

Civil War Correspondence

The following is one of eleven letters written to Lizzie Farrington during the Civil War. Lizzie's husband, Eben, wrote four of the first letters: then he was killed in battle in 1863. This letter is the second of seven letters written by Eben's tent mate, Samuel F. Emerson. Lizzy married Gus Peterson and they came to Sierra Valley from Maine in the 1860's. Lizzy was the great-aunt of E R. Huntley of Loyalton.

(Some of the spelling errors have been corrected and some punctuation has been added--Editor)

U.S. Marine Barracks
Washington, D.C.
Friday Eve. Dec. 4th, 1863

Friend Lizzie:

Your letter in answer to mine came to hand yesterday. It bore the sad intelligence of Eben's death. I can hardly imagine that my sincere friend is no more. Not since the death of a loved brother, eight years ago, have I been so full of grief. It seems I thought as much of Eben as I did my own life. I admired his noble sentiments-his manly qualities-his every act. Indeed, I loved him as a brother and I shall mourn for him as such. He and myself often, in the swamps of Virginia, laid plans for the future. We were going to live together when we got back to Maine and then what grand times we would have. But alas! all those bright illusions are gone now, crushed-distroyed. No more shall I see him, and all my imaginations of living with Eben are forever among the things that were, never to be realized. It seems hard to part with friends, but we must be resigned to the degrees of the great Invisible. And your brother Charles, too, has changed "mortality for immortality" has passed away

into the unknown beyond. I trust they are better off--in a world where there is no long marching--no battles. We are all following after. May we meet them in heaven. I never can forget Eben. Among all the persons I have seen during my wanderings in this life, none entwined themselves around my heart so close- or was so much esteemed by me, as he whom I now write about. Oh! if I could have been there on that sanguin field, I might have saved him by either lying low the man that shot him or receiving the wound that terminated his existance. I will not dwell longer on the painful subject. My feeble pen cannot do him justice.

You asked me many questions which I will try and answer. My folks live in Madison, Somerset Co., Maine. My parents are living. I also have three sisters and four brothers. My two oldest sisters are married. I have one brother in the army, 19th Maine. He inlisted in August '62. I have a brother in Nebraska territory I have not seen him for seven years. I have one sister and one Brother younger than myself. I was twenty-two the 2nd of last August. When this great struggle commenced, fired with all the patriotism of youth, I rushed into the great arena of conflict the moment it commenced by inlisting in the 3rd Maine. July 21st I was in the battle Bull Run. The next year was at

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SIERRA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP

The Sierra County Historical Society is an organization of people interested in preserving, and promoting an appreciation of, Sierra County's rich history. The Society operates a Museum at the Kentucky Mine in Sierra City, is affiliated with the Loyalton Museum, holds quarterly meetings, publishes a newsletter, and conducts historical research. Members are sent notices of society activities, receive the newsletter and are admitted free of charge to the Kentucky Mine museum and stamp mill tour.

If you would like to become involved in these activities or would just like to give your support, please join!

Annual Membership dues:

| | |
|----------------------------|----------|
| Regular membership..... | \$5.00 |
| Sustaining membership..... | \$10.00 |
| Family rate..... | \$10.00 |
| Business membership..... | \$15.00 |
| Patron..... | \$25.00 |
| Life membership..... | \$100.00 |

Send name, mailing address, and dues to:

Sierra County Historical Society
P.O. Box 260
Sierra City, CA 96125

Please specify type(s) of membership(s) desired.

In order to simplify our record keeping, dues are now payable at the first of each year for the following calendar year.

THE SIERRA COUNTY ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

The Sierra County Historical Society is in the process of continuing a collection of oral history interviews to document the rich and varied history of our county on tape.

Oral history is the recording of personal reminiscences on tape in order to document history as seen through the eyes of those who lived it. Hearing the personal accounts of everyday life and events of Sierra County makes history come alive.

Several oral histories have been recorded already and the society hopes to collect many more interviews. These will be kept at the Museum and made available to persons wishing to listen to them - whether out of personal interest or as a way of researching our county's history.

If you have resided in Sierra County or have been involved at all in her history - you would be a valuable

person to interview for this collection! Please contact the Museum (916) 862-1310 if you have information to share, or if you would like to become involved in the Oral History Project as a volunteer.

