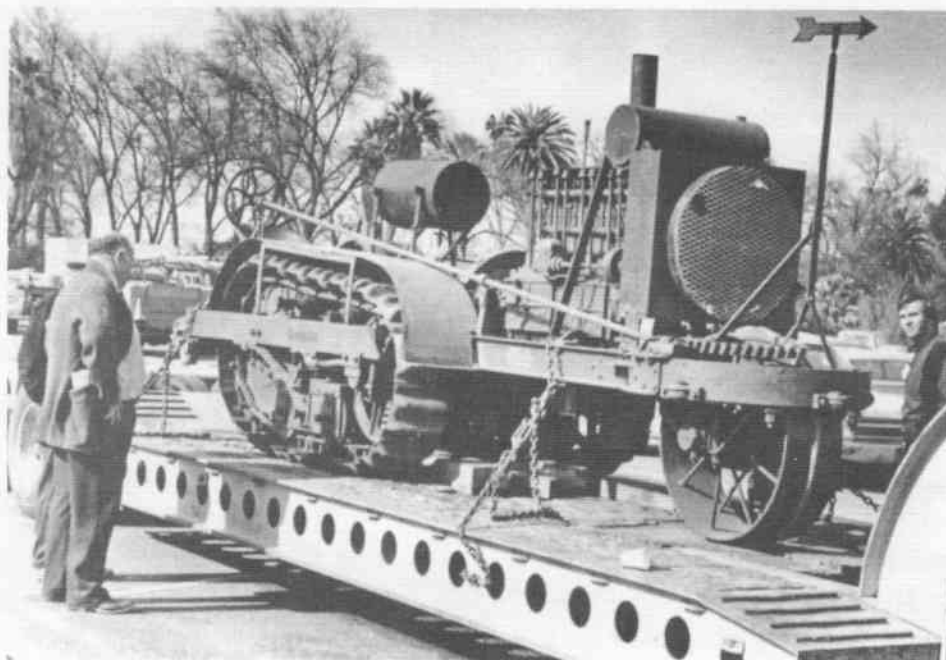


Vol. L No. 1

Yuba City, California

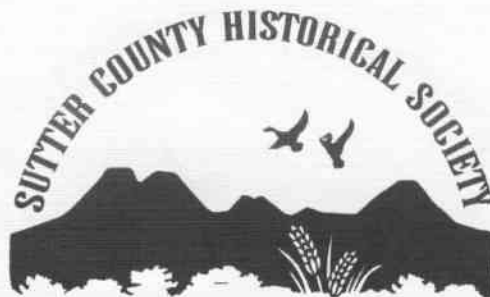
January 2008



Vintage Caterpillar

(courtesy of the Community Memorial Museum)

COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM
OF SUTTER COUNTY
P.O. Box 1555
1333 Butte House Road
Yuba City, CA 95992



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Bob Mackensen, Vice President

Phyllis Smith, Secretary/Treasurer

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Steve Perry-1994

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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 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

Student (under 18)/ Senior Citizen/Library.....	\$ 20
Individual	\$ 25
Organizations/Clubs	\$ 35
Family	\$ 40
Business/Sponsor.....	\$ 100
Corporate/Benefactor	\$1000

President's Message

We're working on an exciting lineup for our membership meeting programs in 2008! We're starting off in January with a presentation on how Sacramento was raised above flood level in the nineteenth century. Our host is Vicki Rorke, who many of you may remember from her stint as an intern at our Museum. Vicki is completing her Master's Degree in Public History at CSU Sacramento and her presentation will be on her thesis topic, so you can be sure she knows whereof she speaks.

And in April we'll hear from Phyllis Smith on the history of the Lofton Cemetery, which was in the town of Erle until the town was overtaken by Camp Beale in the 1940s. The cemetery dates from 1862 and still has occasional burials.

So be sure to join us for a year of educational and entertaining topics, as well as an enjoyable time mingling with your fellow Historical Society members.

Audrey Breeding
President



Membership Meeting

Saturday, January 19, 2008
2:00 p.m.
Community Memorial Museum
1333 Butte House Road
Yuba City
530-822-7141

Program:
Vicki Rorke, future MPH - Master of Public History
Old Sacramento's Underground

After suffering flooding from the Sacramento River, the city of Sacramento decided to raise its streets and buildings up one floor to stay out of the way of winter's waters. But Sacramento's underground remains, and Vicki will help us explore it as she explains its history.

Director's Report

Thirty three years into our museum adventure, we find ourselves surrounded by a number of exciting projects. We are on the cusp of a new building project that will fill the longtime need for a meeting room for our Museum and Historical Society events. In addition, it will provide a resource for the community to use for meetings and events. The Museum will benefit financially through rental fees. The building may come to fruition sooner than we dared hope, due to a generous bequest from longtime Museum volunteer and aide Dorothy Ettl. We are seeking additional donations to raise the remaining needed funds. If you would like to contribute toward the meeting room fund, please contact the Museum.

Exciting things are taking place in the new wing completed last summer. We are looking forward to installation of the Punjabi-American exhibit sometime during the first half of 2008. Work continues with several other groups who are collecting photos and information for other exhibits in the ethnic history section. Although this group of exhibits has taken longer than projected, we now see part of it coming toward completion.

A long awaited history of Yuba City for the centennial year of the city's incorporation in 2008 is another exciting project that Museum staff is working on. We look forward to the publication of *Yuba City, Our Home Town* in late summer 2008. The book is available for pre-sale. As a bonus, those pre-ordering the book will receive a copy of the *Sutter County Scenic Tour Guide*. Buyers will receive a special certificate to exchange for a copy of the book when it is published. Come by the Museum to order your copy.

The Museum is pleased to host student art from both of Yuba City's high schools in January and February. Yuba City High School's exhibit will open on Thursday, January 10 with an evening reception and will remain through January 18. River Valley's Art Department will show their students' talents with an opening reception on Friday, January 25, and the exhibit will remain through February 7. The subsequent exhibit will showcase some great local artifacts recently donated to the Museum by longtime area families.

