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**Woman with Chickens  
Do you know who this is?**

*Photo courtesy of Community Memorial Museum*



## President's Message

The next big event for the Museum is Trees and Tradition on Saturday, Dec. 5, at the Museum.

Our October was a big event. Twenty-five of us showed up at Sutter Buttes Brewery for brunch and the owner, Joe, talked about the history of the brewery, history of brewing in Yuba City, and how beer is brewed.

I have recently got three more farms for Century Farms....I guess we will be adding one or two next year with it being 2016.

We still could use a few more directors for the Historical Society. We have four board meetings a year and four membership meetings. This year we will have the January meeting at Ettl Hall and learn about the three new century farms. April's meeting will be the picnic in the Buttes. The June meeting will be a picnic at Ettl Hall. That leaves the October meeting which is usually at a restaurant. Maybe this coming year we might visit the Cordi Winery on the north side of the Buttes.

Last year we had only one student entering our writing contest. It seems with the core curriculum there is no time for students to do extra writing and learn about local history. One idea we could do with the Judith Barr Fairbanks fund is to award a scholarship in historical studies to a high school student in Sutter County.

If you have not met our new curator please stop by at the museum. Jessica would love to meet you...

May you have a thankful Thanksgiving, a merry Christmas, and a joyful New Year.

Sarah Pryor

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## Director's Report

First, let me introduce myself. My name is Jessica Hougen, and I am the new Director/Curator for the Sutter County Community Memorial Museum. I have a Master's Degree in Museum Studies from the University of East Anglia, in Norwich, England, and have been working in museums for about twelve years. Some of you may have heard that I am from Arkansas. Oregon is actually home for me, but I have been living in Arkansas for the last couple of years. I am happy to be back on the West Coast, and thrilled to have the opportunity to work at the Museum. I'd like to invite each of you to come in, introduce yourself, and share with me your thoughts on the Museum.

We have a lot going on at the Museum right now! Our art exhibit, *Flooded: Nature & the Human Spirit* will be up through November 14. If you haven't seen it yet, you should definitely come by the museum before then – there are a lot of fantastic pieces in the exhibit, and they are all for sale. A portion of the proceeds benefit the museum. A huge thank you to our Guest Curator for this exhibit, Inger Price – she did a fantastic job! Many of the artists who participated are local or regional, but a few are from further away – one artist even sent work from New York City!

We're also gearing up for *Trees & Traditions*, our annual holiday fundraiser. I hope that many of you will come help us out on Decoration Day, which is scheduled for Thursday, December 3, starting at 9 am. Even if you only have an hour, we would really appreciate your help! We won't be having any ornament-making workshops this year, but thank you to those who have participated in the past, and I hope you won't forget us in future years when we do need to make more ornaments.

The event itself is scheduled for Saturday, December 5, 5-8 pm. Tickets are available at the Museum or from any Commissioner. It's shaping up to be a really fantastic event, so buy your tickets early! The tree is arranged, raffle prizes and auction items are starting to come in, and we met with the Caterer – you won't want to miss it!

And don't forget about the Children's Program on Sunday, December 13, 1-3 pm. We will again have John Carter and Aondreaa the Storytailor for a fantastic program.

We have some great exhibits planned for next year, beginning with *The Art of Survival: Enduring the Turmoil of Tule Lake*, which will examine the complexity of the Japanese American confinement site in Newell, CA during WWII. Following that we will again highlight the artwork of local high school students.

Keep an eye out for your membership renewal notice! Looking forward to seeing you at the Museum!

Jessica Hougen  
Director/Curator

## Memorials

In Memory of Pat Best  
Carmen Frye & Family

In Memory of Vivian Calhoun  
Sharyl Simmons  
Julie Stark

In Memory of Willis Chase  
Yuba River Moulding & Millwork,  
Inc.

In Memory of Roger Farren  
Yuba River Moulding & Millwork,  
Inc.

In Memory of LaVerne Grell  
Marnee Crowhurst

In Memory of Lil Inman  
Rose & Bob Wood

In Memory of Mark Lemenager  
Marnee Crowhurst

In Memory of Vicki Rorke  
Sharyl Simmons  
Phyllis Smith  
Julie Stark

In Memory of Antonette Tindel  
Jim Staas

In Memory of William Utlely  
Marnee Crowhurst

Outright Gift  
Billie Burky

In Honor of Steven Richardson's  
Birthday  
Lucy Azama

## The Forgotten Sheriff

by

April McDonald-Loomis

Auburn City Historian

Research by John Knox

Here in the Mother Lode counties of California there has always been a history of honoring those in law enforcement who have given their lives to serve and protect.

One such officer, Sheriff R. A. Echols (his given first and middle names have never been discovered) has been overlooked over the years, probably because he served for such a short time so very long ago.

After California became a territory of the United States in 1848, a

constitutional convention was held in Monterey in August of 1849. Among other issues addressed, the convention prohibited slavery, gave the right to vote to every male citizen and made both English and Spanish the official languages. In January of 1850 a continuation of the convention, headed by General Mariano Vallejo, recommended the formation of eighteen counties that included the Auburn area within the boundaries of Sutter County. This convention

mandated the election of a county sheriff, a county district attorney, and a county assessor, and the formation of a governing body for each new county.<sup>i</sup>

Sheriff R. A. Echols probably took office sometime between that convention in January of 1850 and the time of his murder the following June. He may even have held his office earlier after being appointed by the local Alcalde, a form of government held over from the era of Mexican rule. The details of his appointment or election are lost to time.

What we do know, thanks to a letter sent to the *Sacramento Daily Transcript* and published on August 13, 1850, signed by “Justice,” are the details of the Echols murder in June in Auburn.