NEW MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS

The Sierra County Historical Society thanks the following people for donations to the Kentucky Mine Museum this past year:

Dr. Godfrey Mix of Sacramento donated a steam donkey which was located on his property near Sierra City. Mr. Bob Gates of Grass Valley was instrumental in arranging the acquisition. The Robinson Timber Co. moved the donkey to the museum grounds. And Mr. Charles K. Smith is researching the steam donkey's history and is working on restoring it to an operable condition.

Mr. Garold Clark donated a "Jim-pole" which possibly can be used with the steam donkey display and a box of assorted nuts and bolts like those used in construction of the mill building.

Mr. George Baker gave a Wells Fargo trunk used as a messenger's strong box circa 1900.

Mr. Paul Bettencourt donated several large crucibles once used at the Sierra Buttes Mill and a grinding wheel.

Mrs. Margaret Wiltshire donated a large print typewriter to help create display captions.

Mr. Earl Withycombe gave to sets of encyclopedias from the early 1900's that were used by his grandfather. Also donated was a tin reflector for a lantern.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dopps of Sierraville donated two cylindrical records of the type played on the Edison Fireside Phonograph on display in the museum.

Sierra County Historical Society Officers

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| President..... | William G. Copren |
| VicePresident..... | Rita Bradley |
| Secretary..... | Kathleen Sprowl |
| Treasurer..... | Francis Brett |
| Corresponding Secretary & Membership Chairman.... | Lou Cooper |

Kentucky Mine Park and Museum News

The 1986 summer season at the Kentucky Mine was a time of changes and transitions.

Cathy Otto, museum curator, received a full time teaching position at the Sierraville School. Karen Donaldson, the assistant to the curator for three operating seasons, was then promoted to the position of museum curator. Cathy and David Otto agreed to stay on as caretakers of the property and are making a monthly donation to the Historical Society to help defray operating expenses. Cathy also gave advice to the new curator so that operations continued to run smoothly. We express our appreciation to Cathy for her numerous contributions and wish her continued success in her future endeavors.

Darlene Messner was hired to assist the curator and give tours of the stamp mill as we were unable to fill a position funded by the Golden Sierra Job Training Agency. We also received funding from the same agency for two youth positions and were unable to find eligible applicants. We hope to be able to use this funding in the future to provide help and give interested young people the valuable experience of working with the public and helping to preserve the history of Sierra County.

The season began with a work party to help with the usual "spring cleaning" of the museum and grounds. The grand opening Memorial Day weekend was a fun event as usual with musical entertainment arranged by the Conservation Club. A juggler even joined in to everyone's enjoyment and a group of "break dancers" gave a performance. We are looking forward to an equally entertaining opening celebration this year with the annual picnic and raffle for the Conservation Club.

As usual a solid group of volunteers helped out at the Museum with over 500 hours of support. We really appreciate this and would be hard pressed to get along without your help. THANK YOU!

Records indicates an increase of over 1000 people visiting the museum per year since opening in 1977. Recently a ten year user and financial statistics report was

compiled by our President Bill Copren and presented upon request to the Planning Dept. Director Tim Beals. Information from this report is available upon request.

Last season a Summer Concert Series was organized by Len Kinzler and performances were held Thursday evenings in July and August at the Kentucky Mine Amphitheater. Light classical in nature, the performances were received with enthusiasm and served to greatly enhance the performing arts in the county. An acoustical shell, constructed under a

commission by Len Kinzler and used for several community activities in Downieville, was moved to the museum amphitheater for the performances. We extend our appreciation to Mr. Kinzler for undertaking a project of this magnitude and for creating the concert series. A committee is working to make this an ongoing annual series. Watch for more information on this!

The Sierra County Board of Supervisors applied for and received a \$40,000 grant through the California Department of Parks and Recreation to be used for improvement and development of the park. A committee composed of two members each from the Board of Supervisors and the historical society is formulating a priority list for work to be done at the park.