Be sure to get your *Love's Messenger* form in to order a beautiful gift bag for your sweetheart. The bags also make great thank you gifts, or they are just a nice way to remember someone special. You will find the pink form in this issue.

I hope you will visit your Museum often this year. It is growing in every way, with your help, to meet the needs of our growing community.

Julie Stark
Director

Memorials

In Memory of **Sybill Aronson**
Joe & Rebecca Benatar

In Memory of **Dan Butler**
Norman & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Robert Coats, Sr.**
Jim, Barbara, & Lane Abbott
Alice Andreason
Mike & Helene Andrews
Fran & Bob Atterbury
Beverly Balfour
Barbara Barnett
Sherrie Branscum
Nancy M. Bristow
Bob & Katie Bryant
Jim and Joan Buchan
Ann Carnes
Roger & Jackie Chandler
Dorothy Cornell
Babs Cotter
Joan & Bud Doty
Dove Family
Marge & Bryan Fairlee
Elizabeth Friend
Tom Frye
Godfrey Family
Marjorie Hansen
Howard & Bobbie Hardie
Bruce & Gini Harter
Helen Heenan
Betty Huckins
Robert Islip
Dorothy Jang
Peter Jelavich Jr. & Family
Gulzar S. Johl, M.D.
Rosanne Kirkpatrick
Peter & Francis Laney &
Patty Lang
Gail Lang
James & Dee Lang
Jan & Jere Lang
Barbara & Ted Lerch
Lomo Receiving Company

In Memory of **Robert Coats (cont.)**

Janet Malloch
Stan & Rose Marumoto
Calvert & Begona McPherrin
Jim & Lynn Metcalf
J. J. Micheli
Gayle & Mitzi Morrison
Arden & Arlene Oji
Mr. & Mrs Hobart Onstott
Sarah & Jim Pettis
Carl & Amy Phillips
Norman & Loadel Piner
Claire Poole
Barbara, John & Katherine
Putman
George & Paula Raub
John & Dorothea Reische
Rodriquez Family
Julian & Nancy Rolufs
Mr. & Mrs Joseph L. Ruzich
Margit & Peter Sands
Randy & Shirley Schnabel
Mike Schuster & Ruth
Mikkelsen
Margaret Serger & Family
Jack & Nancy Shehi
Marilyn & Mark Smith
Mary, Janet & Jim Spilman
John L. Sullivan
Orland & Barbara Tuttle
Jane H. Ullrey
Catherine Winger & Ritch
Skorka

In Memory of **Stephen Coolidge**
Ruth & Howard Anthony

In Memory of **Sheila Eden**
Ruth & Howard Anthony
Barbara & Dewey Gruening
Allen & Kathe Herr
Janis & Roger Stillwell

Memorials

In Memory of **Vadna Epley**

Joni Adams
Jeffrey Buck
Dorothy Jang
Richard & Susan Korose
Mary Lou Naughton
June Otto
Ida J. Philpott
Sunset Buttes Lions Club
David & Gina Tarke

In Memory of **Jordan Epperson** Randy & Shirley Schnabel

In Memory of **Etta Frink** Bogue Country Club

In Memory of **Carolyn Harter Gareis** Norm & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Leila Gillett** Ken & Vivian Calhoun Howard & Bobbie Hardie Bob, Barbara & Karen Burrow

In Memory of **Aherne Henson** Ruth & Howard Anthony

In Memory of **Harlan Howard** Mary Ann Bristow Janis & Roger Stillwell

In Memory of **Madge Johnson** Joe Benatar Barbara & Dewey Gruening

In Memory of **Lois Lathrop** Norman & Loadel Piner

In Memory of **Betty Miller** Joe Benatar

In Memory of **Perry Mosburg**

Chevron U. S. A., Inc.
Jack & Jean Duncan
Stanley & Rose Marumoto
Rosalie Shorman
Sharyl Simmons
Phyllis Smith
Julie Stark
Barbara Williams

In Memory of **Marion C. North** Marie E. Fuller

In Memory of **Lawrence Panico** Mr. & Mrs. Joseph L. Ruzich

In Memory of **Judy Richardson** Becky & Sam Anderson Neva Bright Sandra Carder Babs & Morris Cotter Karen S. Dusa Mr. & Mrs Dan Jacuzzi Bob & Lee Jones Connie Keriotis & Family Don Kindell Jane Miller Marelyn Nicholson Mrs. Lawrence V. Panico Norm & Loadel Piner Aunt Roberta Reid & Cousins Harriet, Janet, Barbara & Andrew Larry & Joann Rider Dr. & Mrs. Garron Reichers & Staff Tosh & Tae Sano Willard & Jennifer Scrogin Sharyl Simmons Julie Stark Dr. & Mrs. F. W. Walkin Lee & Juley Welch

Memorials

In Memory of **Gregory Scandalis**
Joe Benatar

In Memory of **Wiley Shackelford**
Joe Benatar

In Memory of **James Sharpe**
Mr. & Mrs Gerald Whitten

In Memory of **Katherine B. Smith**
Randy & Shirley Schnabel

In Memory of **John Thompson**
Merlyn K. Rudge

In Memory of **Susan Reische Trexler**
Sherry Halcomb
Jean DeMattos
John & Dorothea Reische
Phyllis Smith
Carol Ray Trexler

In Memory of **Bernice Wilson**

Bob & Pauline Masera
Laverne & Marie McPherrin
Rosey McPherrin
Betty Lee & Brud Perry
Sharyl Simmons
Phyllis Smith
Mrs. Alta Tsiliacos

In Memory of **Mary Jane Zall**
Robert & Eleanor Mackensen

In Honor of **Bob & Katherine Bryant**
on their 80th Birthdays
Howard & Bobbie Hardie

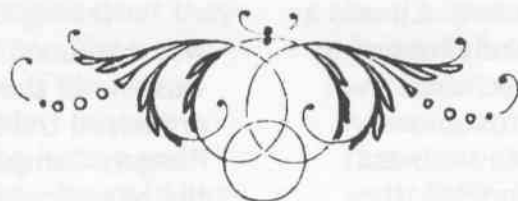
To the **Endowment Fund**
Rose Wood

Where Does Your Contribution Go?

