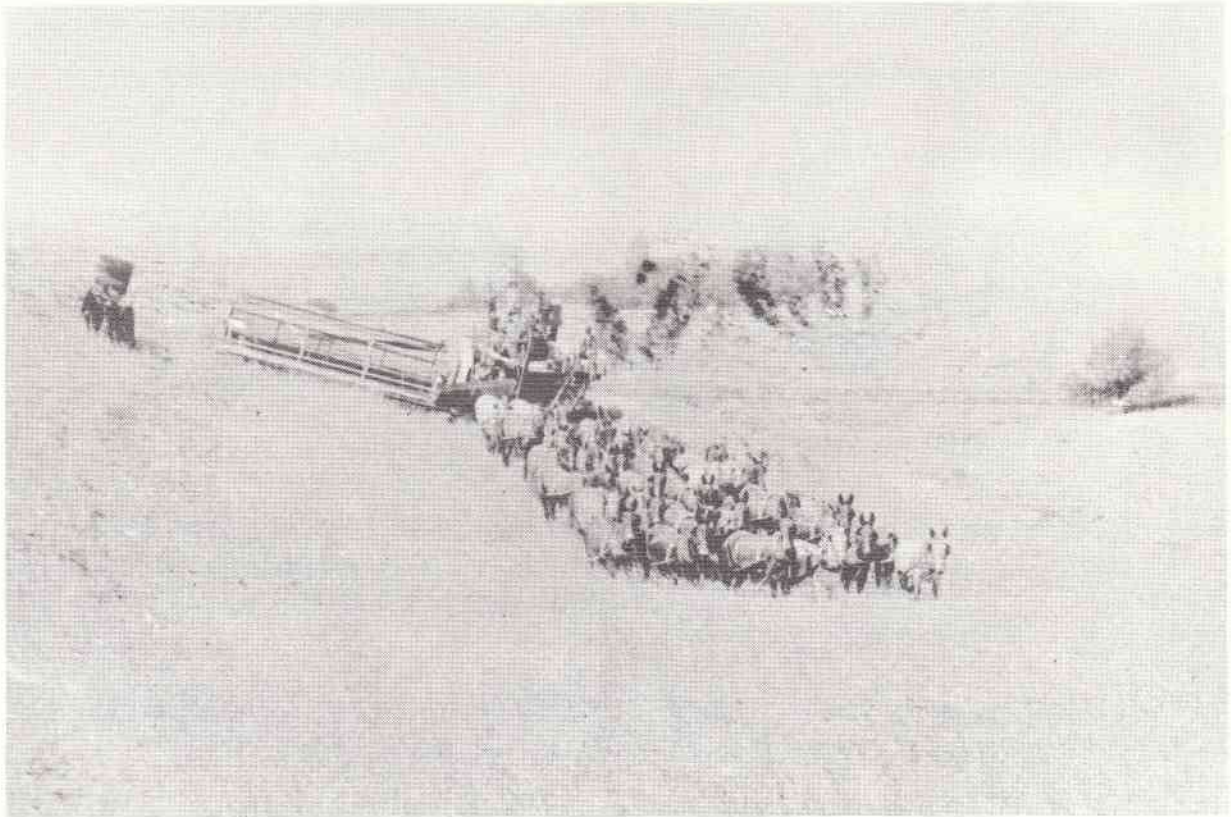


Vol. L No. 2

Yuba City, California

April 2008



Threshing Machine Belonging to Daniel and Justin Sullivan
(Photo courtesy of Community Memorial Museum)



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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 2008 dues are payable as of January 1, 2008. Mail your check to the Community Memorial Museum at P. O. Box 1555, Yuba City, 95992-1555. 530-822-7141

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President's Message

We recently lost a valued member and friend, Randy Schnabel. Randy was very active in our Historical Society from its inception. He was president for a total of twelve years; he was program chairman for many more. He served on the Board of Directors for fifty years. It was under his watch that Thompson and West's *History of Sutter County* was reprinted. Randy was a contributor to the Bulletin, a speaker at events, and a go-getter in every sense of the word. We shall certainly miss him, and appreciate that his wife, Shirley and his daughter, Margit Sands, are still participating in our Society.

We have a special treat for our luncheon attendees this spring. There are several historical societies in surrounding counties, and many of us have ancestors from and an interest in the history of other communities. A relatively new local group is the Wheatland Historical Society. A representative of that group, Ron Jauch, is going to talk to us about the activities of his society and give us a little Wheatland history to boot. We know you'll enjoy hearing about what other groups are doing, and if you have any particular group you'd like to hear from, let me know and I'll see if I can get someone to join us for one of our meetings.

Audrey Breeding
President



To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the incorporation of Yuba City,
the Community Memorial Museum is proud to present

Yuba City **OUR HOME TOWN**

This book, written by the staff and volunteers of the Museum,
will be available in the summer of 2008.

You can reserve your copy today at the Museum for \$32.12.

As a bonus gift for pre-ordering,
you will receive a *Sutter County Tour Book*.

Director's Report

It's another beautiful Spring at the Museum and Howard Harter Park. Can you believe that, when I walked back from lunch today, I startled a handsome jack rabbit as I passed a bush right beside the Museum? I can't think of a more beautiful setting in which to work. It is just one of the wonderful perks of serving as your Museum Director/Curator.

Here at the Museum, we feel like we have just passed a landmark event. The final draft of the Yuba City history book, *Yuba City, Our Hometown*, was sent off to the publisher in Virginia, and we heaved a great sigh of relief. The book has occupied our every waking hour for some months now, both at work and at home. We felt it a great responsibility to distill to just 160 pages the essence of 159 years of Yuba City history. We didn't want to represent just the dry facts, but the true flavor of life in our small, rural valley town throughout those long years. We put to use a lot of wonderful historic photographs, first person accounts, newspaper articles, and anecdotes. We tried to include many of the people whose efforts made the town the great place it is today. It is our hope that all of those things will work together to help the reader feel what life was like right here where we all live.

