

**"THE HOME PLACE"
GROWING UP ON THE YOLO RANCH**

THE LIFE.....THE PEOPLE.....THE STORIES



**MEMORIES OF
DORTHEA HELEN MARIA HOPPIN MOFFETT**

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INTRODUCTION

I have always been proud and fascinated with my family's Gold Rush heritage. The cast of family characters of this era can easily be traced through the geneology books of the Hopping/Hoppin Family, and of the Blair/Moffett Family.

But who were these people we call ancestors? Some of the details of their lives emerge from the collection of letters written home by Charles Rossiter Hoppin during his travels to California in the Gold Rush of 1849.

However, I feel my main sense of pride and connection came from those wonderful stories that my Grandmother, Dorthea Helen Maria Hoppin Moffett, told about growing up on the Ranch in Yolo, California. Her father, Charles Rossiter Hoppin came to California seeking gold, but became a rancher in the fertile Sacramento Valley town of Yolo.

My childhood memories swirled with images of Great-Grandma Emily fighting for the W.C.T.U., while singlehandedly running an 800 acre ranch. She was a formidable woman of principles, working for local Prohibition, yet standing up for her men when they were short-changed at the local saloon. I could vividly picture her getting up in the wee hours of the morning to put her butter and chickens on the train, to be sold to the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. These were some of the stories I wanted my children to know.

So one weekend in 1976, when Grandma was 81 years old, my sister, Emily, and I sat down with Grandma at her residence in Piedmont Gardens, in Oakland California. With the tape-recorder silently whirling in the background, I asked her once again, "Tell me the stories of when you were growing up on the ranch."

They're all here: Charles and Emily Hoppin, "Old John Huckey", Slim and Shorty, Uncle Charlie, Mrs. Abley, and the intimate details of daily ranch life at the turn of the century. I have transcribed the tape as she spoke, omitting only irrelevant or repetitive information. I rearranged the conversation by subject matter, trying to disrupt the flow of conversation as little as possible. Clarifying information was put in parenthesis, as needed, and proper names that I couldn't identify were spelled phonetically, marked by a question mark in parenthesis.

I am proud and pleased to embellish our family's historical information with this collection of Grandma's remembrances. I think she would be, as well. I can almost hear her comment, should she be reading these over my shoulder, "Well, it is!"

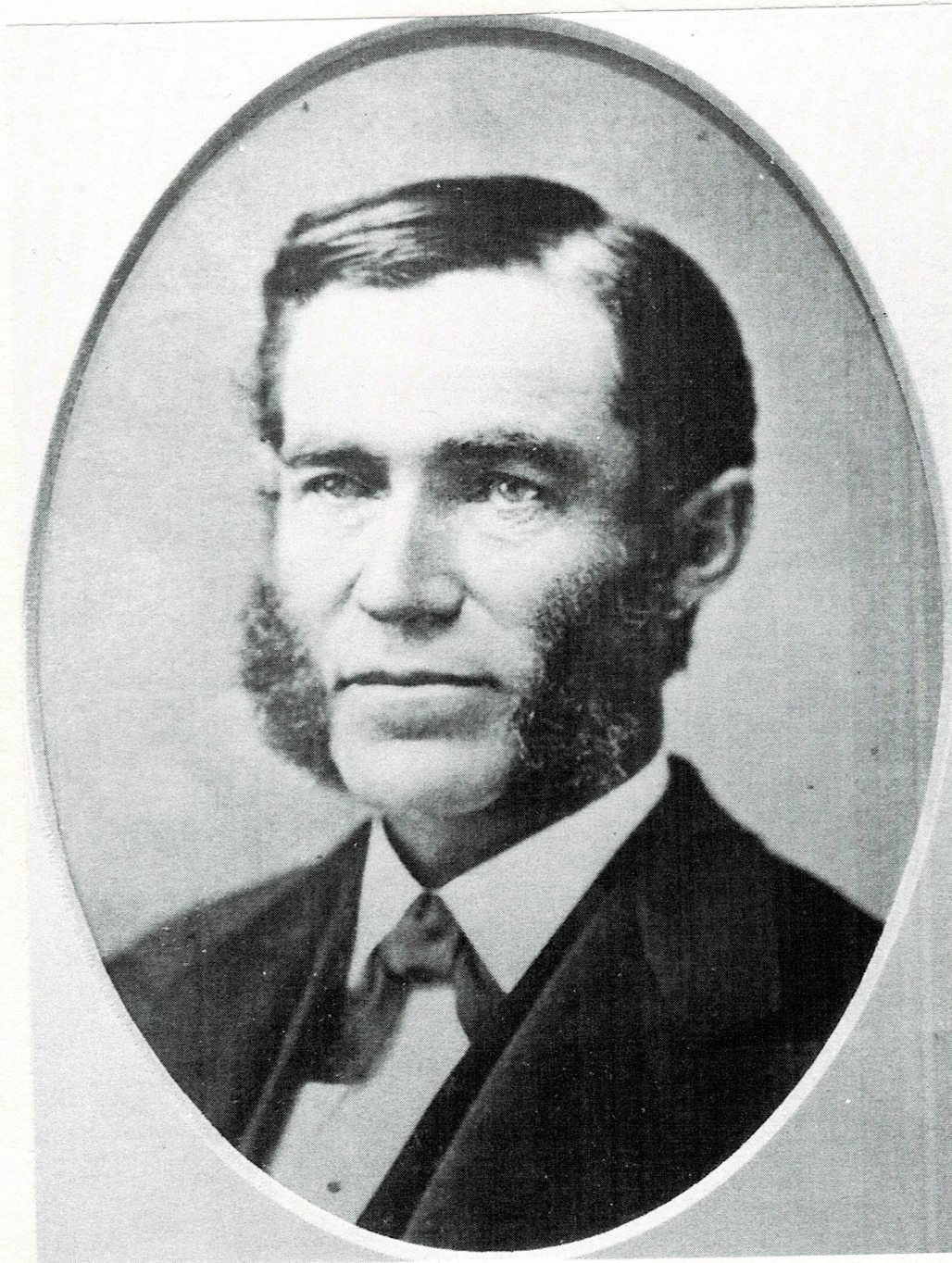
Lovingly presented by her granddaughter,

Shirley Jensen DickKard

December 1989

13747 Moonshine Rd.

Camptonville, California 95922



Charles Rossiter Hoppin Circa 1874



Emily Anna Bacon Hoppin circa 1874



Northern Central California 1910

THE YOLO RANCH

Q. - Now, what was the name of the ranch? What was the progression of names?

Gm. - The Grant that your Grandfather and his brothers and Uncles bought was the **Rancho Rio de Jesus Maria** Grant, which was an old Spanish Grant. I was too young to remember the problem of whether it was going to stand according to the California law. Your Grandfather had paid money before. ...See, they bought it in '50 , (1850) , and reading his letters they had bought 8,000 acres. Then at various times as they were hard up, they sold off acreage. Three brothers bought the other two out. Uncle John had no children so his share of the estate was divided up. Aunt Harriet and all of us got Uncle John's land. Then the Cooledge (?) family back in Connecticut had to buy them out. I don't remember those details., I just kind of dimly know that.

Q. - So when you were a child, how large was the Ranch? How many acres?

Gm. - My father's share was 730 or 800 acres, plus 16 acres up on the hill. Then it was divided between the family. They did some selling and trading back and forth to get the land, so some of us wouldn't have ten acres here and ten acres there. They sold this land to that, and you bought that land here, so it squared it up, so that your Aunt Harriet , Uncle Charlie, your Aunt Edith and I all had 160 acres all in one piece.



RANCH HOME IN THE WINTER

Q. - What was the name of the ranch that she used?

Gm. - The name that she sent the butter under was **Sunnyside Ranch**, but it was the **Rancho Rio de Jesus Maria** Grant. It was purchased by your Greatgrandfather and his brothers....8,000 acres.