Justice was concerned that since the death of the Sheriff “several persons who were known to have been at enmity with Sheriff Echols of Auburn, before his death, have since that event industriously circulated garble and untrue statements with regard to the cause which led to that event.” Justice offers “a true version of the case from personal knowledge and according to the testimony produced before the Coroner’s jury.”<sup>ii</sup>

According to Justice, on the Sunday afternoon of June 2, two brothers, William M. and Samuel H. Stewart, entered the store of William Gwynn. Gwynn was one of the first merchants in Auburn. He came to Wood’s Dry Diggings (the area’s first name) in July of 1849. His store was both a merchandise and transportation hub and a saloon and boarding house located in present-day Old Town, near the present-day Chana statue by the Maple Street off ramp.<sup>iii</sup>

Evidently there had been some animosity between a Dr. Groves and a Captain Scott, the Stewart brothers being comrades of Scott. The brothers encountered Dr. Grove and Samuel Stewart demanded “satisfaction” from the doctor for the perceived insult given to Capt. Scott.<sup>iv</sup>

Sheriff Echols arrived on the scene and managed to calm things down. Most of the party departed the store and ended up in the nearby restaurant and bar of Pole, Echols & Co. This was likely the establishment of R. A. Echols’ father, John Echols. Samuel Stewart must have continued drinking as he soon began behaving “in a very disorderly manner, drawing his pistols and endangering the lives of those around him.”<sup>v</sup>

Sheriff Echols called for bystanders to assist him in disarming Stewart but failing to get any help and with Stewart advancing on him with cocked pistols, Echols retreated behind the bar. We don’t know whether Echols was armed this time as Justice’s account is not clear but he does state that “after going behind the bar, the Sheriff then seized a revolver.” Before he could fire, though, Stewart fired, missing Echols and lodging a bullet in the door casing. The Sheriff then fired twice but his revolver “having no caps on it, [it] failed.” Echols went out the back door and Samuel Stewart procured another pistol from his brother. It could be that the pistol Echols had came from Stewart’s hand. Stewart followed Echols out the door. That is the last the witnesses saw. They heard another shot fired and left the restaurant/bar to find the Sheriff on the ground. The shot “pass[ed] into his hip and out of his abdomen in front.” The Sheriff lived for a few days before

dying on Tuesday morning. He was only twenty-five years old.<sup>vi</sup>

Meanwhile, James Crawford arrested the Stewart brothers although we do not know in what capacity Crawford served as he was known as a local gambler and storyteller. Crawford would later marry Sheriff Echols' sister Lucy Ann. The Stewarts were brought before Justice of the Peace Smith (likely Edwin G.) and District Attorney P. M. Thomas on Monday. Evidently waiting to see how the Sheriff fared, the case was continued until Tuesday. The Stewart brothers both managed to get out on bail, Samuel for \$2,000 and William for \$1,000. Justice suspects that the bail resolution was a result of all of the witnesses to the murder "being intoxicated at the time of the occurrence."<sup>vii</sup>

Shortly thereafter, Samuel Stewart was re-arrested for the murder by the County Coroner. He was taken to Nicolaus, which for a brief period of time was the site of the Sutter County jail.

While Stewart was residing in the Nicolaus jail, he was given time to find witnesses for his upcoming trial. He was allowed visitors and a certain amount of freedom. One visitor was Major Bailey (not a military title but his given name) who was allowed to walk and talk with Stewart. One day, having gotten a horse in readiness, Bailey managed to get Stewart on the horse and let him escape.<sup>viii</sup>

Samuel H. Stewart, known to his friends as Hobbes Stewart or Hop Stewart, and his brother William remained in the Auburn area and Samuel was re-arrested and re-tried in 1853. (We are not sure why it took so long for the re-arrest to happen.) That

trial found him innocent of the crime, most likely because there were no witnesses to the restaurant/bar where the altercation occurred or perhaps those witnesses that could be located had been drunk at the time of the occurrence and had failing memories.<sup>ix</sup>

Neither the Sheriff's Department of Placer or Sutter counties recognize R. A. Echols as one of their own. While Placer County was not yet formed when Echols was Sheriff, he still served in the Auburn area. Why he is not recognized in Sutter County is a mystery. Long time researchers at the Placer County Archives, Bob Balmain, a former law enforcement officer, and Sharon Balmain, are planning a book about the Sheriff Echols case. Perhaps they will have the answers and this "forgotten sheriff" will receive the honor he is due.

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ii *Daily Transcript* 13 August 1850 digital newspaper collection

iii *Daily Transcript* 13 August 1850 – Knox-McDonald database

iv *Daily Transcript*

v *Daily Transcript*, Knox-McDonald database

vi *Daily Transcript*, *Ancestry.com* death records

vii *Daily Transcript*, *Thompson & West History of Placer County* page 143, Knox-McDonald database, J. C. Boggs *Placer Herald* January 18, 1908

viii *Daily Transcript*

ix Knox-McDonald database, District Court Records, Placer County July 1853, J. C. Boggs, *Placer Herald*

# Cornelius Stolp

by

Carol Withington

reprinted from the *Independent Herald*

Before the construction of roads in the mountains in the late 1840s, the passage of wagons was virtually impossible. In order to bring needed merchandise to the mining camps nestled among the ravines and gulches, the sure-footed mule was called into action.

As soon as possible, however, these long pack trains were replaced by the mountain wagon and prairie schooner, which were drawn by horses, mules or the sluggish ox. However, there still remained some localities where the faithful pack train continued to traverse the rugged, narrow mountains trails.

Despite demands for express facilities to deliver mail, packages and newspapers, it was not until 1849 that mail arrived in the mining camps from the East. News of this long-awaited event spread rapidly through the mines of Nevada County. Letters were nearly all directed to San Francisco or Sacramento where they lay in great heaps waiting to be claimed.

Those who desired mail presented their names to the express agent where a long list was compiled and placed in the hands of the postmaster. The mail was then turned over to the express company to be hauled into the mountains for delivery.

When the express line finally arrived in Nevada City, an eager crowd gathered awaiting receipt of that special letter or paper from home. For the former, they willingly paid \$2.50, for the latter, \$1.00. The price per

letter was soon reduced to \$1.00 as competition from several express lines began to develop.

Included among the early-day expressmen was Cornelius Stolp, who later became a prominent citizen of Nicolaus.

