots and, of course, their cowboy hats. We were not done yet. We went farther and farther.

The horse rider, the person who is riding us to California, said, "We are almost to Mexico."

"Yes!" I said. "We can finally get some food maybe." I waited and waited and waited. Four weeks go by and we are finally in Mexico!

We stopped and got some food which was a tamale.

While we were eating, I asked why didn't we get water from here? His reply was, "Never drink water from here, you'll get sick."

I go on with my thirsty mouth and settle in. Six hours go by until the hours become one day. Finally, we were in California!

I knew we made it to the golden state. I felt the hot sun hit my face. The first thing we did was go to the gold mine. Then we saw the beautiful scenery including the redwood trees.

Also, best of all, I got to try the delicious juice of nice, ripe grapes. I like it here.

But, there is no place like home! I love you!

See you soon,

Annabelle XOXO

Jody McAfee

Teacher: Kristine Kasich, Nuestro Elementary School
3rd place

October 16, 1853

Dear Kimberly,

We just got to Sutter County. On the way here, we mostly went on ship. We had to fish for food. We caught salmon mostly. It was very hard, but we also caught shad, not very appetizing, carp, and delicious catfish. Most of the fish we caught lived by the coral reefs. We experienced storms, lightning, thunder, rain, hail, sleet, even snow! I'm also very sad to say Uncle Peter died of scurvy.

It took months on ship!!! We finally landed on the East Coast, took a break and then started the walk. We had to eat scraps we found, but sometimes noble farmers would give us fruit, grain and water. We had to sleep in the most restful places we could find, usually patches of clover or cornfields.

We had to cross the scorching, blistering hot desert from quicksand to cactus. I've got blisters on my feet now and my shoes are torn apart. I miss you so much Kimberly. You've not just a sister to me, you're my best friend!

Yours truly,
Eliza

October 19, 1853

Dear Kimberly,

I saw Lila at Sutter County! Don't you remember her? She was my best friend back in France! It's just so miraculous we both went to Sutter County. We went on a walk yesterday. I noticed all the people around me were Chinese, Mexican, American - all sorts of people. On the walk, we saw exquisite sights. We saw beautiful flowers: Lupin, purple and blue, Baby blue eyes, and my favorite, Morning Glories. We also saw some animals. There were Acorn Woodpeckers which were kind of pestering because of the peck, peck kind of sound it made. Soaring across the skies was a Golden Eagle. There were also grey foxes we saw and lots of frogs.

While we were looking at these things, Lila told me of a man called John Sutter who sold grain, gold, and shelter to people who worked for him.

I moved in a cabin a man sold me by the Feather River. My neighbor is Ellen. She's very nice, and not too mention beautiful. We were taking a walk and about a mile away from my cabin we saw the Maidu Indians. They have dome-shaped houses with tules and reeds tied together. Ellen told me of the tools they used such as stone mortar and pestles, arrows and bone awls. They were all very important for the Maidu Indians.

I didn't have any luck with gold mining, but a lot of others did. Well, I have to go, so have a good one!

Love,
Eliza

Picnic in the Park

Saturday, June 23

11:30 Social time, 12:00 Potluck luncheon

Bring your favorite summer food to share!
Drinks and eating tools provided

Program: **Middle Mountain Foundation**

Howard Harter Memorial Park, behind the Museum

All are welcome!

Bring your friends and introduce them to the history of Sutter County
and all its fine supporters!



Yuba City Book

The Museum staff needs your help.

We are writing a book about Yuba City to be published in August 2008 - the 100th anniversary of the incorporation of Yuba City. We need photographs and information from you to help tell the story of Yuba City. Some of the topics we are going to cover include, but are not limited to, prehistory, the pre-incorporation years (1849-1908), reasons for incorporation, agribusiness development, and diversity in our community. All photographs will be scanned and returned to their owners.

If you have any photographs or information that would help us tell this story, please contact Julie Stark or Sharyl Simmons at the Community Memorial Museum (530) 822-7141.

Crossing the Plains in 1849

by
Jos. Brown
Marysville, California
1916

A True Story of Pioneer Days

Published by Upton Bros. & Delzelle, Inc., San Francisco, California

The inconsistent or mis-spelling of names is as Mr. Brown wrote in his story.

About 66 years ago, in the year 1849, a company of about 500 persons, including women and children, was made up to cross the plains to California by ox teams. In this company were my father, mother and six children.