Q. - You mentioned that she changed the name from Rancho Rio de Jesus Maria to.....

Gm. - She just called it the **Home Place**, because they'd say, "Mrs. Hoppin at the Rancho Rio de Jesus Maria.....oh, you mean at the Home Place! " Because in those days, that was the beginning of Carrie Nation and Women's Suffrage, and the community was very proud, I think, of the fact that she was known through her activities of running a ranch, and also very active in the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

CHARLES ROSSITER HOPPIN

And everybody.....not everybody, but a great many people, knew your Great-grandfather was a '49er and he knew Crocker when he had the grocery store in Sacramento....one of the well-known...what was it they called him? "Giants of the"...I can't think of the name that they called him.

And then, Jim Fair, who was the originator of the Fairmont Hotel. His land was down towards Knight's Landing on the Sacramento river. When he was up staying at the ranch, it was a big event in my life, when Jim Fair came with his Dapple Gray, I think they called them....horses. And it was a carriage and footmen, coachmen. The rivets where usually holds the harness together- his were silver and all polished. I've never forgotten that! And giving me a ride down to the Ableys and back again. I just was fascinated by these beautiful horses and the silver shone so! But whenever he came, he came to see my father whenever he was up. They all had been associated, in a way, from Sacramento. And I think they bought land, rather than....it was successful in mines. Why my father didn't follow their lead in buying the mines, the type of mines that they did, I don't know. We just bought the kinds that didn't amount to a hill of beans!

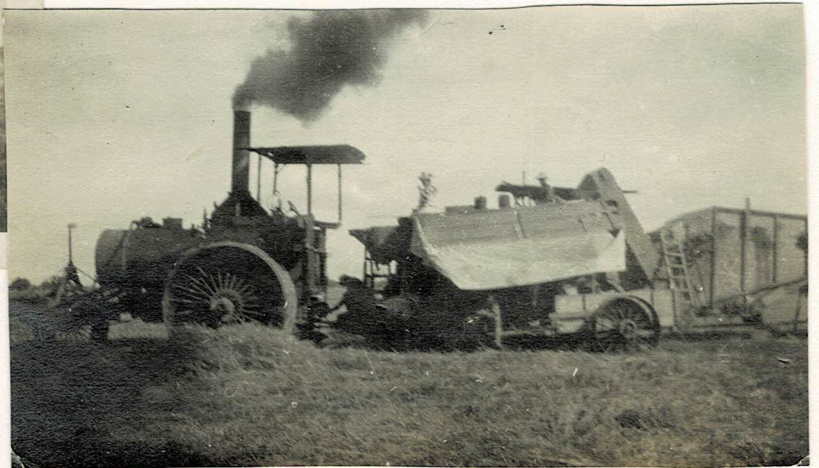
Q. - Dabbling in it, but not....

Gm - Yes, dabbling is right! They were very interesting.....those people. Mr. Fair had a steam engine....it had a harvester on that. And later on in years,

twenty years after my father died, your Uncle August and Uncle Charlie rented it, and they did the harvesting using the old engine from the Fair Ranch. I've forgotten how much they paid, but you could do so much more pulling a harvester with a steam engine than you could with teams of horses! So that was interesting.



Horse-drawn Harvester 1906



Engine and Harvester from Fair Ranch 1907

All the old timers knew each other. Instead of going to a hotel, you went instead to who you considered the leading person in the community. Where we would go to a hotel, they would go to a friend's house to stay. If they didn't have a home there, they'd stay.

My father was a '49er and my mother was active in clubwork and church work. In fact, I'm fond of saying that I went to a convention before I was born! My mother presided at this school of religion down at Monterey in the middle of August, and I was born the middle of September. Nobody knew she was pregnant! She was so large!

Q. - She was a big woman to begin with.

Gm - She was a tall woman and large. But no one knew it. They just wouldn't believe it.

Q - Now, she ran the ranch for quite a long time by herself, after your father died?

Gm - Yes, Dad died in 1902, I think it was. 1901 or '02. She really ran the ranch. He directed it, but she really ran things because, well, I think he maybe had her in training, I don't know! But, he was very proud of the fact. They tell the story that he said that the horses had run away with him, and that he was lucky to be there. He'd met her from a trip that she'd been on. And she said, "Is the buggy damaged?" And he said, "You didn't even ask about whether I was hurt!" They all kidded her a lot about that. When women weren't running ranches, she was really running a good-sized acreage, because it was undivided then.

Q - That was the total, 8,000?

Gm - No, it had been divided. I guess we had about 1,000 acres. Not quite 1,000. Then we had what we called **The Hill Place**, which was only 16 miles away. But in those days, it was a job to get there. We would have to go up and my father and mother would go and then we got the carriage out and we rode in the carriage to go up. The choremen drove the carriage and my father directed how he was to go. I'll never forget getting up at four or five in the morning and starting out to go. This was before 1900 I guess.

We had to go across the Stephen's Bridge to get to the ranch, and it had been very rainy and muddy and the roads weren't paved. We got up to the ranch and headed for home the same day. We got back to the Stephen's Bridge, and they said we couldn't go across....that the bridge was going to go out any minute. My father was rather set in his ways at that age, close to 75. He said he didn't believe it. So he got out and walked over to the bridge and looked around. I couldn't see because it was dark, but apparently, with what my mother was saying, he was looking at how deep the water was around it and whether the bridge was shaking. I don't know. But whatever it was, he decided that they were going to cross the bridge. So we all had to walk across the bridge one at a time, and my father led the lead horse because he had a way with animals. No matter how afraid they were, he could calm them down. I think they felt his security that he gave them. We all got across and got back in the carriage and went. It would have meant twenty miles if we hadn't have gone that way.

Q - Did the bridge ever break?

Gm - No, it never broke! But you know, people get excited and ..."Oh, it's going to go out!" It did wash away one of the approaches, but it didn't even get across the road. That was a big deal. I can remember that!

Q - How old were you when your father died?

Gm - I was...he died in 1902. I wasn't seven (yet).

Q - Do you remember much of him?

Gm - I remember...barely remember. All the cousins were there so we could get acquainted: my cousin Shirley from Nevada; my three cousins from the Hawaiian Islands: Ruth, Mary, and Elizabeth; and my cousin Ira from Woodland. And we were going through the house like a bunch, as he said, of Comanche Indiansand I don't mean to insult the Indians! We were yelling and screaming. They said, "Oh, your father said you have to be quiet." And I said, "Oh, he can't catch us!" But my father was waiting, and the next time 'round with a slipper off his shoe, and as each one came.....bang! bang! We decided that he was much more agile than we thought he was! I remember that very distinctly. But I remember also he told my mother not ever to have them again.

We had the big acreage and my father raised these race horses. I know I didn't tell you the story of when my father went back to Kentucky and bought this very good stallion back there and brought it out here. I've forgotten what line it was, but it was very fast line. We had a race track on the east part of the ranch, and the men used to race their horses. The theory was that my father never bet, but I'm not so sure.

But anyway, he went back to Kentucky, and there was a train wreck and he was riding in the caboose, and the conductor came and said to him " Mr. Hoppin, we'll have to kill the horse. He's going crazy with the shock of the accident. He'll do damage to the car, and we can't get around. We have to climb around and he rears up." So my father got dressed and went down, and the horse was very wild, and my father said he'd calm him down. He talked to the horse and got down in the car with the horse and oh, they wanted to shoot the horse and there was quite a bit of arguing. This is all hearsay, of course. Anyway, my father was able to quiet the horse and keep it down quiet. The minute he started to leave, the horse would start to go crazy again. So my father told the conductor to bring his bedding & he'd sleep in the box stall with the horse! So he slept across the country with the horse and the horse was alright.

And they had a big circular corral that they kept him in, and they'd bring horses to breed the horses. I think we had, I've forgotten how many horse stalls for the horses, and all these horses. Tom Murphy used to oversee the horses and stallions and take care of them.

I guess I was just a very little girl, and I can remember my mother looking out, and seeing all the tears rolling down her cheeks, and I'd say "What are you crying about?" She'd say, "Oh she wasn't crying," and I'd say

"Well there are tears." She'd say, "These horses are eating us out of house and home." And I couldn't see it. They weren't eating on the house!

So anyway, they had an auction. I think one of the reasons I'm allergic.....I wanted to carry out the pan of sandwiches and all these rough men came at the pan of sandwiches as if they weren't going to get another sandwich, and it scared me to death! And I did hang on to the pan of sandwiches! Auction sale have left me cold ever since!

