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**Memoirs of Lavina Pearl (Butler) Robbins
1882 to 1972**

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Memoirs of Lavina Pearl Butler Robbins

I was born in the hills about two miles from Mark West Springs, Sonoma County, California, October 3, 1882. I was a twin, my brother Lucinius Paul dying at birth. My mother, Eliza J. Butler said it was very stormy weather and they could not get help, otherwise we both may have been saved. My father, Thomas Bennet Butler took up government land at this spot on Mark West Creek where we lived, and built a rude home with a fireplace and brick chimney. He built a road from Mark West Springs (known then as America Postoffice [sic]) to his home, then he dug rocks and cut trees to clear the land so he could plant an orchard and vineyard. He also had spots where he could raise some grains, corn and potatoes, also a spot below the house near the creek for a vegetable garden. Besides the house he had a barn for some horses and cattle with a hayloft in it, also a pig pen outside, and we raised some chickens that roosted in the trees. Near the house was a cabin built of logs which was used for wood and storage. He also dug a well and the water was drawn by the old oaken bucket and that water was good and was ice-cold the year round. There were eight (8) living children in our family. My mother lost her first child and my twin brother. Six of us were born there in the hills; James, George, myself (Pearl), Grace, Frederic, and Bennet. Chester and Melba were born in Santa Rosa, California. My father didn't have any means of making a living except by hauling wood 12 miles to Santa Rosa by wagon and team whereby he could buy a few necessities we needed outside of what

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we could raise. As I look back I think of how we didn't have any luxuries but had enough to eat and were rich in experience by living close to nature and depending so much on a living out of what could be wrested from the soil in that rocky country.

My father's orchard and vineyard thrived and I have never in my lifetime since tasted such good fruit as we had (in them thar hills). Also we as children used to eat any wild herb or fruit that was eatable such as wild lettuce, grass stems, fruit on manzanitta [sic] trees, wild berries and speaking of berries, we knew where all the wild strawberries grew and sometimes we could get enough for Mother to make a pie or else have berries and real cream. I tell you there is nothing in the world has the flavor of those wild berries.

My first remembrance of my childhood was when I couldn't have been more than two (the reason I think I couldn't have been more than 2 was because there was only 18 months difference in the ages of Grace and I and she was a baby in her mother's arms). My father had some Chinamen cutting wood for him, they staid in

the log cabin and I was afraid of them. I remember this day that they came over to the house to ask my mother something and I ran and hid behind the bureau until they were gone. Other incidents in my young childhood when I was around 4 my mother received word that her mother, Eliza J. Gregson, was very ill in Green Valley. My mother was so overcome she had to go to bed. Afterwards we went by wagon over to Green Valley, a journey of over 20 miles. My

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grandmother passed away and the funeral was held there. Before she passed away they had me read to her some verse out of the Bible I had learned to read real young.

Our amusements in those hills was playing the same as most other children but we had to use make-shift toys; like in playing house we had some colored bottles in the cabin and we would shine them up and play they were dolls. Grace and I would also use bushy branches from trees for women and straight sticks for men and we would walk them along together and talk for them. The men would say "bub bub", and the women "tit tit". My older brothers would tease and make fun of us, so we would always try to play those silly things when they were not around. They would frighten us about bears being behind trees and logs and it made me very much afraid of the dark. But in the daytime I wasn't afraid of any kind of bug or animal. We would lift up rocks and look for all kinds of bugs, would pick up Jerusalem crickets and tell them to "spit Tobacco" and they did. I used to lay in wait for a mouse I knew was in a cellar where we kept milk and I caught him in my hand. There were rattlesnakes and poison oak around, but it didn't worry us any. We were never poisoned by either one.

I went to the Goodman School when I was 6, just a plain little school with wooden splintery benches. I was the only girl there at that time with about 8 boys, 3 Goodmans - Frank, Mark and Fred - and three Wilds boys - Jessie, Willie and Johnie -, and my brothers James and George. I played with

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Johnie Wilds and I remember I played kinda rough. I would hit him with sticks and clubs. On my first day in the school-room I didn't know I had to be quiet (that is not talk out loud) and I saw someone riding along outside and I jumped up and said "Oh look at that pretty black horse". I know my brothers were dumb-founded. Later a family by the name of Perry moved into the neighborhood and there were one girl and two boys about the ages of Grace and I so we had someone to play with once in awhile. It was a great event when they could come and see us or we could go to see them. Two of their names were Rena and Eddie Perry.

Other events at our home in the hills was the birth of my brother Fred when I was 7½ years old. My mother sent Grace and I to stay all night at a neighbors (the Youngs), because she wasn't feeling well (we had no idea why). The next day we went home and found a baby brother and were we delighted, we wouldn't want for a nicer doll (he was a doll, he was such a darling baby, always so good).

My father played the violin and the neighbors would have a get-together once in awhile and he would play for the dancing. My brother George and I learned to dance a polka together and whenever we had company my mother would have us dance it.

We went barefoot most of the time so had tough feet. After a rain we would wade up and down the ditches. Other sports we had was trying to ride the young heifers. I know I had one trained to ride, but one day it threw me and

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knocked the wind out of me so I didn't try it anymore. We always had one or two dogs, two I remember were Bart and Peko, and we had two yellow cats for a long time, one Judd, the other Kitty. Sometimes we had to go without milk and butter when the cows were dry, so when they came in fresh there was great rejoicing in our family. We churned in one of the old fashioned wooden churns (big at the bottom and little at top and a thing in the middle which goes flippety flop). That seemed hard work when the butter was long in coming, so we would take turn about churning. Other old-fashioned things we had was a large brass kettle, a coffee grinder,

and iron pot, also an old army musket.