It was the 15th of May that we started on our journey. Our train consisted of about 110 wagons, mostly new, all covered with heavy white canvas, forming a line about two miles in length, and making quite a display. There were some horse and mule teams, having four animals to each wagon, the ox teams having from two to four yoke of oxen, with one exception, an old Scotch captain and his two sons had one yoke of oxen and a mare on the team. Their oxen, not being well broken, lay down, and, in getting up, turned the yoke which brought the near ox off side and the yoke underneath, instead of on top of their necks. The mare became tangled in the harness and began kicking furiously. The boys had never before experienced anything like this, and calling on their father explained in their way that the "larbert ox was on the starbert side and the starbert ox was on the larbert side, and the mare foul in the rigging, and all going to hell together."

Having no further trouble, we reached the Platte River, following it a number of days, and crossing it several times back and forth. The Platte River is a very wide but shallow stream formed in Nebraska and flowing in an easterly direction into the Missouri River.

Large herds of buffalo could be seen at any time. They seemed to care little for us. On one occasion, a herd ran through our train, stampeding some of our cattle and creating some little excitement, especially among the women and children. However, little damage was done.

Usually we traveled from fifteen to twenty miles a day, one or two men going ahead to secure suitable camping grounds, where water and grass could be had. In camping at nights, our wagons would be brought around in a circle, one behind the other, making a large yard where the cattle were yoked and hitched each morning.

Our party soon became dissatisfied, some anxious to make better time, while others declared their teams could not stand longer drives. The following night two separate camps were made, and all in favor of faster driving camped together. The following morning the train divided up, about half going

ahead. My father, Mr. John Kupser (father of P. Kupser, now living at Seven Mile House), the Burriss and Cordell families decided to stay with the party behind. This reduced our train to about forty-five wagons. The cattle were beginning to wear out, and being sore-footed, travel was slow.

We reached Green River, a beautiful stream rising in Western Wyoming and flowing south through Utah. On the way, we found notices to the trains behind warning them against Indians. Cattle that gave out had to be left behind with the wagons and most of their contents, and almost every day we would pass cattle, from twenty to thirty in number, left by parties ahead of us, which were unable to go further. Some of our party exchanged their heavy wagons for lighter ones, as many of the wagons left behind formerly belonged to the train that had left us and gone ahead.

Two days before reaching Battle Mountain, the Indians attacked the train ahead of us, driving off a number of the best cattle, besides killing three of the party and wounding a number of others. Eighteen or twenty Indians were killed in the battle, which lasted two or three hours. Had the emigrants not been partly protected by their wagons, they undoubtedly would have been murdered. The three men killed were buried side by side, with the names on their head stones, and "Killed by Indians September 10th, 1849." The dead Indians were taken away by their tribe. Arrows almost covered the ground where the battle had taken place. Not having any use for these, we passed them by as fast as possible moving on until almost dark, and then we put a double guard over the cattle.

After following the river for a number of days, we came to what was called the "Lasson Meadows" where we found notices to emigrants to take the Lasson Cut, a very dim road, or trail, turning directly west, as the nearest and best road to California. There being an abundance of feed and water here, we stopped for a day to rest our cattle.

The following morning our party divided again, some following down the Humboldt River to the Sink and across the desert, known as the "Henis Pass Route." Father, with a number of others, including the Kupser and Cordell families, took the Lasson Cut Off. The Burriss family, who had recently had a son added to the family, started out on the Cut Off, but after driving a few miles, wisely turned back to the Henis Pass. The road was very difficult and dangerous to travel. In a number of places, our wagons had to be let down by ropes into canyons, requiring three or four teams to draw them out on the opposite bank.

About daybreak one morning, Indians, thirty or forty in number, attacked the men on guard and tried to drive off some of our cattle, but failed in their attempt. Being fired on from different points by the men on guard, they left for the hills. Three Indians were seen to fall from their horses, and undoubtedly a number of others were wounded. One of the guards was slightly hurt by arrows. The cattle were then brought to camp, and without waiting for breakfast we took to the road. Here another of the men had to leave his wagon, having only three cattle able to go further. These three oxen were put on the next weaker team and his outfit taken along.

Our provisions, as well as our teams, were giving out, the weather looking as though winter would soon overtake us. Everything was unfavorable and discouraging. Our only hope was to move ahead, which we did. Indian campfires could be seen at night. With the knowledge of our previous trouble, we did not know at what hour we might be attacked, and this added to the suffering of our little party.

There were now but six families, perhaps twenty-five or thirty able men in all. They could make but a very feeble resistance against 300 or 400 Indians if we were attacked, as we fully expected retaliation for the killing of the three or four Indians who had attempted to drive off the cattle previously mentioned.