The above list of contributions contains gifts to both the Community Memorial Museum and the Sutter County Historical Society.

Currently, all donations to the Historical Society go into the General Fund, unless they are specifically designated for the Building Fund. The expenses for the Hock Farm Door renovation come from the General Fund. The Museum is currently planning its next expansion, and some Historical Funds may be contributed to this effort. Monies from the General Fund are used to pay the Society's insurance premium, post office box rental, Bulletin printing, mailing expenses and other operating expenses.

All donations are greatly appreciated and help keep the Historical Society a viable entity in the community.



Pioneers of Note

by
Carol Withington

Eli Davis

Brought First Combine Harvester to Area

Between 1865 and 1914, two concurrent lines of improvement in the simple grain reaper emerged. One sought to reduce the time used in harvesting by mechanical bundling and tying off sheaves with a binder. The other approach was to reduce the overall time of reaping and threshing by doing both in the field with a combine simultaneously.

Although the binder was more successful initially, the combine was destined to be the more successful with the later application of power from internal combustion engines.

Credited with bringing the first combine harvester to the area was Eli Davis, Sutter County pioneer. It's recorded that his machine was able to cut, thresh and rack the grain.

The harvester was pulled by about 36 horses and mules, as the combine needed an immense amount of power. Throughout the years, the combine proved so successful, that more of them were eventually brought into the area.

Eli Davis was born on March 20, 1930 in Ohio. His father Isaac was a teacher and farmer. Eli was a small boy when his family moved to 900 acres they had purchased from Joseph Smith at Montrose, Iowa.

When in route to the west with a Mormon train in 1847, the

elder Davis died at their winter quarters in Florence, Nebraska. Young Davis then returned to relatives in Fairfield, Iowa.

In 1852, Davis crossed the plains to California, working his passage by driving an ox team and prairie schooner. He went directly to the mines where he prospected for himself. It proved an unsuccessful venture, however.

Later in Marysville, Davis engaged in teaming for a brief period of time. He then opened the Queen City Stable, which was located on Third Street. He and his partner, Thomas Dean, another prominent Sutter County resident, operated the establishment for two or three years. Davis eventually sold out to Dean and turned to farming in Sutter County.

At first, he bought squatter's rights, then purchased the land as it came on the market until he accumulated about 3,000 acres. One half of the land was planted with grain. The remainder was used for pasture land and for raising hay.

On September 4, 1860, Davis married Sophia Colgate Hyndman, a native of Ohio.

During the Civil War, Davis was a staunch Union supporter. He was one of the leading men who organized the Butter Mountain Rangers Company, in which many of the pioneers served as "Home

Guards." Davis served as captain of the company in 1865.

In addition to his successful farming pursuits, Davis was prominent in Sutter County politics. A staunch Republican, he was chairman of the Central Committee for that party for twelve years.

He served as county supervisor of the Third District from 1873 to 1885 and was frequently the chairman of the board.

Davis also fought to stop hydraulic mining and was one of the chief counselors who liberally gave of his time and funds to the cause. He, along with others, was thus largely instrumental in the work that finally brought the hydraulic miners under the law.

Davis died on January 31, 1909 while dozing by the fireside of his home. Heart disease was the reported cause of his death.

His widow moved to Alameda, where she died on August 8, 1936 -- one month short of her 102nd birthday.

During her last few years, Mrs. Davis was the guest of honor at the Sutter-Yuba picnics at Mosswood Park in Oakland. The *Oakland Tribune* and the *San Francisco Chronicle* would often send reporters to take pictures and write interviews of her.

Known for her wit and bright manner, Mrs. Davis became a familiar figure in Bay Area communities.

The Davis home, built in the 1860s and located west of Yuba City, still remains. It continues to serve as a link with Eli Davis whose kind and genial face and familiar figure had become a landmark to his many friends.

Henry S. Graves -- from Miner to County Leader

During the month of October in 1849, a company of gold seekers from Benicia was directed to the Yuba River by a Major Cooper, pioneer of Parks Bar.

A mining camp was soon erected and by the following spring, claims on Long Bar, as it was to become known, were taken up so rapidly that nearly 1,000 people converged on the area.

Several hotels, stores, saloons and bakeries were started that fall and winter, and more were opened the following year.

During the summer months, the population dwindled somewhat

as the miners scattered along the river, but by winter, the population rose once more.

In just a few years, a half-dozen stores, at least eight saloons and gambling houses and an equal number of hotels and boarding houses were established in this gold mining camp.

Work at Long Bar continued later than at many other mining camps, although the place was not "so rich as its two great rivals -- Parks and Rose Bars."

Still, Long Bar lured many gold seekers to the area including Henry Sherman Graves, a native of

Middletown, Connecticut, who crossed the plains with some ox teams when only 18 years of age.

Graves failed to strike it rich at Long Bar, so he eventually abandoned this endeavor. However, he soon embarked on a new trade of running pack trains of supplies to miners.

In February of 1852, when scarcely more than 21 years of age, Graves took up a squatter's claim along the western base of the Sutter Buttes. He began improvements on the ranch and at the same time continued to run his pack train to the mountains.

In addition, this ambitious young man carried provisions from Sacramento to the mines by river.

On January 13, 1862, Graves married Mary Darple, a widow and native of Germany. She had arrived in California in 1852 and lived for some time in Marysville.

A few years later, the couple built a two-story home featuring wide verandas on North Butte Road.

A strong temperance man throughout his lifetime, Graves spent considerable time traveling in order to advance the cause of the International Order of Good Templars (IOGT), a branch of the Masonic order.

He became widely known as one of the first and leading temperance men of the state. He was once the Good Templars' candidate for Congress in the local

district.

With continuing interest in civic matters as well, Graves became one of the first directors of the North Butte Hall Association, which was formed in 1877.

In 1879 he served as president of the directorship of this association and was also elected to the board of trustees for the North Butte District.

A charter member of the Pioneer Society of the Marysville, Graves was also one of the founders of the *Sutter County Farmer* newspaper.

During the hydraulic mining controversy in the early 1880s, Graves was selected to serve as a member of the Advisory Committee in the Anti-Debris Association.