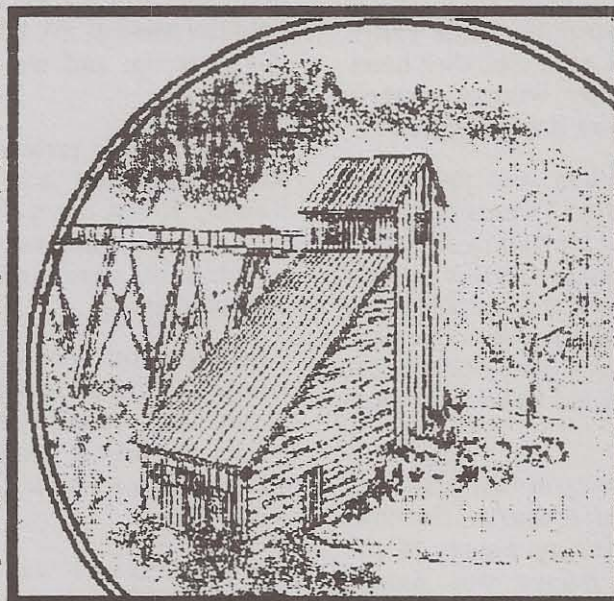
Len Berardi, now of Nevada County, has offered to print the museum brochures.

Be sure to see the new donations and more at the Kentucky Mine Museum in 1987! See the article on page 2.

WORK DAY AND OPENING

There will be a work day and special meeting at the Kentucky Mine Museum on ~~Saturday~~ ¹⁶ Saturday, May 16, 1987. Spring cleaning and light repair projects will be commence at 9:00 AM. A potluck lunch is planned. So that the day will not be too long, the meeting will only cover the operation of the Kentucky Mine Park. Join in!

The season opening of the Kentucky Mine Park and Museum is Saturday, May 23, 1987.



CATTLE DRIVES I REMEMBER

Transcribed and edited by Maren Scholberg from a taped interview with Artie Strang on Jan 18, 1984.

Editor's note: Cattle drives began in the Sierra Valley in the late 1860's when ranchers gave increased attention to the raising of cattle for beef. Drives were made over Yuba Pass to markets west, to the railroad in Truckee, to the railroad near Beckwourth Pass and to the railroad in Loyalton when that was completed in 1901. Drives continued in the Valley until the middle of the 1950's when trucks took over the hauling.

One day the middle of November of 1916, my father came from town and said there was to be a big herd of cattle coming through in the morning. The cattle, owned by the Pyramid Land and Cattle Co. with headquarters at Constantia in Long Valley, were to winter at the Mounds, land then owned by the Boyle Estate.

Next day I saddled up my old horse and joined the drive as it passed our ranch. I was 13 years old. The cattle had come from Nevada via Constantia, Chilcoot Pass and Loyalton and were headed for Sattley and the lane down to the Mounds. When we arrived there, the cattle were corralled in two fenced fields. Then the cows were brought out ten head at a time and marked down. There were 910 steers and 142 bulls, all colors and sizes.

We had dinner at the old chuck wagon--the kind that you see in Western movies--and after dinner, the cowhands had a rodeo using the bucking horses of the saddle string. One of these horses was named "Demon" and he was just that--a real bad horse. A cowhand named Jones rode him to a standstill. This Jones, about 18 or 20 years old, was tall, strong and good looking, and he wore a big white hat. I later learned that he was Buck Jones who became famous in Hollywood western movies. This turned out to be quite a day for a 13-year old kid!

March 19, 1922 was the beginning of another cattle drive for me. There was nine feet of snow at the ranch and I can still see the cattle buyer and my father with their big fur overcoats standing on that snow talking over the possible sale of 32 steers. It was cold!

The deal was completed next day at noon and we began the cattle drive to the railroad near Chilcoot. This 30 miles turned out to be a seven day trip for me.

We drove the 32 steers to the A.S. Nichols Ranch, now owned by Marcel Bony, and weighed them. The next day we put our 32 with about 150 head belonging to Nichols and drove them to Loyalton. We corralled them at the Max Dory barn, across the road from Ed

White's Island Schoolhouse. That night I stayed at the old Sierra Hotel. Seven people were in the dining room--Frances Guidici (Bony) who worked in the bank, Helen Turner and Winthrop L. Kee, Chris Dorias and myself.