However, we moved along steadily and finally reached the summit of the Sierra Nevada. Father was appointed to go ahead and look over the road and pick a camping ground. He reported that night that we had reached the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the valley could be seen below. These were the first words of encouragement we had had since leaving our homes in Iowa.

After we had passed over the summit and were going down grade, we made much better time. We reached Pitt River, the head waters of the Sacramento River, and following it down, we came to the Lasson Ranch, where we found a party that had gotten in a few days ahead of us and had driven their cattle towards the hills for feed. While guarding their cattle, they saw another large band of cattle, with two Indians herding them, and they recognized some of them as cattle that had been taken at the Battle

Mountain encounter, but said nothing. One Indian, who spoke a few words of English, said that Lasson had bought the cattle.

The Lasson Cut-Off was at least 130 miles or more out of our way, and a worse road could not be found in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Our party went to the ranch to buy flour, but was refused by the man in charge, but each man helped himself to some wheat and went to our camp. The party ahead of us had just killed a fat calf belonging to Lasson; and, dividing with us, we all feasted on cracked wheat, veal and acorns, at Mr. Lasson's expense.

Early the next morning found us on the road again. It had rained during the night, leaving the road very heavy. We traveled a number of days before we got in sight of Table Mountain. Here we found a notice to emigrants directing them to different mining camps, giving the name and distance to each camp, signed "Bidwell," Morris Ravine being the nearest. After a long talk, my father decided to try that, the others deciding to go on, saying that it was another Lasson Cut-Off fake. However, father ordered me to turn and follow him, which I had trouble in doing, as our team had been used to following in line and refused to obey. However, being an expert with the whip, I brought them around, following father along the base of the Table Mountain, where we made our first camp in California, October 25, 1849.

After arranging our camp, the following morning father walked down to the Feather River and to the Morris Ravine, where he found a few miners at work. After talking with them and seeing them wash out a few pans of dirt, he returned to the camp, which was three or four miles distant. Next

morning he took his pan, shovel and pick, located a claim and commenced his first day's work in California. He would work until late, lay the gold taken from each pan of dirt on a flat rock, and at night take it to camp in his pan, having, he thought about two ounces of gold, or about \$30, for his day's work. He continued walking back and forth for several days, rain or shine. One very stormy day, a stranger, on horseback, came to our camp, driving two oxen. He talked with my mother and told of the different mining camps and advised us to move our camp down the river. He left the two steers with my brother George and myself, saying that if he came back for them in a few days he would pay us for our trouble in looking after them, but if not, we could keep them. He said that we could ride or lead them like horses. He gave his name as Bidwell.

Father, acting on Mr. Bidwell's advice, decided to move our camp to the river. We gathered our steers and packed them with bedding and clothing. Father took the lead with a load on his back, and my brother George and I took charge of the steers, while mother and my oldest sister handled the three younger children (one sister, Mrs. Williams, now living on Second and A Streets, Marysville, and a brother G. L. Brown, at Colusa). We reached the river with little trouble. Some of the miners came and assisted us in arranging our camp. The next day we made two trips to our wagon, taking all of our plunder and part of the wagon bed, from which father made a rocker and furniture. Here we spent the winter of 1849.

Provisions at that time were not to be had. We, like the others, lived

mostly on game, of which there was an abundance of all kinds. However, after a few days, a pack train of eight or ten mules came in with provisions, mostly flour and beans, and some bacon. Flour sold at that time at \$1.50 per pound; other things in proportion. Soon another and larger train came in with a general assortment of provision, dry goods, etc. Flour then took a drop to \$1.00 a pound. Mother bought a pint jar of pickles and two sweet potatoes for \$11.00; a paper of needles and two spools of thread, \$7.50; three pair of shoes, \$10.00 and \$14.00 per pair; rubber boots ran \$28.00 and \$30.00 a pair.

We worked every day but Sunday. Father would dig and carry dirt to the river in a sack, while I handled the rocker, often making as high as \$100.00 to \$150.00 per day; but this did not last long. We remained here until the spring of 1850, when we moved up the south fork of the Feather River, where father with twelve or fifteen others undertook to flume and turn the river with the idea of getting rich quick, but after working all summer and spending their money, the water came up and swept away in a night what had taken them all summer to accomplish.

Our next move was to a new camp (afterwards named Forbestown) with the late James Forbes. This camp proved to be very lively. Mr. Forbes entered into the mercantile business. Father kept public house later, but mining was his principal occupation. Soon there were a number of saloons, each having two or more gambling tables. The principal games then were monte, faro, and roulette. Thousands of dollars would change hands every night. Stacks of gold coin and sacks of

gold dust were on the tables. There was what was then called a slug, containing fifty dollars, with other smaller coins.