We all caught the measles from some youngsters who were up from the City visiting a neighbor. James and I had them the worst. I remember having to stay in a darkened room and it was hard on me to do that.

I was in a run-a-way accident one day when my Mother drove a horse and cart down to Mark West Springs to get the mail and took me with her. The horse got frightened when some Chinamen cutting wood fell a tree right behind us. We were thrown out of the cart and my Mother had her ribs fractured. I was just bruised.

At Christmas time in the hills we hung up our stockings on the mantel over the fireplace. My Father would always get us candy and nuts and an orange and once in awhile a picture book or small toy. One Christmas time he couldn't get to town on account of high waters in the Creek. My Mother told

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us that Santa wouldn't come until maybe New Years for there were no bridges and he couldn't cross the creek. We hung up our stockings anyway and my brother James who was quite a tease, filled them with saw dust and were we disappointed. One time before Christmas I was snooping around and found some picture books my Father had hidden. I told Grace I didn't believe there was a Santa Claus and my Mother told me I had better be still or Santa wouldn't bring me anything. I remember one Christmas my brothers had a chance to go to a Christmas tree program someplace and when they told about it, it sounded like some kind of fairy land to me, for I had never seen a Christmas tree.

Outside of going to Green Valley once I can't remember going to Santa Rosa but once and that was a 4th of July celebration and how I did dream of that trip beforehand.

My Mother had a flower garden, some old fashioned flowers, pinks, verbenas etc. Grace and I used to gather wild flowers when they were in season - white kitty bonnets, cream cups, johnie jump ups (shooting stars), butter cups, poppies, blue eyes, then certain ones that were rare we were always searching for, red larkspurs, mission bells, deers tongue etc. My Mother also had tiger lilies and pampas grass. She was a good housekeeper and a good cook and she kept us clean. She made our clothes and although we didn't have many they always looked nice and were clean. With all the work and hardship my Mother had I can always remember her as being clean and having the house scrubbed and clean.

Another incident I remember in the hills was having

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Grace wade across the Creek when the water had been high and was running swift. I was afraid to cross it but she made it, however she lost one of her shoes she was carrying. My brother raved at me afterwards and made me feel terrible.

Mark West Creek like most other creeks would almost go dry in the summer. There would be a little trickle here and there and a few small holes. In the Fall whether there was rain or not the water would start running in the Creek and fill up a lot of dry places where we used to play in the sand. A short distance above our home was a sulphur springs right in the middle of the creek bed. We had a turtle hole near our home below the cabin and if we came near it the turtles would all jump in from the bank. There were also a lot of water dogs down there. Sometimes in the winter when we had lots of rain the Creek would be up booming and up-rooted trees would be seen sailing down. I remember seeing one standing up.

My father didn't like the way the Goodman school district was run all by one family (the Youngs) so he sent us to the Tarwater School. There were more attending that school so it was a little more interesting. Some of my cousins went there; Jess and Reid, Ella, Stella and Edna Butler, also America Butler (who was a half-sister of my father). Her father, my grandfather Samuel Butler's ranch adjoined ours. While we attended Tarwater School they celebrated the 400th Anniversary of Columbus Day with a dance at the school and with cake and

ice cream. It was the first ice cream I ever ate and I thought it was grand, but it about froze me up for it

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was a cold evening and we didn't dance so had no way to keep warm. Some Beerman boys used to attend this school and would always bring a lunch pail of just rye bread and lard. Their folks sold all the butter they made, but they sent a nice cake to the Columbus Day party.

My father traded the ranch for a place in Santa Rosa when I was about 11 and when we moved to the place at 721 South Davis Street, the house was rather old and some people (the Lillard family) had been living there that were not clean and had not taken care of anything, but between my mother and father they soon made the place liveable and my father made a garden and planted trees. (A Gravenstein apple tree that he planted is still growing there in the front yard this year 1947 and bears fruit; it is over 50 year old). We had a cow and one or two horses and some chickens. We could stake the cow out in the vacant lots around there.

We attended South Park School and Grace and I were first put in the same grade. Then I seemed to learn faster than she did and was put in a higher grade, so by the time I reached High School I was 1½ terms ahead of her. I staid out of High School a year on account of illness, but finally returned and finished ½ year ahead of Grace in the June Class of 1902. This isn't saying that I knew anymore for I think Grace assimilated what she learned and I felt I hadn't learned anything. I can't say that I can look back at my years as a girl in Santa Rosa as being happy years it just seemed like a struggle to keep up in my studies and keep

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well, I guess on account of my folks having a struggle to provide for all of us and keep us in clothes and in school. My two older brothers only attended as far as the 8th grade, then got some work to do.

It seems I had a fear nearly all the time of various diseases that would spring up in the community, like diphtheria, scarlet fever etc., but we never happened to take any of them except the minor one, mumps and measles. Then Santa Rosa had a scare one year when small pox broke out in a mild form and the first case was a neighbor of ours, a Mr. Patton and we had been delivering milk to him each day and were exposed to the disease. Santa Rosa was quarantined then for several weeks and everyone had to stay home. They had a pest house out on the Rincon Road where they sent patients. I remember Herbert Slater, who was a Senator and a writer getting a mild form of Small Pox, which they called Varieloid and they sent him to the Pest house. He wrote a verse about it and one line I quote "They call it the "Very old Lord", but I call it the "Very old Devil". At any rate we all escaped the disease.

Of course I remember some happy times playing around home, but it seemed I couldn't play so well at school. I was too bashful or had what they call `inferiority complex'. There were always one or two who would pay attention to me and we would talk or play together. The same at High School, and I would have received better marks if I would recite more often, for I was excellent in written work.

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I had adenoids during my school years and had earaches and toothaches so much that it seemed to dull my senses. I took pneumonia twice while I was attending High School and the second time I had it so bad that my life was despaired of. I was in bed 6 weeks and decided to quit High School, but after staying out a year I improved in health so much that I went back and finished.