Next morning we started out at 8 A.M. for the F.E. Humphrey Ranch in Vinton, now owned by Joe Goss. When we got to the other side of Emil Dotta's, one of his cows decided he would prefer to go along with us. Wilson, a good left-handed roper, roped the steer, threw him down and rubbed snow in his eyes so he couldn't see us. I held the front legs, Wilson mounted his horse, got a rope around the steers hind legs and held the reins of my horse until I mounted. He then let the steer up; and we chased him back to his proper place.

A little further around the bend (that road has been straightened out now), we came to the Deep Sea Ranch. It was owned by an old seafaring man but run by a Swede who was a trapper. He showed me 25 coyote skins which interested me a lot since I did quite a bit of trapping.

Continuing on, we could see the mail sleigh coming towards us. The railroad tracks were bare (no underpass at that time) so in order to get the sleigh over the bare tracks, the driver had to pack snow on them. Then he got the horses into a good trot and over the rails they went.

Our problem now was to get this herd of cattle around the sleigh. Remember there was still a lot of snow on the ground and our herd was stretched out in two long lines following the sleigh grooves of the road. By having one of us on horseback break track around the mail sleigh, we eventually got the steers to follow behind, one at a time.

We spent three days at the Humphrey Ranch because the shipper wanted to wait for a special cattle train that was coming through. In the meantime, Herby Nichols had purchased three pure-bred bulls at the Davis (Calif.) bull sale and they came in on one of the trains. Herby had arranged for George Banks to meet him at the loading sight with two sleighs. We loaded two bulls on the big sleigh and one bull on the second sleigh which Chris Wilson drove.

We had the cattle waiting when the train finally arrived for shipping. With the aid of the section gang, one car at a time was pushed up to the chute using a crow bar under the back wheels. Five cars were loaded in this manner. I remember what a hot day it was and how much we all sweat!

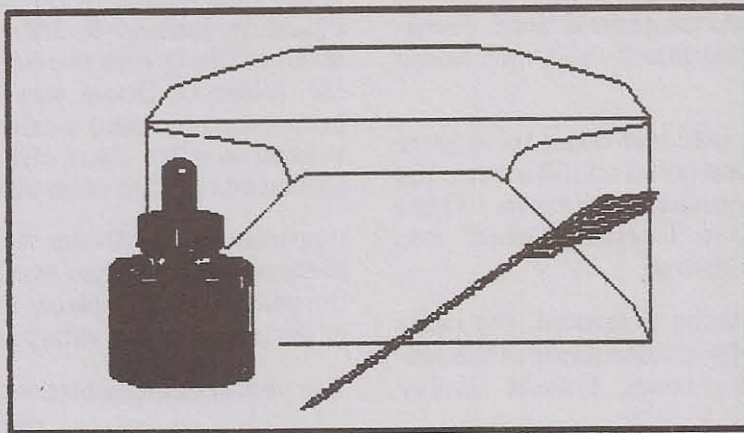
(continued on page 5)

Correspondence (continued from page 1)

the siege of Yorktown. Eben was with me then. I was with the Regiment on the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks "seven days fight", 2nd Bull Run, Chontillis, and Fredricksburg. I inlisted April 24th '61 and was taken prisoner January 22, '63 served 21 months. When Burnside endeavored to cross the Rappahannock last January and attack Lee, our Division--Birney's--moved up to the right of the entire army in front of the enemy and halted. I took some canteens and started after water. Eben stood near me when I left. Oh! little did I think I should never see him again. I went a long way before I found water, it being dark and raining. I could not find the wayback and got lost. After wandering nearly all night, I was taken by three rebel guerrillas belonging to the rebel Maj. White's battalion. They swore they took me some three weeks before and paroled me, that I had broken my parole and was also a spy. They took (me) to Warrington and then to Harrisonburg in the Shenandoah vally and put in prison on the 25th of January. I was tried on the 27th and sentenced to be shot on the 30th, but was pardened by taking the oath of allegiance to the South. Lizzie, do not blame me for what I did. Life was sweet and I could not yield it up then. I went to work cutting wood till May and then worked in a brickyard till I was forced into the army. The last of July a cavalry man told I was a citizen and must report to the provost at Harrisonburg and go into the army or be treated as a deserter. You can imagine how I felt better then I can discribe. There was no way of an escape and I had to go. I entered the service August 1st. We lay at Harrisonburg near three weeks then march for West Va. I was in the 62nd Va. Infantry under Gen Imboden. I was in the battle of Lewisburg, Greenbrier Co. Va. It was fought the last of August. Perhaps you read about it. The 62nd suffered awefully. Least more than half the number. I fired blank cartrages, biting off the bullet and pouring in nothing but powder. I could not fire against the old flag. We lay in the Alaghania and Shenandoah mountains through September. The 3rd of Oct. I made my escape. I have not room to write all now but will do so some other time. I stopped in Lancaster Pa. nearly a month and then came on to Philadelphia and inlisted Nov. 12th. Four years is a long time but it will soon pass away.