Throughout the years, Graves continued to pursue his ranching and stock business. At one time, he had accumulated 4,700 acres of range, farming land and tule land. A large portion of his holdings was devoted to farming and the remainder to the raising of stock.

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

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

B.F. Walton
Influenced Building of Sutter County Cannery

In May of 1883 a group of local fruit growers gathered to organize a processing plant. An article appeared that month in the *Sutter County Farmer* stating that "the blessings ... are within our grasp; let us embrace the opportunity. Already the sound is heard, we will! More fruit trees were planted this spring than for ten years before, and the Yuba City Fruit Cannery may be considered a fixed fact: all the blessings will follow as we make ourselves worthy of them."

Two months later the same paper declared that certificates of corporation were filed with the Secretary of State. According to the article, lands had been purchased for the cannery site from O. A. Wilbur.

The block of land, consisting of over five acres, was located across Gilsizer Slough next to the railroad tracks west of town. The land fronted B Street and was said to be on "high ground."

The cannery, which was to be completed in approximately 40 days, was described as a "very spacious structure, suitable to carry on the business extensively."

The first Board of Directors for the new Sutter Canning and Packing Company included: J. B. Wilkie, S. C. Deaner, J. C. Gray, H. Luther, J. P. Onstott, G. S. Cooley and B. F. Walton, one of the county's most progressive citizens.

Benjamin Franklin Walton, the eldest of nine children, was born in Warren County, Pennsylvania on July 18, 1835.

After completing his studies at elementary schools, he entered Chamberlain Institute in Randolph, New York at the age of 14. During vacations from the four year academy, Walton gained considerable experience as a teacher in district schools.

On November 22, 1859, Walton began his journey to California. He sailed from New York on the steamer *Atlantic* and later continued on the *Golden Age*, arriving in San Francisco nearly a month later.

The day after his arrival, Walton took a steamer to Sacramento and continued by stage until he reached Marysville where he gained employment by chopping wood by the cord.

In the spring he moved to Sutter County where he located five miles southwest of Yuba City on 160 acres. During the next two years he was engaged in teaming to the mines and also in trading livestock.

In time, he was able to accumulate enough money so that he could begin to devote his entire attention to the cultivation of 50 acres harvesting enough wheat to yield a reported 48 bushels per acre.

According to research, his first home was a wagon bed, but soon Walton exchanged it for a cabin. He kept this "bachelor's hall" on his farm until 1867 when he married the former Sarah Starr, a native of Ohio.

As the Sacramento Valley was continually menaced by hydraulic mining, an Anti-Debris Association was formed and later became a statewide

body. Walton became the first secretary of the association. In addition, he served as secretary of the first Board of Directors of the Farmers Cooperative Union of Sutter County, which was established in 1873.

Just three years after it began operations, the Sutter Canning and Packing Company was awarded the first premium at the State Fair in Sacramento for the best display of canned and preserved fruits, jams and jellies.

As one of the directors of the Immigration Bureau of Yuba-Sutter Counties, Walton reported in an 1887 booklet that "the season's pack is about 500,000 cans of two pounds each, thus disposing of 500 tons of fruit. This company will pay out not less than \$15,000 to the area fruit growers during the present season."

Because of this success, Walton and the other directors agreed to

enlarge the cannery to three times the original capacity the following year.

In 1889 his wife of 22 years died leaving a family of eight children. Six years later Walton married Hattie Sprague Jones, a native of Sacramento County.

At one time, Walton had twelve hundred acres under cultivation, which was one of the largest individual ranches in the county.

Around 1917, the Waltons left Sutter County and took up residence in Oakland. Five years later on November 1, Walton died at the age of 87.

Many mourned the death of this man who not only helped lay the foundations of a fruit industry, but through his influence and guidance in building a cannery, was also able to stimulate the planting of cling peaches and other fruits which have offered valuable opportunities to Sutter County residents.

John Wilkie Industrious Farmer, Successful Inventor

As early as 1845, the farming potential of our area was fast becoming a reality. Both Theodore Cordua and Theodore Sicard were raising wheat. And a year later, Nicolaus Allgeier raised grain near the settlement of Nicolaus.

During these years, however, the method of cultivation was "exceedingly primitive." Local farmers resorted to the same practices used among the native Californians and any enterprising farmer who desired to raise wheat had first to manufacture a plow.

This he would accomplish by a trek into a forest, diligently searching

for a tree with a properly shaped limb. If he were successful, the tree would be cut down, the branches hewed off and the remaining limbs trimmed to the correct length and size.

A triangular piece of iron was then fastened to the lower branch with the apex of the triangle downward. The other branch was used as a pole for the animal with the main stem serving as a handle.

Two oxen were attached to this "plow" by ropes which were fastened around their horns. An Indian boy was then hired to walk ahead of the oxen,

which were trained to follow him, and a man came behind to guide the plow.

The implement loosened the dirt, making a shallow furrow eight inches wide. Grain was scattered by hand and a brush drawn over the field to harrow it and cover the seed.

When the grain ripened, sickles and butcher knives were utilized to cut the yellow stalks. The grain was bound and carried to a ring on which horses and cattle were driven, shelling the wheat from the head. Straw was next removed; then the grain was thrown into the air so that the wind might carry away the chaff and leave the grain free.

By 1851, the first threshing machine was employed in the Nicolaus section. Three years later, mowers and reapers were introduced. These new farm implements were soon utilized by area farmers including John Wilkie, an originator of an apparatus for "blue-stoning" seed grain.

Blue-stoning is a process that uses copper sulfate, or bluestone, to prevent rust from appearing in the crop when the wheat came up.¹

Wilke was born in Leven, Fifeshire, Scotland in 1840. Two years later, his family migrated to the United States, settling in Michigan.

At the age of 18, Wilkie and his brother David came to California where they commenced working on a ranch located on the Sacramento River. Later, Wilkie worked with a threshing outfit at the Sutter Buttes, during the season of 1859.

The following spring, he obtained a squatter's right to 160 acres of land situated at Tudor. Together

with his brother, the young men cut some 300 cords of oak wood from the land.

During the ensuing years, Wilkie added to his land accumulation and became a successful farmer and inventor.