Pneumonia seemed to run in our family, especially while we were living in Santa Rosa. My father and three of my brothers had it and while my brother James and I were recovering from it my mother gave birth to her last child, Melba, in 1899. The doctor, drug, and nurse bills surely mounted in our family then. My father wasn't well either, he had indigestion for a number of years and had to be careful of his diet. The doctors at that time couldn't seem to help him any and he passed away in 1905 when he was 64, his death being caused by an abscess on the liver, bursting.

My mother was left with 4 of the youngest to care for. James and George were married and Grace and I had been living in San Francisco where I did office work and she attended Normal School studying to be a teacher.

I am getting ahead of my story so will go back to my girl-hood days in Santa Rosa. We attended Sunday School at the Methodist Church shortly after moving to town, and a teacher Miss White took an interest in having us come and even bought Grace and I a nice hat to wear. We were attending North Methodist and later when in High School we changed

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over to the South Methodist Church where we attended young peoples meeting as well as Church services

The best friend I had while attending South Park School was a negro [sic] girl named Mattie Wylie. Some of the friends I had in High School in the first class I entered were Nellie Travis, Sadie Ross and Myra Randall. Then in the later class I graduated in were Agnes Graham, Pearl Howe, and Jesse Peter. My graduating class of 1902 started having reunions in 1932 and have them every 5 years, the last one to date, June 21st, 1947.

Looking back to episodes while we attended country schools in the hills I can remember Mrs. McG Martin who was County Superintendent of schools and visited up there once in awhile. She seemed very pleasant and I can remember her trying to teach us how to pronounce words like frog and log (using an ah sound). There was a piano at the Tarwater School and the teacher (Mrs. Faught) gave some piano lessons. I could have taken some if I hadn't moved and that is one thing I regretted, for I learned music easily, and I never had the opportunity afterwards of the advantage of any music.

I would like to mention the Harris family and the Monroe family who were neighbors and friends in Santa Rosa. There were all girls in the Monroe family, Clara, Jennie, Mamie, Ora, Nettie, and Lois. Clara was married, but we used to enjoy the company of the other older ones at parties around the neighborhood. They all like the boys and all married rather young except Jennie, she waited awhile. I rather

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envied them their popularity, they seemed so talented and knew how to converse. Their mother was very strict in her religion, but the girls didn't take after her except Jennie, and Mamie, who seemed more inclined that way. The Harris family which consisted of the father known as Jake Harris, his wife, and three children, Ivy, Ruby, and Claude, lived in the South Park District and used to hold home parties regular, most of them at their own home, for they had a basement where they could dance. Jake was crazy about dancing. We had parties at our home once in awhile also, where we played games, young and old alike, and had lots of fun. Another friend and neighbor we had was Daisy Conner, who [sic] was so nice and friendly and I enjoyed going out with her so much. We corresponded for quite a number of years after she moved back to Vacaville. She had a cousin Cleve Waymire that I used to like, but he was too fresh acting. Daisy's brother Abe was a grand person, but I didn't know enough to grab him. I can't mention the Harris family without also mentioning the Ketcham family of mostly boys, well they attended our parties especially one of them, Lonnie, and he and Ivy Harris fell in love and were the silliest loving couple I ever knew. They [sic] married rather young, for I think Ivy was 16.

Before Grace and I went to San Francisco I remember we picked hops one season at the Rayford Peterson ranch and we met some nice Portugese [sic] boys from Petaluma, the Perrys and the Silvas. I liked Frank Perry. I thought he was so handsome and I could just die dancing with him. They gave

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dances on this ranch twice a week. Afterwards Frank was a motorman on the Cable cars in San Francisco, and I looked for him when we moved down there, but didn't see him very much, anymore.

While attending school in Santa Rosa I started working for Mr. and Mrs. William Tod, who lived in South Davis St. near Sebastopol Ave. I helped with the housework there, then they moved to a house on Cherry St.,

and while I was attending High School I stayed with them all week, going home for Saturday and Sunday. While I was with them during a period of 4 to 5 years, their family increased to two girls, the oldest Juliet and the other Isabella. I recall I worked for \$1 a week. During our school vacations Grace and I worked in the Fruit Cannery, also picked hops and generally earned enough to buy our clothes and books when school opened in the Fall. I even worked out training hops while I was living in Santa Rosa. Our neighbor Mrs. Longrine worked with me. She had a cute little girl named Addie. I must mention also other neighbors, the Cole family and the Blackfords. When we first moved to Santa Rosa, Etta Cole came over to play with Grace and I and she became quite a pest, was at our home nearly all the time. I can still hear my mother say, "It is time for Etta to go home". All she knew was play; work was not in her category, so if mother got any work out of us she would have to send Etta home. The Blackford family always seemed rather stuck up. They had three children, Ernest, Clyde, and a girl, Mabel. Ernest wasn't very well liked for he was always trying to pick a fight. If we played with Mabel

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and things didn't go just right, she ran and told her mother and her mother always thought her children were right or at any rate that was my impression. Oh yes, we had other neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. G.R. Camp, who had a prune orchard and Mrs. MC Connell and son Ellis, who lived right back of us. We picked prunes for Mr. Camp who made his own boxes which held 75 pounds. He only paid us 5¢ for picking a box of prunes and it was the hardest work we ever had done. His wife had a trifling son, Mars Anderson, by her first husband, and she was always scheming to get money for him. When her husband would go away for several hours or a day she would run around the neighborhood and sell her husband's nice large dried prunes for 1¢ a pound. Mrs. McConnell was a good woman and well educated and had been wealthy, but her son Ellis was a little off. He rode a bicycle and would sit up as straight as an arrow. Other work I did in Santa Rosa was press prunes for packing at the MacDonald Warehouse. I rode back and forth on a bicycle.