One of the most difficult things about writing the book was having to leave out so many fascinating things. There were so many things to tell and so little space (30,000 words) to do it. I have so many little stories, facts and trivia about Yuba City floating around in my head that I couldn't fit in the book. I can't think about it now, but maybe there is another way to tell those stories.

We learned to appreciate some of the basic things about our city. Practically the entire business district of Yuba City had to burn down before the town could afford to get a fire department. In order to do that, they had to incorporate as a town, so they could assess taxation to support a fire department and city services. It was a very big step, a lot for a small town to take on, but they didn't want to burn down again. Now we know how difficult it was to get fire protection, we don't take it so for granted.

If you haven't yet pre-ordered a copy of *Yuba City, Our Hometown*, due out at summer's end, be sure to come by the Museum and pick up a flyer. It will be a nice quality hardback book, a suitable souvenir of Yuba City's Centennial year of incorporation and sells for \$29.95 plus tax. Thanks to all of you who endured a little less than our full attention while we completed what we believe was a priority task - giving Yuba City its own book of history for the first time.

Happy Spring,

Julie Stark,
Director

Memorials

In Memory of **Barbara Burrow**
Connie Cary

In Memory of **Blair Brown**
Ev & Liz Berry

In Memory of **Lewis W. Brubeck**
W. C. McFarland

In Memory of **Robert Coats, Sr.**
Chipman & Renfrow Acctcy Corp
Jane Major Cleveland
Mrs. Thelma Hughes
Knights of Columbus 5978
Gene & Babs Lonon
Connie Teska
James S. Winn, Jr.

In Memory of **Kathryn Forderhase**
Bud & Carmen Frye
He

In Memory of **Etta Frink**
Gene & Babs Lonon

In Memory of **Leila Gillette**
Bud & Joan Doty
Norm & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Evon Gilstrap**
Dewey & Barbara Gruening
Helen Heenan
Bob & Jean Heilmann

In Memory of **Kay Head**
Arnold & Murleen Schneiter &
Family

In Memory of **H. Harlan Howard**
Wally & Dealla Crother
Gene & Babs Lonon

In Memory of **Perry Mosburg**
Gerald & Patricia Whitten

In Memory of **Carolyn Mock Oswald**
Fran Santo Domingo
Tom Frye
Howard & Bobbie Hardie
Gene Larrigan
Eleanor Munger
Norm & Loadel Piner
David & Gina Tarke

In Memory of **Randolph Schnabel**
Beeler Tractor Co.
Joe & Ludel Bouchard
Richard Bowder
Bee Brandt
Audrey Breeding
Katie & Bob Bryant
Connie Cary
Don L. Graham
Dewey & Barbara Gruening
Ida Philpott
Gordon & Paula Raub
Sharyl Simmons
Phyllis Smith

In Memory of **Brendan Teetsell**
Sharyl Simmons



History of Sutter City

by
Eunice Clark

In March, 1993, Eunice Clark gave a presentation to the South Butte Parlor of the Native Daughters of the Golden West. She took much of her information from the diary of her father, Fred Farington, dated October 28, 1886.

My father started from Kendall County, Illinois, on November 7. He arrived in Marysville after 10 days travel, with a stopover in New Orleans and Los Angeles. The cost of the entire trip, including food, lodging and train fare was a total of seventy-five dollars.

His mother's sister, Aunt Harriet Griffith, lived in Sutter. Their home was over in back of the present high school football field. Her ranch went up into the Buttes and also came over into what is now Sutter.

She donated the ground where the Methodist Church is today. The Methodist Church has been in Sutter 138 years. The church building is a combination of three church buildings. The part that is the sanctuary now was the Methodist Church South and was moved to the east of the old original church which is now the hall. The old Christian church was torn down and the lumber used to build the office, kitchen and Sunday School rooms. This was done back in 1924.

I have a photo of Irwin Griffith, Fred Farington, Mr. Davis, George Price, Jake McPherrin and Lon Summy as they took a trip to San Francisco. They took the stage to Sacramento, then to Stockton. From there they got on the river boat "City of Stockton," down the river to San Francisco. According to the diary they spent about a week there, going to the theater and checking out the sights. Dad stated he

spent \$5 in one day for food, theater and lodging. When they were ready to come home they went over to Oakland where they took the cars that went on the ferry at Benicia (the biggest ferry in the world at that time) and they crossed an arm of Suisun Bay. Then from there they came to Sacramento where they arrived at noon. They ate at the Western.

At two o'clock they took the cars to Marysville, arriving there at 5:00. They stayed that night in the U.S. Hotel and the next morning they walked home to Sutter.

Every so often he mentions going to the corners, Milt Fickters' Blacksmith Shop, to talk with the boys or to play croquet. There was a big oak tree in the road at these corners which died some years ago. Another oak has been planted there but it will be some time before it will be any size. Munger's Store is now in that place.

Across the road from Milt's Blacksmith Shop was the post office. Mr. Lamme was the postmaster at that time. Also, there were three store buildings there. Straub and Mugget's Store and Mr. Vaggadese's Butcher Shop. Now, in that area there is only LaBrue's Pizza restaurant. Later, in the twenties, the building that was the post office was Mrs. Mayfield's Ice Cream Parlor and, of course, we could get lunch there, too. Mrs. Mayfield was Ernest Mayfield's mother and an aunt

to Howard and his brothers, who at that time lived up in the pass just west of Kellogg Road. Also in the twenties, the garage that is on Acacia was built. The McFarlanes had a garage there. Ruth Lemenager married one of them and Alice Perry was one of their daughters. Her mother was a Putman.