RYHTHM OF THE DAY ON THE RANCH

Q - What was the rhythm of the day when you were very young, on the farm?

Gm - The choreman got up in the wintertime and he built the fire in the kitchen and in the fireplace, around five o'clock. After the fire was built, my mother got up and went out in the kitchen and made the bread. I mean, worked out the bread. Breakfast was at six o'clock, then dinner at the middle of the day was at twelve o'clock. My mother and my sister did the breakfast dishes and got those things if we had houseguests, which we always did. Then they ate breakfast at eight o'clock...seven or eight. But mother usually ate at six o'clock. She sat at the kitchen table...the south window, and there was a Gold of Ophir rose which was a climbing rose over the arbor, and she would sit there and watch the birds and whatever. You could see the fields. Then she would have her bacon and eggs, hot biscuit and coffee. She'd usually come and sit down and have a cup of coffee with the guests.



Gold of Ophir Rose, South of House.

Taken for Arbor Day, 1908

In the summertime, the butcher came around three times a week in a wagon with meat on ice, and you went out with the milk pan and picked out the meat you wanted. It would be steaks for breakfast. You'd get boiling beef and roasts. The thing that the men liked....the boiling beef with horseradish sauce, and then the potatoes and all those vegetables. But the long-cooking meat had to be on the old wood stove by eight or nine o'clock so that it would be tender, cooking slowly. Then my mother cooked pot roasts very often. I can't remember having prime rib roast....maybe we had it.

Q - How did they do up the pot roast?

Gm - We'd brown the meat in flour, salt and pepper, then cook it slowly at the back of the stove with a lid on.

Q - In water?

Gm - No, maybe just a little bit of water. It was usually just cooking in the grease, and yet was never greasy because they got the lean meat. The cuts then were different, in a way.

Gm - After they got the dishes done, my mother would make the beds. Then, mother would prepare the vegetables. At ten o'clock she would lie down for a half hour and rest. At 10:30 she would get up and sit at the desk and work for a half hour on paperwork. I suppose on the bills or things like that.....or writing her speech, or something of that sort.



Emily Hoppin at her desk

Then at eleven o'clock, she'd put the....if it was the pork cooking, the carrots and potatoes on. Of course, she'd check to see what was on.

On Monday, you washed. Tuesday, you ironed. Wednesday was sort of free, I mean, because she mended or something. But you washed on Monday or Tuesday. Occasionally you'd have extra things and you'd wash in the middle of the week.

In between times, she always washed two or three windows. Every morning she'd do a few windows, so you'd make the rounds of the house once or twice or three times a month. So many windows every day. The windows were always clean, unless something very unforeseen...a terrific dust storm.

Then dinner at twelve. The men were in to get their dinner....fast! My cousin George would walk down. He and mother would argue current events. If there were men who wanted to discuss politics or something that was coming up in regard to the neighborhood, they would get there about twelve-thirty and talk with my father before he had a rest.

Q - Did they have a good sense of national politics?

Gm - Oh, yes. The people were always interested. They didn't agree with my father, and he didn't agree...but they liked to hear his opinion because he took a national...an eastern magazine. I can't remember...it went out when they made the mistake on the poll for Dewey's election, I think. But it was considered one of the outstanding magazines.

He took a national farm magazine, so he was familiar with the farm conditions all through the west and middle west. "The Great Plains of Texas".....I'd always heard about the "Great Plains of Texas." Oh, we were going to starve to death that year because the "Great Plains of Texas"..... didn't sow, you know, hundreds of acres...hundreds of sacks to the acre. So he was familiar with the farm conditions throughout the country because he read these magazines. Most of the farmers in the neighborhood took the local paper, but my father took the national papers/magazine, and the national farm magazine, and then the San Francisco Examiner.

But my mother just couldn't swallow "Hearst yellow journalism" and she just had to give up even though they were friends. She just had to go over to the Chronicle, even though it started as a scandal sheet.

Now we're up to one o'clock. Then she laid down again for a half hour, then got up, changed her clothes, and dressed in her afternoon clothes.

Q - Grandma, when she laid down for the half hour, was that a "not to be disturbed" half hour?

Gm - Yes, she rested then.

Q - And nobody disturbed her.

Gm - Well, if so and so's house was on fire, you told her there was a fire coming down the road! Of course, the choreman was in and out putting logs on the fire. He kept the wood box filled and he would carry the wood from the wood box to put in the stove.

She worked all afternoon at her desk and looked over the yard to see that the choreman was doing some of the extra things he was supposed to. Then at five o'clock they prepared supper. She went to bed at eight o'clock, except when there were eggs in the incubator being hatched. Then she stayed up later because she didn't like to get in bed and have to get up and go out in thebecause it was usually in the early spring and it was cold.

Twice a year you had a thorough housecleaning. You took the matting out, washed the matting, and tacked it back down again.

Q - What matting...where?

Gm - It was sort of like bamboo, I guess. I don't really know.

Q - It was like a woven bamboo mat?

Gm - It was really like a bamboo mat. It was a straw...grossly woven. You put it on the floor. Lots of the neighbors put newspaper underneath it, but mother thought that made it rattle, and the mice get in there and made an awful noise.

Q - They used this instead of rugs?

Gm - That was over the wood floors. Downstairs we had linoleum.....a very heavy grade of linoleum. Then we had rugs...an "ex-minister"(?) which was nine by twelve.

Q - The housecleaning and all....the day for baking, and the day for washing.....are these the same year after year, sort of like clockwork? As the year unfolded and the seasons, there were certain things that were done at certain times.

Gm - My mother, after she finished the ironing on Tuesday, she polished the brasses. Every week the brasses were polished until they shone.

Q - How about the silver?

Gm - It was polished too. My mother didn't have as much silver as she wanted. She had the plated wear. She had the beginning of the sterling set,

but she never got around to getting one. But she had plated wear. I think I have ten of my mother's silver forks, the dinner forks that I've used in my set. Then, when you got to a certain age, you got the dresser set.

Q - You mean the brush and the comb?

Gm - Comb and brush and mirror, powder jar and talcum powder jar.

Q - How old did you have to be for that?

Gm - Usually when you finished school...high school...you got that - at Christmas time. Then they had button hooks and cuticle knives, all kinds of things. And they'd buy extra things and give them to you for Christmas presents. Those had to be polished.

Q - They were made out of silver?

Gm - Yes. The three coffee pots that I have. And there was the cream and sugar, and the slop jar, where if there was a little bit of the coffee left, you emptied the coffee into this bowl, and then you had your fresh coffee.

Q - Slop jar sounds so elegant! Sterling Silver Slop Jar.

Gm Sounds so elegant! Huh? We were considered very ritzy because we always ate on a white tablecloth, and my mother had the plated wear. But the neighbors regarded it as sterling silver, because it had to be polished just the same!

Q - But the farmhands didn't eat on a white tablecloth.

Gm - They had an oil cloth, and they had one of these things....a cruette for the vinegar and oil, salt and pepper. I think there were four things on it. There may have been a fifth, but what would it have been?

Q - Sugar?

Gm - No sugar. They used too much sugar. You couldn't get one big enough to go in the cruet, that would go around, you know. It would go around, you could move it.

SOME OF THE STORIES

My mother told about one time when I was a baby....the Chinese cook was there and he came to the door and my mother said, "Come in, into the livingroom. " And he said, "Oh.....Mrs. Hoppin." She said, "You're sick. I'll come right out." She said, "You go upstairs and get into bed." And there was this room that I told you about. I think that's where he was. He may have been in the room over the kitchen. That I don't remember. And my mother dished up the dinner, and the men said, "Oh, Mrs. Hoppin. It's so good to have a home-cooked dinner." And she said, "Oh, is that so." "Yes, not having those dirty Chinese cooking for you, and it tastes twice as good." And mother said, "Oh, it really does taste well, then?" And they said "yes.". Then she said, "Well, I want you to know that I dished the food up and I'm quite sure I didn't make it taste any different than it did. " She said, "John is sick, and I dished up the dinner, but he cooked it." So the men didn't have anything else to say.

