

Mrs. Sarah J. Baker,

3/21/45

Mrs. Sarah J. Baker, J for Josephine, was born October 31, 1854, in Yellowsprings, Ohio and was 90 years old when interviewed at her home, 600 West Myrtle street, Visalia, on March 21, 1945.

When she was five to seven years old she remembers asking her mother about an old two story house, surrounded by a ditch and with little bridges leading over the ditch. Her mother was surprised that she remembered the house and ditches because they were a part of a Methodist Camp and Mrs. Baker was two years old when she was living near there.

Her parents were Mr. and Mrs. Simpson Drake (Simpson and Mary) Drake. Drake was a farmer, moving the family from Yellowsprings to Clay county, Illinois, when she was two years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson Drake and their daughter came to California from Illinois by train, arriving at Stockton in 1870. (May 1) Relatives had come to California by ox train about seven years previously. Mrs. Baker recalls that the trip took 10 days, from St Louis to Stockton. She was married 15 years old at that time and was married when she was 16. She remembers that girls were commonly married when they were 12, 14 and 16 years old then. The family reached Stockton at night. They had traveled light from Illinois, bringing with them only clothes. In Stockton they procured a team and wagon and came to Modesto where they had relatives. Modesto was known as Paradise City then and was only a village. They came on down the Valley in a wagon and to the land office in Visalia. Drake filed on land, Mrs. Baker believes it was 160 acres, at the land office located in Visalia. It was 11 miles southwest of Visalia. There were no roads out in that direction

them and the trip over toward the Lake was made across the plains in the wagon, traveling with a stove, table, chairs, bed, and meagre household necessities. She recalls an abundance of oak trees. The camp was set up evidently west of Tulare where there were lots of big oak trees. The family lived on the Lake for eight or nine months but Drake couldn't raise ~~good~~ grain because it was a dry year that season. There were no neighbors when the Drakes arrived. One man named Downing moved in later, tried to raise grain and like Drake, gave up. There were hogs in the area, someone running them and fattening them up on acorns when the mast was heavy. Drake decided to move and lifted the filing for one in Squaw Valley. He built a frame house, using poor lumber because the Old Mill Flat mill (Sequoia Lake) had burned down. There were however plenty of shakes for a roof. The shakes were ~~splitted~~ split from sugar pine and were about three feet long. Drake had a few milk cows, raised grain and fruit. (Peaches and pears) Mrs. ~~Downing~~ Baker recalls that among the few neighbors were families named Hutchinson, Hyatt, Rogers and a few old bachelors, including one named Houghton, who used to come around, presumably to see her. There was also a family named Collins. She had gone out with boys very little, if any to that time.

It was while living in Squaw Valley that Mrs. Baker met Sands Baker who later was to become her husband. He lived in Visalia and taught school and was "in business" during the Civil War. The two were married in 1872, near the old Baker ranch in the Farmersville district. This ranch has changed hands only once since its deed was signed originally by Ulysses S. Grant. Baker taught a school across the river at what is now Cutler Park, Yokhol and in Visalia..

Mrs. Baker's father's place was located at the lower end of

Squaw Valley. She and Baker set up housekeeping in Dunlap. Baker had the house up, covered and part of the partitions in, but when they were first married they lived in a cabin and moved into the house in the spring. They had ^{two} ~~three~~ neighbors, the Peter Q. Turners, William Askew. Turner was crippled, and "walked about on his knees." Baker and Turner came down to the Valley and Visalia every two weeks when weather permitted, with teams, to get supplies. The 10 miles from Squaw Valley out of the mountains was bad, hardly a trace of a road. In winter and heavy rains it was impassable. When the teams got to what is now Orosi and hit dry bog from then on to Visalia, it was nearly as bad and the horses were worn out and stuck up with mud. They could hardly pull any kind of a load. There were some bachelors living in the ~~valley~~ Dunlap area too, and one was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, very stout, who came down, walking, to get mail. One time he brought back four copies of the Visalia Weekly Delta at one time, showing how isolated from mail were the families in that area at that time. Grain, cattle and hogs were raised with the hogs fattening on acorns of which they were in abundance in the old days. The family laid in stores of beans, potatoes. They had pork and raised some garden. They often had bear meat and deer meat. Mrs. Baker remembers one hunter who would throw a deer over the fence of the Baker home and shout for Baker to come out and get it, when he walked by. When taxes were paid Baker had to go to old Millerton (Fresno county) to pay them.