Every Sunday in dad's diary it states he went to church. Sometimes he and George went together. George Price was Mary Murphy's dad. They worked together for Gardemeyer (the man who laid out the town of Sutter). That winter they dug holes by hand and planted trees that lined the streets of Sutter. Dad made the statement that if his Aunt Harriet hadn't boarded them, he and George would have been out of luck, because Gardemeyer did not pay their wages for labor. They also worked for Aunt Harriet and others in the community, including Mr. Brittan, who lived in the stone house on Pass Road that he built from rock he quarried out of the Buttes. Among other money getters was hunting ducks, which they sent down to San Francisco on the trains. This they did in the tules, which were south of Sutter where Poodle Creek ran. He tells of having a big shot gun that was mounted on a tripod. They didn't pick the ducks before they shipped them, just cleaned them. The ducks were a menace to the grain fields in the area.

Dad married Alice Haynes in 1890 and my oldest brother, Irwin Farington, was born down south of the Davis Ranch in 1892. They then moved to "Pinch Gut," the ranch that all the fuss was over because of the golf course and the "save the Buttes" bit a short time ago. My sister, Ruth Farington Folsom, and my brother, Roy, were born up there. (Dr. Addington

delivered them.) In 1900 they moved to the ranch on Butte House Road and the Fries moved into Pinch Gut. In the winter of 1906 or 1907 the Feather River levy broke at Lomo, up near Live Oak, and flooded upper Sutter County. Dad's first wife, Alice, died of typhoid fever and left dad with three little kids. He gathered them up and with the help of Verne Reische, he went by train back to Illinois to his sister, Ella Kellogg. There he hunted my mother, who had been his childhood sweetheart, and he convinced her to give up teaching and come back to California. They were married at my mother's sister's in Los Gatos in October 1907.

In 1908 my father inherited \$4,000 from his mother's estate in Illinois. He wanted to spend it and buy a spiffy team of horses and a new surrey. Mother objected as they were living in a three-room cabin. So the house where I live now was built by the Forderhases and some of the other talented people about. Mr. McVey, Mary Murphy's grandfather, built the brick fireplace in the house. The following spring after the house was built, I was born and they brought me home from the old Rideout Hospital to the home I have known for 84 years.

Dad was a Trustee of the Brittan School for a long period of time, up until about 1920. I started school in 1915 in the old school building and moved in the second grade to the new school where my children went to school in the thirties, forties and fifties. Then later my grandsons went to the new, third school built on the same grounds. However, the original Brittan School was north of here at the corner of Acacia and Pass Roads. There have been four Brittan Schools.

Mr. Brittan had to build the first school near his ranch before he could convince his wife to come out to California to live. His children were its first pupils. That school building was moved from that corner down to Maple Street just north of Nelson. Reverend Hamilton, one of the early pastors and a Civil War veteran, lived in it with his family. He was minister at the Methodist Church in 1887-88. Among his family of girls were: Nellie Hamilton Lemenager, Flora Hamilton Haynes, Mary Hamilton Hust, and Maggie Northcut. Nellie and her husband lived on in the house and raised their family there. Then Alvin, their son, raised his family there. The house is still there.

In the fall of the following year, 1887, there was a notation in dad's diary that he went over to the Thompsons and brought back some of their seedless grapes for Aunt Harriet to dry and make raisins out of. This was before the Onstotts got all the vineyards growing in Sutter County.

The house where Lena and Ray Frye live on South Butte Road was once the home of Harry Onstott. His widow married Sullivan of the Lipp and Sullivan Mortuary in Marysville. Ross Wilbur and his wife, Inez, lived there for a short while in the early thirties. However, Ray and Lena have raised their family there and still live there.

Mrs. Inez Wilbur, later Mrs. Frank Close, was the mother of a very dear friend of mine, Margaret Wilbur Jones. Inez was the niece of Rose McLaughlin and lived with her when she went to high school in Sutter. The McLaughlins lived at the corner of Acacia and Pass Roads in the house that later was Robert Stohlman's, and now

Bohannas. It is one of the older homes in the area.

Across the road from that home is the gateway to the trail up to the cross. In 1921 Carrie Forderhase and a handful of others climbed the hill for the first Easter Sunrise Service. As a little girl I remember singing in the choir that was led by Gladys Betty, our music teacher. My father lent his Model T truck to tote the church piano up the hill. The minister stood on the bed of the truck to deliver his sermon. Later there was a platform built around the cross.

Carrie Forderhase was also the mother of my other childhood friend, Evelyn Forderhase Craig. We were friends from babyhood up. Mr. Forderhase, her father, helped my father build his house. He was later the janitor of the grammar school when I was in school.

In my day at the school, we played "antyover" the old pump house where we used to pump our water to drink, with a hand pump. We all carried little folding drinking cups. Baseball, the main game except for marbles in the spring, was played on the field south of the school, the same one they have now, I think. Later, when my children were little, it was the community softball field. Now, of course, we have the Youth Organization at Butte House and Acacia.

There was an iron spike fence surrounding the old school, until Clyde (Tub) Perry fell out of a tree on it and hurt himself. He was not hurt too bad but enough for them to realize it was not safe for kids, so it was torn out. There was a barn in back of the school (where the parking lot is now). We used to keep our horses there. Many drove or rode their horses to school.