There were a few older settlers of Forbestown, besides Mr. Forbes, one Mr. McMurtery, of North Butte; Ed Bogardus and a Mr. Gaskell, butchers; three Turpire brothers, Dolph and Ed Moses, teamsters; and John Snell, expressman, besides the noted gambler, Mr. Hitchcock, from the Sunny South where "they shoot, cut and drink whisky," this being his usual expression when drunk. At his table he usually had from \$5,000 to \$10,000 in coin and dust, with his loaded revolver always at hand.

The miners usually left the gold in the pans in front of their camps to dry unmolested; but on one occasion a stranger came to town, and seeing things lying around, decided to help himself, which he did by entering a camp and taking clothing, a gold watch and \$40 or \$50 in gold. He was found with most of the plunder on him, was taken to a tree, his shirt stripped off and he was tied with his arms around the tree. He was given twenty-five lashes with a rawhide and ordered to leave town, which he did.

We remained in Forbestown until the fall of 1852, when we moved to Sutter County and located a few miles below Captain Sutter's place, now Hock Farm. Father, after getting our house well under way and leaving men to finish it, returned to the mine in Forbestown. Our nearest neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Bader, who kept the public house and sold liquor. It will be remembered that Mrs. Bader was murdered by a man named Jackson, and thrown into the slough where she usually did her washing. Jackson had

come there the evening before. The following morning, Mr. Bader rode up to Captain Sutter's place on business, leaving Jackson with Mrs. Bader. During his absence, Jackson shot and killed Mrs. Bader, and, after secreting her in the slough, went through the house in search of money they were supposed to have. On Mr. Bader's return, Jackson met him at the door and fired two shots at him, neither taking effect. Bader ran down to our house, inquired for his wife and told what had happened, and after getting together a few of the nearest neighbors, returned to his house. Jackson had taken Mr. Bader's horse and rode towards Yuba City. A party followed him and found him about four miles below Yuba City, asleep, with his horse tied nearby. He was taken back. In the meantime, a number of people had heard of the murder and collected. Jackson was given a trial and sentenced to be hanged the following evening. Some of the jurors were Captain Allender, Steph Shores, Ed Toben, Captain Sutter, Jr., Jim Humphrey, and others, with Judge Lynch presiding. He was taken to a nearby tree and hanged. The news had reached Yuba City by this time, and a number came down, including the sheriff and other officers, but they were too late. There was quite a discussion among them over the hasty proceedings, but nothing was done. Jackson was allowed to hang there until about dark, when he was taken down and buried near the same spot, with his boots on. This all took place the same day. Mrs. Bader was found in the slough, was taken to her house and prepared for burial by my mother, sister and Mrs. Brighton, a neighbor, and was buried at Captain Sutter's place.

We remained there until the winter of 1852, when the first flood that came took away our house and most of its contents. The first warning we had of water was hearing the pans and kettles floating about in the house. We were soon up and hastily dressed with whatever we could find. With the wind blowing a gale and the water two feet deep in the house, we started for a high knoll about 300 or 400 yards away, where we remained until daybreak, when we were rescued by parties camped near and taken to Mrs. Brighton's, on high ground. As she had a large family, it was an easy matter for us to get dry clothing. When father heard of the high water in the valley, he came down, and we moved to Yuba City, then a lively camp with one or two grocery stores, two saloons and some business houses. There were two ferries, one about where the bridge now is, known as Hanson Ferry, and handled by one John Franks; the other was a ferry about half a mile above, known as Web Ferry. The latter was of short duration. The road or street to Marysville, now Fifth Street, was the much the same as Third Street is to the Boat Landing.

The second flood, which came in 1853, covered the whole country almost to the Buttes. Marysville was in water two to four feet deep; Yuba City the same, with one exception, the Indian Mound, where fifty or seventy-five Digger (Nisenan Maidu) Indians were camped near where the Dr. Barr residence now is. Houses and stacks of hay, with pigs and poultry on top, went down the river, greatly interfering with the ferry ropes. Marysville could be reached only by row boats, one of which I handled. The fare from Yuba City to Marysville and return was \$1.00.

The water soon went down, leaving the roads and streets in bad condition.