There were quite a number of Indians, Mrs. Baker estimates about 75, in the area at that time and there was a big rancheria of Indians in Squaw Valley. Before coming to California she had heard stories about the Indians and was frightened of them. She remembers her first meeting with them. She and her father were coming around a little

hill in Squaw Valley when they came across seven Indians, mounted. They had been in the hills and came up and "howed." They could talk broken English and had lots of wild goosberries. Her father started trading with them, trading a little sugar, salt and coffee for two washtubs and several cans and buckets full of goosberries which her mother preserved. There appeared to be two kinds of goosberries. Before the stock came to the hill there were lots of goosberries. After the trading with the Indians Mrs. Baker was no longer afraid of them. They wore rather old clothes and later in Dunlap they wore good work clothes. The rancheria in Squaw Valley was located almost where the road crosses the Squaw Valley Creek, near the Fulgham property.

The Indian boys, up to about 12 years old, usually wore only a shirt and no trousers. She recalls seeing them run with the long shirt tails whipping out behind them.

"How they used to eat when they worked for Mr. Baker," she said. "We raised squash and pumpkins. I would boil the squash until it was soft and I could take a paddle and mash it up like I was going to make a pie. Then I put salt and meat fryings and mixed it up. It was almost like a cake. I would sit a big dish of that before two or three Indians and they would finish it at one meal. They ate lots of meat, pumpkin and potatoes. Up until the arrival of the first people in that area they had no white food as they called it. They had been living on roots and grasses, clover, and what game they could kill. They started dieing off with tuberculosis and a doctor at that time said it was because they had changed from Indian food to white food.

They lived in wicki-ups mostly, which were made of brush or long stems, woven loosely together and covered with brush and dirt. They didn't stalk about much in snowy weather, but stuck close at home.

An old chief, Captain George and his wife, Nellie, used to wash for me when I couldn't get anyone else. They were "aristocrats" because they wouldn't wash for anyone else. The women did the washing and the men would sometime help carry the water but that is all. The men would go out and kill a deer and then the women would go out and pack it in. I have seen an old Indian tie a sack of flour on his horse and let his wife walk. They used to get a coarse flour from us, middlings, it was really part flour and part brann. It was the first kind they started to buy because it was cheap. I have seen a squaw carry a 75 pound sack of flour in her pack basket and set a year and a half old boy on top of it and head out for her home, five miles away and over some steep hills too. One Indian was named OUTEE, another was Little Dick, who was Captain George's boy and then there was Pie Jack and Kee Chaw, Jim Little Britches and Chang Kai. Some of the Indians couldn't talk English at all when we were first there and a few could talk very good.

They used to have a sweat house down by the creek and near a water hole in the creek. They dug out a hole in the ground--it was about 10 feet across and the hole was about two and a half feet or three feet deep. Then they built up poles over the hole and covered it with dirt. They built a fire inside and would go inside until they could hardly stand it and then come running out and jump into the water hole. When the children got the measles they did this and some of them died. They did it when they had whopping cough too. They died off like sheep.

I have seen them cut deer meat up and cattle meat into strips and hang it in the sun to dry and have dried it myself. It is best prepared by pounding it with a stone and loosening the fibres

"- thought it would be funny to fool him" (Jake Huffaker)
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Mrs. Baker said in recalling the time when Huffaker was courting Palestine Downing and she persuaded Palestine's twin sister, Clementine to dress up when Jake was coming to call. "I went into the room with her and helped her dress. Then Mr. Huffaker arrived and I went out and said 'she's about ready,' She came out and said, 'Well I'm all ready' and Mr. Huffaker said, 'well, alright then, go on then.' You couldn't fool him. It was pretty easy to tell the twins apart after you were around them awhile.