When school was over the fun began for some of us. There were races and mischief. I remember racing down California Street, with Jopy (Clarence Joseph), Ray and Emmet Frye. I was winning until my horse stepped on a chicken that was out in the street. It belonged to Mrs. Becker (Otto Becker's mother). They lived in an old store building, where the library is now. I stopped racing, got off and took the chicken in to confess what I had done. She didn't seem to care too much about the chicken, but she sure scolded me for being a tomboy and my unladylike behavior of racing with the boys.

California Street was the main street in town in the teens and twenties. At the corner of California and Nelson was the bank building (still there) where the Native Daughters and Sons used to meet. On the northeast corner (where the post office is now) was the hotel. According to dad's diary, the McLeans were the owners first. Later, when I was a little girl, Mrs. Huffmaster had it. Down the street to the north, where the garage is now, was Wynecoop's Blacksmith Shop, which later became Briggs Garage.

The brick building across the street (which is still there) was Stanley McLean's store (the greatest place to shop for Sutter City kids). Scott McLean was too generous for his own good. Whenever he got a new bunch of bananas in (they came in bunches that he hung up), Neddie or Shirley would get the word out and all of us would get a banana if we went down to the store. Also, he had a store of penny candy. You could get a whole red and white striped bag full for a nickel. In a little shop between the store and the Winter Garden Dance Hall (first it was a

silent movie theater) was Johnnie Karsten's Butcher Shop. Johnnie had his slaughter pen out on our ranch, north of Butte House Road where Humphrey Ts into it. On the corner directly across from the hotel was the "Bug House," a meeting place for men where they visited and played pool and cards. Also, it was a barber shop. It was owned and run by Rick Paxton. He also owned the Winter Garden. His home was just across the street from the grammar school barn. The house is still there. Going west on Nelson Street clear to Walnut, where it Ts, was a magnificent old house, we called it the Mansion. It had been the home of Gardemeyer. He built it. Many families lived in it, in my memory the Moores and Wynecoops. I don't know who lived there when it burned, but I think the Wynecoops. Right beside it to the north was the Dick Griffith home. His wife was a Putman; his daughter, Gladys Gavin, and my friend Ethel Griffith Harris, and their brother, Dick Griffith, and later the Lathrops lived there. Mrs. Lathrop was Marilyn Wynecoop. The house is still there. Going north on Walnut, the Clements lived on the east side of the street, and on to the north was Lybecker Lodge. Nadine Lybecker, the daughter, still lives up in Chico.

Now, to come back to California Street down south of here a block, is the old Schyler Wadsworth house. His wife was Lottie Pease and they were the parents of Leo, a long-time principal of Sutter High School. Leo's sister was Olive Wadsworth Lemenager, mother of Austin and his two sisters and brother, Ned.

To the west of their old home was Schyler's parent's home, where Leona Flyn lived for so long. This is

probably one of the oldest homes in town, unless it is the house that Tom and Jeannie Petersen lived in. That is probably as old. (It was the parsonage for the Methodist Church South.) Schyler Wadsworth's mother was a Wynecoop.

Olive and Benny Lemenager lived northeast of the corner of Acacia and Pass Roads. There they had a dairy and used to deliver milk in glass bottles clear into Yuba City. Benny Lemenager was also the principal of Brittan School when I went there, but Sam Betty was principal in my last three years.

Coming south from that corner on Acacia was the old Schellenger home where they lived for the last years of their life. I mean the great grandparents of Susan Bivins. They first lived on the ranch which later belonged to Mr. Joaquin, Yule Joaquin's father. They lived and owned that ranch and Mr. McVey owned 140 acres on the east side of Humphrey Road. My father bought the land from Mr. McVey. And I think Mr. Forderhase bought the Schellenger's property and sold it to the Joaquins. Mrs.

Schellenger, Susan's great-grandmother, and Mary Price's mother were sisters. They were the daughters of the McVeys who owned the property south of Butte House. When I speak of Mary Price, I mean my very good friend, Mary Murphy.

I haven't said anything about the DeWitts. They built the roads and streets in this area. They had a gravel pit on their ranch and hauled the gravel and rock to build up the streets and roads. It was like a train of cars behind a big Best tractor. They were dump wagons. We used to have a high road and a low road. The low road was used in the summertime, a real dusty road, but not as bumpy as the high road. There were four DeWitts: Marquis, Clinton, Richard and Frank. (Frank lived in Sutter on Acacia Street.)

When I was asked to do this program, I didn't have any idea what to do. If it hadn't been for dad's diary, I would be totally lost.

Thank you for bearing with an old lady who loves her home town and all the friends I have known through the years.

And You'll Wear Them Where?

Your fabulous finery. Your haute haberdashery. Your chi chi couture.

All of this and more is available at

Wear and Remembrance A Vintage Clothing Fair

Saturday, April 19, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Sunday, April 20, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Franklin Hall, Yuba-Sutter Fairgrounds

DIARY OF PIONEER WHO CROSSED PLAINS IN '60

Oroville Mercury - 10 Aug 1916

One of the most interesting historical documents relating to early life in California, and especially to that phase of it where the gold seekers crossed the plains, is in the possession of Miss Mae Ward of this city.

It is the diary of the late Vincent Page Lyman, who came to California by wagon from Kansas, in 1860. He made the trip in company with the late P.R. Walsh of this city, who died recently. Miss Ward is the granddaughter of the late Mr. Walsh, and the diary of her grandfather's pioneer friend was loaned to her by his granddaughter, who she met in the mountains a few days ago.

Interesting Excerpts.