Stolp was born on September 7, 1821 on the shores of Lake Ontario, New York. He was the son of Joseph Stolp, a farmer who played an active role in public affairs where he supported the principles of the Whig Party. He also served as Captain of a company in the War of 1812 and belonged to a trained militia for several years.

In 1836, the family moved to Aurora, Illinois where the elder Stolp purchased land and engaged in farming and the sawmill business. Young Stolp assisted his father while also attending public schools.

In his late teens, Stolp returned to his home state and entered the Academy at Onondaga Hollow, where he continued his studies for three years. Soon after, he taught at a district school for six months, later returning to Illinois where he engaged in farm work with his father and in the burning of lime(stone). (Lime was used in making cement, mortar, white wash, etc.)

In 1852, Stolp went to New York where he embarked for California, reportedly walking a part of the way across the Isthmus of Panama. He landed in San Francisco on April 1 and



quickly gained employment in the southern mines.

Poor health forced him to leave the mines, however. Stolp became engaged in the express business for three years in Nevada County. While in this trade, he ran express mail from Nevada City to Red Dog.

Two envelopes cancelled by Stolp's Express Nevada and Stolp's Express Red Dog addressed to the East were purchased during the 1930s by W. R. Parker, historian, of Oroville. He reportedly paid \$20 for the two envelopes and corresponded with Daisy Corliss, Stolp's daughter, while gathering information regarding the history of early California mail transportation.

In 1855, Stolp went to Sacramento where he purchased a lot and constructed a revolving swing and circular railway, carrying on a lucrative business. Unfortunately, he lost his property after confirmation of an old land grant title.

Four years later, Stolp arrived in Sutter County. In the vicinity of Nicolaus, he built a press where he baled hay for one season. He then purchased an outfit for boring wells and worked this endeavor until he had accumulated the means to purchase land.

His initial purchase consisted of 160 acres. He later accumulated 640 acres on his home place, 120 acres a half-mile away and 200 acres of timber on the Feather River.

In 1876, Stolp married the former Martha Hutchins, a Missouri native who arrived in California in 1872. The couple became parents of two children, Daisy, the wife of Amos R. Corliss, and Charles Frederick.

Lela Smith of Yuba City, Stolp's granddaughter, recalls her mother telling her about an incident that occurred while Stolp was teaming to the mines of Nevada County. One evening, while rushing home, a storm had washed out some of the road. A falling star seemed to follow him and miraculously lighted a washed out portion of the road so Stolp was able to guide his team up on the bank.

A family residence was built in 1890 for \$10,000. The home, noted in the April 25 edition of the Sutter County Farmer, was described as "quite an ornament to that part of the county."

During the ensuing years, the family were active members of the Fairview Christian Church. Stolp served in various offices for many years and was on the building committee for the church's construction in 1883. He was also a member of the Republican Party and the Good Templars.

When he sold the right-of-way for the Northern Electric Railway, a station located on a portion of his home place was named in his honor. "It was with keen delight that he watched the building of the road through the Sacramento Valley," one source noted.

Until 1902, Stolp was active in his farm operations. He then rented the place to his son and moved to Sacramento.

Two years later he returned to his home where he remained until his death on January 24, 1910 following a long illness.

On May 17, 1911, Mrs. Stolp died and one month later the family residence was destroyed by fire. In 1913, Amos Corliss, their son-in-law,

built a modern home on the foundation of the old home.

Stolp's influence continues in Nicolaus as he was one of the earliest settlers who took an active interest in

building and developing the community. He was also the man remembered as a "good neighbor and friend, devoted to his family."

## H. B. Corliss

reprinted from the *Valley Herald*

July 22, 1980

If ever there was anyone who possessed the ingenuity of how to safeguard money, H. B. Corliss, a Sutter County settler, was certainly that person. During the years he hauled freight to Marysville, San Francisco and the state of Nevada, it was customary to be paid in greenbacks. How could you reach your home safely with money intact?

Corliss simply wound the bits of his horses' bridles with wire and money. In addition, he bedded down with his horses to further ensure safety. It worked.

The history of the Corliss family can be traced back to England to the year 1632, according to John Quinn's *History of the Sacramento Valley*. And it was in 1639 when the first Corliss arrived in America, settling in Massachusetts.

Henry Brown Corliss was born on January 15, 1835 in East Corinth, Orange County, Vermont. His first 18 years were spent on his father's farm. He attended public schools near his home, according to Quinn.

At age 19, Corliss began working on neighboring farms and continued this for three years. He then decided to come west. He sailed for Cuba, then

to Panama, and at last arrived in San Francisco in 1857 where he remained for a short while. He next settled in Placer County where he built roads, spending the winter in Auburn.

In May of 1859, Corliss came to Sutter County where he was employed by Senator Augustus Chandler near the community of Nicolaus. During the ten years he worked for Chandler, he accumulated the means to purchase land of his own.

In the spring of 1869, he traveled back to Vermont to visit his parents. He returned to Sutter County during the fall of that year and began farming for himself on the ranch where he was to live the remainder of his life.

In 1870 Corliss married Mary Jane Mills Ragsdale, a native of Scotland who came with her parents to Vermont as a child. She was a widow who married at the age of 15. Her husband, Whitley Ragsdale, was killed in an accident with a runaway team just ten days before their daughter, Cora, was born. While employed at the Chandlers, Mrs. Ragsdale met Corliss. They were married on November 9.

Five children were born of this union which included daughters Maggie Arrild, Prudence Smith and Alice

Corliss, and sons Amos K. and Willoughby.

At one time Corliss accumulated 480 acres of valuable land which “practically” adjoined the Chandler holdings. According to Lela Smith, of Yuba City, this property remained in the family for about 100 years. The property was originally owned by the railroad, according to the transfer of deeds, she noted.

Although it is unknown the exact year the original home was built, family pictures indicate that it was constructed of brick. Later alterations were made and the brick portion was replaced by a two-story addition.

Along with his farming pursuits, Corliss was also employed as a road overseer and a freight-line operator. It was during this occasion upon his return home from a freighting trip that Mrs. Smith related a story concerning her father, Amos.