"Mrs. Huffaker and I have been friends ever since we got acquainted near Paradise City (Modesto) a short time after I arrived in California. They had a camp meeting there, it was a Methodist meeting. Part of the family went to Uncle Jake Drake and part to Uncle Elias Wooten. The camp meeting was on a creek above Modesto. I went to camp with Uncle Wooten's folks. We camped there and I attended the meetings. It was in June of 1870. Uncle Jake Drake was raised near Modesto. Uncle Elias Wooten lived further up the river. I recall it must have been about a two week meeting. They set up a restaurant and eating camp. The meetings were held in a kind of brush shed and the pulpit was sort of built up. They had several ministers and the music was singing. It was good too. My Uncle Wooten's family had tents. Some of the people there had tents and some just had quilts, ~~odd odd odd odd~~ and pieces of canvas hung up. They moved their stoves there and cooked.

"When I was in Squaw Valley the teacher was a Visalia girl. That was the first school. I told father, when I started to school, to get me a sixth reader, it was what I had been studying. She was boarding at a place there and when father came with the book to the place he said he had a book for me and it was a sixth reader.

the teacher said "my I thought it was an algebra--how I trembled when I thought I would have to teach that because I wasn't up on it too good. ' Her name was Susie Roark. I think she was Bernice Swank's grandmother.

"There were about 13 or 14 children in the school when it was organized. I was there when it was first organized. The teacher boarded with the Collins family. I lived about two miles from school and wore high heel shoes. It was terrible to walk in them and I got lame. Father said there weren't any horses for me to ride so I had to quit after going only a short time.

"My brothers were John A. Drake, three years younger than I and Charles B. Drake. Charles was four years younger. I had a sister who was married when she came here. She was Rebecca Drake and was married to Richard Durke. They came out at the same time and had a child, Gertrude, who married a Traeweck, we called him Dangs. She lives in Fresno (Gertrude) Her son lives on the old place in Dunlap. Hugh runs his mother's ranch, 700 acres. She was a baby when we came out.

"When we lived in Dunlap we used candles because Mr. Baker was afraid of using kerosene lamps because of the children. In east we had straw beds under our mattresses and the same in Dunlap. When you put the feather bed on them they were about two feet thick and it made a good bed. One night Mr. Baker and I went up to some neighbors to see a young man who had just come out from Ohio. We weren't to be gone long. Mattie had gotten to be a chunk of a girl five years old or maybe six. Her brother was about four or four and one-half. They got to looking for something and had the candles out and set fire to the straw bed, but somehow they managed to get it out. They didn't saw a word when we came home. But the next morning when I started to clean up and saw a hole about a foot big burned in the

mattress and burned straw on the floor, I knew what had happened. That was at Dunlap where the old house is there yet.

"I used to have a regular candle mould that would make 12 candles at a time. Mother had one that would make six. It sat in a frame. Mr. Baker killed one or two steers every year and the Indians bought what meat we wanted to sell. I always saved up the grease from the fryings and we had a cellar under the kitchen. I fried out the tallow as lard and put it away until I needed candles. Then I melted it up. I had regular candle which we used to buy and it came in a ball. It was thick. The candles were soft because I didn't have anything to harden them with. The mould was like a little tube and I would put a wick in and tie a knot on the end to keep it from slipping through. Then I would pour in the melted grease and then set the mould in water and it hardened right away. I usually made them when it was cold. They I would warm them a little over the fireplace and they came out right away and I'd cut the wick at the bottom and store them in a box. I always kept it full. While mother had a candle mould we had kerosene lamps before we came out to California.

"I was a little girl when I came to California and it took 10 days, but I have always said that when I reached here I found I was a full fledged young lady. That was because back east I never went on sleigh rides, to parties or out with young men. I was too young. But when I reached California I found that girls my age, even younger, as young as 12 years, were getting married. I remember hearing about a fellow who lived in the foothills above Dexter. He married a girl who was 12 years old and complained because he couldn't get her to wash the dishes. Then he said he used to have to get her 'dolls and parties out and coax her to wash the dishes.'

"When we came out the railroad was new and the cars were new.