My favorite story was....my mother was a good Prohibitionist, and never served liquor there. The men got it and had it out on the ranch. But, this night, they had canned blackberries. They never liked canned blackberries....that was the bottom of the barrel, as far as they were concerned. But they had this little bell that they rang and I went out.....I was the youngestI had to answer. They said they'd like some more berries. So I came in with the big ironstone vegetable dish, you know, that white wear. I said "They want more berries," and mother said, "More berries?!! And I said "yes." So she said to go down in the cellar and get some. She said, "I don't understand it."

The berries were in the second cellar which I was always scared to death going down there. But anyway, I went, and came back with the berries, and mother got the lid off. I hardly put it on the table when all the men got up and walked out. Here were the berries not touched. Well, my mother was really provoked. And then, my brother picked up the jar, the mason jar, and the berries had fermented, and it was delicious blackberry wine! I've never forgotten that. But they had a big laugh about that story. I don't know what mother did say to them, but she let them know that she knew what it was all about.

The men would ring the bell for everything. I remember they rang the bell and I went out, and they said they wanted to talk to Mrs. Hoppin. Mother said, "Well, what in the world?" So she went out, and of course, she was big and she got tired. So she was sitting on the edge of the woodbox. Of course,

I sneaked into the pantry and I pulled the sliding door a little bit so I could hear. My brothers and sisters were right behind me. And we were listening.

It seems that the local woman in the hotel was overcharging the men. They had twenty dollar gold pieces which I think were the size of a dollar. Then there were the five dollar gold pieces that were the size of a nickle or a dime, I think. They'd give her a twenty dollar gold piece, and Vernie, this woman who operated the place, she'd say "You gave me a dollar", and she'd give them change for a dollar. So the men knew that some of them were getting cheated and they were getting madder the minute. They told my mother about it and of course my mother said, "That was a grave charge to make." So she said that a couple of you will have to stay sober, and be sick, or be something, but you stay sober and make a note of what time everything happens. So, they watched and kept track of how the woman short-changed the men.

So then my mother went down and sent word for her to come out and told her that she was wise to the fact that she was short-changing the men. If she heard another complaint she would see to it that she was out of business.

Q - This was even though she was very active in the W.C.T.U. , she was still concerned that they got their money's worth of alcohol.

Gm - She wasn't going to have her men cheated. They were going to get their money's worth, period! And she saw to it that they did. The men, among themselves, they thoughtyou work for the old lady and you don't get cheated. You work for so and so, and you do. How come? On that I don't know all the gory details, but I can surmise why.

And this one old saloon keeper..."The Bucket of Blood."....said to me years later, "When your mother told us that she was going to put us out of business...we knew we were going out of business! " Because she could rally all the old timers...the people who had come in that had settled there in the early community. She could unite the Temperance people and the farming people, and.....you just didn't have a prayer. These three women, Mrs. L (?), who was the Vice-Principal of the Woodland High School, and Mrs. Houston, who published the "Home Alliance", and my mother.....we called them the "Three Muskateers." So, those are some of the things that happened.

In those days, you got your bill at the end of the year. We had a book, and as a little girl, I can remember"You have the book?" If you bought anything at Mr. Borich's store, you had him write it in, and what you had bought, and the cost of it. Then at the end of the year, he added it up and my mother added it up, and believe me, the two of them better coincide! Because then they went over it. "Well, that Charlie bought this." "Well, what'd you let Charlie buy it for? You know he wasn't allowed to charge things." I'd bought a pair of shoes or something and all these things were

there in this book. You paid for the amount in it. Then after you paid for it, Mrs. Borich, who was a little French Jewish woman, and oh, she was charming. After you paid the bill, she'd say, "Well, now, Mrs. Hoppin, what would you like for a gift? Would you like a piece of linen?" Mother would always say, "Oh, I would." She would give you about a two and a half or three yard tablecloth.....beautiful linen tablecloth. Your Aunt Janet is still using the last tablecloth that the Borichs ever gave us.

You could get everything in the store, from beautiful Damask linen or Irish linen, to any kind of nails or tape. Some people said they had coffins, but I never saw any. He had a barrel of candy...this hard candy...and the youngsters were always given a piece of hard candy when they went in. In fact, he still had the candy barrel when your mother, (Margaret), Uncle Jim, and Aunt Janet were children. They took a dim view of hard candy, but I still liked it. But they didn't like whorehound candy.

But Mr. Borich finally closed the store. I think he'd been there 75 years. His sons closed it. It was the end of an era, I thought when they closed it, because when I tell people we paid by the year, they just won't believe it.

Q - What were the bills for a year? Do you remember?

Gm - No, I don't. But of course, things were so cheap then, comparatively speaking. I really don't know. Although I can always remember my mother...."The high cost of things." And my father, he was just headed for the poorhouse when he had to pay a dollar a day. He'd never make it!

Q - For farmhands?

THE FARMHANDS

Gm - Yes, a dollar a day. But of course, the farmhands had porterhouse steak for breakfast and hot biscuits and what-have-you! And, they had their room and board. So they fared pretty well in that respect.

In Woodland, there was a workingman's hotel, I guess you'd call it. The Seegers had it, then Uncle Chris Guntinger (?) bought it. He was an Uncle by marriage of the children that I grew up with. I called him Uncle Chris, the same as the children did. He had this men's hotel for the men, and the food that they used to serve there! He used to feed them all winter long...you know....between seasons. There would be the plowing, and then the haying, and then the harvesting. Between these different things, if the farmer couldn't keep him for the whole time, then they would go back to the hotel and live there. He would deduct what they owed from their check. They were always in debt to him. I presume they were. But, oh, the food he would

have! He would have three kinds of roast on the table, and pickled beets, sauerkraut, sliced onions in vinegar, all kinds of fresh vegetables....and pie. But all that meat! Sometimes, he'd have German food. But you could just gorge there.

The family would go into the hotel and sit down and eat, then the men came in and ate. He never allowed anyone to get too much to drink there. But of course, he would get a little bit too much, once in a while! Now, it's different. Every community had a similar hotel where the workingmen were taken care of. Of course, some men weren't too reliable, I guess. I don't know what those birds did.

Q - Who were the workingmen? Where did they come from?

Gm - Well, you never know. Many times they were "remittance men." Have you read about "remittance men?"

Q - No.

Gm - They were men of good family, say like....it would even be like the Ruckerfellers. Of course, Ruckerfeller was just coming into the money then. But, good families.....who was the black sheep. The family paid him not to come home into the community he came from. And they came out to California very often. Many of these were "remittance men." The family sent them a check every month....and they stayed. There was a very good family in the East....this one man worked there.

Then, there were men down here. We used to get a lot of firemen and policemen, who on their vacation - they didn't get paid much - and so to get a change of climate, they'd come up and get jobs on the ranch, and work for their vacation for two weeks.

There was Shorty and Slim. I never knew where they came from. But about time, I can remember my father looking down the road, and asking him what he was looking for. He'd say, "Well, it's about time Shorty and Slim showed up." And they did....every year. Then finally, they said "We're too old and we won't be back." You'd see them riding on the top of freight cars and that sort of thing.

But you had the same men, like Tom Winning (?). He worked for us year after year after year. And then he decided he knew more than we did and he'd tell us how to run the place. Then trouble started. So he would leave us for awhile and then he'd come back again.

And the Gorman boys. I remember those names...Gorman boys...local boys...men. They were a degree better than many of the men that you got. Really, I guess that's where most of the men came from. Uncle Chris would know men that were good workers....had a good reputation for being good. He'd send a couple of good men out, and we'd pay their fare on the train from

Woodland to Yolo. We'd meet them, my brother would, and take them out to the house, and they'd work indefinitely...sometimes. Maybe then they'd go off on a drunk for a month, maybe a couple of months, maybe a year....depending on how much money they'd accumulated. So, that is the way the men seemed to come, I think.

But then, the people decided, I think along about 1910....the women got tired of cooking for all these men, and they paid them more wages, but they had to feed themselves. That was the end of a time. That's about all that I can think of.