Items regarding his blue-stoning machines began appearing in local newspapers. According to the October 1874 *Sutter County Banner*, twenty-five of his machines were contracted at the Empire Foundry. It was further stated that his machine was awarded a diploma at the State Fair and is said "to operate very successfully in its work of blue stoning seed."

The following month an advertisement appeared stating "time gained is money saved" -- "hard work made easy by using the Wilkie's Apparatus for blue stoning seed grain." The advertisement also added that the demand for his machine had prompted Wilkie to manufacture them on a large scale. "This Sutter County invention eclipses anything of its kind in the world."

In 1876 Wilkie purchased the brick building on Sutter and Bridge Streets known as the "old mill." Here he installed a machine for barley-crushing and later added burrs for milling grain. The first barrel of flour was made in July 1876.

Now known as the Yuba City Flour and Feed Mill, an article appeared in the July 13, 1876 *Sutter County Weekly Banner* describing Wilkie's establishment as a "striking instance of what a little energy can do with the way of building up a business." It was Wilkie's aim "to rid labor of its drudgery by making everything as convenient as possible."

¹ Norris, Frank. *The Octopus*. Penguin Books. 1994; Ridlington, Sandy, Editor. *Gateway to the Pacific*. Oregon State University. 1986. p 139

During this time, Wilkie estimated that when his mill was completed, he would be able to turn out one hundred barrels of flour per day, thereby meeting the needs of area farmers by furnishing a local market for their wheat.

According to the *Weekly Banner*, Wilkie's mill, being "situated in the heart of the best wheat growing country in the state," and "having the advantage of water transportation to the bay, should prove a profitable investment to Wilkie and a valuable addition to our town."

Wilkie continued conducting his business until 1881 when he sold the

mill and returned to farming in District 70. Two years later he married the former Sarah Craddock.

The couple remained in District 70 until 1886 when Wilkie purchased a tract of land west of Yuba City, where he devoted his time to raising plums and peaches on twenty acres of land.

On February 6, 1931, Wilkie died at the age of 91. Internment was made in the Sutter Cemetery where large numbers of relatives and friends gathered to pay last respects to a man whose ingenuity and foresight had helped to add significantly to the economy of the area.

Winship Roots in Sutter County It all began with a baker named Isaac

The community of Nicolaus was at one time regarded as "the shipping and commercial center" for the southern part of Sutter County.

Some of the largest and finest dairy herds once roamed the rich bottom lands. Hops and alfalfa, along with the development of prune and pear orchards, were also among the major industries of this bustling community.

Grain and stock pursuits also yielded large returns to the "enterprising" ranchers.

Travelers found ample accommodations at a hotel, built by James Bell, known by the Nicolaus citizenry as a "wild, reckless fellow." The establishment was named "The Bell House," and among the earliest employees was a baker named Isaac Augustus Winship.

A native of Boston, Massachusetts, Winship was born on July 4, 1822, one of five children. At the age of 25, he served 18 months as a soldier in the Mexican-American War in Texas.

At this period in time, it was common practice to give land to soldiers as payment for fighting in the conflict. While in Texas, Winship was encouraged to come to California by several people of John Sutter's force from Hock Farm and Nicolaus who were also engaged in the Mexican War.

Although he had made his decision to "start anew" in California, Winship returned to his home state following the war. But he stayed only six months which was enough time to gather what was needed for his journey.

Winship arrived in Nicolaus in the fall of 1849 and was employed as a baker in "The Bell House."

Four years later, he moved to southwest Sutter County along the Sacramento River near the community of Grand Island. Here he purchased 160 acres, establishing what is now known as the Winship District.

Mail during the early years was delivered from Colusa to the Grand Island Post Office and rowed across the Sacramento River, picked up by wagon and delivered to the various families.

In 1854, Winship married Elizabeth Brock, a native of Missouri. She was only 15 years old at the time of her marriage and was "kidnapped" by Winship from the family with whom she was living.

Winship reportedly lifted her off the balcony of the house onto a big black horse. At the time of this event, his young bride could neither read nor write. She was later taught by her husband.

The Winships had eight children: Francis, Charles, Edwin, Annie, Ada, Oliver, Mabel and William, who died at birth.

Winship followed his interest in farming and stock raising during the ensuing years. He had an experimental garden located near his home. In addition, Winship planted figs,

apricots, peach trees and grapes.

Winship was elected Justice of the Peace, a position he held from time to time. He was also a charter member of the Meridian Odd Fellows Lodge No. 212.

During his 40 years of membership, he occupied the highest positions in that order.

Winship died in 1887 at the age of 65 at his Meridian ranch. According to the October 21, 1887 *Sutter County Farmer*, the Meridian Lodge IOOF Charter was draped in mourning. Members also wore the bade of mourning for 30 days.

The resolutions unanimously adopted in Winship's memory were "spread upon the records of the Lodge and transmitted to the *Sutter Farmer* and *Independent* papers of Sutter County."

Mrs. Winship sold the ranch in 1912 to the Sugar Beet Company. She moved to the Bogue District where she lived with her daughter, Mabel Cook, until her death in 1921.

Among prominent descendants of Isaac and Elizabeth Winship were Hanlon Brow, former treasurer and tax collector; Attorney John O. Winship of Yuba City; Chester Douglas Winship, a former principal; and Foster E. Winship, known as an "unusually progressive and prosperous" rancher.

Historical Tidbit

On October 10, 1911, California men went to the polls and, by a very slight majority, voted to admit California women to equal voting rights. The final results showed that suffrage won in Sutter County, but was voted down, 189 to 239, in Marysville.

Letter from Onstott to Caterpillar

Reprint from July 1987

3/1/27

R. A. Bowden Co.

[Caterpillar dealer-Sacramento, Calif.]

Marysville, Calif.

Mr. R. E. Anderson

Dear sir:

Replying to your letter of December 26, 1926, asking me to kindly give you a brief account of my tractor experience. Such an experience cannot be brief, as it represents half a lifetime of physical, mental and financial upheavals. And I can do it gladly and kindly now, but I have not forgotten those by-gone relics, when I followed service men on my hands and knees with a nasty taste in my mouth, trying to get them to do something impossible, to get both ends of one of those fossils running at the same time and stay running for a week, and when I got a bill, I would always lean against a post or something when I opened the letter, and the cold clammy feeling that came over me is hard to forget, and cuss-words were my kindest sentiments.