Other incidents I recall while in Santa Rosa was Grace and I going on a trip to Tomales Bay with our Uncle John Gregson family. My brother George was working on the ranch in Green Valley for Uncle John, and we rode over there with my Father on a wood wagon. Then we went with Uncle John's folks in a wagon with a four horse team. As far as I can recall Uncle John's family consisted at that time of Aunt Alma, Paul, Lida and Annie, and maybe John, Richard, and Nellie. Then my brother George went along and a girl friend

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of his, Verna Holler. I never will forget the fun we had on those nice sand hills which were near Dillon's Beach, and also the good meals Aunt Alma had, especially the ham and the apple sauce etc., for we had a good appetite out there. The men and boys went out in a boat on the Bay and caught crabs and fish, also a couple small sharks.

Another trip we took to the Coast was with my father and mother in a wagon with 2 horses. My brother James was along and my younger brothers. We drove to Bodega Bay, then up the Coast as far as the mouth of Russian River. It was very low tide at the Bay and my father shoveled crabs out of the shallow water while they were making for deeper water. It was so windy at the mouth of the River that we couldn't keep our tent up so we only spent one night there and drove inland near Duncans Mill, where we camped one night under some trees and I will never forget how I woke up the next morning with the sunshine in the trees, and the singing of birds. There must have been hundreds of them.

Other events I recall when I was a girl in Santa Rosa was seeing the first automobile, one driven by Rayford Peterson and also one driven by Dr. Jesse. They were dinky little things but seemed mighty powerful to us then.

About 1903, I should judge, we had a Sarah and Rosie episode, a page I would like to include here. These persons appeared at our home in Santa Rosa and claimed to be relatives and said they had claim to some rich gold mines in Telluride, Colorado, which schemers had taken away from them and they

(Sarah and Rosie) wanted to get aid of relatives here to go back with them and help get their claims back. They were dressed roughly and had all their clothes on their back. We kept them and treated them nicely for weeks while our father planned with his brother Almund to go with them. Father had to borrow the money (\$300) by mortgaging our home and the day before he was going to leave with them and his brother (who lived in Petaluma) they (Sarah and Rosie) borrowed \$5 to go visit some relatives in Vallejo for the day, and they never came back. The last we ever heard of them and it remains a mystery. Father thought Sarah was a relative but Rosie who had one eye and was dressed in women's clothes we believed to be a man and no relative of the Butlers.

Back to our life in San Francisco, while Grace attended Normal School and I worked out. When we first went there I looked for office work but couldn't find any for a time, so during the holidays we both got work at the American Tea Company stores. I think we received \$4 a week. I didn't have much success in getting work I wanted but finally found some in the Butterick and Standard Pattern Company, filling orders and I was with them at the time of the Earthquake of April 1906.

While working for this Company I met George St. Clair, a tall good looking young man who worked for the Gilmartin Printing Co. in the same building and we kept company for some time. He accompanied me to Santa Rosa once and met my folks, also went with me to San Jose one Sunday by train to

visit my brother George and his wife Clara. We stayed over night there and came back on an early train Monday morning in time to go to work. I think we were very much in love, at that time, but finally drifted apart, not on account of any quarrels, but I guess he thought he ought to forget girls awhile and settle down to business. I surely missed him for a long time. He was the best fellow I ever knew and we were about the same age. I also lost my father shortly after this so the world seemed doubly sad to me.

In San Francisco Grace and I first lived at 905 Post St., where we had housekeeping rooms. We attended Church some while we were there, then we got to going to a dance on Geary Street on Saturday nights and didn't want to get up early Sunday. Generally we went to the Park or the Beach Sunday afternoons. We later moved to 14 Van Ness Avenue, where we rented a housekeeping room from Mrs. Carter (who was a very nice landlady). Elzada and Viola Curry from Santa Rosa roomed in the same building. Viola was also attending Normal School, so we 4 chummed around together and generally took in a dance once a week at "Ripperdants" on Fillmore St. This was about 1905 and we got acquainted with some boys who attended that dance and generally had a good time. Viola met her future husband there, Joe Geller. Elzada met her future husband, Roy Wells, when he visited us. Roy was a brother of our brother George's wife Clara. Me and Elzada were married just before the Earthquake of 1906.

Other friends we had who were rooming at that place were

the Simmons family consisting of Mrs. Simmons, her two sons Ed and Will, and daughter May. May, who has been a friend of mine all these years, is now Mrs. Louis Rue of Hawthorne, California. After Elzada and [sic] Viola married, another friend Bessie Peterson moved into a room next to ours. Grace had left, had finished Normal and got a teaching position in Sonoma County. My brother Fred was with us then, had come down to work in San Francisco. He got some errand work in a store for \$4 a week. Bessie Peterson was doing housework and got \$30 a month and her board, so she had more money to spend than I did and paid my way to shows and dances and treated me to restaurant meals. We went to different dances sometimes to "Finley" in the Mission and sometimes to "Pucketts" on Sutter St. I enjoyed Bessie's company so much, I am sorry I lost track of her in later years. Bill Simmons liked her also but the earthquake separated so many.

Just before the Earthquake Grace came down to spend part of her Easter vacation with Fred and I, and we all got together in the downstairs rooms of the Simmons family. They had an organ which May could play so she played and we sang all the old time songs we ever knew and had a nice evening together for the last time, for two evenings later the earthquake came and we were never all together again. Grace left for Santa Rosa the day before but Fred and I were there to experience the worst shake ever known on this Coast. It threw me from one side of the bed to the other and the last thing it did was break the old gas chandelier off. I was

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afraid gas was leaking in the room and I couldn't get out, for the lock to the door was broken, but the City Gas was also shut off by the shake, so my fears were groundless. Some of those in the house broke in the door so we could get in and out, so I lost no time packing my belongings and getting out of that building. A fire which started from downtown spread rapidly so we with others packed our things and got out before the fire spread over that territory (on lower Van Ness Ave. near the City Hall) and we moved into Jefferson Square Park where we staid over night along with hundreds of others. The sun was just a red ball in the sky with so much smoke around that I felt just as if the world had come to an end and worried as to what might have happened to my family in Santa Rosa, and my brother George who was then living in Sacramento.

