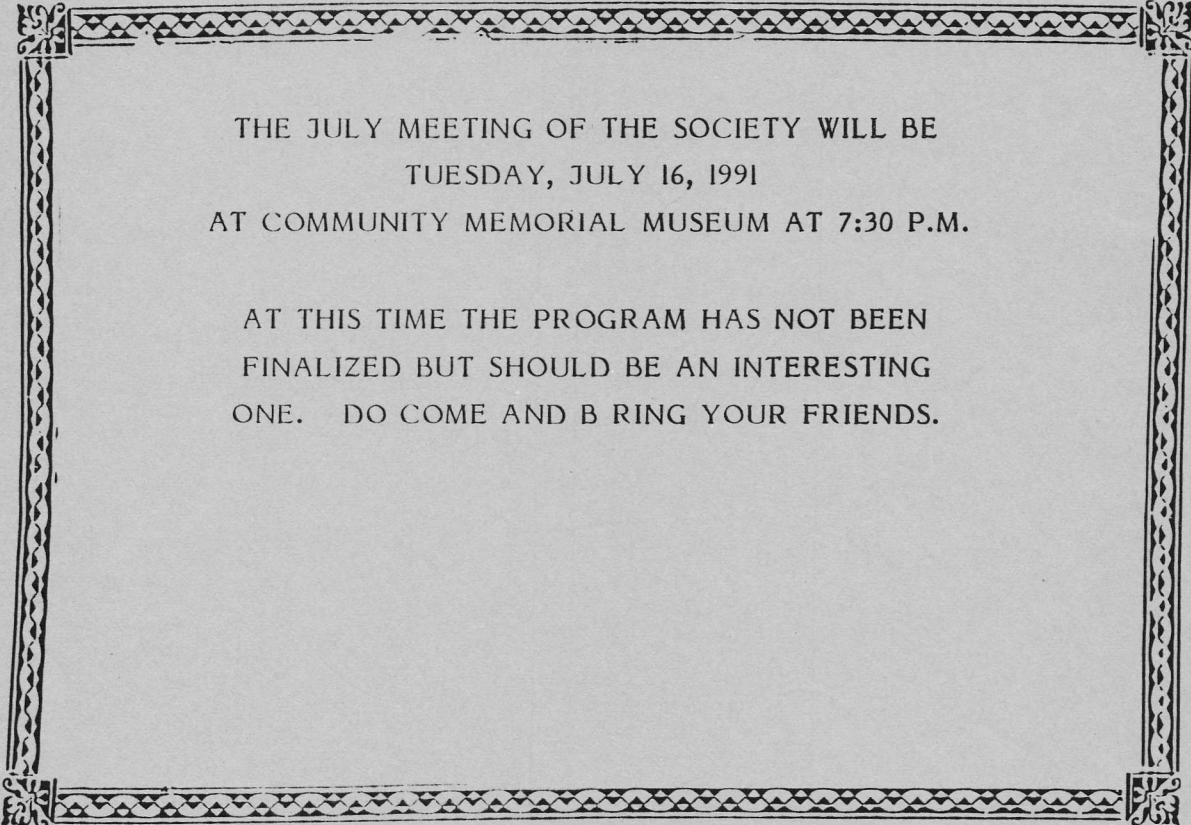


SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
NEWS BULLETIN

VOL. XXXII NO. 3

Yuba City, California

July 1991



THE JULY MEETING OF THE SOCIETY WILL BE
TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1991
AT COMMUNITY MEMORIAL MUSEUM AT 7:30 P.M.

AT THIS TIME THE PROGRAM HAS NOT BEEN
FINALIZED BUT SHOULD BE AN INTERESTING
ONE. DO COME AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS.

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS BULLETIN

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

Brock Bowen, P resident
Linda Leone, Vice President

Constance Cary, Secretary
Wanda Rankin, Treasurer

DIRECTORS

Celia Ettl
Constance Cary
Dewey Gruening
Elaine Tarke
Bruce Harter
Brock Bowen
Linda Leone

Ronald Ross
Fred Covell
Cassius Epperson
Evelyn Quigg
Randolph Schnabel
Edgar Stanton

The News Bulletin is published quarterly by the Society in Yuba City, California. The annual membership dues includes receiving the News Bulletin and the Museum's Muse News. At the April 1987 April Dinner Meeting it was voted to change the By-laws to combine the memberships of the Society and the Museum.