The following excerpts from the pioneer's diary will prove interesting:

"May 1, 1860: It is a pleasant morning in May that I take leave of home and friends to try my fortune at Pike's Peak, in company with Welsh, his family and a man to help us with the stock, which consists of four yoke of oxen, thirteen cows and a span of mules, and, as we roll out of our little town, called 'Sabetha' in Nemaka county, Kansas Territory, upon the broad prairies, our little train of canvas covered wagons (the one loaded with provisions and the other with live stock), we made quite a show, as we thought, among the many who were passing to the great golden region of the Rocky Mountains.

Hasty Marriage

"May 5: Am obliged to sell a calf for \$3.50, it being too lame to travel. Met some government trains and an express from Denver. Some Californians that are camped here are to have a wedding in camp. They are two elderly people, a widower and a widow. I understand they haven't been

acquainted long. This is odd, these travelling weddings.

Feasted on Antelope

"May 11: Spent the day fishing and chasing antelope. Killed one which gave us all a taste of nice, fresh meat and it did not go bad for the first.

Reach the "Platte"

"May 14: After a long drive we came to the sand hills along the Platte river and soon reached the river. The Platte is always muddy and full of small islands of willows and cottonwoods.

Meets First Indians

"May 22: Cool and pleasant. Met some Indians today. Camped near a cool place called Fremont's springs. It is told us that five men froze to death at this place on May 9th last.

Last Postoffice

"May 23: This day we passed 'Opallon Blues' the last post office on the way to Denver City. We met a few people from the mines and they tell pitiful tales of the hardships there. Things begin to look a little dubious but our pride won't let us turn back.

On To California

"May 25: Concluded to go on to California and to go to Pikes Peak another year. So we parted with our friends, who went toward the peak.

Buffalo Steaks

"June 10: This being Sunday and not travelling, we thought it might be of a little benefit to take a hunt, as we had not any fresh meat for some time and accordingly four of us boys started on our first buffalo hunt. We crossed over the river and made our way to some black spots we thought were buffalo. But they turned out to be piles of black stones. We were returning to camp disgusted when we came across some sure enough buffalo and returned to camp with all the buffalo steaks we could pack.

Fort Bridger

"June 30: Reached Fort Bridger and camped for the day. Fort Bridger is nearly deserted. Here, just at dark, one of our men was fired at and his horse taken away from him. Three of us mounted soon afterward and followed the thief to the mountains.

Kills Horse Thief

"July 1: Started early in company with a mountaineer and the man that owned the horse and took up pursuit of the thief. Followed him to within fifty miles of Salt Lake City and caught him napping in Echo canyon. We ordered him to give himself up but he refused and threatened to shoot us. There was no other alternative so we killed him and buried him by the side of the road. Took the horses and returned to the wagon train.

Salt Lake City

"July 7: Camped near Ogden City. Here we joined a large train that was waiting for us, as the Indians were troublesome about. We now formed ourselves into one company under by-laws and chose a captain. Our train now consisted of 131 men, 61 women, 88 children, 60 horses, 352 head of cattle and 58 wagons, and we carried 323 shots; revolvers and rifles. We now took our stock inside the wagons which were formed in a circle every night, with a guard of twelve men each night.

"July 15: Today Henry shot himself through the hand accidentally. He is a good boy and we took as good care of him as we could under the circumstances.

Natives Friendly

"July 23: Camped in Thousand Spring Valley. The Indians are friendly, trading whips and furs for biscuits and bread stuff. A birth in camp. (The third one.)

Voted Out

"August 8: Met some of Sanders' men, a scouting party. A part of the company left, so we held a meeting and voted them out of the train.

Both Died

"August 10: Mrs. Hyke and her new-born babe died today. Buried them in a little canyon.

"August 18: Camped near Susanville. Here we started on alone, just as we left home. Have had good luck all the way through and have lost but little stock.

"September 1: Started early for the Sacramento. Nooned at Inskip and stopped for the night at Lovelock's mill. Roads rough.

"September 3: Arrived at Bob Welch's ranch on the Feather river and turned the stock out.

Trip Completed

"September 4: Took a horse and went to Marysville and found letters from home. Now the trip is made and

according to my estimate of the distance, it is 1995 miles from Sabetha to Marysville.

[note: The introduction refers to "Mr. Walsh" while the May 1 entry is "Welsh" and the September 3 entry is "Welch"]

Yuba County Street Names

Ever wonder how some streets get their interesting or even strange names? Often a road is named after someone who was prominent in a community, and sometimes those names are only in our memories from their namesake are those thoroughfares.

Unless otherwise noted, the source for this history is *Sutter Yuba Times* - "Streets Where We Live"

Bottler Road

Bottler Drive may be located in Marysville, but L. M. Bottler, the street's namesake, was well known in 1867 as a Yuba City brewery proprietor.

During that year, an advertisement appeared in the Sutter County Sentinel stating that Bottler was the manufacturer of "the Best Lager Beer" in Northern California.

According to the ad, the beer was made under Bottler's personal supervision, and it was claimed that "nothing but the best article of barley is used."

Even the weekly Sutter Banner stamped its own approval on Bottler's industry when it printed that "Some of the best judges have pronounced Bottler's beer unsurpassed in Northern California and this opinion is well deserved. Encourage home industry and call and sample."

The brewery was originally built about 1857 by the Bottler brothers on the east bank of the Feather River.

Due to the continuing threat of high water, the brewery was moved in 1864 to the corner of Bridge and Second streets in Yuba City. Bottler used the bricks of the old building in the construction of the new one.

In fact, the two-story part of the old brewery still stands and the windows are now filled in with bricks. The remodeled building now houses the First American Title Insurance Company.

Bottler died in the fall of 1874 and the brewery remained idle until the next February, when it was rented and opened by Fred Klempp. Two years later, Klempp married Bottler's widow and continued to manage and expand the Yuba City Brewery. [no source information]

Del Pero Street

Otto Del Pero was a tail gunner who was killed near the end of WWII. Del Pero Street was named after him

Note: Robert Del Pero met a lady who knew Otto & told Robert what Otto was like as a child and teenager.