That evening some of our bunch were interested in watching men dynamite homes to keep the fires from spreading, but I didn't feel interested in anything. The next day we finally heard that boats were running on the Bay to take people where they wanted to go, so Fred and I started walking with our heavy suitcases around the fire zone to the Ferry, we walked all the way around North Beach and were about ready to drop when we finally reached the Ferry. We were glad to get aboard and on our way to Santa Rosa. Santa Rosa was hard hit also, the business district was flattened and burned and many deaths considering the size of the town. Our home was still standing at 721 South Davis St., but the brick chimney

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had fallen and Mother used the stove by putting the pipe out the window and when the wind blew we were about smoked out. We all slept in the rear rooms for a time for we were afraid of another quake and of plaster falling in the front rooms. The rear rooms consisting of the dining room, kitchen and porch bedroom were not plastered.

Everything seemed to come to an end for me for awhile. I had the blues for days and days and life did not seem to have any meaning for me, but things always seemed to brighten up for me just when I was about the lowest ebb. At any rate the spring weather after the Earthquake seemed to be unusually bright, we first had a good rain, then I remember how the roses bloomed so beautiful that season of 1906.

I received word from the Pattern Company that they had established a temporary place at a residence of the boss on 16th Avenue in the Richmond District, and that I could come back and work for them. So the lure of San Francisco called me back.

After the Earthquake of 1906 supplies were sent out here from Eastern cities for the victims of the Earthquake, and while I was working for the Pattern Company I received a card which I could present somewhere for a blanket. I picked out a bright plaid (red and black) wool one, a double blanket and it lasted me for many years.

I had to find a place to stay and at first I stayed with the family of a girl who worked for the Pattern Company. I can't recall her name. They were an Australian family and

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had lots of Australian visitors. I used to like to hear them talk, they seemed to be putting on (so and so). I liked some of the Australian young men, they were good looking and so nice, except one this girl liked, he seemed so much older than she was, and I couldn't see what she liked about him. To use slang, she was "dippy" over him and being she was such a popular girl with such a nice personality I felt she could do much better but she married him and, I hope, lived happily ever after. I didn't stay there long for they could only keep me

temporarily while I was looking for another place.

We were acquainted with a Mr. and Mrs. Sanger and their young daughter Rowena. They had a room I could have with them near 24th St. and Moffman Ave. near Twin Peaks. I did my own cooking in their kitchen. Mrs. Sanger was a very charming lady and her husband was quite a little older than her and didn't like to go out much, so she and I went together to dances and other things. We learned to swim at Sutro Baths. While living there I met a young man who was motorman on the street car I took back and forth. His name was William Craig. We didn't keep company just talked to each other on the Car, then when I moved back to Santa Rosa (because of a street car strike in San Francisco) we wrote to each other for awhile but I didn't go back to San Francisco as soon as I expected, so with other interests we gradually forgot one another.

Mrs. Sanger came up to Santa Rosa and picked hops with us that year, then I got a job with Swift and Co. who had a branch office in Santa Rosa at the corner of 3rd. and B

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Sts. The Company bought eggs there from Sonoma County farmers and I had an office job writing out checks for eggs and keeping a Biff Book (they called it). It had to be totaled and balanced each day.

While working at this office I met (my future husband) Guy R. Robbins, who drove an Express wagon for Wells Fargo. We kept company for several years before our marriage in 1911.

During the time I worked for Swift and Co. in Santa Rosa, my cousin Lulu Gregson boarded with Mother while she attended Business College and she and I used to go to shows and dances in Santa Rosa. We attended a masquerade there once and Helen (brother James wife) fixed me up a costume as a negro ballet dancer, all red and yellow, with a parasol etc. Lulu dressed like an Indian maiden, and she was good in that outfit for she was so shy. I won a prize of a \$10 lace waist.

Guy didn't dance much, but he could roller skate and I used to watch him at the Rink on A Street. He was also a good swimmer, he was of a husky build and liked all kinds of sport, especially baseball.

Lulu and I corresponded after we were both married, She married Alex Campbell and moved to Canada after her daughter Helen was born. Her husband's folks lived in Nova Scotia. Helen was born the same year as my son Thomas (1916).

I was laid off at Swift and Co. in Santa Rosa, but later they sent for me to come and work for them in San Francisco at their office on Townsend St. near the 3rd and Townsend

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Railroad Station. They paid \$12 a week and later on I got \$15. Before leaving Santa Rosa I might add that we were still in the horse and buggy days and Guy used to hire a 2-horse rubber tire buggy to take me for a ride. Also when my father was living we had horses and a surrey and we used to go for a ride on Sundays, sometimes as far as Rincon Valley.

I enjoyed working in the office of Swift and Co. in San Francisco. I was the only girl working on the books, the others were men. The few girls they had were a couple stenographers and a telephone operator. The office force were all very sociable, also some who worked outside. I met some nice men in that company, some I could have married, but I had known Guy for so long, it was hard to break away. He had a good background and could give me a home in the country near Windsor, California, where his folks owned a ranch and expected to divide it between Guy and his younger brother Arthur.