The 1991 dues are due as of January 1, 1991.

Student(under 18) Senior Citizen/Library	\$10.00
Individual	\$15.00
Organizations/Clubs	\$25.00
Family	\$30.00
Business/Sponsor	\$100.00
Corporate/Benefactor	\$1,000.00

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

AT THE REGULARLY SCHEDULED BOARD MEETING ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1991 THE DIRECTORS ELECTED ITS OFFICERS FOR THE UP COMING YEAR AS FOLLOWS:

BROCK BOWEN	PRESIDENT
LINDA LEONE	VICE PRESIDENT
CONNIE CARY	SECRETARY
WANDA RANKIN	TREASURER

I AM CONFIDENT THAT THIS GROUP OF PEOPLE WILL CONTINUE THOSE GOALS AND PROJECT SET FORTH BY EARLIER ADMINISTRATIONS AND WORK FOR THE OVERALL BETTERMENT OF THE SOCIETY.

AS PRESIDENT, I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO THE CHALLENGES THAT LIE AHEAD AND THE PROGRESS THAT WILL BE MADE ON THE PROPOSED MUSEUM ADDITION.

ELAINE TARKE, OUR IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT, HAS DONE AN EXCELLENT JOB WITH THE BUILDING PROJECT AND HAS COMMITTED TO SEE THE PROJECT BECOME A REALITY.

LOOKING FORWARD TO A SUCCESSFUL YEAR



BROCK A BOWEN

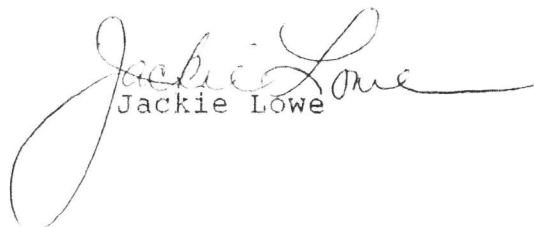
Director's Report

If you haven't yet viewed the exhibit, "Creating the Sutter Buttes : Geology and Mythology", you can still see it through the first of September. There is still time, as well, to take advantage of the excellent speakers series that accompanies the exhibition. On July 11, Sacramento State geology professor, Brian Hausback, will talk about " The Geology of the Sutter Buttes Volcano" and on August 8, Ira Heinrich, director of the Middle Mountain Foundation, will discuss "The Heart of the Valley : The Indians of the Sacramento Valley and the Sutter Buttes." Both speakers- will provide a fascinating look at different aspects of the Sutter Buttes. Admission to each presentation is free.

If you have children at your house this summer you might suggest that they attend the Thursday afternoon story hour at the Museum scheduled to start July 11 and run through August 22. Every Thursday at 2:00 p.m., Assistant Curator, Julie Stark, will read a chapter from the Caddie Woodlawn book "Magical Watermelons". She will also be sharing some historical accounts of children growing up in Sutter County. All children between the third and sixth grades are invited to attend.

Please look for the Museum Commission's booth at the California Prune Festival on September 7 and 8 when the 1992 calendar of historic photographs, "Children of History", makes its debut. Members of the Historical Society and the Museum will soon be receiving special discount coupons for the purchase of this brand new calendar. The calendar features historic photographs of local Sutter County children, a brief history of the evolution of childhood in America and reminiscences of what it was like to grow up in Sutter County in the first part of this century. The Commission has worked hard to make this a calendar that will appeal to a wide variety of people. It is attractive and informative. We hope that you will purchase it and enjoy it in the year to come.

As you can see there is something for everyone at the Museum this summer. "Creating the Sutter Buttes" is a wonderful exhibit to bring out-of-town visitors to see and offers those who are familiar with the Buttes several new perspectives on an old friend. The story hour is a great way for children to enjoy a good story and get to know the Museum and staff. We hope that you will find time in your summer schedules to pay us a visit.