You wish to know if I had enough to eat while with the

rebels. While out of the army, I did, but didn't while in the service. We lived mostly on fresh beef. Lizzie, I cannot be too greatful to you for the kindness you have expressed towards me and with pleasure do I except the proposition you made in corresponding with



each other. Although I feel unworthy to address one so much my superior, yet if you will but write, your letters will receive an immediate answer. I love to write to a friend and one on at will write me good long letters. I hope you will not consider me a stranger, but a friend for Eben's sake. If I ever come to Maine I shall come and see you--I know you will grant me such a

privilege--and tell you all about Eben and myself during our campeigning in the old "Dominion" I have not been on the water yet but may soon. I like here better than in the field service. We have plenty to eat but poor quality. My health is excellent, I was always healthy. I fear I have not interested you in this letter but if you will excuse this I will write a better one next time. It is nearly "roll call" and I will have to close. May God bless you for sympathizing with me, a humble soldier, and I hope you will receive your reward. Trusting I shall hear from you again I subscribe myself

CATTLE DRIVES (continued from page 4)

I started for home on the 27th. The snow by now was getting very soft. My horse was old and with his small feet, he just kept slumping the whole way. I arrived at the Nichols Ranch late that night with a very tired horse. I came home early next morning on a hard crust. That ended that drive.

May 1946. Fulton Dodds asked me to take some steers to pasture on gain of weight. I agreed and we went to Los Banos to get them. They were about eight miles up Pacheco Pass and we drove them to the Old Spanish Ranch to be weighed. Next day we drove them to Valta on the Southern Pacific where they were loaded. They filled 16 cars--460 head. I was the shipper. We switched at Stockton and then unloaded at Clito. I took 375 head to the ranch on May 14th.

After they pastured on the ranch for 108 days, we drove them to the Kesterson Ranch, now owned by Dan Russell, where they were weighed. From there they went to Hawley to be shipped to the feed yard. The cattle had put on 150 lbs. apiece and I made \$2280.00--a good piece of money. Myron Oppenshaw, Carlton Grubbs, Dill Dodds and I were the drivers on that trip.

HISTORY OF THE SATTLEY POST OFFICE

The Sattley Post Office was established May 5, 1884 in the same building that housed the general store. Previous to this time, this small community had been called "Church's Corner".

Ezra Bliss Church and his wife had come there from New England in 1860 and had taken up 160 acres. His son, Isaac, also lived and ranched in the area. There were other family members so "Church's Corner" was an apt name for the fork in the road.

When the post office was to be dedicated, the name "Sattley" was chosen after the maiden name of the oldest female resident of the town, Harriet Sattley Church, wife of Ezra.

Ezra and his wife owned and operated the general store. The north end of the building was made into the post office and their son, Ezra Jr., was the first postmaster, a position he maintained for 10 years.



The post office had several difficult times. It was closed for four months in the year 1919 because of declining revenues; it was reestablished April 29, 1919. Then sometime in 1939, it was open for incoming and outgoing mail only (the general store was closed at this time). In the fall of 1940, the post office was about to be closed, but Mildred Church assumed responsibilities and it remained open.

In 1979, the Sattley Post Office was moved from its original site in the general store to its present building, less than a block away on Highway 49. The present building was formerly a restaurant and was built in the late 1940's.