When I first moved back to San Francisco to work for Swift and Co. (1909) I roomed and boarded with Mattie Holden, she and her husband Al and little son Frankie and her mother Mrs. Cain lived in a flat on Waller St., near Market. The Cains used to be neighbors of us in Santa Rosa and Mattie and I corresponded and kept in touch with each other up to the time of her death (I think around 1925 or 1926). I paid \$3 or \$3.50 a week

at their place. Then later I moved to housekeeping rooms near 22nd St. and Mission, the same landlady Mrs. Carter who we had on Van Ness Ave. at the time of

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the Earthquake. I paid \$10 or \$12 a month there. I sent \$5 a week to my Mother in Santa Rosa. Then later my mother traded our home there for lots in Palo Alto and she and the younger members of our family moved to San Francisco. We rented a flat at 1925 McAllister St. Bennet got work at the United Drug Co. as errand boy. Chester attended high school and later the College of Physicians and Surgeons and studied to be a Dentist. Fred was working as a druggist at the corner of Clement and 24th. Melba attended grammar school. Grace got a position in San Francisco Schools and she and Fred (who was still working as a druggist) bought a home at 1821 Lake St. and we all lived there (1910).

At the time I lived on Mission St. Guy came to the City and worked for Swift and Company for a time driving a team. He drove one of their large drayage horses in a "San Francisco Horse Parade" which was held there in 1910. Afterwards he worked in the Oil Fields at Taft and I continued working for Swift and Co., until the time we were married at the family home at 1821 Lake St. on an Easter Sunday, April 16th 1911. The officiating minister was Rev. William Tanner of Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church and May Simmons and her brother Will stood up with us. I wore a pearl grey suit, long white kid gloves, pearl grey slippers and a large white picture hat. We spent our honeymoon on a 2 weeks trip to San Jose, Monterey, Carmel and Pacific Grove, and went on the 17 mile drive by horse-driven stage. We visited a cousin of Guy's, George Robbins in San Jose, also visited or called on some of the

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Reid family (my cousins) near Watsonville, the Rowe and Cox families.

We returned to live on the Robbins ranch 8 miles north of Santa Rosa. Guy's father and mother and brother Arthur moved to a cottage on Pleasant Ave. and we had the old home to ourselves. I was happy there keeping the house in nice order and washing and ironing and cooking (no modern appliances as we have now days). Guy worked the farm and planted a big field of watermelons. We had a big crop and sold them to people traveling on the Highway 101, or main road through there), and saved enough money to help purchase a notion store in San Francisco. The ranch also had all kinds of fruit on it but Guy was restless on account of not having it all to himself (his father and Arthur had a say in it) so we decided to try San Francisco.

While living on the ranch near Windsor, we saw Fred Wiseman and an aeroplane he constructed. He was trying it out in a field near there. It raised off the ground a little distance and skimmed along.

Oh yes, we were in the horse and buggy days on our first years on the ranch. Guy's father had 2 horses, Dave and Daisy, and I could drive Dave in a buggy, but we were afraid of Daisy; she was frisky and liable to run away at the drop of a hat.

The store we bought was on Clement St. between 24th and 25th Avenues and we lived in the rear. Then we had a chance to rent a new place on the north-east corner of 24th and

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Clement St. from a real estate man, Gus Moeller, so we moved our stock there and opened a very nice candy-ice cream and stationery store which also had a branch post-office. We could have done well there but we invested too heavily in some kinds of merchandise such as toys and special things for holidays, which gave no profit if not sold. Guy had wonderful ideas of salesmanship and keeping the store and windows attractive. He had a nice personality, but he always played "good fellow" too much to make any profit.

When we first lived in [sic] San Francisco in the period before 1911, we used to enjoy New Year's Eve on Market Street. A group of us would go down and try and all keep together, and would throw confetti, ring bells, and blow horns with the rest of the merry-makers. There was also a week or two of Portola Celebration

on Market Street, and it was like a New Year celebration every evening. May Simmons Rue and I used to enjoy that together.

The Panama Pacific Exposition of 1915 was held on the Marina. Most us had passes we bought for \$10 and we could attend quite often. I surely enjoyed spending my spare time over there, especially the Hawaiian music and the Marimba band etc. The buildings were all so grand and beautiful, the Tower of Jewels and other sights were the grandest I have ever seen.

During the last year we had the store (in San Francisco) our son Thomas was born on February 6, 1916. We rented a flat with more room above the Drug store across the street

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and bought new furniture for it etc. We also had to hire help in the store and that didn't pay, so we lost our business and moved back to the ranch. My doctor, C.P. Thompson whom I had when Thomas was born, is still located (1951) at the corner of Clement St. and 24th Ave., with his son who is a doctor now.

At the ranch Guy became restless again and we heard through Will Simmons, who was then living in Bisbee, Arizona (where he had a butcher shop) that work was to be had there in the mines at good wages, so Guy went down there to investigate and he decided to try it out. He rented rooms there and had us come down. I went by train and it was a hard trip those days going through the heat of the deserts without much car ventilation, and with the Baby Thomas, 6 months old, to care for. I didn't find the trip very pleasant.

Bisbee was just a mining town, but I enjoyed staying there. I seemed to feel so well in that climate. There wasn't much scenery or beauty, but the sun shone every day even if there were thunder and lightning and heavy showers, which came up without warning, but didn't last long. It seemed like the "Land of Love With the Song Birds". There was snow on Christmas Day and everything was a beautiful white.

My friend May (Simmons) Smith lived in the same building, she and her husband Fred and baby daughter Lucille, and Will Simmons and his wife Laura and young daughter Alice lived near. May's husband worked in the mines. It was hard on Guy working in those copper mines and he took ill and had to go to the company hospital to avoid pneumonia. Thomas also

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nearly had pneumonia and was quite ill for a time so we decided to leave and go back to California, "God's Country" as they called it.