Jackie Lowe

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE AG. BLDG. FUND AND THE TRUST FUND

Kay Goodman	In memory of Naomi Mitchell
Mr & Mrs R. A. Schnabel	In memory of Ted Jensen
Mr & Mrs R. A. Schnabel	In memory of Isaac J. Mayfield
Randolph & Shirley Schnabel	Outright Gift
Ila Brown	In memory of Flora Johnson
Arthur & Jane Coats	In memory of Arthur Powell
Mrs. Walter Ettl	In memory of Zella Taylor
Mr & Mrs Walter Ullrey	In memory of James J. Hamilton M.D.
Wanda Rankin	In memory of Florence Beilby
Mr & Mrs R. A. Schnabel	In memory of Dr. Jim Hamilton
Ila Brown	In memory of Harry Chambers
Mr & Mrs Dick Brandt	In memory of Dr. James Hamilton
Bert & Shirley King	In memory of Gene Phillips
Jack & Helen Heenan	In memory of Edwin A. Hendrix
Dale & Alma Burtis	In memory of Clyde Shepard
Caroline Ringler	In Memory of Edwin Hendrix
Caroline Schnabel Ringler	In memory of Ruth Harter Hudson
Bob & Jean Heilmann	In memory of E. A. Hendrix
Wanda Rankin	In memory of Helen Covell
Ronald & Lila Harrington	In memory of Edwin Hendrix
Mr & Mrs R. A. Schnabel	In memory of Helen Covell
Constance Cary	In memory of Helen Covell
Dorothy & Ron Ross	In memory of Martin Dewey
Louie & Betty Schmidl	In memory of Martin Dewey
Jack & Helen Heenan	In memory of E. Vernon Higgins
Jack & Helen Heenan	In memory of Martin E. Dewey
Zelma Corbin	In memory of George Perry Sr.
Eleanor Holmes & Family	In memory of Dean Clifton
Jeanette McNally	In memory of Ted Jensen
Mr. & Mrs. Donald Gillett	In memory of Elsie Burrow
Linda & Scott Leone	In memory of Gordie Phillips
Eleanor Holmes	In memory of Kae Russell
Frederic Covell	In memory of James Hamilton
Ronald Kalayta M.D.	In memory of James Hamilton
Loretta McClurg	In memory of Dr. James J. Hamilton

Frederic Covell	In memory of Seely Cook
Bogue Country Club	In memory of Herbert Corman
Bogue Country Club	In memory of Annie L. Oakes
Eleanor Holmes	In memory of Florence Beilby
Frederic Covell	In memory of Harry F. Chambers
Mary C. Gillis	In memory of Dr. James J. Hamilton
Fidelity Nat'l. Title - J.A. Benatar	In memory of Dr. James Hamilton
Caroline S. Ringler	In memory of Wm. L. Robertson
Mr. & Mrs. James C. Harbison	In memory of Faye Ash
Mary Mulvany	In memory of Edwin A. Hendrix
Joyce & Fred Benzel	In memory of Ed Hendrix
Bud & Eunice Menth	In memory of Ed Hendrix
Fidelity Natl. Title -J.A. Benatar	In memory of Jim Martin
Art & Evon Gilstrap	In memory of Edwin A. Hendrix
Eugene A. Perry	Outright Gift
Eleanor Holmes	In memory of Helen Covell
Virginia M. Pierce	In memory of Edwin Hendrix
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Kells	In memory of Helen Covell
Mr. & Mrs. James Kells	In memory of Helen Covell
Mr. & Mrs. Tim Garner	In memory of Helen Covell
Jim & Bobby Howard	In memory of Anita Owen Witherow
Blanche Davis	In memory of Martin Dewey
Robert & Jan Schmidl	In memory of E. Vernon Higgins
Robert & Jan Schmidl	In memory of Martin Dewey
Norman & Loadel Piner	In memory of Ruth Harter Hudson
Norman & Loadel Piner	In memory of Anita Witherow
Norman & Loadel Piner	In memory of Martin Dewey
Norman & Loadel Piner	In memory of Ed Hendrix
Anson & Jane Dobson	In memory of Ed Hendrix
Anson & Jane Dobson	In memory of Bryan Miller
Mel Schuler	In memory of Helen Covell
Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Gilstrap	In memory of Martin Dewey
Betty Seymour	In memory of Edwin Hendrix
Betty Hendrix	In memory of Martin Dewey
Norman & Loadel Piner	In memory of Helen Covell
Fidelity Natl. Title Ins. Co.	In memory of Samuel Beach