It seems that young Amos rushed to his mother in complete alarm one day. “Mommie,” he exclaimed, “Papa’s wagons and teams are out

front, but there’s some strange man driving them!” It proved to be his father, however. Clean-shaven when he left the home place days before, he arrived home with a full beard!

Corliss was a man of order. Mrs. Smith relates that he kept daily entries in a diary his entire life.

Politically, Corliss was a Republican. For many years he served as a school trustee. He was also a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. Both he and his wife were members of the Fairview Christian Church.

In later years he walked about his farm with his homemade cane, which he fashioned from an apple tree, according to his granddaughter.

On January 24, 1912, while sitting in his chair at his family home, Corliss died at the age of 77. Although he had been in poor health for some time, his death came as a severe shock to his friends and relatives. Corliss was remembered as a man “who was always highly esteemed and respected” by his many friends and family members.



# The Diary of an Average Housewife

by  
Estelle Crowhurst

*Estelle Crowhurst wrote a weekly column about her life for the Independent Herald from 1948 until 1969. The Crowhurst family donated a bound copy of these columns to the Museum. The following are excerpts from some early columns.*

November 6, 1952  
*Elections*

Well, the great day has at long last come and gone. All the name calling is over and what in the world the radio newsmen are going to do with themselves now, I can't imagine. Of course, most of them will now turn into news analysts and proceed to give us the reasons the election went as it did. But, regardless of them, isn't it wonderful to think that we live in a country where we can differ violently with the opinions of our neighbors and not be ashamed to say so, or more important, not be afraid to say so. And now that a majority of voters has decided for one man, the rest are big enough people to say that since it is the will of the people, we will all stand together in the choice that has been made. How lucky we Americans are.

What I have wondered during the past couple of months is how the families of candidates have been able to stand up under such strain. Even the losers must be thankful that it is all over. Such suspense is almost unbearable, when they have so much at stake.

Even I, a least important twig of a root of the "grass-root" members of the party, felt that I could hardly last out Tuesday. Around nine in the morning, just as I finished my breakfast dishes, I heard an announcer on the radio, giving the first returns from a few scattered, small precincts in the eastern states. Vermont and Michigan, I think it was. Listening intently to the breath-taking news, I absent-mindedly noted that my

hands looked particularly rough and dishpan-y and reached for the hand-lotion. Still more preoccupied, as the results were tabulated, I carefully took down my bottle of very expensive and luxurious liquid deodorant, which stood next to the hand-lotion on the shelf. With great care I covered my hands with the stuff and massaged it into the skin. How crazy can you get?

And if election suspense affects me that way, how in the world can the candidates and their families who have worked so hard for so long and been under such a strain survive the ordeal?

January 22, 1953  
*Selling a piece of furniture*

Have you ever tried to sell a piece of your furniture? If you haven't and are at all sensitive, don't do it. It's a grueling experience.

According to the newspapers, if you have some article which has outlived its usefulness, all you need do is to use the want ads and your problems are solved. According to them there's just nothing to it. That's what they think. We have had a couch which we no longer need, which I have been meaning to get rid of for some time. My worst mistake was that all I did about it was to mean to get rid of it. Until it had become quite shabby.

Then one day, when I was expecting guests and consequently seeing a few flaws in my home that I ordinarily overlook, I decided that the couch must go. It certainly added nothing to the

dining-room. In fact it had gradually become so shabby that it detracted considerably from the attractiveness of the room. So I very blithely visited a second-hand furniture store and offered them my couch. I expected only a very modest sum for it. Imagine my surprise when I was told that they did not want it at any price. It seems that there is a state law which requires all second-hand furniture which is upholstered to be sterilized before a dealer may re-sell it. So they were not interested in my couch. Two other stores told me the same thing, but they all agreed that I could easily sell it by advertising. They assured me that there were lots of people who would just love to have my studio couch, if they only knew that I wanted to sell it. Lots of people besides them, that is.

So I put the ad in the paper and waited to see what would happen. I did not have long to wait. There was one lady here before our own paper had arrived. She took one look at the couch and several looks at the rest of the house and said it was not what she wanted. But she did tell me what she wanted and why. Twenty minutes of my time, she took telling me.

The next morning three different sets of people came to look at the couch, while I was washing. With each showing, my couch looked sadder and shabbier to me, until I began feeling most apologetic for even owning it, let alone trying to palm it off on anyone else. They were all people I had never seen before and they all gazed upon me and my couch and my house with such cold, critical eyes, that I fondly hoped I would never see them again. After three days of this, I found myself wishing that I had taken the couch out in the back yard and set a match to it. Selling it seemed absolutely impossible.

And then, when I answered the doorbell, one time, with the usual

apprehensiveness, there stood a lovely woman whom I had met several years ago, at the home of a mutual friend. When after a few polite exchanges at seeing each other so unexpectedly, she said she would like to see my couch. I had developed such a complex about it that I hated to show it to her. She is a charming personable, pretty woman and the people who had scorned it for three days were so un-charming that I was sure she would not be interested in it. But, there was nothing to do but let her see it.

Believe it or not, she decided after looking at it and asking a few questions, that it was just what she wanted. I can't tell you what it did for my self-esteem to think that somebody so nice would want it.

So my little advertising venture ended well after all, but I have decided that I will think a long time before I attempt another.

February 5, 1953

#### *Animal lovers and pet names*

An interesting thing about most animal-lovers is the names that they give their pets. Some animal names are very common and are used over and over again, such as Rex, Spot, Duke, Shep and Rover. When we found our little dog up in the mountains last summer, I wanted to name her Burney Falls. But she is such a woolly, ragged little thing that Rags just suited her, so she is stuck with the commonest name imaginable.

Some people have just one name for all their cats or dogs. When we were children, no matter, what fancy name we gave to our cats, Papa always called them all James or Jimmy, regardless of character or sex.