Marysville was then perhaps the best business town on the Coast. Ten or fifteen large teams would go out almost daily, loaded with supplies for the mines, besides a number of stages with four to six horses, many of them only partly broken, carrying passengers. Mail and express went to all points in the mountains where such conveyances could reach. There were also a number of pack trains having fifteen to twenty or more mules, loaded with supplies, that went to the mines higher up where wagons could not reach. One of the first pack trains from Marysville was run by the Bustillas, of La Porte. Most of the freight then came to Marysville by water, there being five or six boats making regular trips. There was one large side-wheel boat called the *Comanchie*, besides the *Urilda*, *J. Bradgon* and *Governor Dana*. (The last two boats alternated, making trips to Hammontown and Oroville, the latter a lively mining town, where a number of freight teams and pack trains left daily.) The boat landing, or wharf, was near and below where the W. T. Ellis store now is. The Merchants' Hotel, then operated by John C. Fall, one of the leading merchants in Marysville, was doing a wholesale business mostly, but he finally became involved and broke up, losing his \$50,000 residence on G and Seventh Streets, now owned by Mr. Belcher.

Marysville had its first "State Fair" in 1853, same being well attended. Many of the older settlers were there with their stock and other exhibits. Among these settlers were Captain Sutter, Major Bidwell, Charles Covalaud (father of the late Charles Covalaud), Peter Lasson, and others,

but the most conspicuous person there was "KIT" Carson. He could be known by his dress, as he wore a buckskin suit with red stripes and tassels down the back, Panama hat and red sash. He carried with him a general assortment of Indian relics, bows and arrows, beads, moccasins and many other curiosities including two Indian scalps, which he claimed were taken from an Apache chief warrior in a battle.

We remained in Yuba City until the fall of 1854, when we made another move to West Butte, locating two miles above where the West Butte store now is and adjoining the property of the late Esquire Hamlin, for whom I later went to work, remaining with him for a number of years. My principal work was riding after stock, which he dealt in. W. H. Parks and Frank Parks, father of the late W. H. Parks, of the Decker and Jewett Co., bankers, had a large number of cattle, which I also looked after. Their cattle at times ranged as far north as Chico and above, which was then a small place. At that time the Indians frequently made raids through and around Chico, driving off the stock and murdering whenever an opportunity presented itself. The Hecock family will still be remembered. They were living above Chico, when one day three of the family and a man named Thomas Allen, a teamster, were murdered. With Allen was an Indian boy, raised by Mr. Keifer, who saw the Indians coming down towards them. Realizing their intention, he ran to the Hecock house, telling of the coming of the Indians. He insisted that Mrs. Hecock go to the Sadorus house, but she refused, saying that her two girls and boy were gathering blackberries on the creek, and she would wait until they returned.

The Indian boy then took her baby and ran towards Mr. Sadorus' place, calling her to come. Finally she followed and when they reached the house, the boy reported seeing the Indians. Owing to Mr. Sadorus not being home, nothing could be done. On his return, however, he was told by the boy that the Indians were going towards Mr. Allen's, who was then attaching his team to his loaded wagon. Mr. Sadorus did not dare to leave his family, which consisted of his wife and three daughters, Mrs. M. J. Brydan and Mrs. Joseph Brown, of Marysville, and Mrs. J. P. Cope, of Central House, and two sons, John and Charles Sadorus, of Illinois.

After sending a man to warn the neighbors along the creek, he sent to Chico for help. A party was quickly formed and started. They found Mr. Allen lying near his team, shot to death with arrows. After caring for him, further search was abandoned for the night. The following morning, a larger party started in search of the two girls and boy. Late in the day the two girls were found dead, their clothing stripped from their bodies, which were pierced with arrows. From one of the girls, thirty-two arrows were taken. There were two deep gashes in the face of this girl, one under each eye. These girls were 14 and 16 years of age. The girls were taken to the home of the Sadorus family, where their mother was waiting for them. Their father, who was then in the mountains, was sent for and arrived in time to attend the funeral, which was held in Chico. Further search for the boy with an additional force of men was made for a number of days, but without success, as the Indians were alert, wore moccasins, and left no tracks by which

the men in the search party could follow. However, at the end of eight or ten days, and perhaps 75 or 80 miles from the scene of the murder, they came to where the Indians had camped and had a war dance over their victim. The boy had been forced to walk the entire distance. When found, he had a rope around his neck and was tied to a stake. He had not been shot, but tortured to death by degrees in a most cruel manner. His remains were taken back and buried beside his sisters, without his mother seeing them, as they were so badly decomposed and otherwise mangled and bruised.

I remained with Esquire Hamlin until the year of the silver excitement in Nevada State in 1862, when the Esquire decided to go to Nevada and locate a stock range and perhaps a silver mine. He had lost very heavily in cattle during the winter and spring just past, when thousands of cattle along the river were drowned and those in the Buttes and on higher ground died from lack of feed. The Esquire purchased a large wagon, loading it mostly with provisions, and with four yoke of cattle started for Nevada, taking along about 100 head of stock. Travel was rather slow, as we had considerable trouble with the stock.