CROSSING THE PLAINS

as told by

EDWARD WILSON TO HIS DAUGHTER,
MRS. EPPERSON OF LIVE OAK, CALIF.

In the year 1879 said he, my father decided to go West; that is farther West. We lived about fifty miles east of Little Rock, Arkansas at the time. Our journey was made over the Sante Fe Trail.

Emigrants crossing the country in those days formed "trains" or "parties" so as to travel together. This was for our protection, as the country to the west and southwest was full of hostile indians of Geronimo.

Some of the wagons had horses; some horses and mules; some oxen, and one in our particular train had two oxen and one horse in the lead.

We traveled for days, seeing no one but the members of our party. Trinidad, Colorado was only a "tie camp", a place where travelers made camp for the night. We heard of occasional fights between the Navaho and Apache Indians away to the south.

Our first stay was at old Fort Wingate, New Mexico. From here to Cebollos, meaning onion in Spanish; there on to Snowflake, in Navaho country, Arizona.

Father took up a squatter's right, and we began ranch life 18 miles out of town, known as Walnut Springs. He began raising cattle and farming with a man named Plumb. Their farm adjoined ours. The years were full of dangers and trials. Many had their hopes cut short by a bullet from an unseen foe.

The Indian never gave warning; he waited for hours to get his victim where he could not fight back, and never came out in the open unless he had superior numbers.

APACHE INDIANS

Early in 1881 I saw my first Indian trouble which continued many years. Plowing was done by oxen as I and Plumb had only one horse between us. Grass was plentiful so oxen were turned out at night to graze.

One morning the oxen were missing. Plumb saddled up the horse and rode off to find them. At noon he had found no trace, and he approached a corral where he saw Indians. They were camping and cooking fresh meat over a small fire. Indians made fun of the white man's fire. "White man heap fool, make big fire and stand way off, " they said.

The Indians were friendly to Plumb and even seemed glad to see him. He visited awhile then rode away. He went about seventy five yards when they opened fire on him, but he was not struck. He began to speed up, when other Indians, coming to the corral with stolen horses, began to shoot at him also.

The horse was shot in the stifle joint, but no bones were broken, able to travel and run---so was Plumb.

He rode for his life, the Indians followed shooting. Mother and I and the youngsters were in the garden picking vegetables. We heard the shooting. A number of United States surveyors who got vegetables and eggs from us were in the country. But we saw a man coming on the run and I hustled the family into Plumb's house which was nearer and ran to get his wife into his house. We poured all the milk into the washtub from the pans and carried it to Plumb's house. Setting fire to "smoke out" the defenders was a trick of the Indians.

Leightel who lived a mile away was riding in the hills and saw the attack and shooting on Plumb. He hurried home, took his mother and started for Snowflake.

Plumb saw a man riding a mule. The Indians had been chasing but he escaped being hit. This was Perkins and Plumb sent him to help us and he went on to raise a posse. He met the posse with Leightel and returned with them.

Soon as Perkins came the Indians left, going down Silver Creek. The posse followed the Indians. They found Leightel's house plundered, all the provisions taken, and an attempt made to burn the house. An old feather mattress had been set afire but it went out.

Below Leightel's the Indians had killed a beef belonging to a rancher named Robinson. The tracks showed what had taken place. Robinson started to ride away when all the Indians fired and he fell from his horse riddled with bullets.

The Indians caught his horse and pounded Robinson's head with a rock, hung his bloody shirt on a tree, dragged the body and dropped it into a deep water hole and partly covered it with boulders.