One member of our family has a Siamese cat name Choimondeley. No name could be less Siamese, but that doesn't matter, for his nickname is

Chum, a very appropriate name, as there is nothing chummier than a Siamese cat, with his own folks. Ours, named Rama, is so chummy that he sleeps on the beds, only. The above mentioned cat-lover once had a little wiry, black cat named Hopper, a most descriptive name, as he was exceptionally agile, even for a cat. He could scale the walls like a monkey and late in life acquired a new name due to his cleverness. He became known as the "Little Meehanie," because of his exceptional ability in opening cupboards, bread boxes and such like.

Then I have a friend who had a cat named Elementary. This seemed a most suitable name to me. There is no domestic animal more elemental than a cat and I said so to my friend. But she put me right on that. It seems that her children had found the cat on the playground of the elementary school, and so he had been named Elementary.

We have neighbors who have always had pets and who all love their pets dearly. They are never without cats and dogs. Usually I am acquainted with these animals but I missed one, once. One day when I was out in the back yard hanging out my washing, I heard this neighbor speaking in a very cross tone. Due to fences, shrubs, and buildings, I can not see her when she is out in her yard, but I could hear her very plainly. She was calling someone in a most exasperated voice. She kept saying "Junior, come here." Finally she said, "Junior, get in that shed and stay there."

I couldn't understand it. I had never heard her refer to either of her boys as Junior and I certainly had never heard her use that tone to her children, who are all wonderful youngsters. When I mentioned it to my children at the table that night, they said, "Oh, that wasn't any kids she was talking to. That was Trievey Junior. Their other dog was

Trievey and this one looks just like him, so his name is Trievey Junior."

As I say, pets' names can be really interesting.

February 12, 1953

*Lincoln's Birthday and table manners*

Here we are at Lincoln's Birthday once more. Last year at this time the children talked of learning the Gettysburg Address, in fact some of them did so. And I felt very guilty that I could go no further with it than:

"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

I promised myself that before another Lincoln's birthday rolled around I would have memorized that beautiful piece of prose. But of course I had done no such thing up to the beginning of this week. When it occurred to me that I had let a whole year slip by, without being patriotic enough to have learned it, I decided it would be dinner table conversation for this week. So I have copied it and we are learning it with our dinners. It really beats the usual "stop putting so much in your mouth; ask for what you want; don't reach halfway across the table for it" type of thing which graces most of our meals. Three hungry - what am I saying? - three starving boys can make a shambles out of the most orderly meal. It isn't any fun to keep saying "stop gulping your milk. Don't eat so fast, we have all evening for this meal. Take your chin out of your hand. Bring the food to your mouth, not your mouth to the plate." It isn't any fun to keep harping on such rudimentary table decencies, but if we did not do it we soon would not be able to eat at the same table with such little savages. As it is, I claim that it takes a strong constitution to continue eating and

relishing your food, with such company at the table.

So the introduction of Abraham Lincoln and his Gettysburg Address was a welcome change in our table conversation. Our youngest member, who had not heard of the address at school, being a little young for it, was deeply interested, as they had of course studied about Lincoln. I was stumped by his first question, "How many is a score?" I am ashamed to say that I am never sure whether a score is 10, 12 or 20. When we had that settled, we went on with how long it has been since Lincoln made the address. On looking it up, we found that he had done so in November, 1863. I remarked that was almost 90 years ago and went on to say what a wonderful piece of literature it is, to have survived all that time and to still be as applicable now as it was when it was made.

To which our youngest replied, "Oh, 90 years isn't so very long. Was Fatso alive then?"

Which concluded our lesson in history for that meal.

March 5, 1953

### *Fights with spouse*

Have you ever had an argument or difference of opinion or disagreement with your husband? Or let's face it. Have you ever had a real old "fight" with him? Not a little encounter but a real clash of personalities or opinions. And after he has gone you think of a lot more things that you might have said that would really have convinced him and put you in the right. And then, when you can't give vent to any more acid remark because there is no one there to hear them, you begin to think you'd just like to leave and not be there when he gets home from work. And you think with great satisfaction of how beaked he would be when he got home and found

no one there, the house cold and no dinner ready.

It's a really satisfying picture and usually if you brood on it long enough you get over the worst of your anger long before the misguided soul returns. It's fun to think of leaving, usually, because deep down you know it is not possible to do so. Either there are small children depending on you or you have made some plans to go somewhere that you would not miss, or worst of all, you can't think of anywhere that you could go to spend several days without answering a lot of unwelcome questions.

So you stay home and build up your deflated ego by picturing to yourself what a sad place home would be without you and how worried and lonely and upset your stubborn mistaken husband would be if he should come home at the end of the day and find you gone bag and baggage.

If you have ever had any part of this little experience, you will appreciate the following episode that a friend of mine told me once. It seems that she and her husband had a heated argument one morning. She didn't say what the argument was about; in fact she couldn't remember what started it which is quite characteristic of such quarrels. They are farmers, and when the argument reached the heated stage that always arrives, sooner or later in such affairs, when they were both shouting at each other, the man of the house slammed out the back door, without saying where he was going. My friend, who has no children and so did not have that excuse for staying home, decided that she would go to town and maybe she wouldn't even come back. So she flounced out of the house and into the car.

There is circular drive at the back of the house where her car was standing. She glanced around to see if her husband might be within in sight so that he would

be properly concerned about her leaving. She saw his pickup truck which he used on the farm standing in the garage but saw nothing of him. She started the car with a roar, backed furiously into the driveway and came to a full stop with a resounding crash.

She had not seen her husband because he had been in the pickup apparently with the same idea of leaving the place with a flourish and they had both backed out simultaneously doing no good to either car. Needless to say, when they realized what they had done, they both indulged in a pretty sheepish laugh and the quarrel was, if not forgotten, at least overlooked. It was an expensive way to get over an argument, but it has helped me a time or two to hold my tongue when I take time to think about it. Which isn't often enough.

April 2, 1953

*A trip to "the island"*

You must have read many times, as I have, how important it is to spend time with your children. There is no housework that can't wait while you enjoy the company of your children. Or so the magazines all tell you. So this week being Easter vacation I decided to put that little axiom to the test.