They made coffee and fried meat. There were only a few places to eat along the way. We bought fish and eggs and butter around Salt Lake City but the train only stopped there two or three hours. It wasn't in the main part of the city and we didn't get to see much. The way over the mountains was awfully crooked and I could often look out my window and see the rest of the train. We slept at night in the same car. The baggage car was in front of our car and in the hindmost car were some young folks and their families. We could go back in that car and visit.

"I remember there was a girl about my age in the rear car. Once she came in and I went into the back car with her and they had a pineapple there they had just bought as we neared California. It was the first I had ever tasted and we had quite a treat.

"When time for bed came father would go into the baggage car and get our bedding and make the beds down in our car. We had little boards we put up, after turning the seats, and then put featherbeds on top. I had quilts and didn't lose any sleep. So far as I remember none of the families even brought a chair and no furniture. We were crowded enough with just our clothes and bedding and things like that. When we got to the mountains they had three big engines, one in front, one in the middle and one in back, to push us across the Rockies. I don't remember that we sidetracked for another train on the whole trip, although we saw others in Salt Lake City and places like that.

"We had quite a school in Illinois and lots of young people there my age. I sure missed them when I got here. All the young folks here talked different than they did back home and they were young folk who had been here a long time.

"The reason we came to Tulare county was there was plenty of government land to take up then. We first went to the lake but

father found that the wheat had only little short heads and knew it wasn't good enough. He was very discouraged. He and Dick came to town (Visalia) and met a man from Squaw Valley, named Hutcheson. He told my father he should come to Squaw Valley and so he did. He found it looked like a farm country and he lifted his filing. Dick was Dick Burk, my brother in law. Dick Burk was with us at the lake but didn't file. He waited for father to settle. Two of his boys live in Squaw Valley now, Harry Burk and Oliver Burk.

"The place my father took up was at the foot of Bear Mountain at the lower end of Squaw Valley, toward the Fresno end. In Squaw Valley we had no cow until after I was married. We had a garden though. Father got some fruit trees somewhere in the valley, I don't know where, and planted them. We didn't have stock because stock was scarce then. My father got a span of old horses, and paid less than \$100 each for them and they lasted us very well. His brother and brother-in-law brought us down the valley in two wagons. After we struck camp they went back.

He bought the span of horses from Mr. Downing's brother-in-law. The horses names were Jule and Charley and we had an old style bed buggy, a light one. Downing's brother-in-law was Lafayette Bell, they called him Fayette. He called Mrs. Downing (Louisa) Did.

"There was a fellow at Baker named P.Y. Baker who always said he was some relative of my husband as he was from along the Hudson River where the Bakers came out years ago from after coming from England.

"I remember that there was an earthquake in the mountains, soon after we went there. There was a young man I had gone to school with him back in Illinois. He was red headed and good hearted, and had always taken my part at school. He came on the train with us and boarded with us at the lake. A settler named Hooper at Tulare used to

drive his cattle to the mountains to Lone Pine and the boy, Henry Davis, went with the herd for the summer to get them to summer feed. He was there in 1872 I think it was. He went there in 1871 I think it was. We felt the quake when they had it, felt it in Squaw Valley. It woke me up in the night and I shouted 'father, what is it?' and he said 'I think it is an earthquake.' It shook off and on all summer.

I read it in the papers. His boy, I knew him well, never was heard from again and we think he was killed in the earthquake because several people were killed. I don't think his family ever heard a thing from him.

"Mrs Downing said their chickens, which used to roost in an oak tree, were shaken off the roost, the quake was that heard. They were living near the Union school house. I felt the San Francisco earthquake too but the one in 1872 was a lot harder. I remember them talking about it opening up a big crack in the earth but I don't remember where it was.

Robert Broder

[1945]
3/25/25 (afternoon)

Robert Broder pointed proudly to the fact that he had no middle name. He was born March 1, 1877 on the old Broder home place five miles east of Visalia, the youngest son of the family. His father was Andrew Henderson Broder and his mother Sarah Ann Smith (Broder)

He said; during an interview given on a rainy Sunday afternoon and after he had spent the afternoon reading the Sunday paper:

"My oldest brother was Louis F. Broder. He is dead and I think he was 11 years older than I. John Broder was next, he was two years younger than Lou and Mary H. Broder was two years younger than John and seven years older than I. She married Angus R. McDonald and we called her Molly.