After killing Robinson the Indians cut across country to Fort Apache. They sneaked in and long before the news came they were around as usual. We never saw our oxen again, and no one was found who had done the killing. We moved into Snowflake for safety and never returned to the ranch.

THE FREIGHTERS

Geronimo and his Indian band were coming over the Graham Mountains, traveling high up near the ridge, as was their habit. They could see and locate the freight outfit of Francisco Samaniego, carrying coke and provisions to Globe.

The freighters had camped where they could defend themselves if necessary and the Indians decided to wait until morning. The horse herder circled through the hills on horseback hunting deer. He traveled much faster than the outfit and came out about half a mile or more in advance of the teams.

There was a spring not far from the station. The herder got off his horse and stooped to drink and as he did there were shots and bullets struck all around him. These came from Geronimo's outposts. He jumped on his horse and ran for the station. Coulter, then about nineteen, heard the noise. The herder pushed past him. Another volley killed his horse.

The Indians on the hill seemed determined that no one at the station should go to help the teamsters.

The rest of the Indian band were lying among the rocks on either side of the road, waiting until they had the wagons in a flat spot, where they had no protection.

The folks at the station went into a small rock house that had port holes, especially built for protection against the Indians. The Indians had the freight outfit in a trap and more firing was heard.

In plain sight of those in the little rock house on the morning of Oct. 2, 1881 occurred one of the bloodiest and most stubborn fights that Geronimo and his band ever took part in.

The people in the rock house saw the entire massacre. The teamsters were all Mexicans and braver men never freighted. They tried to drive their wagons into a circle but they were

forced to turn and fight for their lives, with no protection. All were killed. The herder inside had to be held to keep him from going out to help. The Indians raided and took everything of value from the wagons then fired a volley at the house.

When the Indians were gone the men in the stone house buried the teamsters, all in one hole, seven of them. A large adobe house was built over their grave. During their raid on the wagons the people in the house counted 75 warriors. When the Indians left they went toward Fort Grant but killed Mowlds on the way. He ran but died down in a small canyon. A couple of cowboys found his body nearly a month later.

Francisco Samaniego sent in a bill to the U.S. Government and he was paid, but Mrs. Mowlds, after losing two horses valued at \$300., four colts, the wagon and all the groceries in it besides the loss of her husband put in a bill for \$800. As yet not settled.

In 1883, General Crook had persuaded Geronimo to surrender, but the bloodthirsty old savage escaped, took to the hills and was even more cruel and dangerous than before. His band varied; sometimes he had fifty warriors, at others three hundred.

On September 4, 1886, Geronimo and his warriors were captured in the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico by General Crook.

The prisoners were brought to Leviston, better known as Bowie Station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and from there shipped to Florida. I helped to haul the remnants of his tribe, the squaws and papooses, to Holbrook, about 90 miles, and shipped them to Florida.

Thus ended Geronimo and his bloody career.

This article contributed by Dorothy Ross from a collection of her Mothers.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

A STORY OF LOVE

THE END, A FUNERAL PYRE

BY STEPHEN G. HUST

Yes, Cherokee is a ghost--a picturesque ghost, but still a ghost. But there was a time when the town, like so many old mining towns, was once a maelstrom of human activity, with life at high tide and when men worked madly, played madly and loved the same way with the result that many tears flowed and much blood was shed.

This colorful hamlet started way back in 1853 when a school teacher by the name of Potter piloted a band of Cherokee Indians there and started digging for gold. The placers were rich but shallow. Many miners gathered there and a town was born; quite naturally they called it Cherokee. It boasted several thousands in its prime. The placers were soon exhausted but the miners discovered it was an ideal spot for hydraulic mining, and for many years this type of mining paid royally. You can still see the traces.

This was not all. They discovered honest to God diamonds there. Over three hundred were mined, one of five carats, and several hundreds of thousands of dollars were realized before diamond mining panned out. More diamonds were mined there than any place in North America.

But hydraulic mining was the chief activity and among the hundreds of miners attracted there was one, George Sharkovich, who was usually known by the nickname, Austrian George. He was a bit over 30; a sort of tarzan, with a swarthy skin and dark pig-like eyes. Above all he was strong and active. He worked for the big mine there, the Spring Valley.