Last summer the boys spent many happy days playing somewhere near the swimming pool at a place they called "the island." It was in the river bottoms somewhere and I worried somewhat about its safety for them. We have warned them about the danger of the river since they first began to learn to swim and though they are all excellent swimmers, I felt sure that they would not go into the river. They assured me that they played far from the water's edge. They built forts and bridges over swampy spots and just generally had a wonderful time. Still, I have always meant to go down there sometimes and see what sort

of place this was where the boys spent so much time.

So when Easter vacation started with such beautiful weather and the boys informed me on Monday that they were going down to "the island" to play and they sure wished I could see what a good place it was I decided to heed the advice of the magazines and forget my work and spend some time with my children. The twins and their friends set out early, with a promise from me that I would be down later. The youngest man and a friend stayed home with me to show me the way. I hurried through my washing, packed a sketchy lunch of sandwiches, apples and the inevitable cool drink and set out in the car shortly after noon. We also had the two little granddaughters, aged three and four, who were highly elated to be going on a picnic, just at nap time.

We had tentatively agreed with the big boys to meet at the swimming pool, but my two young guides assured me that it would be shorter and easier if we drove down the levee and went straight to the island from there. Naturally I supposed they knew what they were talking about.

We hiked down the levee a ways with everyone in excellent spirits, each carrying a bag or jar - or both - and the two young guides busily watching for the proper spot to cut down the side of the levee and into the river bottoms. The levee was green; we could look across the valley to the Buttes. The air was bracing and I felt like a freshman skipping afternoon classes. Then the scouts decided it was time to leave the levee. We were soon in dense underbrush. We crawled through heavy growth of dead bushes, climbed over fallen logs, struggled through very much-alive wild blackberry vines. Everything was covered with a dry, dusty silt, the result no doubt of last winter's high



water. The little girls became quite alarmed and insisted that they did not like this place. They insisted upon holding someone's hand and what with the various bundles of lunch, there were no hands to spare. Their fears soon became quite vocal, and our crawling and climbing and struggling were accompanied by constant wailing. My guides kept assuring me that we would soon see "the island," and that even where we were was a "keen place."

By this time I was very much on the side of the girls and in spite of the loud praises of the guides I too did not like the place. After much blood and sweat and tears we finely reached the "bridge," plainly a boy's construction job which consisted of brush and driftwood piled across a horrible stagnant pool of muddy water. In the middle of this bridge with a jar under one arm, a bag of sandwiches in my hand and the four year-old under the other arm, my foot slipped through the brush and I sank knee deep in the muck. The wails from both girls increased to double strength. Both guides looked pretty alarmed and greatly relieved when I began to laugh. We laughed till we were weak, then I managed to pull myself out of the water and back to the edge of the pool.

The boys crossed the bridge very precariously; we all sat on a log and decided that the advance party was simply out of luck. We called and called, but without a single answering voice. So we ate our sandwiches and fruit and had steeled ourselves for the trip back to the car when we heard voices and soon saw the big boys coming through the brush. No shipwrecked sailors on a desert island ever greeted rescuers more joyously.

The rescue party polished off the remaining lunch, so we had no bundles to carry. The big boys carried the girls and we were back at the car in no time at all. By two o'clock the girls and I were

home, bathed and they were in bed. They were so glad to be home that there was not a single complaint about the naps. And it was sheer pleasure for me to go out and get in my clothes. I never did see "the island" and decide whether or not it was safe for the boys to play. I made up my mind after that trek through the jungles that they were much better able to cope with whatever difficulties they encountered than I was and anyone who had played in such a wilderness could certainly take care of himself.

April 9, 1953

#### *Spring weather and Easter*

Did you ever see a nicer day than Easter was? No one could possibly have wished for more perfect weather. No matter what time you attended church services it was a beautiful day. Easter is a joyous occasion for all Christians and if to some feminine hearts a little more joy is added by the wearing of new and pretty clothes, it is too bad to have the joy dimmed by rain. So this year the Easter finery blossomed like the spring flowers have and no proud and happy little girl had to shiver in her lace-trimmed organdy or nylon or wear a coat or sweater drably over it. And we heard that all over the United States the weather was perfect on Easter Sunday.

And to think that on Monday, the very day after Easter, we here in the valley had one of our worst north winds of the spring. It might very well have happened on Sunday. The only possible good that the north wind ever does, as far as I can see, is to facilitate washing, if you are one of those old-fashioned people who still depends upon the weather to dry your wash.

At the risk of sounding really unprogressive, I wish to state that I have no desire to own a clothes-dryer. One of the better moments of washday is stepping out into the sunshine to hang

out my clothes. It does something good for my housewifely instincts to see my nice, clean clothes waving in the breeze in my back yard. And no clothes taken out of a dryer could ever smell as sweet and fresh as the washing does that I put away on Monday afternoons.

But last Monday, it took real courage and determination to hang my washing out. And before I finished one line the clothes were almost dry enough to bring in again. The clothes were soft and smooth and fluffy after just a couple of hours in that wind. Needless to say my hands were quite the opposite but it was worth acquiring rough hands to have the washing folded and put away so early in the day.

Maybe that is why I think I would not like a dryer, it would eliminate that element of suspense every Monday during the winter and spring when I wonder if I am going to get things dry without having to resort to the clothes-rack inside the house. And if Monday is a beautiful day which it so often is this time of year, it is a real treat to spend a few minutes out of every hour out in the yard with the flowers blooming, the birds singing and the trees so delicately green.

This Monday was mighty different. The trees bent and swayed and whipped in the bitter, cold wind and the birds were not much in evidence. I kept thinking all day how wonderful it was that Monday should have been windy and cold instead of Easter Sunday.

May 7, 1953

*Housewives and walking*

Today as I went about my housework, I heard a very reassuring statement over the radio. I had made four beds, picked up three pairs of dirty socks, two shirts and assorted underwear, and taken these things all to the washroom. I had picked up five marbles from five different spots on the

dining room floor, put away four funny books from beside two beds, had folded and carried out to the paper box all of yesterday's papers.