[AD Advertising Supplement - 4 June 1995 - pg 11]

Freeman Street

Freeman Street in Yuba County was named for Lavern L. Freeman, a successful orchardist, who also maintained a real estate and insurance office at 327 D Street, Marysville.

A native of McHenry County, Ill., he was born in 1870 to Henry and Sarah Freeman, who owned a dairy farm. Freeman was educated in Illinois schools and was a graduate of the University of Illinois.

According to Peter Delay's "History of Yuba and Sutter Counties," Freeman located in Sutter County in 1897 where he taught school and was elected superintendent of county schools, serving for four years.

He also took charge of the educational department at the lone Industrial School for four years.

Following that period of time, Freeman engaged himself in the real estate, insurance and brokerage business. He continued his interests in farming, however, and took a deep interest in progressive farming on his seventy acres of land.

During his lifetime, Freeman was a member of the Republican Party, was a Master Mason and a member of the Woodmen of the World.

[no source information]

Hammonton Road

Hammonton Road in Yuba County as well as the once thriving community of Hammonton were named for Wendell P. Hammon who founded the Yuba Consolidated Goldfields in 1905. He

had a few years before brought his dredging activities to the Yuba River near Daguerre Point.

According to Lottie Workman, Hammon filed a copy of the certificate of incorporation in 1905 with capital stock being \$12 million.

Until the formation of the company, the accumulation of tents and cabins had been known as "Dredger Town." Soon after, the locality took on the name of "Hammon" after its founder. The ending "ton" was added when a post office was established in 1906.

With the forming of the company, Hammon decided to lay out plans for a town. And at one time, between 75 and 100 houses were constructed. In 1905 he built a small school of two rooms and the first year had one teacher. By 1909 it was replaced with a four room school.

Although Hammonton was a private company owned town, the residents enjoyed all the conveniences of city living. Each home had hot and cold water, electricity and a modern bathroom, Mrs. Workman noted.

Everyone took pride in their yards. And there was also a complete absence of trash on streets, alleys and yards.

The company disbanded the town during the mid 50s. During the summer and fall of 1957, the houses were all moved out after having been sold to their occupants at a very nominal price, according to Mrs. Workman.

And although nothing remains of this community, the area is still identified by many area residents as Hammonton.

Jasper Lane - Wheatland

Jasper Lane was named for Joseph M. C. Jasper, a native of Virginia, who was born in 1831.

In 1850 he crossed the plains to California. At one time he was engaged in the hotel business at Virginia City, Nev., and later at Downieville and Bridgeport in Yuba County. Afterwards he ran a hotel and stage station on Dry Creek.

Jasper then purchased a ranch one mile east of Wheatland. According to Peter Delay's "History of Yuba and Sutter Counties," he was able to increase his holdings up to 1,400 acres in one portion with another ranch of 3,000 acres, where he followed general farming and stock raising.

He served as a director of the Wheatland Mill Company in 1877. The mill manufactured white and graham flour and corn meal and employed eight men.

Jasper was a charter member of the Wheatland Lodge, No. 260, P. of H. This lodge was organized on August 6, 1875 and regular Saturday meetings took place at the Odd Fellow's Hall in Wheatland. He was also a member of the Nicolaus Lodge, No. 129, F&AM.

In addition, Jasper served as a school trustee for 32 years and for 16 years was president of the Farmers' Bank of Wheatland which was incorporated October 22, 1874 with a capital stock of \$125,000.

Jasper passed away in 1904.

Oakley Lane

Oakley Lane in Wheatland was named for Yuba County pioneer Amasa W. Oakley, a New York native, who first arrived in California in 1849.

According to Thompson and West's "History of Yuba County," Oakley

came to the area in 1853, settling in the East Bear River Township near Wheatland. He was a farmer and stock raiser and for many years served as secretary for the Farmers' Bank of Wheatland, which was incorporated October 22, 1874 with a capital stock of \$25,000.

He also qualified to be a member of the prestigious Marysville Pioneer Society whose object was "to cultivate the social virtues of its members, to collect and preserve information connected with the early settlement of the country and to perpetuate the memory of those whose sagacity, enterprise and love of independence induced them to settle in the wilderness and become the germ of a new state."

His son Amasa George Oakley was the stepfather of Eber Beilby of Rio Oso. According to Beilby, Oakley continued to farm on his father's ranch which at one time was composed of 3,000 acres. The younger Oakley also added peaches and prunes.

The land is no longer in the family, Beilby related. Stineman and Sons of Wheatland currently own a good part of it.

Ostrom Road

Ostrom Road located off of Rancho Road in Yuba County was named after Daniel A. Ostrom, a native of Ohio. He was a farmer and stock raiser, settling in the West Bear River Township in 1852.

According to the "History of Yuba County," published in 1976 by the Yuba County Historical Commission, the Henry Reed property was deeded to Ostrom in 1873, who acquired 2,000 acres of grain land. As a result, the name of Reed's Station, which consisted

of a railroad depot for the Central Pacific Railroad and two dwelling houses was changed to Ostrom.

This property was located approximately six miles north of Wheatland. The railroad accommodated shippers from this region where there was reportedly a large shipment of grain made yearly.

Ostrom served as trustee in 1879 for the Virginia School Board District. He was also active in public affairs throughout the area and represented both Yuba and Sutter Counties in the legislature for several terms, including two terms as State Senator.

A prominent man of his time in the state, Ostrom was a candidate for the nomination of Governor of California. However, he was defeated by only one vote during the convention.