"Experience is the best teacher," and the poor misguided farmer who had a rosy pipe dream and thought he would never have to sight up another mule's backbone, that curry combs and lanterns were gone forever; and bought a tractor ten or twelve years ago, bought extras, and had credit to get as many tractors and extras as he needed since, is sure full of nerve and experience.

Really it is pitiful to go to the junk pile and look them over--you almost weep as you think how you worried and sweat and how hard you tried to keep those darn things going.

I have owned and hired, I think, some of the best orchard and vineyard tractors in their day. Some were better, but most of them were worse; some were one lungers and some didn't appear to have any at all; some had tracks, some had wheels, some went fast, some went slow, once in a while they would all go.

My son who used to drive some of the first tractors after school hours, and grew up with the rest of them, got his experience by hard work and learned how to swear -- cussing the fellow who made those clutches or who put that blamed thing down in the kitchen and built the rest around it. I got mine trying to borrow money enough to keep them going.

Us older folks surely remember the first tractor and auto we ever saw. When I was a small kid one of the steam threshing rigs that went through the country every summer threshing the stacks of grain had a self-propelled steam engine. I had seen lots of them in the grainfields of the northwest when I was older. I will never forget how I used to follow along side of it as it chugged down the road and I liked to look in the fire box when the firemen poked in the straw. Gradually we became acquainted with the one cylinder pumping engines with the big heavy fly wheels that we stuck our foot in to start them going. I had subscribed for a Gas Power Magazine and took great pleasure in reading it. In it I learned the difference between a two and four-cycle engine, both common in those days, and the principles of their operation.

About this time the agriculture

and farm papers very frequently would print an account of this or that small orchard and farm tractor which gave great promise of filling a long felt want. These were eagerly read and discussed and when one was demonstrated in our neighborhood, we all flocked out to see it. I could give the names of many of these but will omit them. Only one I ever knew was a steam tractor and I think it was the first and final squirt of that industry to get in with the small orchard and vineyard tractors.

He came upon us out of a clear sky one day in spring. He had a beautiful span of horses and a man driving for him, in a shiny black road wagon with silver wheels and bright yellow letters on its sides. I can see him now, that checkered vest with the wide black braid around it, its big gold chain, the fawn colored overcoat, the kid gloves and brown derby hat, the diamond studded pin in his tie, shaped like the flap on a syrup pitcher. I have regretted many times since that I was unable to store up and keep, even to remember one half the bull that guy could peddle. His company had made and sold steam tractors for the past thirty years. The steam engine had supplied power for every factory, railroad and steamship in the United States, on the ocean and in Europe for the last one hundred years. The gas engine was only an experiment, they will never make them big enough, they had very little power, the small ones we used to pump water had fly wheels that weighed a ton, imagine what they would weigh on a tractor. The explosions of an engine of that size would break every window in your house, would run all the horses and cattle out of the country, it would blow

all the leaves and fruit off the trees, you would have to run it with cotton in your ears, we would all be deaf. While the steam engine cooed along like a pigeon, quiet as the family sewing machine.

All he wanted was to get the people educated to the use of the tractor. He did not want anyone fooled on a lot of junk made in a blacksmith shop. Their policy was to have an agent and a tractor here and in different places all over the state. Next year they would ship them out by the train load, in a few years they would have a factory on this coast. The small steam tractors would be as thick as fleas on a Chinaman's cat, and you never would see a successful gas tractor.

We had 800 acres of vineyard already to plow, he would come in and plow it, show us it would do more than he claimed, it was for sale at a greatly reduced price to get them started, we had first chance to buy it. I think the Guardian Angels must have been hovering close about at that time. We didn't tell him we would take it, we told him we had 18 fine young mules, harness and everything practically new, and a back lot of 300 acres that had never failed to raise all the hay and grain to feed them, until we sold or planted that we would not be interested in a tractor.

We had the reputation of showing our generosity when it didn't cost anything, we had the plows already and plenty of water, we didn't have any crude oil but he said it didn't cost only a few cents a barrel, it wouldn't take much anyway, perhaps he would furnish that. I thought at first those mules were going to have a vacation that spring but I began to

change my mind. He was more anxious to sell it than to plow. It would arrive in a few days and as we were close to town he would bring it out and when we saw what it would do he wanted to bet us a new hat we would never let it go off the place. He knew we were slipping although I stuck my hands in my pockets and tried to be stubborn. In a few days it was there under our shed with its nice shiny cab, with seats on the sides and water and oil tanks under them and glass windows. All of us, young and old, would climb up and twist the steering wheel around. We brought out a span of mules, dragged a couple of 3-gang plows behind it and hitched them up. It looked like a mighty big locomotive for such a small train. It was rainy, foggy weather and it stood there for a week or ten days. Neighbors and different farmers came in to see it, we all swelled up over it and insinuated we were going to buy it.

One day a young fellow who had just bought a large tract of land came in to see it. The agent was with him, also his engineer. They were going to take it out to Mr. Jones' ranch, he had lots of plowing to do and if it did half as much as he claimed for it he would buy it. The agent was very sorry we had not bought it, he liked to rub it in telling us how sorry he was. We envied Jones, why had we not agreed to the same terms and sold the mules. Where were the Guardian Angels now? Opportunity knocks but once in a lifetime and ours was gone, the Angels were chasing it slowly down the road. A few years afterwards, I crossed a slough on the corner of Jones' ranch, a wet and sandy soil where the Almighty had forgot to put any hard-pan under it. There I found that tractor, a young fellow was using the smoke stack for a

duck blind.

Five years ago I found I needed a new tractor. My wife went into hysterics when she heard me. "What's that" and "What's that out under those trees; what do you call that out there in the shop, you haven't had it a year." I didn't want to tell her what we called them or the salesman that sold them.