FOOD PREPARATION ON THE RANCH

Once a year we killed pigs and had mother's pork sausage. Mother never trusted anyone to mix it but herself. She would do it in batches of about twenty pounds, I think.....a big dishpan full of sausage meat. For some reason the sausage then was so good they used the pork loin. We'd cut out along the backbones, and have these roast backbones, which were good. We liked them very much. Then my mother made head cheese. She never made liver sausage. We usually had the fried liver, and baked them. Then she'd smoke the hams and shoulders.



Back of the Ranch Home

Smoke House, then
Tank House

And then the sausage....we had two kinds of lard: the leaf lard , and just the ordinary lard. The leaf lard came, I think, from around the internal organs....from around the kidney and heart. It really looked like leaves. The other lard was the trim off from where the fat was around the roast. We fed our own porks. The last two or three weeks of their lives, they were fed nothing but barley or corn, so they really had a very good flavor. No fish flavor.

Then mother would take this lard and try it out...the ordinary lard. She would cook the sausage meat in pats until it was just done, then put them in these two to three pound lard cans. Maybe it was only a pound. She would stack them in quite well, then cover them with the melted lard just to be sure there were no bubbles of air. They would all be covered and be sterilized. The lid was put on and they were put down in the cellar.

Q - I never heard of preserving that way.

Gm - In fact, she did. It may not have been scientific, but that's the way she did it. We all lived to be hale and hearty for some time. We never got sick. But once she started taking the grease off, she never let it stand. Well, of course, you can imagine with ten people in our diningroom and ten people in the men's diningroom, when you opened a can of sausage, it all went at once!

All that grease would come off and fall away and I don't know what they did for the grease. I think mother may have used it to fry doughnuts. That would be I think probably what was done with it.

Mother always did that, and then she gets the pickled pigs feet, and that was a Sunday treat. I didn't like them, but now that I know how expensive they are and what a luxury they're supposed to be, I like them. But her pickled pigs feet were just delicious, and she'd fry them in butter. The men just would eat that pickled pigs feet..."Can we have more pickled pigs feet?" Mother would say, "You can't eat them all up at once!"

Q - Now, did she make her own bread?

Gm - She made her own bread. She got up at five o'clock in the morning and the bread had been rising alongside the stove. She beat it down and worked it over and then it was set to rise again. The bowl that she scraped the bread out of, she would use to make the biscuit and then the biscuit went in the oven. Then, if she were going to make a pie, she would make the pie crust and put that in the same bowl. So one bowl made the bread, the biscuit, and the pie crust. She cut down the work that way. When she scraped it, there wasn't much left in the bowl...it was just practically clean. She got every bit of it out. Then the men had all these hot biscuit and we

had the bread. The hot biscuit were for breakfast, and just bread for lunch....dinner and supper.....that's what we called it.

Q - Why don't you tell us again how they made butter on the Ranch.

Gm - First, they had the churn that went up and down, and a dasher. You did it by hand, you pushed up and down until the butter came. Then you put it in this three-cornered table with a rolling pin going around and you worked the rolling pin until you got the water. And you keep hosing theI don't know where...you didn't have cement... but the floor was sloped so the water would roll out. And it didn't stand there. The water in the summertime kept it cool....the evaporation. You kept working the butter until it came absolutely...there was no trace of sour milk. Then you molded it into these molds.

Q - Did they have a design on them?

Gm - As I remember...I don't remember any. It wasn't completely square. The edges were rounded....oblong.

Then she'd pack these. She had a wooden box that she soaked in the water in the summertime so that it was wet, and then she would get up at four o'clock and take this butterthe train didn't stop - the fast train didn't stop - and it went through Woodland at 4 o'clock. She would be there at....well, I guess it was really six o'clock. She got up at four and got there at six. Then they put it on the train - Wells Fargo Express . It came down to the city (San Francisco) and it got to the city before the heat of the day in the summertime. In the wintertime you could send it on a later train because you didn't have to think of the heat.

Q - The only way they had of keeping it cool was just the wet box that she had it in?

Gm - That was the only way she had. And it got there absolutely fresh. The Palace Hotel (in San Francisco), and the officials of Wells Fargo bought all the butter that my mother could make.

And then we had this Aunt... the Hoppin brothers looked after their sister and her family. They always gave her butter.

But I didn't mention that they had the barrel finally, instead of the churn, that you just worked up and down. And this barrel you turned with a handle until the butter came.

Q - Did you have to culture the milk, after you skimmed it?

Gm - No, you didn't skim it. You kept it where it was cool. They had what you call a water-refrigerator. Did you ever hear of that? It was burlap on a wooden frame. Then there was a tub of water on top....a pan of water. Then there were these felt strips about two inches I would say. You put them in the water and got them started so that they were wet, and the water just began to just seep down on this burlap. The burlap was wet from all these little...I think it was felt.

Q - Felt would be a good wick.

Gm - Wool maybe. They were about every three to four inches. And you had to keep water in this great big pan on the top and it had about four shelves where you kept your butter and your cream in there. And that kept the cream sweet. It turned sour, I mean, but it didn't turn rancid.

Q - You had sour cream. Now, was this in the house or where?

Gm - Well, it was in a room that was part of the house, and it had walls that were, I'd say 12 inches deep, I guess. When my mother remodeled the house, they took that room out and in these walls that were about 12 inches, maybe 18 inches, and they were filled with sawdust. That helped to keep the room cool too, in the summertime, and keep the cold out in the wintertime.

RAISING CHICKENS

My mother raised her own chickens. She would send away for eggs...special eggs, I mean. They were guaranteed to be fertile. We liked the brown leghorn hen. It was a small hen and a good layer...consistent layer. She would get these eggs and then it was like a big square chest and had about six shelves. There was a lantern in a stand at the bottom of the thing, and there were these wire shelves and you put the eggs on. I think each shelf held about ...oh, I don't know how many, but probably a dozen, two dozen. Then in the center of each shelf was like a cup with water and a sponge in it, and moisture was kept in that sponge.

You had to turn the eggs at least three to four times a day, and the last thing at night. My mother would stay up 'til all of 9:30 to check the incubator to be sure the lantern wasn't smoking, and turn the eggs before going to bed. She'd let me stay up because I was always interested. I don't know whether they had to be turned in the night or not, but during the day they had to be turned.

As the eggs got ready to hatch , you could hear the little chickens inside the shell. Now if they were strong chickens, you could hear them kind of cheeping and making a noise. Then they would begin to work their way out of the shell. On the bottom shelf...these little balls...after they dried up, why they would be down there. I don't know how long they were kept there.

We had a brooder house. It was hollowed out underneath and there was a boiler that we built a fire in. There was sand on the floor and a board. There were no square corners. They were rounded corners so that the little chickens wouldn't huddle in that square corner and wouldn't get what they call "huddle"...they just pile on top of each other. The last thing at night my mother would check those before she went to bed and check - put your hand on the sand to see if it was hot - because if the sand got too hot then it would burn the little chicken's feet. You have to watch that.

Q - They were walking directly on the sand?

Gm - They were walking on the sand and mother always put something over the sand where they were. She'd kind of spread the little ones out if they were huddling a bit. She didn't lose many chickens with that. They were kept in this brooder house for...I don't know how many days. There was this little fenced in....like an alfalfa patchand the little chickens were turned out in there. Some of them were dumb...they couldn't find their way back into the building. You had to check them to be sure they all got back in. Then they left there to go into a bigger place where they learned to roost. And pretty soon they were ready to be fried. If you got any roosters in the lot, they were used for frying when they were of age.

Q - Did you feed them anything special?

Gm - It was a meal that they did first. Then they graduated from the meal to wheat. And we raised our own wheat. We didn't raise much wheat because it was more subject to disease than barley. Now why that is, I don't know, or why it was. Maybe the barley you could use a bluestone on it. Now what bluestone was, I don't know. Probably some kind of copper thing. But they referred to it as bluestone. And you could get the barley in that. But the wheat, you used it for flour, and my father would take so many sacks of wheat over to the mill, and then the mill would keep part of it and give him back so many sacks of flour. I don't know what the ratio was. But there was a ratio.

Q - How did you keep the flour from getting weevily?

Gm - You just didn't let the weevils get.....there was a big tin thing that mother had that was supposed to be a washing machine that my father bought for her. But it made an excellent place to keep the flour.

Q - So it was just stored in the old washing machine then.