Of course I know that the mother of well-trained children never does any of these menial tasks. The well-trained children in a well-run home does all of these little tasks before he ever leaves his room for breakfast. Our boys pick up all the above mention items, if I urge them to do so. Once or twice in my life, they have even done it without being told.

But this morning we overslept, so everyone barely had time to get his clothes on and breakfast down. There was a mad scramble for spellers, geography books, lunch money and bank money, there was a flourish of bicycles, a near fight over who shoved whom, and they were off. There had not been a moment for picking up clothes or making beds and at the moment I did not care. It was so lovely and quiet in the house. I could actually hear the radio.

I know that a perfectionist in child training would advocate that I leave the beds unmade; the clothes lying where they had been thrown until the young men should returned from school. But I, for one, am not such a perfectionist that I care to pick my way all day through dirty underwear, marbles, rumpled funny books and unmade beds. If I don't get up in time in the morning for the boys to be driven to doing their chores, then I am just stuck with them. And I don't feel that I have much right to complain.

But as I was saying, I had spent considerable time and taken many steps putting things in an semblance of order this morning.

I had started the breakfast dishes, carried out garbage, a load of empty jars to the storeroom and straightened up the sink boards. As I hurried through the dishes so that I could get a good start on

the ironing, I heard the astounding bit of news over the radio which I mentioned herein above.

The man said that the average housewife, doing her usual tasks about the home (an average five room cottage), walks twenty-five hundred miles in one year. At that moment I was most willing to agree with him. I often read with envy of women who are tennis champions or wonderful swimmers and think how much more exercise they get than I do. But now I don't need to bow to anyone. I walk twenty-five hundred miles every year. I never dreamed I had it in me.

May 28, 1953

*Language & being understood*

Don't you wonder sometimes of the faith that little youngsters have in us. It often scares me when I think how carelessly I hand out information and commends. They, especially when they are small, accept it all with such unquestioning confidence. A parent really is burdened with big responsibilities and all he can do is his best. And at some stage of their development children ask many and such constant questions that you forget all about the responsibilities and answer just as fast as you can. At that stage there is nothing so welcome as the youngster's bedtime. And the lovely silence that accompanies it.

What started this trend of thought was our little three year old granddaughter. Last week she was riding with her father from her home in Colusa to spend the afternoon with one of her fond grandmas. They had been over on the west side of Colusa out in the country and as they made a turn in the country road they could see in the distance the little town of Arbuckle. No doubt it seemed to the youngster that they had been riding about long enough

and should soon be approaching Yuba City. When she saw buildings in the distance she said,

"Daddy, is that where Grandma and Grandpa live?"

He said, "No, Cathy, that is Arbuckle."

He said she didn't say anything for a few miles, then she said, "Yours."

He said "My what?"

She said, "Yours and Mommy's."

He said, "Mommy and my what?" growing more mystified all the time.

She said, "Yours and Mommy's buckle."

Can't you just imagine the confusion in that youngster's mind if her daddy told her that a group of buildings that she could see in the distance was a buckle that belonged to him. She would accept it for a fact. It makes you wonder how many bits of information that we hand out so matter of factly to our youngsters are misunderstood or misconstrued as that was. No wonder we have a bad time understanding other nationalities than our own. We don't even understand each other half the time.

June 11, 1953

*The old wood stove*

One of the boys asked me a question this morning that really started a train of thought in my mind. He wanted to know what a wood stove was. I told him that it was a stove that was used before we had gas and electric ranges. It was made of iron and we burned wood in it instead of turning a handle which lighted the gas or turned on the electricity. He said he had always thought it was a stove made of wood and he always wondered what kept it from burning up.

So then without much encouragement from him, I enlarged upon the subject. Told him how when

his aunts and I were little, we had a wood stove in the kitchen on which all our meals were cooked. I told him how every fall his grandfather ordered wood which was delivered in our backyard. We would come home from school some afternoon and there would be that enormous mountain of wood, some split into sticks of stove lengths for the kitchen stove and some in large chunks for the heating stove in the living room.

Papa always carried in the chunks to the basement because they were too heavy for us but we had to carry the entire load of kitchen wood into the basement. It looked to me like a pile of wood the size of South Butte and it always seemed as if we would never get it all into the basement. That job took us several afternoons after school and that was just the beginning. After it was all under cover and Papa had stacked it neatly in beautiful, even rows we had to fill the wood box every afternoon all winter long.

In the summer time we did have a little gas plate setting on a small table at the back of the wood stove and on the hottest days Mama cooked on that if there was no baking to be done. But the wood box had to be kept filled at all times. I told him how many an evening after dinner when we had all settled down in the living room Mama would say, "did you girls get your wood in the afternoon?"

And whoever had forgotten her turn would have to put on her sweater, coax and beg her partner to go with her down the dark back steps in the cold to the basement and bring up enough wood to fill the wood box. If we didn't there was no fire, there was no breakfast.

I had forgotten all about the scary trip down the back steps, the fumbling around in the blackness of the basement for the hanging light cord, and after gathering the armful of wood and

extinguishing the light, the mad scurry up the back steps and the dreadful feeling that there was something following you. The warm brightness of the kitchen was pure heaven, when you reached it.

I said in conclusion, "You think you have it rough when you have to rake or mow the lawn once a week."

And my youngest said in heavy sarcasm, "Big Talk!"

And from the other room where one of the twins had been listening, came his voice. He said, "Don't brag, Mama."

Truly a reminiscer as well as a prophet is without honor in his own country.

June 18, 1953

#### *American values and education*

Since the young adults in our family, those who have been out of college for a few, short years and those who are still attending college, never read this modest little column, I will dare to voice an opinion that has been at the back of my mind ever since those same adults first started high school. That opinion is that in modern higher education, old fashioned "book larnin" has become a very insignificant part of school life, at least in the minds of the students.