We had reached Dogtown on Honeylake route, when the Esquire met with an accident from which he never fully recovered, causing us to lay off for a few days. He grew worse daily, and after one teamster and two other men left him, he decided to return home, selling the whole outfit and stock to a Mr. Miller, of Humbug Valley. I then took the Esquire to Dogtown, where he took the stage for Marysville. I took the saddle horse back to West Butte. Having only two of my own, I

bought two more and with a light wagon made the trip alone, going by Virginia City and across the desert to the sink of the Humboldt River, where I found a man, named James Emery, camping. He was going to a new camp called Trinity District, near where is now the Rochester mine. We camped together and spent the first month in prospecting. As Emery was an old prospector, I depended a great deal on him. We found two or three ledges that we considered good, which we located, naming the West Butte. There was only one mine working and turning out some good ore. However, for lack of machinery, it could not be worked properly. In the camp were two families, Mr. Lovlock and family and Mrs. Elis. Indians were then committing murders almost daily. There were three or four Indians around the different camps who were supposed to be peaceable. They were supplied with food and clothing, even with powder and caps, as they had guns.

Emery and myself decided to move to Unionville, then a good mining camp with a number of mines to work. However, before leaving, we thought it best to do some work on the ledge we had discovered and met the following day to go, but as Mr. Emery met with a slight accident, he was unable to go. A friend of his, Frank Gregg, was anxious to go along, so the following morning we were ready to start, when a man named Joe Bartlett (better known as "Black Rock Jo"), an old Indian fighter, advised us to take a gun along. He gave us a Henry rifle with sixteen cartridges in it and a belt with twenty or thirty more cartridges, which we took along. They had noticed our pet Indians, as we usually called them,

were missing, but this was nothing unusual. As it was only three or four miles to the first ledge, we soon reached it, commenced work and were about ready to move to the next claim, when three shots were fired almost at once. I saw Frank stoop over and rise again, and asked him if he were hit, and he said he was. I ran for the rifle, which lay a few steps away, and moved up a few steps and could see where the Indians were trying to reload their rifles. I fired two or three shots among them. When they arose and started to run over a short rise, I fired at the last one, and when they came in sight again there was one Indian missing. Knowing what had happened, I directed my firing at the next one behind. After two or three shots, he lagged behind. The one in the lead came back to assist him, but could not raise him, and left. He was then 250 or 300 yards away, but in plain sight. I fired three or four shots at him and could see one arm hanging at his side and knew he was badly wounded.

Running back to where Frank lay, and examining his wound, I could see that he was fatally shot. Something had to be done and done quickly, as we did not know at what minute we might be attacked by other Indians that might have heard our shooting. After consulting with one another, we decided that I should go to the camp for help. Gathering some sagebrush and making a temporary shed over him, I started for camp and had gone perhaps half a mile, when I saw four or five, as I supposed, Indians coming directly towards me from the camp. I secreted myself, replacing all my empty shells with loaded ones, and determined not to let a single Indian pass me. (I have just begun to realize

how little I knew about Indians.) The supposed Indians soon came in sight again. I then realized they were white men, which was a great relief to me. I soon met them and told what had happened. They heard the report of our guns and knew we were in trouble. Black Rock Joe was with them. He had borrowed a rifle, for I had his. He remarked: "That is you fellows pet Indians that you have been feeding and furnishing ammunition." I took one man back to camp with me, after showing the others about where Frank was. We made a stretcher with sacks and two poles to take Frank back to camp.

While I was gone, Bartlett or Black Rock Joe thought he would see if the first Indian that fell was still there. He walked carefully around where he could see the Indian lying, his gun a few feet from him. He was still alive. Black Rock Joe recognized him as "Billie," one of the Indians that we had been feeding and clothing. While examining the Indian's wound, his rifle was discharged, the bullet passing through Billie's head, accidentally, I suppose. Billie was buried, but the men did not look after the other Indians. We returned with our temporary stretcher, taking Mr. Gregg to Mr. Lovelock's place, where he had formerly worked. After two days' suffering, he died.