We returned to the ranch near Windsor and lived in the old home with Guy's folks until we could have a home built of our own nearby. Guy was given his half of the ranch and Arthur the other half.

After our five room home was built we sold melons and fruit at a temporary stand on the Highway (101) and Guy had a regular stand built and kept increasing the stock of things to include not only melons and fruit but a counter where we could serve soft drinks and sandwiches. We first served hot dog sandwiches on toasted buns, then Guy added a dining room and kitchen and we started serving barbecued sandwiches and pie etc. I used to make the pies (apple). I also roasted the meat and made a barbecued sauce which everyone liked.

We then increased the Stand to include an Auto Court, cabins were built for tourists and we had a gasoline pump installed etc. We planted flowers and shrubs to beautify the grounds and made lattice fences and it was a beautiful place which we named "Robbins Nest".

While we were living on the ranch at Robbins Nest and before our business there had increased, Guy worked out some. He was appointed traffic cop in Sonoma County for a time. Then he gave that up to sell automobiles. He and another fellow had the Moon Agency, but didn't make

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it pay.

A family we were acquainted with were the Rice family, Ray and Ida, and their four children, Rowena, Raymond, Betty and Fred. They were a very nice family and were living near Sebastopol at that time. We drove over there quite often and played cards, played the game of Pedro and had lots of fun. The family lives in Santa Rosa now (1951) and I keep in touch with them.

The World War #1 occurred [sic] during the time we lived on the ranch. Arthur and a friend, Edwin Rich volunteered in the Air Corps and were sent to France. Guy was deferred on account of having a family. My brothers Fred, Bennet, and Chester joined the War in different capacities, but fortunately it ended before they were sent overseas.

When Guy was with the County Traffic, some gangsters from San Francisco came to Santa Rosa and the Sheriff (James Petray) and two detectives from San Francisco were shot while trying to capture them. The gangsters were captured and put in the County Jail, but a mob broke into the Jail and took two of them and hung them to a tree near the cemetery. That episode haunted me for years. It surely was a disgrace to Santa Rosa.

Guy wasn't satisfied with things as they were and decided to build a garage and service station across the Highway from the Stand. That was the beginning of the end, for it increased our work and expense, we really went in too deep and owed the Bank, so we leased the place out around 1930 and rented a house to live in on Pleasant Ave. Before

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Guy made all the improvements on our Stand, his Father and Mother were still living. They took a trip to Minnesota to visit sons there and his Father took pneumonia and passed away, and was buried in the East. His Mother returned with Arthur who went East to accompany her home.

During these years at Robbins Nest our daughter Eleanor was born, August 26, 1922, and I felt blessed again at having another child, and a girl this time. (I was so happy when Thomas was born I could shout to the world, but was just as happy when Eleanor came.)

I marvel now (1951), at all the things I had to do at Robbins Nest. I took care of our two growing children and our home next to our Stand, doing all my housework, washing, ironing and cooking (without many modern ways they have today). I also helped to keep the Stand and Auto Camp clean and doing all the necessary cooking for our lunch counter and dining room, also planting and caring for flowers and plants in the Auto Court and around our home, and some vegetables besides. That was good soil and it seemed a person could raise most anything. Guy had outside buying to do, also did most of the selling when we were not too busy with customers, otherwise I had to help at that also.

I also found time to attend Church and Sunday School at Windsor, and the Ladies Aid Meetings in which I took an active part. Thomas and Eleanor were interested in the Young Peoples activities, Junior League when they were that age, and Epworth League afterwards, when Elmer

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Nichols was minister there. Guy's Mother always took an active interest in Church. She was a Free Methodist in her younger days as was Guy's Father. She had her own Church for a time in Old Windsor, but the attendance was small and the other Church was running in New Windsor, so she gave her Church up, and joined forces with the other. Her Church ideals have always influenced my life. She passed away from a stroke at the old home in 1924. Arthur had been killed in an auto accident sometime before and it hastened her death.

Another brother, Frank and his 2 daughters, Thelma and Reatha were living in Windsor then as they had moved out from the East. Mother Robbins' remains were sent to Minnesota to be buried beside Father Robbins. They were very fine people and lived to celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Guy and I had a 10th wedding anniversary celebration while we were living on the Windsor ranch (1921). It was given to us as a surprise by all our relatives and neighbors, even my folks from San Francisco came up for the event. We had a Mock Wedding and a banquet was served. We received quite a lot of tin-ware presents.

Going back to my Church activities, our Ladies Aid Society was not composed of just members of the Church, but was a community affair and many Windsor ladies were interested and all worked together in everything with great cooperation, more so than any women I have since met in various churches. I enjoyed those years I worked with those

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women. I took part in plays and comic readings and we had lots of fun preparing for them, especially during the time Miss Marguerite Cole was pastor of the Windsor Church. I took Eleanor to Ladies Aid Meetings from the time she was born, up to her school years, and she was considered as one of the members. I was Secretary for exactly 10 years before we moved to Santa Rosa. I also acted as President of the P.T.A. of Windsor School for one school year.

At that time I suggested we have a Halloween Party for all the children, to keep them from running around on that night and doing so much damage to property, etc. So we planned a parade in Windsor, led by the school band (not a very large or conspicuous one) and prizes donated by Windsor merchants and others were given for best Halloween costumes. Afterwards we had a party with games (led by William Beedie) and refreshments served in a hall there, and everybody enjoyed it. I know they kept up that custom for several years afterwards and may yet at this writing (1951).

As I said before, after leaving Robbins Nest we lived on Pleasant Ave. for a time in a house owned by Mrs. Charles Duvander. It was located in part of their prune orchard and when the prune trees were in blossom you would think you were in Paradise; they were so white and beautiful. Thomas had graduated from Windsor Grammar School and was attending High School in Healdsburg. It was a relief to get away from the store and I planted flowers and vegetables and kept that house spick and span. The children and I

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picked prunes in the Duvander orchard in the summer, also hops on the Jones ranch.