Mamma was right, there it was in the shop over the pit, under the derrick with the chain blocks hanging over it. That seemed about the only place I had ever seen it. Outside was another just like it I had bought for extras. And the factory was very kind, the first season they had replaced the motor with a better one for nothing. We couldn't find anything better in the new one. What it cost me to take nothing out of nothing and put nothing into nothing taught me the next time I sucked an egg I'd look at it. I rode with a man in the stage from San Jose to San Francisco a year or so ago. He recognized me and he told me he had spent a few months in my county in 1920 but he had left one morning before breakfast as he had heard they were going to tar and feather him. I asked the circumstances. When he told me at that time he was the factory representative of a certain make of tractor I advised him to stay away.

Winter was going, spring was coming, the weeds were growing, something had to be done. We would sit on a box and talk it over, Roy and I. Poor Roy, "Oily Roy" they called him, he had run them all, took them down and put them back, many many times, what he knew he learned by hard work and sweating blood. The neighbors and others ran to him when in trouble with spray rigs, autos and tractors. They would back his judgment against

anyone, he had got to be an expert. If anyone could get it out of them I knew he could. And he knew that "poor old dad's" financial system went into convulsions every time he bought a tractor but he was true blue, he was willing to sweat it out with the old one. But it was hay wire from one end to the other.

We would look it over, those castings were both broke, had been welded and braced and were broke again. They would have to be replaced. Those tracks might run another season, we had lots of hard work to do, it was doubtful, we would leave it for a day or so and come back to it again.

One morning I went to the shop. Roy was there waiting for me. He had on his coveralls and cap, his tool box was there, a few blocks were scattered around and he had oiled up a couple of jacks. I took a look at him and he smiled. A great chunk of fat, my heart or something came up in my throat and choked me, a misty feeling came over my eyes, I couldn't do it. Poor Roy, he had started to grow up straight like a man but he had crawled around and under those tractors so long and often, he looked like an "S" wrench. "Wait," I told him, "till I go to town and see my partner." Most farmers have a partner. I looked up at the big clock on the street, it was ten o'clock, he was home. I walked in and straight back to see him. I had expected when he saw me twist my mouth to say tractor, he would push a button and call the sheriff. Somebody must have been just ahead of me with an old frozen mortgage that had got all warmed up or else it was his birthday, he seemed glad to see me.

Yes I needed a tractor, it

wouldn't pay to put out any money on the old one, if I needed any help he would gladly help me. My stock went up about two per cent, it was not the first time he had made me feel good and I sincerely hope that some day I will be able to repay him for all his kindness. Roy could read me like a book, when he saw me he began to take off his overalls. We concluded to take a look around, we knew who had bought several new ones. No matter what kind a man had he will tell you he likes it; he has to like it till he can get another. In one orchard we found one of the old timers already hitched up right where the owner had left it, squirt can and all. The tears he shed when he bid it goodbye had caused the weeds to grow around it; the words he said had scorched the paint. Another we found in the shed all stretched out with its innards scattered around, and where its owner had figured his fruit crop and the price of new extras on the same board.

We found some we liked and some we didn't. After spending days of valuable time, telling naughty stories, smoking several cigars we did not want, and insulting a few salesmen, we figured the "Caterpillar" Thirty was the next best bet. We gave an order for it without any further trouble except paying for it. When it arrived at the depot the freight agent was there with his pad and pencil, he had learned when he seen a man with a new tractor, to get his quick. I followed it home from force of habit, I thought something of vital importance might drop off and get lost. When it went by the house nobody looked out of the windows, to mamma and the women folks the price that tractor would buy many, many nice things they wanted in

the home.

We looked it over for something to fix. It needed a guard over the radiator to protect it from the branches. Some angle iron and coarse screen fixed that, it cost a couple of dollars. We were nuts on clarifiers, it had a good one on it, we had one we liked, a can filled with excelsior which we soaked in distillate and threw away when dirty and put in new, this we used with the other we had one made to fit on, it cost four bucks and a few stove bolts put it on. We ran that tractor three seasons, did all the work on one hundred and sixty acres of orchard, and odd jobs on the outside that would total two hundred and fifty hours yearly and that was the only money I spent on it. Not even a spark plug had been changed or magneto point, which was unusual. One or two shims had been taken from con rod bearings, and the track tightened only once and very little then.

After three seasons run, we ground the valves for the first time, put in new rings, replaced the idlers which carry the weight of the track on top, one or two bearings in the truck wheels, a few bolts in the drive sprocket which had worked loose, and several bolts and lock washers in the track plates. At this time the cylinders showed some wear. It was cleaned up and painted.

It ran another two years, if anything we did more heavy work leveling and subsoiling than we did the first three, some parts of the carburetor were replaced and I fell for a set of spark plugs a wise guy sold me, which were no account. That was the only expense during those two seasons.

This winter we took it down completely and looked it over, the

cylinders showed considerable wear, if too much we would replace them, if not have them rebored, they were not bad we had them rebored, fitted with new pistons and rings, the two large internal drive gears showed some wear, not much, looked good for three or four years, a few bolts were put in the drive sprockets; some new rollers, all new felt washers and sleeves in the truck wheel bearings, new bolts and lock washers in track plated, valves were ground or reseated, a few shims were taken from the crankshaft and from the con rod bearings. It was thoroughly cleaned, put together again and painted. Those tracks have run five years in a loose sandy soil without a drop of oil, you can't find a shoulder on those track links only a bright smooth polish, the drive sprocket, you can't tell whether it has been run forward or backward, the only track expense has been for the small bolts and washers in the track plates. A few years ago I did not think it was possible to get a steel that would stand up under the strain and dust as does the material in these tracks, sprockets and gears.

It stands in my shop now practically the same as a new tractor. The entire amount I have paid out for parts in five years is \$256.68. Roy is proud of his "Caterpillar." He has done some big jobs with it, moved several houses including a warehouse, the heaviest perhaps was moving a carnival company out of a mud hole and up a hill, merry-go-round, whip, ferris-wheel and all. It is big enough to be big and small enough to be small. Will take care of any heavy work on the farm and is small enough to do the light work economically.