Gm - I (laughter) I don't know how they figured to wash the dishes in it! I can remember it was a black thing. And I couldn't play there because it was kept just so, because of the danger of weevils. It was kept up in the ...oh I don't know, we called it the storeroom. It was down underneath with the men's washroom....the room that I told you about where the butter was kept.

Q - All this was down under the house?

Gm - No, it was on the level. It was on the second story of the building. The choremen slept up there at one end of the room, and the ex-washingmachine was at the other end with the flour stored in it. I don't remember what other things... old furniture that had been discarded that was waiting to be repaired was there. It was just sort of a catch-all that people usually refer to as an attic. But it wasn't an attic exactly. And then the bell that is up at the Jensen's- Shirley's, is on a stand outside the window there where you could call the men to dinner. Or in case of fire you pulled the bell and the men knew to come to the house fast when the bell rang. Other than for meal times.

Q - They probably came fast too, then!

Gm- You didn't have to call them then!

Q - On the chickens, they used some of them for frying, and they had the eggs, did they sell the eggs?

Gm - And then they sold the eggs. My mother kept the eggs in the cellar and in the water-refrigerator.

Q - Did those get shipped away to San Francisco too?

Gm - The eggs went to the store in Yolo. Although your Grandmother, in the Depression of '94 (1894) sold the fryers. In fact she sold all of the chickens when they got to be a fryer, to the Palace Hotel (in San Francisco) for a dollar and a half apiece.....which was \$18 a dozen. Even in those days I don't know how they got the money to pay for it, but that's what they paid her. She raised these chickens, but of course, that was before I was born.

But she sold chickens to the Palace Hotel, and the Palace Hotel would of course, take all the butter she could send them.

WATER WITCHING

Q - Tell us about water witching.

Gm - Water witching? Well, you take the willow stick and hold it in your hands...it had to be a nice fresh willow stick. You had to go down along the river or the creek...the creek...there were willows there. My brother-in-law was really good. He'd hold it in his hand and the thing would practically..... ..whoop!.....down like that!

Q - Were you a water witcher too?

Gm - I could do it. Everytime that I did, I'd hit it. But they didn't trust me! They always verified it. Of course, if you know which way the stream comes and the water, you can check that way. Two to three feet one way or the other will make all the difference in the world in getting water, or not getting water.

Q - How did you do it?

Gm - You just held it and then said, "Well, this is good, you've got the strongest current." Then you dug the well. My mother decided one time that she wasn't going to dig the well there...she was going to move it over there. She had to put another well down at the original spot!

Q - How did you know how deep it was?

Gm - You didn't know. The water borers came and dug until you hit water. Maybe my brother and I knew exactly. It varied at certain times. If it were a dry year, you would have to go deeper. Ordinarily, you'd strike first water about thirty feet in those days, I think it was....then go down to the second water which I think was around fifty to sixty feet. Now, up in the valley, my nephew had to dig a new well just this year and they had to go even deeper than that. They'd never been that deep.

This water witching, Uncle August was an expert at that. They'd pay him, I forget how much to do it. Of course, the water was nearer the surface in the valley then. It sunk. I don't know how it is now, but up around Marysville the water really dropped because they'd done so much irrigating. I don't remember the latest reports. I don't know how it is.

Q - How did you find out you could witch?

Gm - When my brother-in-law was doing it, I'd see if I could do it. You could see me holding really tight and the stick turning in your hand. You couldn't move it....I mean really....the pull. Oh, you could hold it, but I mean the pull was so strong that it was uncomfortable. And it is.

PLANTING BY THE MOON

It was like planting the potatoes at the dark of the moon. Scientific farmers said that was nonsense...you could plant potatoes anytime. But if you were smart you always managed to plant your potatoes at the dark of the moon! The peas you planted at the light of the moon.

Q - What else?

Gm - Well, it would really be your vegetables that were above ground zucchini. Of course, we didn't have zucchini when I was a child. But peas, string beans, the squash family. We had summer squash and crooked neck squash. Of course, we had many more varieties of squash than we were used to. You planted your artichokes and asparagus.

Q - Those all got planted in the full moon.

Gm - The full moon. Then your carrots, turnips, your root vegetables potatoes, yams, sweet potatoes....those were the root vegetables that went in the ground...matured in the ground. Those you planted in the dark of the moon. The scientific farmers of course didn't believe in it. But they always managed to have urgent business so they didn't get around to planting the things. Of course, the scientific farmers, like the Farm Advisor, they used to say it was ridiculous, but nine times out of ten, it would follow that way.

FIRE

I remember the north wind would blow, and maybe a fire would get started, and someone would come and rap on your window and say, "So and so's place is one fire! How many men can you spare?" "We'll get them right up." And they would get up in the middle of the night with sacks, and mad as hatters, would go out and fight with a bucket of water and a wet sack to try

to save their places. Fortunately , they always got it out before they got to our place.

We had an orchard between the house and the field. Then in later years, we had an alfalfa field which protected the house. But you feel very helpless when you see this wall of flame coming. Sometimes a shift in the wind would change it. But those were the things that happened.

I guess it was after my father died, my mother said to my brother and brother-in-law, "You're putting the hay in before it's dried enough." They said, "No, they weren't." But the hay heats and generates the heat and catches on fire. Spontaneous. So the barn went up in smoke and all the neighbors gathered round. The hay for the winter's feed was gone. One of the women was very emotional and was crying, and finally looked at my mother and said, "Oh, Mrs. Hoppin, how can you sit here and not cry. Your place is all burned up and the feed for the cattle and all...." My mother said, "Well, Lizzie, the tears won't put the fire out. I might as well enjoy a visit with my neighbors that I never get to!" So, that was that, and Lizzie wiped her eyes and they chatted. And they really had a nice visit.

EMILY HOPPIN AND POLITICS

Gm - Well, I don't know what kind of a group it was, when the St. Louis World's Fair in 1905, I think it was. She went back and she represented...she wasn't there for the whole time, but so many months....she represented the Sacramento Valley Farmers Association, as one of the ranking farmers. I don't know what they did, whether they tried to get future farmers to come.

But speaking of future farmers and that, the Reclamation District...the water from the Sacramento River used to come in sight of Woodland, which will give you an idea of how close the river came. The overflow. They formed the Reclamation District with the farmers up there and they paid the taxes and did that all by themselves. They didn't go to the government and get the government to finance it. They did it. And then the Army Corps of Engineers came inand my pet peeve.....straightened up the river. And now, from what I read, have changed that way.

Q - (reading an article) ..."Foremost among the assets of the Women's Christian Temperance Union was Frances Willard. She was a skilled administrator and organizer and supervised the development of a complex federation of local and state unions into a powerful organization. Under her leadership, the WCTU became a major publisher, producing millions of printed pages annually." And then it gave addresses .

Gm - She (Willard) was a very brilliant woman. She wasn't the Carrie Nation type.

Q - But Great Grandma Emily knew of them and worked along.



Mrs. Emily Hoppin

She (Emily Hoppin) was against national prohibition. She believed in local option....each community settle whether they wanted to be wet or dry. And then let it come as the individual states become, wet or dry. The leaders of the Temperance, the National leaders , for some reason, that was the extreme wing of the rabid temperance people, I would say...they didn't take human nature and things into consideration. But they took...I think Tammany Hall and politics would correspond to this group of leaders who

were in power, and they voted very slyly to put over Temperance, and my mother told them they'd regret it every day of their life....and they did. Of course it was in that dry period that we got these gangs and the mafia and all that started . So she was right. And they have to admit, some of them. " Well, Emily, you knew what you were talking about! " I don't know how she knew . Law of averages or maybe something....I don't know.

DORTHEA HELEN MARIA HOPPIN

Q - Tell us about your name.

Gm - My Aunt Harriet wanted to name me and she called me Dorthea. My mother was very fond of this cousin of my fathers, and she wanted to call me Helen, so she said Harriet can call me Dorthea, and she'd call me Helen. And then, the Maria my father said everyone's naming the baby, so he wanted his sister, that was dead, for me to be named after her. So my name was Dorthea Helen Maria Hoppin, and I was so baptized.