"My father died in August of 1883 and my mother about 25 years ago. My father came from Canada and mother came from Michigan. They were married in San Leandro where he was sheriff, the first sheriff of Alameda county. He came to California in 1847. He had been on a ship and when he got to San Francisco and deserted. He came from between Montreal and New York. I think it was 1852 he was sheriff. It was when the county was formed that he was sheriff. He served two terms. I think the terms were for two or three years each. He came on here and looked the country over. Then he went to Oregon and bought some cows and drove them down here. It was around 1857 or 1858 that he bought land from a man by the name of Foster. He and Ira Van Gordon, the grandfather of Leroy Van Gordon, of the State Highway Patrol office in Visalia, were 'partners' in the cattle business. They used to have two rodeos a year. One north of Visalia and the other down by the Tule River. They dealt mostly in cows and their hides were more valuable than meat. They used to be skinned out and the hide sold for about \$2.50 and the meat thrown away. I never heard my father talk much about when he was sheriff but it was then at the time of Murietta. My father liked Murietta and didn't blame him for turning bandit

as he did after the miners raped his wife. They came back later and tied him up and beat him. He was tied to a tree. My father was a medium size man. He was high priest of the Masonic Lodge in Visalia and he was a charter member of the Masonic Lodge. Uncle Bob Broder was also a high priest and a charter member. My uncle Bob came here after father.

A family Bible, published in 1854, sent to Bob Broder in 1945 by some of his brother's folks, upon personal examination, showed the following entries:

Marriages: Andrew Henderson Broder married to Sarah Ann Smith, October 12, 1854.

Mary Henderson Broder married to Angus R. McDonald, November 23, 1892.

Robert Browder married to Emma J. Turner, August 26, 1893.

Louis F. Broder married to Alice Sorrels, June 29, 1910.

Births

Andrew Henderson Broder born April 13, 1826 (Between New York and Canada.)

Sarah Ann Broder, born November 22, 1836 (St Jo, Michigan)

Louis Frederick Broder, born May 22, 1857.

John Broder, born May 9, 1859.

Mary Henderson Broder, born January 16, 1865.

Robert Broder, born March 1, 1868.

Broder recalls hearing his mother tell about coming out by boat to the "Panama Canal" and then crossing the Canal zone by mule back. Her brother had been out before and went back to Michigan to return with her. She contracted the Panama fever and came on to Monterey by boat and recovered in Monterey. She stopped at the Mission in San Jose and met my father who then advised her husband to be

there.

Broder continued his story:

"I was born in a little shake house on the same place. The family built three houses altogether, starting with the shake house which was fartherst east from the road. It had three rooms I think. The next house was built closer to the road and the old home was finally built still closer to the road. I went to school but got fired from every one. I went to Deep Creek, Farmersville & Union and to the old Visalia Normal."

Indians

Broder remembers that there was an Indian rancheria on the old home place. They were nice Indians and honest people. We had no trouble with them at all. There were two or three families and all lived in brush houses. They were Wukchumnas I think. About once a year hundreds of them came in for a fandango and father would give them a steer to barbecue. I remember two of them, Bill and Mary. The Indians had no last names in those days. They had two children, Sallie and Johnnie. Indian Johnnie I called him. He was about my age and he was my friend. Later he caught the fever and died. I didn't go to his funeral. I ~~rem~~ remember though that all during the night and for about a week--it might have been a little less, the professional mourners wailed up and down the creek. They didn't scream or shout but wailed. They did it again when an Indian, named Dick died. The men usually worked in the cattle. They were good riders. There is something funny about it. About ~~30 years ago~~ 20 years ago, maybe a little longer, my brother and I dug up about 19 skeletons along a stretch of 50 to 60 feet. ~~They were~~ ~~buried~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~ground~~. The Indians had been living on top of the burials almost and didn't know it. We found them when we were digging a ditch. There wasn't much with them, a few beads and things like that.