Rideout Way

Rideout Way in Marysville was named after Norman D. Rideout, Marysville banker, who was a native of Maine. He arrived in California in 1851, settling in Yuba County.

Rideout served as treasurer of the Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Society, forerunner of the local district fair, in 1863-1865. He served as the society's president in 1874.

In addition, Rideout was treasurer and trustee of the Marysville Woolen Factory, which began operations in 1867.

Rideout was also on the board of directors of the Marysville Library Association in 1879. This association had its beginning in 1855 when a group of leading citizens assembled and formed a society then called the Young Men's Literary and Scientific Association.

According to Thompson and West's "History of Yuba County," upon incorporation, the group had a capital stock of \$25,000. The library room was located in the rear of the court room in the City Hall and was open to the public. Books were drawn upon the depositing of \$5.00 as security for loss or damage. The money was refunded when the person depositing it ceased to use the facility.

Historical Tidbits

A mule is a hybrid, a cross between a donkey and a horse. It has the size of a horse and lives as long as 35 years. It can carry fantastically heavy loads. Mules were used to transport goods to the mining towns in California until about 1858.

Marysville was once known as "The Jackass Capital of the World," due to the fact that in 1850, there were an estimated 4,000 mules as well as 400 wagons in Marysville to haul freight to the gold mines.

Transportation between Yuba City and Marysville in the early days was by mule—drawn street car. The car was pulled along the tracks from D Street down Fifth and across the bridge, where it rounded the block around Bridge Street, Plumas, B and Second, then back across the bridge to the starting point. The mule car was eventually replaced by an electric car, which was later replaced by buses.

Family History of Mamie Charge Meier

My mother, Agnes (Clemme Agnes Burgett) Charge, born on May 18, 1866, was a native of Sutter County. Her parents were Milbury and Lucinda (Rockholt) Burgett. I don't know much about my grandparents, except that Milbury's mother was Catharine (Milbury) Burgett, and Lucinda's mother was Mrs. Flowers. There is a small town, Burgettstown, in western Pennsylvania named after his family. A family Bible that belonged to Catharine Burgett is now in the possession of a great-great-grandson, Silas A. Schellenger of Sutter. Grandpa Burgett was born in Iowa on St. Patrick's Day, 1832, and crossed the plains by ox team in 1857. (Editor's note: other records indicate Milbury was born in Ohio, not Iowa.) His wife, born in Missouri in 1842, also came to California in 1857. From this marriage there were nine children: Sarah, wife of George Thompson, who, with his father, developed the Thompson seedless grape; Eliza, wife of Enos (Doo) Morelan; Harriett, wife of Bradley Perry; my mother, Agnes; my stepmother, Lena; Rhoda, first married to George Gard, later to Hen Page; Elizabeth, who died in infancy; Eva, first married to John Gulick, later to Matt Sullenger; one son, William.

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

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

After a separation from her first husband, Lucinda Burgett married a man by the name of Davis, and thereafter she was always known as Grandma Davis. She was quite a lady - always put her hair up on curlers and wore what I suppose could be called a boudoir cap. As she grew older, she kept busy crocheting, and much of her handiwork was given away to members of the family. She died in 1924, and is buried in the Sutter cemetery. Grandpa Burgett died in 1910, and is buried in the old pioneer Stohlman cemetery. Also buried there are my mother Agnes Charge, and my paternal grandparents, Peter and Mary Magdalena Charge. I am grateful to my grandson, Steve Fortna, for putting ironwork fencing around the graves of my mother, and Grandpa and Grandma Charge.

Just a few words here about the Stohlman cemetery. This property and the adjoining farmland was claimed by a Mr. Johnson in the early 1860s, and was sold by him to a Mr. Isaacs in 1869. In 1870, when my grandparents purchased the ranch, the cemetery was included. At about this time, a small church was erected in the cemetery; it was built by the people of the community, square holes and pegs being provided, and a circuit rider, Father Crepts, conducted services. Chris Meier, an uncle of my husband, attended church there. In 1887 my grandmother Charge sold the property to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stohlman, and

the church building was moved (probably around 1905-1910) and incorporated in their ranch buildings. [Editor's note: There are no Stohlmans buried in the Stohlman cemetery.]

It is interesting to note that J. A. Friend, who was the sixth sheriff of Sutter County, and his wife, Harriett, are buried in the Stohlman cemetery. Another interesting fact is that the headstone on the grave of Felix Martin was pictured in Ripley's "Believe It or Not." It shows the figure of a man holding a horse, with the inscription "Hold to him Frank." Mr. Martin was hauling grain to be put on the riverboat at Meridian. While unloading, the wagon slipped on the bank, and he lost his life in the river. His close friend, Frank (Franz) Nau, had the inscription carved on his tombstone. Mr. Nau's grave is next to that of his friend. Although this happened before I was born, I can remember people telling about it. Ripley also pictured the Sutter Buttes, identifying them as "The Smallest Mountain Range in the World." The earliest burial in the cemetery is thought to have been that of a seven-year-old boy, Elza Gray, who drowned in 1860. On his headstone is found this quotation: "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

And now I come to my own story. I was born October 31, 1885, on my grandmother Charge's ranch, near the foot of the Sutter Buttes to Martin and Agnes Charge. There is an illustration of this ranch in the "History of Sutter County," published by Thompson and West in 1879, and reproduced in 1974 by Howell-North Books. For many years a lone fig tree remained at the site, but it too is now gone. My mother was the second patient attended in

childbirth by Dr. E. V. Jacobs of Meridian, who at that time was just beginning a long and active practice. Gertrude Stewart, later to marry my stepbrother Ralph, was the first baby delivered. Although my mother was a strong and healthy young woman, complications apparently developed, and she died when I was ten days old. So it was that my kindly grandmother took me as her own, and cared for me until I was ten years old.