Recently, on the radio, on a very first rate program, I heard a group of young people from several high schools being interviewed. Of course, the interview was impromptu and strictly unrehearsed. They were all youngsters around 16 and 18 who had been called upon unexpectedly from the audience. Goodness knows how intelligent any of us would sound under similar circumstances.

But the queer part of it was that these young people did not sound dumb or unintelligent. The master of

ceremonies asked each one of them what was most outstanding about his or her school. They represented perhaps six or eight different high schools from towns surrounding the large eastern city where the radio program originates.

The youngsters were very responsive, and much less flustered than older people under the same circumstances. But what do you suppose that each and every boy and girl had to say about his own high school, its claim to fame?

You've guessed it? It was that his high school had a wonderful football, basketball or track team.

I kept thinking that surely at least one school would be outstanding for, say, its course in art, or literature, or even domestic science, or some science or language course. But no. As each young person was questioned about his school and what claim it had to fame, the same answer came back. It had a wonderful football team, or someone had made a

record for the one-mile dash, if that is the correct term.

One boy did deviate a little by saying that his school had a "mess of cute girls." When they had all made their wonderful claims for their schools, the master of ceremonies said that they were a fine looking, representative group of young America.

And I couldn't help but think that we stress in our young people to-day looks, (clothes, good grooming, etc.) and athletic prowess, first. Those are the all-important features in our Young American's life and if he gets any more than that out of his schooling, he certainly does not seem to want anyone to know about it. At least that was the impression that those high school students gave to a national audience. Or am I just getting to be an old foggy? I know that is what my boys would say about me, so thank goodness they won't read this.



# Puzzling

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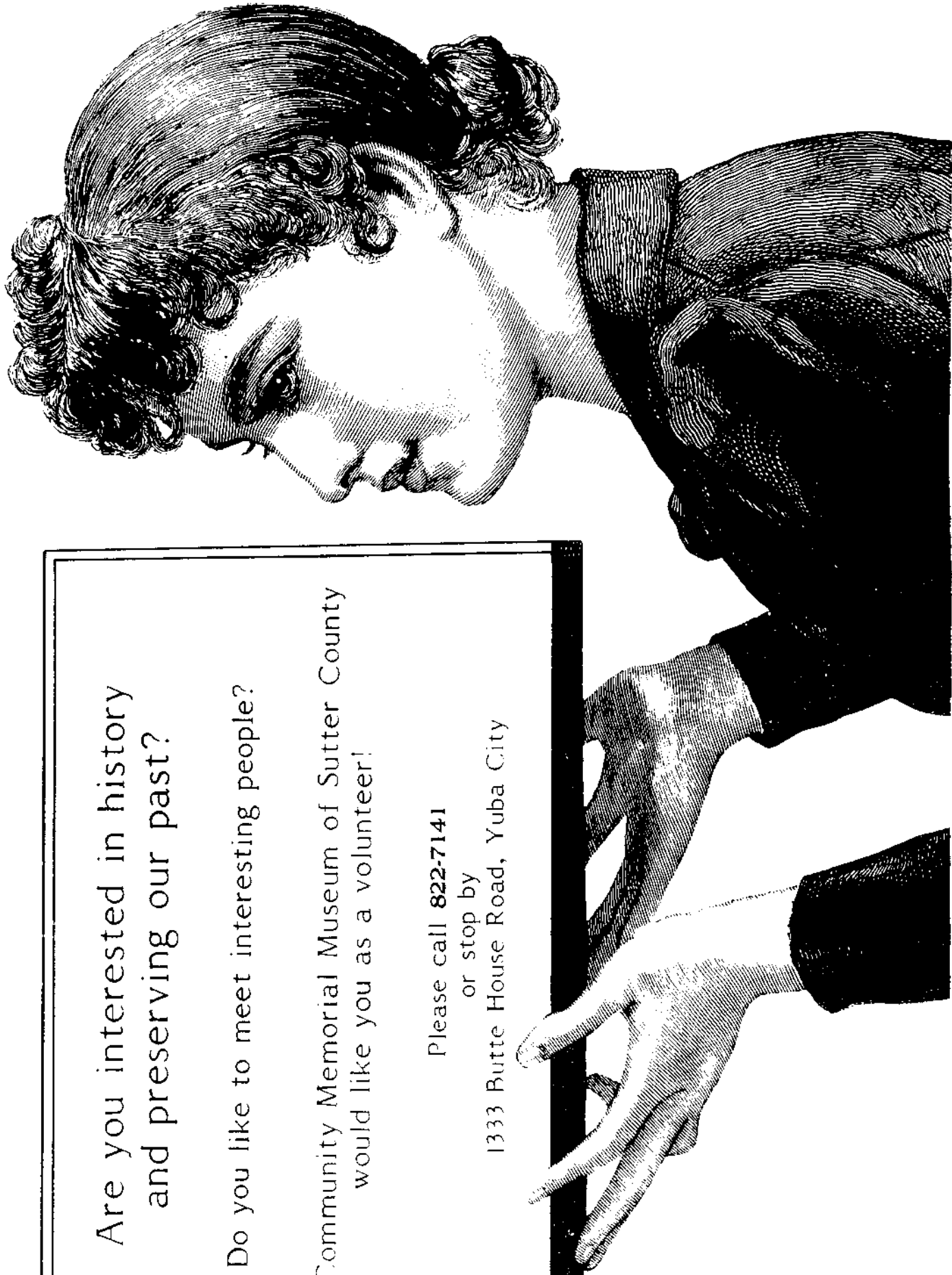
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# Calendar of Events

## November

- 13 *Flooded: Nature and the Human Spirit* art exhibit closing reception at the Museum, 6-8 pm
- 14 Last day to see *Flooded: Nature and the Human Spirit* art exhibit at the Museum

## December

- 3 Decoration Day at the Museum, 9 am - finished
- 5 Trees and Traditions Gala Event at the Museum 5-8 pm
- 13 Children's Program and Open House at the Museum, 1-3 pm
- 30 Last day to submit your Journey Story

## January

*The Art of Survival: Enduring the Turmoil of Tule Lake* exhibit opens at the Museum

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