Later Mr. Brann (Frank, horticultural commissioner) came out and dug up some stones on an infant. We could tell it was a baby by his jaw and there were some 500 beads .

"Mother sold the place later to S.O. Walker and then Roy Jones and the Hathaway boys. Snell bought it later and I think he has sold it.

"I saw the Indians at one fandango. They built up a big brush house and got around it and danced and wailed. Then they set fire to it. I asked Johnnie what they did that for and he said 'to drive the devil out and burn him up.' When they came to the fandangoes they had their usual overalls and dresses and sometimes they wore gaudy handkerchiefs around their neck. I remember they used to kill squirrels and eat them. They threw the whole squirrel onto the fire and burned the hair all off and then ate them.

"When I couldn't go to any other school around here mother sent me to Sam Mateo Military school (Brewers) I was graduated in 1887. They sure had discipline there. I had been fired from one school for playing marbles for keeps. The teacher tried to take the marbles away from me and couldn't do it. The trustees held a meeting and then they discharged me.

"I remember that Lincoln Stephens attended Brewers when I was there but he was older than me. H.R. Judah was there too..a railroad man or something like that. After that I came home in 1887 and back to the ranch.

"We used to have a foreman who was Pennsylvania Dutch. His name was Joseph Foch (Fox pronounced) He was a great friend of Dan and Orval Overall. ~~He was appointed deputy~~ I was appointed deputy sheriff in 1892. Up until then I didn't do much but go to the city and have a good time. I can remember the board walks in

Visalia. There were no sidewalks then and they were narrow and went up and down. It took a good man to walk them and you had to be sober.

Interview continued, late afternoon, March 26, 1945.

"Father had about 800 acres of land on the old home place. There were 320 acres of land on the north side of the road and it was about half a mile wide on the south. It went from the jobo jog in the highway to Hathaway's nursery. Father also had 1,000 acres (now the Swall ranch) six miles south of town. I think he filed on it and paid \$2.50 an acre for it. I remember around then there was a young school teacher woman from Dinuba who came over to visit my sister. She stayed overnight and the next day I drove her over to Exeter to catch the train. I looked all around and couldn't see anything but the railroad tracks and one box car. I saw John Firebaugh and asked him where Exeter was. He said 'you are standing right in the middle of it.' We told him what we wanted and he flagged the train. I think they had just laid the track through to Porterville. Father had a section of land on the Lindsay-Bulare highway north of the Sunset vineyard (Bliss ranch) and 80 acres south east of town. He had a ranch in Kern county called the Poso Creek ranch. He had it while I was away at school. I never was there. I saw a map once and on it it had a Broder Station. I think it was near where Formosa is now. Father had two cattle brands he used the 7-S and the quarter Circle B. 7 B

"Do you know how Bravo Lake got it's name. (Woodlake) I remember the folks talking about it. Tom Fowler, who lived here and used to be a senator married a cousin of mine. Later he went to Mineral King in a mine venture and lost his money.

Well Tom Fowler was at a rodeo there and the whisky wagons used to follow the rodeos. I guess there was drinking as usual. He and Swamp John, I never knew his other name, got in a fight. They fought and fought and neither could put the other way and I guess they fought in the old style, clinched and bore in. There were some Mexicans standing around the whisky wagon and they started to Holler 'bravo' so they called it ~~Yrao~~ Bravo Lake since then. They were both Irish. I don't think either one won.

"My brother Lou liked excitement. When he was 20 or 21 he set out on horseback for Inyo County where Uncle John had a big ranch. A few years later we heard from him in Wyoming. The next we heard from him he was in Montana and both Wyoming and Montana were wild places then. Later--a few years--we heard from him in British Columbia and he was a mounted policeman. Afterwards he came to Washington and came home about 25 years ago before mother died. When he was young and around the place he was a good cowboy. There was lots of cattle work to be done and the buyers would come and buy the stock when they started selling them for meat.

"I remember when Henry Ichu (Ada-Maggie Ichu's husband) died she was in mourning for six months. (about 15 years ago) I went to her tent the next morning and she was sitting out in front, head bowed, weaving back and forth. She ate no meat for six months. Then the Indians came and got her and took her to the creek and bathed her. After that she ate meat. I didn't see all of it, but an Indian (George) told me about it.