(left to right) Aunt Clarissa, (80 years?), Edith, Emily, Harriet, August, Mrs. Kergel, Dorthea and Charles.
Harriet's Wedding 1906

Q - How old was his sister Maria when she died?

Gm - She was back in the letters of Uncle John, and the letters there of my father, and it was mentioned that they had finally heard when they got to California that their sister Maria had died. She was back there. Your greatgrandfather had five: let's see, there was Nate, Thad, John, Henry, Dad, and George. There were 6 boys and 2 girls, I believe. I'm not sure about the girls..there was Aunt Clarissa, and Aunt Maria, who I never knew because she died. So that's how I got my name.

When I got to school, we could have as much blackboard as your name covered. "Dorthea Helen Maria Hoppin." When I didn't want anyone near me, I could spread my name out the length of this table...and then the fight would start!

Q - How old were your parents when you were born?

Gm - Well, let's see....I was seven when DadI guess Dad was about 65 and Mother was about 20 years youngerthat would be 45. (ed. note: actually 67 and 41 years).

Q - When you were born?

Gm - When I was born. So she was through raising a family. She cried every day of my.....

Q - You gave her gray hairs?

Gm - Maybe that's why I'm so contrary!

Q - So you and your brothers and sisters were all born at home? I assume.

Gm - All born at home.

Q - Who delivered you? Was it a doctor or ..

Gm - Mrs. Abely.

Q - Was she the local midwife?

Gm - No, well, if Polly hadn't been busy, she would have delivered me.

Q - Who is Polly?

Gm - Polly Murphy was the foreman's wife. I'd forgotten about Polly. Polly had four children: Anna, Mary...she died when she was a young woman. And then Leonard, and then Polly's husband was the foreman on the ranch.

Q - Getting back to the birth for a minute...was it most common at that time, for everyone to give birth in their own home?

Gm - Yes. Everyone did. I think Aunt Bess and Aunt Harriet were the first people up there to go the hospital to have their baby.

Q - Why? Do you know why they went?

Gm - Well, Aunt Bess was a city girl I guess, and she figured in the cities they did it, and the trend came. And I guess at that time, you didn't have a good neighbor or good friend who wouldI guess they had so many casualties I don't know why they didn't...

Q -. They did have quite a few problems with birthing at home?

Gm - Well, that I wouldn't know. They figured it was better for the wife. There used to be quite a few deaths in childbirth, it seems to me. And yet, I can't remember anyone in particular that I know. I don't know why they did. It was the custom, and then all of a sudden they changed. I remember my mother saying "Well I think it's nonsense going to the hospital to have a baby. Polly could just as well deliver you and save that money." But no, and if Aunt Bess was going to be delivered at the hospital, then Aunt Harriet would definitely have to be.

Q - Was there any ritual or procedure that you went through when you delivered at home that you can remember?

Gm - I don't know. I do know the story that they always ask me....the Abely girls, they were Aunt Harriet's age, or older, Aunt Edith, Aunt Harriet and all. They called it the caul that was over the baby's face. I was born with the veil...what they called being born with the veil

Q - The bag of waters.

Gm - You were supposed to be able to foretell the future. And you have knowledge ofsort of what we call ESP sort of things. Well it's a funny thing...I still do have. Everytime Jim Jr. has been in danger, which has been two to three times when he was in the service, I've known it. I didn't know what it was, but I knew that somebody was in trouble. I just knew that there was something wrong. And like, when Mary Wallace's daughter and

grandson were killed, I woke up and I had no idea what it was, but I knew something had happened. There was nothing I could do, I was there having repair work done... I couldn't go out searching. So the next day when Tom Lewis' wife came, and Violet Gwen,(sp) and then your grandfather came in, and I said to him, I looked at him and I said "Jim, who's dead at the Wallaces?" And he said, "I told them not to tell you" . I said, "They didn't." And he said "How'd you know? " and I said "I don't know. " But I knew someone. And I gave him the time and he said, "That's when Chick called me". So I don't know. So be careful how you think...I may be reading your mind!

THE DEATH OF EMILY HOPPIN

Q - There was something else I wanted to ask you about, Grandma....Your mother was how old when she died?

Gm - 62

Q - And you were how old?

Gm - Twenty. I wasn't 20, but I was 20 later on.

Q - You were a late 19. Seems you told me once what she did the day she died, or the week she died...some of the things she'd been involved with.

Gm - She was President of the Federated Women's Clubs. And she was also giving a speech down at Stanford University on "Women and Farm Life." Then she came from the speech at Stanford University, stayed with friends in Berkeley, and then Saturday morning they had a Board meeting, and then she caught the train and came home.

I don't know why, but for no reason, the Ableys had an automobile. They were our neighbors. So Wilma, Lois, and Lowell and I were out for a ride, and they said, "Well, where shall we go?" I said, "Momma's coming in on the train, let's go down and meet her."

So we went down. When the Conductor helped her off the train, he said, "Someone to meet you?", and she said "Yes." And she walked toward me. I could tell she was very short of breath. I said, "What's wrong, Momma?", and she said "I seem to be sort of short of breath." Luther, my brother-in-law was there, and he looked at her and knew. He said "Maybe you'd better ride home with the children, ...you won't have to be so long. In the automobile you'll get home quicker, and you're not feeling well. You ride home with

them." She said, "No, you came down to get me, Luther, and I'll go home with you." And she wouldn't.



(left to right) Charles, Susie, John, Dorthea, Emily, Edith, Bess,
Katherine, Luther. 1909

So I went on home, and she came home, and I helped her go to bed. I wanted to call the doctor, and she wouldn't let us call the doctor. Then, the next morning, I said that I was calling the doctor. And she said, "Well, don't tell anyone I'm sick!" So I called Dr. Lawhead, and I said, "Dr. Lawhead, mother isn't feeling well. Would you mind coming out?" He said, "No, I'll be right out." So he came out. I guess mother came home on a Friday night, because it was Saturday that he came out.

She also had me call her attorney, and he came out. She wanted the right-of-way through Aunt Edith and Uncle Charlie's land so that the water on the north end of the farmland, all of us would have water. And if we got in a family squabble, the right-of-way protected the ditch that carried the water. So she dictated what she wanted done to the attorney, and the doctor said she had to stay in bed, that she wasn't well, and she'd have to stay put. My Aunt Harriet and Uncle Charlie didn't know anything about it, and she wouldn't let me tell them.

So that afternoon she was worse, and I called the doctor again, and Dr. Lawhead and Dr. Fairchild, both Fairchilds, came out. They said, "Really, Dorthea, you should have a nurse competent to follow your mother." So the

nurse couldn't come. There were no nurses in Woodland. The nurse had to come from Sacramento. Sunday morning she came.

Then that night, I guess the nurse had a busy time, but she was very pleased. She didn't know what she was getting into, coming to a farm! But she said that here, it's a two-story house, and it's cool downstairs. She was a nurse from New York, and she said, "Really, your mother is very sick." I said, "Well, I was afraid" , and she was, but she still wouldn't let us say "Boo."

So then Monday morning the nurse reported that she wouldn't stay quiet. And then she apparently had, I don't know where the clot landed, but they seemed to think there was a stoppage of something in the intestinal tract. And they called the ambulance to come out. Uncle August, I can still see him coming down the road with the tears streaming down his face. So they took her in the horse-driven ambulance, a two hour trip in the heat, to Woodland.

I didn't say anything of course, but I called my brother immediately and told him. Harriet said "Well, you and Charlie have to go. I have to stay and cook for the men, and Edith and Luther, staying. You and Charlie go. So Uncle Charlie went home and got cleaned up, and I got cleaned up, and we drove over to Woodland. I got there a little after she got to the hospital. I came in, and Uncle Charlie did. They said they thought she was better or something.

So I stayed with Aunt Susie, who is Uncle Charlie's sister-in-law, and Uncle Charlie stayed there. We'd been to the hospital to see her, and I can remember Auntie came to the door, and she said, "Dorthea, they called you from the hospital." I said, "All right. Have you told Charlie?" She said that Roy is calling Charlie. So I got right up and got dressed, and I was half way down the way by the time Charlie caught up with me.