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

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

When I was about five years old, we moved to Elk Creek in Glenn County, and it was there I first went to school. Grandmother's daughter Emma (our beloved Aunt Em), a young lady at that time and soon to be married, lived with us, and those were happy days for me. The best time was when my cousin, Cordie Nau, came to visit. We

were both near the same age, and remained close companions throughout grade school. There was a watermelon patch nearby, where my Uncle Will lived, and Cousin Cordie and I would pick out the largest we could find to carry home. As might be expected, we usually dropped our melon and had to eat it on the spot, then go back for another to take home.

In those days, it was customary to voluntarily expose children to the measles to ensure they would develop the disease at an early age. Our family was no exception, and when Cousin Cordie came down with the measles, I was urged to kiss her. Needless to say, this exposure had the desired effect. Another old fashioned custom was the use of asafetida bags worn around the neck to ward off disease. Children disliked them very much because of their garlic-like odor. Possibly their only value was to keep others at a safe distance.

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

her son, Will, was responsible for losses incurred during the intervening years.)

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

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

Attending school was perhaps my greatest enjoyment, and I never missed a day if I could help it. The Slough school was about three miles away, and my three stepbrothers and I walked this distance, rain or shine. The

schoolhouse, built in 1888, is still standing, although not in use since 1962. Later my children all attended this same one-room school. (My husband attended the Slough school that was in use before this one was built.) Spelling was my best subject, arithmetic my most difficult. In those days pupils were taught word analysis, an excellent help in learning the meaning of words. Although few Indians remained in our area at that time, there were two Indian girls, Emma and May, who attended school when I did.

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

When I was in the sixth grade, we moved closer to Sutter city, and I attended Brittan school there. One of the teachers, Miss Brittan, was the daughter of the man for whom the school was named. Although not my teacher, she was very kind to me and

saw that I kept warm when I had chills and fever from malaria. The Ramey family lived just over the hill us, and the daughter, May, became one of my closest friends. As time went on, she married Mr. McLaughlin, a construction worker from Canada, and we lost track of one another. Years later we renewed our friendship when I visited her and her daughter, Marjorie, in 1974, at their home in Vancouver, British Columbia.

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

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

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

When I was sixteen, I graduated from the ninth grade at Slough school. At that time, the final examinations were prepared and sent out by the Superintendent of Schools office. We anxiously studied for these exams, and were greatly relieved when they were over. We usually had picnics in the Buttes on the last day of school, and climbing to the top of the peaks was a big event of the day. Although rattlesnakes are numerous in that area, I don't recall any casualties.

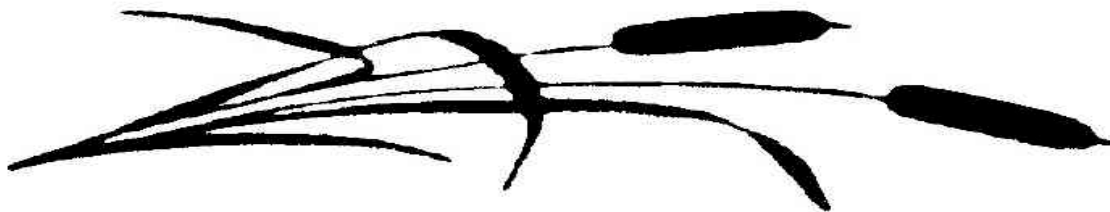
When Grandma Charge came to America, she brought her feather bed with her. We too used feather beds, and saved duck and goose feathers for that purpose, and also for pillows. Schmierkase (cottage cheese) was one of Grandma's favorite foods, and she made good coffee cake which we called "kouga" (probably derived from the German word kuchen.)

In those days we did most of our shopping in Meridian, going to Marysville (an all-day trip by horse and buggy) several times a year for clothing and other items, and perhaps a jug of whiskey. We always kept a jug on

hand, and my husband occasionally liked a drink after a hard day's work. We called for our mail at the Meridian post office, as a rural free delivery was not yet established. Newspapers came by mail, and the Sutter County Farmer, published once a week, was the leading newspaper. Magazines at the time included "Hearth and Home," "Comfort Magazine" and the "Youths Companion."

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

Another peddler, Ike, had a push-cart which carried a variety of articles such as towels, tablecloths, clothing, baby shoes, and even alarm clocks. Occasionally, old Benjamin, another peddler, came along with clothing and other goods. A meat wagon, driven by Billy Hill, delivered meat from the shop in Meridian. Later on, the butcher shop in Sutter City sent out a meat truck, and W. H. McPherrin drove this truck.



Puzzles

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



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|--------------|----------|
| Bottler | Couture |
| Downieville | Eunice |
| Finery | Freeman |
| Haberdashery | Hometown |
| Lyman | Mamie |
| Meridian | Mugget |
| Rideout | Schnabel |
| Slough | Stohlman |
| Susanville | Vintage |
| Wheatland | Yubacity |

Coming Events

March

30 Bus Trip Around the Buttes

April

12 Hike in the Sutter Buttes

12 "Tour Through Time"- Centennial Home Tour
Contact Yuba City Parks & Rec. Dept. for details - 822-4798

19-20 Wear and Remembrance, A Vintage Clothing Fair
Franklin Hall, Yuba-Sutter Fairgrounds
Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sunday 11 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

26 **Historical Society Annual Membership meeting**
11:30 social time, 12:00 luncheon
West Sutter Veterans Hall - 4th & Bridge Streets, Meridian

May

9 *A. O. Carpenter* exhibit opens at the Museum
Pioneer photographer in Northern California

June

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