A store in the town was operated by Thomas McDaniel. George spent most of his idle time there, sometimes helping in the work, especially that which took unusual strength. The storekeeper had a daughter by the name of Susan. She was just budding into womanhood and was loved by all for her beauty and sweet disposition.

George saw her and fell madly in love with her. He made love to her in his boorish way, but to the girl he was only an illiterate foreigner and she would have none of him. So his love turned to bitter hate. Things went on this way for two years with George getting more and more bitter. He lurked and spied on her and when any younger men called on her he raved and made wild threats. He would kill her if she favored anyone of them. But no one took his threats seriously, at least seriously enough. Perhaps her father would have, but he died in this interval.

Then came a night of tragedy. A family by the name of Glass lived in the town and that day a wedding was held there. Susan attended for the daughter of the family. Then the two girls went to a hall, some 50 yards distant, where there was a gay feast followed by a dance. There the youth and beauty of Cherokee danced and laughed and flirted, while Austrian George stared somberly through the window, hating and hating.

At 3 o'clock in the morning Susan and Miss Glass, together with a Dr. Sawyer, started to return to the Glass home. As they tripped merrily along Susan heard footsteps. Said Dr. Sawyer to Maria Glass "Maria, there is your father!" "Oh, no, that is not his step."

Oh, no, indeed. It was the sinister figure of Austrian George, mad with jealousy and death in his swarthy face. He grasped Susan by the hair, jerked her head back and drove a long knife deep into her bosom. It was the work of an instant. As he fled like a flash Maria screamed in terror. "My God, he has murdered Susan!"

And he had. She took a few steps forward, then collapsed, dying in silence.

Both Dr. Sawyer and a young man who was about to join them drew their pistols and shot vainly at the swiftly fleeing figure that was soon lost in the darkness. By early sunrise the news was all over the area. George Sharkovich had murdered Susie McDaniel, and every able bodied man was armed and active in pursuit. A reward of \$500. was offered for his capture. It was a tough problem for Cherokee was located high on a plateau with a rugged terrain all about and the wild canyon of the Feather was nearby.

The first news of the fugitive came from an Indian. A white man, pistol in hand, had ordered him: "Set me across the river in your boat or I will shoot you." He described the man. It was Sharkovich all right.

This was bad. Right across the river was Bloomer mountain, 3,000 feet high and a maze of wooded canyons. A hundred Indians were sent out. They searched every foot, but no Sharkovich. Searchers armed to the hilt, for Sharkovich was also armed and desperate, were everywhere. Every road was guarded. Friday and Saturday passed and now it was Sunday. Sunday passed and no sight of the murderer. The 500 hunters began to lose hope as the sun sank behind the hills, and now it was night.

Among the bridges that were guarded was the suspension bridge at Bidwell's Bar. The keeper of the bridge was Isaac Ketchum and with him was an armed guard by the name of McBride. Late in the night he opened the big bridge gates to let four possemen pass. Ten minutes later a dark figure approached from the other direction. As Ketchum opened the gates again the man approached. He had a rifle and it was pointed straight at McBride who seemed to be unconscious of his danger. Then he turned in surprise to Ketchum, evidently he did not expect to find two men there. Said Ketchum: "The moon was up sufficiently for me to see the traveler's face, and I never beheld a countenance in which hate, fear, surprise and amazement were more blended in one than when I opened that gate, gun in hand. The fellow evidently thought McBride was the keeper of the bridge and I am confident that he meant to shoot him down in cold blood without asking a right to pass."

Taking advantage of that moment of indecision, Ketchum sternly ordered him into his office, for it was Sharkovich. Reluctantly, the fugitive obeyed and in the toll office they took his gun away. Sharkovich claimed to be a Frenchman bound for Downieville, but they knew they had the right man. They did not search farther or accuse him of murder for fear of breaking the charm and arousing him to fight for his life.

They started him for town but stopped on the way at the house of a man by the name of John Bendle. They awakened Bendle and when he came out they told him of their suspicions. Austrian George overheard and thrust his hand into his bosom.