A number had already left the camp and others were afraid to stay. Mr. Emery was now able to be around, so we decided to move to Unionville, then a lively town with about 600 or 700 inhabitants and a number of mines at work. John C. Fall, a former Marysville merchant, was there and in the same business. Being interested in a number of mines, he employed me to

take charge of one called the "Gem," about eighteen miles north of Unionville, where Mr. Emery and myself worked for about two years. The mine, then in litigation, was closed down. Mr. Emery and myself decided to return to Trinity District and do some work on our claims there. Before reaching our destination, we met a party of four men, who were planning to go on a ten or fifteen day prospecting trip, and among them was our old friend, Black Rock Joe, who was anxious to have us go along. They were all armed with Henry rifles. Mr. Emery was anxious to go. He took along the only shotgun we had. He had always kept it loaded with twelve buckshot in each barrel, which he fired off, reloading it. It was understood among us that any discovery or location made by them was to be shared equally with me. The following morning they started on their trip and I went back to Unionville for another outfit and a man to do our work in the Trinity District. Emery had taken our outfit with him.

The second day out, they camped on what is known as Willow Creek, eighteen miles west from the Humboldt River. At daybreak the next morning, while some of them were still in their beds, they were attacked by Indians, fifty to seventy-five in number. Mr. Arnold, being the first to arise, was looking after their horses which were staked nearby, when he was shot and disabled. The others in the party were soon out of their beds and ready for action, they having the advantage of the Indians by being partly protected by the willows. The Indians on horseback would circle around them, firing at them mostly with arrows, but some with rifles. After discharging them, they would fall back out of sight,

reload their rifles and make another attack.

With Mr. Arnold wounded in the first attack, they were left with but four men to contend with perhaps seventy-five Indians. The Indians made another attack, getting very close and firing from their horses on the run. Three or four were shot within a few steps from the camp. Mr. Emery was fatally shot while reloading his gun after killing one Indian and wounding another. The Indians left for the hills after about ten or twelve of their tribe were either killed or wounded. After attending to the two wounded men, Bartlett, following his usual habits of taking an Indian scalp whenever an opportunity offered, took six scalps. He could have taken more, but did not molest those who were still alive. They recovered three of their horses; one was taken by the Indians.

The wounded men were placed on the wagon and returned to Mill City on Humboldt River, then owned by the Thacker brothers. John Thacker was later a detective for the Wells Fargo Company. Mr. Emery died the following day. The news was soon spread to the different mining camps. Two others and myself went to Mill City, getting there in time to assist in the burying of Mr. Emery. Mr. Arnold was taken to Unionville for treatment and soon recovered.

Mr. Emery was buried near where two others killed by Indians were buried. One, a minister named John Kellog, formerly of Yuba City, was killed near Granite Springs. His body was cut in many pieces and hung on sagebrush along the road. His remains were found and brought to Mill City by the Spence brothers, teamsters, well known in Butte County. Mill City is

situated on the Humboldt River and was formerly known as Humboldt Meadows or Lasson Meadows, where many emigrants to California were led perhaps one hundred and fifty miles out of their way by the Peter Lasson Cut-Off.

Our prospecting trip was abandoned, and a party of about one hundred determined to go in pursuit of the Indians who were committing devastations. John Bryden, brother of the late James Bryden, of Honcut, acted as our leader, taking along two Indians as guides. The Indians we were in pursuit of were of the Shoshone tribe, then at war with the Piutes, each tribe claiming the other was trespassing on its hunting ground. We followed them a number of days and finally reached their camp, where there were twenty or thirty women and children, with five or six young bucks, who tried to escape, but were shot down. The able-bodied men and warriors had left camp the evening before. For several days we followed them but were invariably a day behind, as the Indians had the advantage of us in knowing the country. As our supplies were getting short, we decided to return.

To illustrate the really brutal and murderous disposition of an Indian, I will relate an incident I saw.

While at their camp gathering up the women and children, who were scattered and in hiding, one of our Indian guides, seeing a child nearby, rode up to it, took it by the hair, raised it into his saddle, and then took it by one leg and dashed its head against a stone, killing it instantly. This was reported to Mr. Bryden, our captain, who reprimanded the Indian severely. The women were taken to Unionville

and held as prisoners, but were soon released.

I then branched out into the cattle business. Purchasing a small band, I remained with them, occasionally working in the mines, until the year the Central Pacific railroad came through, in 1869, when myself and Mr. A. M. Sadorus engaged in the butchering business, furnishing beef for the graders and construction camp. It was not long before the first cars came through and we shipped our beef by cars until the camps got too far ahead. We then opened a shop in Battle Mountain, where we built the first frame or lumber house. It was then a lively railroad town of tents. We remained in the butchering business until the year 1872, when we sold our shop and business and went back into the cattle and sheep business. We then made Goldonda, on the Central Pacific Railroad, our headquarters. Having different camps, our cattle ranged on Clover Valley and Kelley Creek, while our sheep were kept mostly in Eden and Paradise Valley. Paradise Valley and Clover Valley are now two of the most highly cultivated valleys in Nevada, running parallel and lying on the west side of Humboldt River, extending north. In Clover Valley, many thousands of tons of alfalfa are put on yearly, fed mostly to stock, where dairying is carried on extensively. Paradise Valley has many fine homes, schools and churches, etc., with an abundance of water for irrigation purposes from what is known as little Humboldt, flowing the entire length of the valley and emptying into the main Humboldt River at Winnemucca.