A list of the postmasters with their years of service follows:

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------|
| Ezra Church..... | 1884-1894 |
| Rufus E. Fowles..... | 1894-1899 |
| Franklin H. Turner..... | 1899-1918 |
| Otis T. Welsch..... | 1919-1926 |
| Tina Adams..... | 1926-1929 |
| Irma Miller..... | 1929-1939 |
| Genevieve Patton..... | 1939 |
| Mildred G. Church..... | 1940-1941 |
| Rita Martinetti Bradley..... | 1941-1976 |
| Robert Bagley..... | 1976-1979 |
| Linda Luck..... | 1980-1982 |
| Lois Rhodes..... | 1982-present |

HISTORY OF THE LOYALTON POST OFFICE

A the Post Office in Loyalton, California was established on January 8, 1864 as a 4th class office, in a small building near the bridge over Smithneck Creek. Mr. Adam G. Doom was the first postmaster, having been commissioned on that date. The office was advanced to a 3rd class office on October 7, 1904 and advanced to a 2nd class office on July 1, 1954.

Apparently, Mr. Doom was one of the first settlers on the area. He had taken over large acreages of land from the government by patent and was very active in affairs of the town and the valley area.

The post office quarters was moved to a building in the center of town on the corner of the main street and First Street about 1916 or 1917. In 1929, it was moved to the building now occupied by Bowling's Grocery Store on Main Street. The office remained in this building until July 18, 1968 when it was moved to its present site due to the need for

larger and more modern quarters. Dedication of the new building was held on October 5, 1968. Up till the present time there have been fifteen postmasters serving the community, from Adam G. Doom to the present postmaster, Mrs. Elsie M. Alexander.

A list of the postmasters who have served this office, with the dates of the appointments follows:

| <u>Postmasters</u> | <u>Date of Appointment</u> |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| Adam G. Doom..... | January 8, 1864 |
| William T. Collins..... | September 3, 1874 |
| Samuel H. Cook..... | October 15, 1877 |
| Thornton F. Battelle..... | October 31, 1879 |
| David B. Keyes..... | November 24, 1884 |
| William S. Collins..... | September 2, 1893 |
| C. E. Arnold..... | June 6, 1913 |
| A. G. Sawin..... | December 8, 1913 |
| Alphens G. Sawin..... | December 21, 1925 |
| Homer T. Riddle..... | January 11, 1928 |
| William H. Rapp..... | April 8, 1929 |
| Hyle W. Rapp..... | February 8, 1938 |
| Lois M. Hartwell..... | October 11, 1946 |
| Wilbur H. Hartwell..... | February 8, 1957 |
| Elsie M. Alexander..... | November 15, 1980 |

SCHS President's Message

George Santayana. Why would anyone in the Sierra County Historical Society be interested in George Santayana? It could be because Santayana was among the United States' foremost philosophers--speculative thinkers. It could be because, with Josiah Royce and William James at Harvard, Santayana was a member of an impressive school of American philosophers at the turn of the century. It could be because Santayana was a peer of Josiah Royce. Royce was reared in Nevada City, California, and a local historian might want to understand Royce's friends and colleagues. But it is for none of these reasons.

To George Santayana is attributed one saying that has become a cliché of historiography and another which is nearly as overused. The first reads, "Those who do not remember the past are condemned to relive it."

The second, from Santayana's Life of Reason, explains, "Fanaticism consists of redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim."

The paradox with trite statements and clichés is that they are generally to the point and insightful. Santayana's quotations have both these characteristics. They serve as a background against which we can place present action and measure it for reasonableness.

As an aside, the reason Santayana's statement about the consequences of ignorance and the lack of a historical perspective has become commonplace is that it is quoted in a book written by a journalist, not a historian. In America, we often confuse journalism, the direct reporting of news or facts with little attempt at analysis or interpretation, with history. The former is often easier for us because it is more subjective and can be perused passively. History requires hard work to read and study. It requires thought, comparison, rigorous criticism and an objective viewpoint. It is, therefore, ironic that we know of Santayana through a journalist's book, William Shire's, The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.