A big chunk of that expense was for a new cushion for Roy, all the kinks

have gone out of him now, he's as fat and soft as a jellyfish. And my ears which have stood at right angles to my head listening for the putt-putt of those old tractors when they wasn't putting are gradually getting back to where they belong.

Very truly yours,
JAKE TO. ONSTOTT



Sowing Seeds in Sutter County

by
Dorothy J. Ross

Before gold discovery the few early settlers in central California kept livestock and harvested wild hay on Mexican land grants. The great interior valley was unexplored wilderness.

The first gold seekers in 1848 rushing in from Mission trails and coastal ports hardly looked around as they struggled across the wide valley heading for rocky gold bearing mountain streams on its eastern rim. Early comers could pick gold nuggets out of rock crevasses with a sheath knife! But as easy placer mining began to play out - before someone invented the rocker for collecting gold dust - hungry men began to come down to find "pay dirt," literally, with their picks and shovels in the deep valley soil.. They must have blinked with amazement at the great expanse of land in possession of the U.S. after years of revolts, invasions and war with Mexico.

But they had no tools. No one had brought farm tools for MINING!

Some ten years earlier in 1839 when Captain Sutter, a Swiss, chartered a schooner and adventured up the Sacramento River with permission from the Mexican governor to establish a homestead in the wild interior he had a cannon, but no farm tools. On sailing inland from the last coastal settlement, Rancho Pinole, he was offered horses, sheep and cattle for future payments of beaver skins. He accepted, but he had no traps.

After founding a settlement on a branch of the river (the American) with his few nervous workers, arrangements were made for livestock. Curious Indians were persuaded to help. Soon there was plenty of meat, but little else to eat. Bread was needed for the colony Sutter planned to establish while awaiting a grant of land. Some able and ambitious immigrants were already joining his work force. Peter Lassen, a blacksmith had put together some traps. The Indians ground acorns for mush in their stone metates. Sutter tried roasting some for "coffee."

When some land was cleared and wheat seed was available from Rancho Pinole, Sutter sent his Indian boatmen to get some in trade for skins and hides. Plows were fashioned from tree branches with a fire hardened point. After seed was sown,

brush was dragged over it to harrow it in. At harvest time, Indians, skilled in shaking wild grass seeds into baskets, cut the wheat with butcher knives. Bundles were hauled to a ring of hard ground where horses tramped out the grain. Piles of the crushed straw were thrown into the air with wooden forks for the wind to separate it from the grain.

In 1840 Sutter became a Mexican citizen and received a grant of land from Governor Alvarado. The governor wanted him to keep an eye on Russians who had settled on the coast, and trappers coming down from the north. Soon about twenty men were welcomed into the colony which was becoming a refuge for immigrants - coastal traders exploring the rivers, pioneers from over the mountains, sailors jumping ship to get on some dry land. All were welcomed to share food, shelter and labor. Blacksmiths, carpenters, and coopers were among the workers. The Indians were in awe of the magic of these artisans.

Adobe buildings were under constant construction, including a fort. On a northern part of the grant, John Bidwell, who had come overland with a wagon train, established a farm for Sutter on the Feather River, called Hock Farm. An adobe was constructed and gardens planted. Trained Indian workers came in from abandoned Missions, and fruit trees and vines were planted.

In 1841 when Sutter bought the Russian colony on the coast he found their plows were no better than California plows, but they did have wood "threshing floors" with high walls to hold in wild cattle used for tramping out the grain. Sutter had these hand-hewn, fitted planks moved piece by piece to his developing colony, with other wood, iron, traps, seeds and livestock. The Russians wanted payment over three years in wheat. Their sternwheeler would venture inland to get it. Their coastal sea otter venture had played out, but before departing hostile Mexican shores they wanted wheat for their Alaskan homeland.

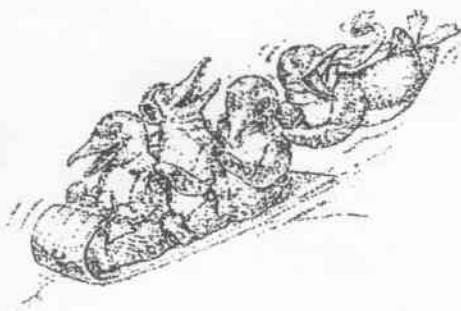
At the next harvest Sutter had Russian "cutters," as well as butcher knives, for cutting grain. Cutters were like sickles, made from iron barrel hoops. Soon mules were turning millstones day and night grinding wheat for bake ovens. Vegetables, berries and vines were planted and brigades of Indian women carried pond water to the gardens. Overflow sloughs and marshy goosenecks of the river made ideal garden spots.

In 1842 Theodore Cordua, a German trader from the Islands (Hawaii) after working for Sutter, settled on a square league of Sutter's grant on the Yuba River. Nicolaus Algeier, a trapper who had come to California with Sutter on the Oregon Trail, was given a lease to a part of Sutter's grant on the Bear River where Sutter wanted a ferry.

Several dry years began in 1842 and as the drought continued tule marshes and vegetable gardens dried up and there was little raising of wheat. Breeding of cattle, horses and sheep was the principal business. Workshops were filling the storehouse with products for trade as coopers, weavers and tanners kept busy. There was brisk immigration and Sutter continued to keep order with his hourglass and bell as he rushed to finish his fort. The beef and bread diet was supplemented with salmon from the Indian fisheries. A few vegetables were available from the once lush gardens at Hock Farm.

Puzzler

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Bidwell	Bluestone
Cannery	Caterpillar
Combine	Davis
Graves	Isaac
Metates	Onstott
Pioneer	Ross
Scotland	Suffrage
Templars	Tractor
Walton	Wilkie
Winship	Withington

Coming Events

January

- 10 Yuba City High School art department exhibit reception at the Museum
- 18 YCHS art department exhibit closes
- 19 SCHS January membership meeting
2:00 p.m. at the Museum
Program: Vicki Rorke, "Old Sacramento's Underground"
- 25 River Valley High School art department exhibit reception at the Museum

February

- 7 RVHS art department exhibit closes
- 14 Love's Messenger gift bags delivered

Late March-April

Recent Acquisitions exhibit at the Museum

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