"Give me that knife," shouted Bendle who was next to him, for in his hand was the very knife that had killed Susie McDaniel. Bendle struck the hand and by great good luck knocked the knife flying. George thrust his hand into his bosom again but Bendle intercepted him and grasped the pistol George was searching for, drawing it out. Then the murderer started to run and Bendle shot at him three times with his own pistol. He fell as the three men ran after him.

"Lie still, you; lie still," cried Bendle springing on the fallen man, for he did not know whether he had shot him or not. But he had and he attempted to lift him to his feet but Austrian George gave a few short gasps and then no more. The killer was killed.

Next morning the body was taken to Oroville, then to Cherokee. Some miner wanted to cut off his head, but that was objected to. But so great was the rage that they wanted to rid the earth of George Sharkovich and all that pertained to him.

They tore down the murderer's cabin and made a great funeral pyre and on it they placed the body of the hated killer. Gallons of kerosene were poured over all. Then a match was applied and in a mighty conflagration that seemed to reach to heaven, all that was earthy of George Sharkovich went up in a pillar of fire and smoke. Susie McDaniel was avenged--and that was on the 17th of June 1871.

THE RAMBLER

BY LOU EICHLER

Old Camp Bethel, a camp meeting ground near the Sutter Buttes is often mentioned by old timers, but most people of today know little about its history. This has been supplied the Rambler by Floyd Sternes, who obtained it from his mother, Mrs. Jennie Olson of Sacramento. This history, written ten years ago for family record, reads:

"Bethel, meaning a house of God, was a place where the people of God met for a period of worship, Sutter County and Sutter Buttes can b oast of such a place.

"The first place where such meetings were held was in Moxley Canyon, on the east side of the Buttes, the place now being owned by J. J. McPherrin and son. An old abandoned well and a pile of brick, the wreck of the bake oven, for many years marked the spot.

"But this was not the place which was in after years so widely known as "Old Camp Bethel". At a date conjectured to be as early as 1861 or 1862, the late Gilbert N. Smith, who owned a large acreage at East Butte, had a few acres of dense oak grove, an ideal place to worship God.

"He offered to lease this oak grove to the churches to be used as a Camp Bethel. The lease was to be for 99 years, without cost and the only stipulation made was that when the churches ceased to use it as a place of worship it was to revert to the owner. The offer was accepted in the names of the North and South Methodist churches.

"Bethel proper consisted of a pyramidal roof about 100 feet square supported by pillars. Underneath were plain board seats that would accommodate more than 1000 people. The floor was earth, but before meetings the ground was covered with clean straw hauled in from the grain fields.

"This Bethel was financed by donations from the community. During the fall, the two churches each held a series of evangelistic services, lasting three weeks. Families stayed the full time. The daily program was : early prayer meeting, preaching at 11: a. m., 3: P. M. , and again in the evening. Sundays, the big days, when more than 1000 people attended, say many picnic lunches spread about the grounds.

Noted ministers from all over the state freely assisted in the services. Everything was free.

"How interesting would be a record that would reveal the benefits of these old time camp meetings, spiritually and socially. But as the years passed, the popularity of the gatherings began to diminish. The numbers of campers became smaller and Sunday attendance decreased, until finally the meetings were abandoned.

"For many years afterward a special Sunday would be set apart by each of the churches for an all day meeting at Camp Bethel, but even this custom was abandoned in the early '80s.

"Then according to the terms of the lease, the land reverted to the owner. The pyramidal roof was allowed to remain until decay leveled it to the ground. The land was cleared of its oak and went into use for grain production.

"Today nothing remains to mark the place of "Old Camp Bethel" but its memory is indelibly stamped in the minds of all those who remain who were so fortunate as to have attended the religious services held there."

There has been talk from time to time of putting up a marker at the site of Camp Bethel, but nothing tangible has ever resulted from the talk. Those who remember the spot and the camp meetings are growing few in number, and the later folks are not so interested. If anything is to be done along that line it ought not be delayed.

This is from the issue of the Appeal-Democrat of Dec. 19, 1938

Thanks to Dick Marquette of Sutter who contributed this article.