It is sad that Americans have based much of their knowledge of fanaticism on Shirer's journalistic expose'. Fanaticism in all its evil sits among us, with and without the outward trappings. The Brown Shirts do not need to wear a swastika, a white sheet or a hammer and sickle to remain thugs and bully boys. We do not need a Lenin to find those who confuse ends with means and believe that the former justifies the latter.

When reasonable people are confronted with fanatical behavior and believe it could not happen here, they seek reasons for the unreasonable behavior. We accept that the terrorism of fanatics exists elsewhere when a middle eastern terrorist bombs a nightclub or assassinates a diplomat in Europe. Yet when fanatics in our neighborhood manipulate a local newspaper, disrupt public meetings, and attack institutions in an unreasonable and uncompromising manner, we are confused and deceived. We ask why and find no satisfactory answers. When meetings drag on and on, we stop attending. When small organized groups implement the "big lie" tactic, we eventually assign credibility to smoke without fire. When fanatics misuse the institutional system against itself, we see reasonableness in maintaining a rule of law and we trust the institutions or other people will call a halt to the miscarriage. Confronted with the fervor and endurance of the fanatic, we give up because, being reasonable, we have a life to live with limited resources and time. As persons are harassed into silence, we all become a little more intimidated. We blame "politics", whatever that is. In their wide agenda, the fanatic may hit upon one of our prejudices, and then they appear, suddenly, more understandable.

The "true believers" are amidst us with their psychotic behavior confusing those who have forgotten McCarthyism and believe that the Ku Klux Klan exists only in Forsythe County, Georgia. Members of the Sierra County Historical Society should look closely at what is transpiring in our small community. History is more than genealogy, historical preservation and museology. History is keeping George Santayana's dicta in mind. It is knowing a red herring where we see one. It is enduring, as an individual, in the confrontation with fanatical fervor. It is the recognition that those who disagree with us by using unethical means and bullying are not part of the system we live in, regardless of how they cloak themselves. It is identifying and continually recalling the aim, and questioning the ethics and appropriateness of the course of action.

Fanatics do not like history. History shines light into the dark corners where unrelenting, uncompromising prejudgment hides. Persons who know history, even local history, can maintain a balance in their lives and can see fanaticism for what it is, whether in Iran or Sierra County. We are not condemned to a repetitive cycle.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

We are "Over Here" in a foreign land,
Far from our friends and home,
And the kind of talk we hear each day
Makes us wish we had never come.

For "this is forbidden", and "that" also,
And "the other" you must not do,
Till we wonder how in the years gone by
We managed to get through.

You must not talk to the soldier boys
No matter how well you know them.
Though their mothers and sisters were your friends
No kindness must you show them.

You must not bath before six o'clock
And if you wait until eight,
As the C. O. thinks lights "de trop",
Darkness will be your fate.

It is forbidden (without being children)
To wash your clothes at all.
The water is needed for other things
The clothes don't matter at all.

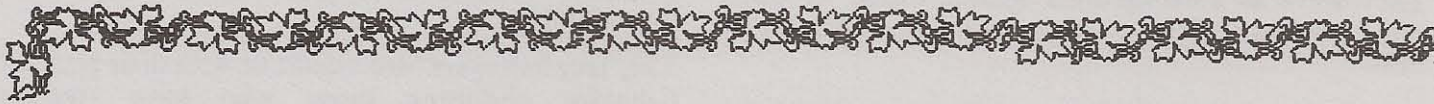
You "must not" pick up pieces of wood
That lie invitingly near
Tho' the "Frenchies" have cheated you all they could
Still the wood is theirs--so keep clear.

If you want pure water--in canvas bags
You'll find some guaranteed such,
It is usually flavored with wine and lime
But the rest you "must not touch".

If an officer happens to pass your house,
Be you young or be you old,
Don't lean out the window to talk to him
It is much too free and bold.

Oh, it's "don't do this" and "don't do that"
From reveille until night,
Till we think we are living in Germany
Where "ver boton" - "ver boton" all over you see
For the C. N. and the C. O. just seem to agree
That nothing we do is right.

Written by Margaret Copren--Aug. 7, 1918--Annex
#115, Blais, France. Margaret Copren was born in
Sierra City and later lived in Sattley. She served in
France as a registered nurse during World War I.



SIERRA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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