I went in and said "Here I am, Mother." And she said, "Why did you get up in the night?" But she was quite nauseated. So Charlie called Bess, and Aunt Edith and Aunt Harriet. Uncle August got them in the car and headed for home. So I stayed with mother while she died. She said, "Have you called the doctor?", and I said, "Yes." She asked the nurse , "Is the doctor coming?", and she said, "He's on his way." Mother asked her, "Can he do anything for me when he comes?" She said, "Well, I don't know what he can do." And then my mother said to her, "Is this Death?" The nurse said, "Yes."

Mother thought it over and said, "What will you do?" I said, "Well, you know I always wanted to go in training." I didn't want to go to college. She said, "Well, I think probably you'll be a better nurse than a scientific farmer!"

By that time Cousin George had come.....Uncle Charlie had called himCousin George, and Cousin Nell, and they were very annoyed with me that I had lied to them, but I told them "I couldn't help it. Mother thought if nobody knew about it, she'd just get over it. " I think that was in her mind.

Everybody was busy, but I stayed with her right along. Aunt Harriet, Aunt Edith, Uncle Luther, and Uncle August got there, but she was dead when they arrived.

And so, I called the undertaker, and we went home to Auntie's....she had coffee made, and sandwiches. We didn't want coffee or sandwiches, but we ate them. She got us all bedded down. Of course, Harriet and Edith went home and then they came back in the morning, because they had animals and things to look after.

So we made the arrangements. I had to go home too, because I knew the people in the clubwork and all. I knew more of them than they did, and see that everybody was notified in the papers, what it was, and all this and that. Notify the new president and invite her to stay with us if she were coming to the funeral. We would like her to stay. And if you think your grandfather was orderly. My mother was just as orderly. The W.C.T.U. things in this corner. Everything she'd done, so the people, the president that came in knew exactly what things she had done....what appointments, whom she'd considered. They couldn't get over it that everything was just in apple pie order.

I remember Uncle Luther wasn't going to have Edith out just working in the kitchen, so he had gotten this very nice chef who took over the kitchen and kept the food coming, so that we didn't have to. When I got home from Woodland, Mrs. Abley and Aunt Harriet's cleaning woman were up there in the house. They were cleaning the house! All the people would be coming and we wouldn't have time to do it. Mrs. Abley said, "You folks don't have to worry or think about the house. You just keep doing the things you have to do," because they knew there would be many people that would be there from out of town. Which there were.

I'll never forget coming out of the funeral, which was at the home. The people brought her after she'd been put in her casket and all. They brought her back to the house that day and they stayed there. Then the neighbors came in and sat up with the body, the way they used to, for the two nights. Monday night....then she was buried on Wednesday.

Q - Someone sits up with it the whole time? You don't ever leave it alone?

Gm - They never leave them alone. I don't know why. I don't remember it with my father, but I remember that with my mother. Of course, I was much younger with my father. I guess the people did, but I wasn't as conscious of it, being younger.

Mrs. Barry came up, who was a very prominent clubwoman, and Mrs. Knight (?), the in-coming president. We had all these people, and I explained and showed the things, and turned everything over to her.

They had the services on Wednesday. Of course the front yard was just solid with people that couldn't get into the house...there wasn't room. By the

time the relatives all got in, there was no room for anyone else! They were on the porches and all. I can remember looking out and seeing this man, Mr. Huckey, old John Huckey. He had operated the "Bucket of Blood", they called it because there were so many fights there. Afterwards, I said to my brother, "Well, the idea of that man coming to momma's funeral!" My brother said, "Well, he respected mother." And I said, "Oh? I guess I can't see it", or something. I just thought he was out of place.

So, after your parents were born, Margaret and the children, I was up visiting Wilma, and this John Huckey was visiting Wilma's uncle. Wilma told me that he was in there and I said, "Well, oh my heavens. Do you suppose I dare go in and speak to your Uncle Chris with old John Huckey in there?" I said, "Well, I have my tennis shoes on, I'll race out. Clear the track if you see me coming!"

So I went in, and Uncle Chris had a kind of a sense of humor, and I went over and spoke to him as I always did. And John said, "Who is she?" Uncle Chris said, "Well, she's Charlie Hoppin and Emily Hoppin's daughter." "What? Did the old lady have another girl?" And he said, "Yes." He looked at me, and I kinda got myself into position, and he said, "You know, that's the trouble with the world today....No people with principles. Those old ladies had principles!! " He said, "Listen, when I did something wrong, I knew that she'd come. And when that horse was out in front of my saloon, everyone in town knew I was in trouble! " Evidently, the old ladies kept him pure. When they threatened him, and said if you don't mend your ways, we'll put you out of business, they had the power to do it!.

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

CHARLES ROSSITER HOPPIN

Born March 29, 1828, at Georgetown, New York.

His parents were Thaddeus Hoppin (-1856) and Tamar Lincoln (Daniels) Hoppin (1790-1881).

Children of Thaddeus and Tamar: Nathan (1814-1877), Clarissa (1815-1907), Maria (1819-1881), John (1821-1892), Thaddeus (1823-1880), Charles (1828-1903), Matilda (-), George (-), and Henry (1833-1890).

In 1849, at the age of 21 years, Charles Rossiter crossed the plains to California, during the Gold Rush.

In 1874, at the age of 46 years, he married Emily Anna Bacon, in Niles, Michigan, then returned West with his bride.

Charles Rossiter died on his ranch in Yolo, on May 4, 1903, at the age of 75 years.

(Information taken from the booklet "Some of His Letters Home, 1849-1863", printed by his son-in-law, James Hamilton Moffett.)

EMILY ANNA BACON HOPPIN

Born at or near Niles, Michigan, January 13, 1854, daughter of Nathaniel and Caroline Lord Bacon.

Married Charles Rossiter Hoppin in 1874, at the age of 20 years.

Died at Woodland, California, August 5, 1915, at which time she was President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs.

(Information taken from Geneology of the John Hopping family in America, 1952.)

CHILDREN OF CHARLES AND EMILY HOPPIN

Charles Frederic - born November 21, 1875, at Fort McDermit, Nevada.
Harriet - born August 23, 1877, at Yolo, California
Edward John - born January 4, 1879, at Yolo, California
Edith Caroline - born October 4, 1881, at Yolo, California
Charles Rossiter - born October 4, 1884, at Yolo, California
Dorthea Helen Maria - born September 22, 1895, at Yolo, California

Information taken from "Charles Rossiter Hoppin, Some of His Letters Home"

DORTHEA HELEN MARIA HOPPIN

Born - September 22, 1895, at Yolo, California

Married- James Hamilton Moffett February 15, 1918, in La Jolla, California.

Children: Margaret Elizabeth (Jensen)
Janet Patricia (Boggs)
James Hamilton Moffet Jr.

Died - July 10, 1983, Oakland, California

WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER.

News reached us last week that to Mrs. Emily Hoppin, on September 22d, there was born a baby girl. We thought the women at Headquarters were trying to perpetrate a huge joke upon us, so not an intimation of it did we give to the ENSIGN; but now a card has been received bearing the compliments of Miss Dorothea Hoppin, and as other proof has been given we are inclined to believe that it is a veritable fact that our State Treasurer has increased the working force of the W. C. T. U., and that a little angel has floated into her household. We therefore send the warmest greetings to Miss Dorothea and congratulations to the loved mother, and pray God's choicest blessing on the two, all of which, we can assure them, each reader of the ENSIGN heartily joins.

Obituary notices

Dorothea H. Moffett

Dorothea Hoppin Moffett died July 10 in Oakland at age 87, and was buried Monday in the Woodland Cemetery.

She was the youngest of six and was the last surviving child of Charles Rossiter Hoppin and Emily Ann Bacon Hopin, who settled in Yolo County in 1849.

Mrs. Moffett was preceded in death by her husband, James H. Moffett.

She and her husband were charter members of the Yolo chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star. She had also been active in the Episcopal Church and the American Red Cross in Oakland.

She is survived by one daughter, Janet Boggs of Pleasant Hills, one son, James H. Moffett, Jr. of Santa Ana; seven grandchildren, 14 great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren.

Included among her nieces and nephews are Katherine Fitz and Ross Hoppin of Woodland.



"The Home Place" ..The Yolo Ranch House