"When I went to Normal school in Visalia McPhail ran it and later Larkins. Charley Hunsaker and I met two girls one day and went out. Larkins came down and told us to go back. I wouldn't do it. Charley apologized and went back. One of the girls was a sister of

Will Alford (attorney) Her father was a doctor.

"About the only entertainment in Visalia for the "better set" was dancing and road shows. The road shows came through about every two weeks. There was plenty to do in the cities. I was in San Francisco in the '90's. I used to stop at the Grand Hotel and used to go to the Cafe Royal (e) I was in love with a girl there. I remember the Barbary Coast too. One place there was called the Bell Union. The places were built, slanting inside like theater. You sat at a table and watched the dancing and listened to the music and drank beer or whatever you could afford.

"I was in the county assessor's office 14 years. The (night) of the San Francisco Earthquake my wife and I were down at Clinton Smith's place and stayed there all night. Early in the morning we heard the walls cracking. I was deputy sheriff from 1892 to 1893 and ran for constable and won it. My opponent was John O'Connor. I got in at the time that the People's Party organized. They didn't like the way the people before had been running up mileage and things like that. They put Howard in as district attorney and Clark as deputy. I turned the office over to Bud Chambers. Sheriff Eugene W. Kay was sheriff at the time I was deputy. It was the time of ~~Monroe~~ Sontag and Evans were on a rampage. I was jailer when they brought ~~them~~ Sontag in. Clarence Lillie helped take care of him. Evans and Sontag, as I recall, were captured June 13, 1893 and taken to Fresno June 22, 1893. Evans escaped up there and was captured February 19, 1894. I helped when they brought Sontag in and dressed his wounds. The bullet went in at the right arm and came out on his left side. It had gone clear through him. When they took his shirt off it dropped out on the floor. He had "three or four" scars alongside his nose, high

up. I asked him how he got them. He said he had tried to "kill myself but couldn't do it because I wasn't strong enough." The scars were powder marks. They were kept in separate cells in the jail. John Sontag was very agreeable and didn't whimper. He acted like a real man. Evans was a kind of a cry baby. He was surly. The fellows who got them were Marshall Guard (George) Fred Jackson, High Reploge, Tom Byrnes and another fellow. They hid in a cabin and shot them when they came down the road at Stone Corral.

"John Sontag would talk to me in jail but Chris wouldn't. He was surly. Sontag had a purse and there was a 10 cent piece in it. I asked him if he would ~~change~~ trade it for a 10 cent piece I had and he said ~~sure~~ alright. We used to have it around the house but my wife and I lost it. I carried their meals to them. It was the usual jail grub.

"Mrs. Evans would come once in awhile and bring something extra in the way of food to Chris. Sontag told me he would have been out of the area long ago but Chris wouldn't leave his family. Sontag told me 'I told him we would get caught. I wanted to go east.'

"Before then when a posse was looking for them at Sampson flat they came onto a cabin and Sontag and Evans came out shooting. They killed Andrew McGinnis and Vick Wilson. Wilson came from Arizona with two Indian trailers. They were Apaches I think. One I remember was called Camino and the other Polino. They followed them and tracked them to the cabin but didn't think they were in it.

"I was pretty little when McCurry was hung. Lou went to it and told me about it. He had been in town to a dance and that night went out and saw the hanging.

"I remember a peculiar thing that happened when I was jailer. There was a big powerful man named Hershey. He was a woodchopper and went Crazy. They sent him to Stockton and turned him loose. He came back several times and we put him in the crazy cell. One day I overlooked a spoon. When I went to see him the next morning and feed him he started toward me from his corner. He was looking behind me I noticed as I backed out. I looked down and saw a package, an old newspaper. I picked it up and looked at it. It was one of his stones. He had been standing with his hands on his hips, kinda under his overalls when I went in. When he started toward me they came down and I saw his other stone cut out but the cord was still attached. He had broken the ~~old~~ spoon and sharpened it to do the job. We got Dr. Patterson who came over and sewed him up and they took him to Stockton again.