We continued in the cattle and sheep business until the fall of 1880,

when we closed out our entire business in Nevada. My family and I then returned to Yuba County, where I purchased what was then known as the Fort Hawley place (now as Olive Hill), with its entire flock of sheep. We remained there until the fall of 1888, when I disposed of my place, consisting of 980 acres of land to Messrs. H. Juch, Ehman and Allan, founders of the Olive Hill Colony. I then returned to my old home in Marysville, after an absence of eighteen years in Nevada State.

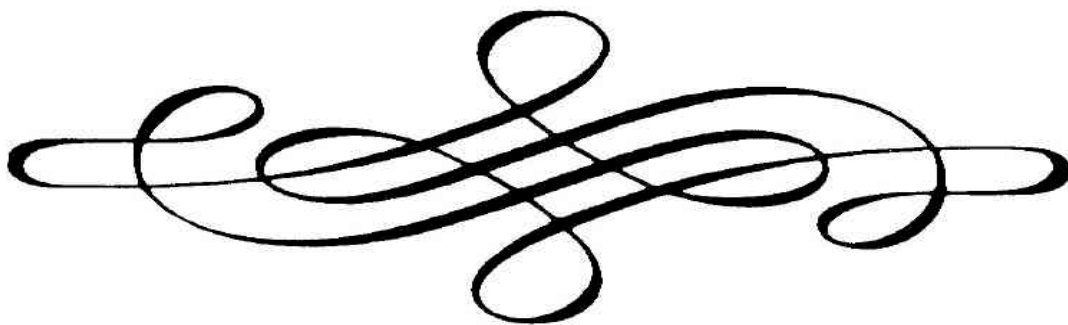
Mr. Sadorus returned from Nevada to his home farm in Champaign County, Illinois, in 1882, where he remained until called by death, October 13, 1915. He had crossed the plains to California in 1849 by ox team over the extreme southern route, landing in San Diego in the last fall of 1849, where they remained about two years, then moving to Butte County and locating on Rock Creek, above Chico. During their stay in San Diego, a daughter was born to them, November 26, 1850, now Mrs. Brown, H Street, Marysville.

Among the earliest settlers in California were Captain John Sutter, who arrived in 1839; General John

Bidwell, Chico, 1841; L. W. Hastings, of Colusa; F. B. Redding, Shasta; Peter Lassen, 1844; Fremont and "Kit" Carson in 1845; Townsend, Murphy, and Covilauds, of the Donner party, in 1846. Mr. Murphy was a well-known attorney of Marysville.

In spite of the wild and uncivilized nature of the country in the early days, there were many good men among the settlers. Many acts of kindness were shown our family in different ways by Mr. Bidwell, which were appreciated and never forgotten by my mother and sister. Mr. Sutter was one of the liberal and hospitable of men. It was through his kindness and hospitality that he became heavily involved. He lost his lands, together with his vast herds of stock, and was left with only his home place, "Hock Farm," which was later taken from him. Leaving Hock Farm, he returned to Pennsylvania, his former home, dying in Washington, D. C., January 19, 1888.

These are my recollections of the Days of '49. They were indeed wonderful days. And if my story in any way enables you to appreciate them, the telling has been worth while.



Puzzler



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Brandstatt	Brown
Dogtown	Fairbanks
Forbes	Hailey
Hannah	Harter
Jody	Justin
LaPorte	Lassen
Murphy	Partridge
Picnic	Pioneer
Platte	Sierra



Coming Events

June

- 20 Children's Program at the Museum
Muzzle Loaders & Mountain Men
Howard Harter Park – 10:00 a.m.
- 23 Historical Society Annual Picnic in the Park
11:30 social time, 12:00 Potluck luncheon
Howard Harter Memorial Park, behind the Museum
Program: Middle Mountain Foundation

July

- 8 *Rondal Partridge* exhibit closes at the Museum
- 22 Sister Swing & Vintage Auto Show
Tickets to Sister Swing available from Commissioners & at the
Museum
- Late July Local photograph exhibit opens

September

- Photograph Exhibit from Yuba College