Things didn't go so well for us financially and after Eleanor finished 6th grade at Windsor School we moved to Santa Rosa where she could attend Junior High. Guy had been working for the Santa Rosa Oil Burner Co., and continued at this.

After finishing High School Thomas attended the Santa Rosa Junior College. It seemed nice to be back in Santa Rosa after being away for so many years and we found a place to live at 14 Davis St., for \$15 a month rent (that was fairly high rent then in 1934). We had 6 large rooms and a complete basement, a large back yard, quite a large front one and an outside garage. I planted flowers again and vegetables and had everything looking spic [sic] and span.

I attended the Santa Rosa Methodist Church and Sunday School. I soon got interested in the ladies society work. Also I attended P.T.A. meetings at Junior High and the Junior College. Thomas finished school (Jr. College) and went to Berkeley to attend the University of California.

Eleanor liked to roller skate and when a rink was built in Santa Rosa she went quite often and I went with her and became quite a skating fan.

I was also interested in baseball and attended the "Soft Ball Games" in the evenings when they held them at Howarth Park, which was only a couple of blocks from where we lived and Eleanor usually went with me. The admission was \$.05.

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Eleanor graduated Santa Rosa High School in 1940.

Guy lost his job with the Oil and Burner Co., on account of drinking and not attending to business properly. He made a wonderful salesman, but drink would get him down and it also ruined his health. He finally had to work for the W.P.A. (Works Progress Association) which was started during the depression years, for men out of work. We also lost the Robbins Nest on account of having to go so heavily in debt. The bank took it over and sold it to Mr. Al Erickson. He was a neighbor of ours on Pleasant Ave.

At this time I would like to mention a few of the nice neighbors we had when we lived near Windsor; the Cappell family, Mr. and Mrs. Lee and their children, Meta, Brenton, and Barbara. They were grand folks and I felt very bad to have them move away. I still hear from Mrs. Cappell at Christmas time (they live in Bakersfield at this writing, Jan. 1952). Other good neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McNeill and daughter Evelyn, Mr. and Mrs. Sahr and children Louise and Buddy. The Archers, the old folks, Mr. and Mrs. Horace on Pleasant Ave., and the younger Archers, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. and daughters, on the Highway. Also our near neighbors the Robbins families, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robbins and children Ivy, Chester and Genevieve and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robbins. Then there was Mrs. Eliza Robbins (Eloise's mother) over on Pleasant Ave., and the Demartini family, the Billings family, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coppedge and children, also the Berry family and Duvander family etc. (Pleasant Ave. was

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surely properly named.) There were the Burkheads also who lived on the Chisholm ranch. Mrs. Burkhead was a wonderful worker for the Windsor Sunday School and Church.

Back to Santa Rosa again. We always had some kind of auto to drive around. I had been driving when we were at Robbins' Nest and we had an old Studebaker sedan when we moved to Santa Rosa. We received some money which was coming to Guy from the sale of some property in Minnesota, so we paid up some debts and bought a smaller car, an Overland Roadster, which was a good little car and we got a lot of pleasure out of it driving different places. I even drove it to San Francisco and to Berkeley without any trouble.

While living at Robbins Nest in 1925 I attended "Native Sons and Daughter" celebration in San Francisco of the 75th Anniversary of the California Statehood. I left Eleanor with May and Lou Rue in Santa Rosa and Thomas with his Daddy, and I stayed with my folks in San Francisco and witnessed the huge parade which was 5 hours long and was very grand. We had seats on a grandstand in Civic Center.

While Guy was working for the W.P.A. in Santa Rosa we managed to exist and our landlady raised the rent on our place at 14 Davis St., so we moved to a cheaper place on Washington St., an upstairs apartment where I couldn't have a garden, but kept a few potted plants.

About our Reunion of relatives we are having each year the last Sunday in June, we started holding them in June 1936. Before that some of the Butler relatives including myself and Mae Welden Collins, wife of John Collins, talked

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about all the Butlers getting together for a picnic, then we decided on including the Gregsons, for my Mother who was the oldest of any of our relatives, was a Gregson. We always looked forward to these get-togethers.

Emily Thor who was my Mother's cousin, lived in Santa Rosa while we were there this last time and I visited her quite often. She and I were great pals. Her sisters Lottie Thomas and Lily Dorman were living there also and they are still living (1952), but in other places. Emily passed away after I had moved to San Francisco this last time.

Thomas finished Junior College in Santa Rosa, then went to Berkeley to attend the University there and study for a degree in Botony. He did part time work in the Herbarium to pay his way.

Eleanor finished High School and got work at Hamilton Field in Marin County in the Post Exchange through a Young Peoples Work Project, similar to W.P.A. She started at rather low wages and did a limited amount of days work a month, but kept being advanced until she had more days work and more pay. It was rather difficult for her to go back and forth on the bus so far each day and sometimes getting rides, so it was also a worry to me, never knowing when she would get home evenings. So we hunted for a place to live in San Rafael. Guy suggested that just Eleanor and I live there for he wanted to stay in Santa Rosa for a time. I had my own furniture so had it stored temporarily until I could rent an unfurnished place. We first had a furnished apartment

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in San Rafael on 4th St., then we found an unfurnished flat on 2nd St. and had our furniture sent down so we could move there.

Eleanor used to go skating quite often at a roller rink on 5th St. while we were in Santa Rosa and I went with her as I enjoyed watching them skate. She met many nice girl friends there, also some boys. One that she thought a lot of for a time was Bob Moelet, who was from Salt Lake City and was stationed at Hamilton Field. After he went back home they broke up and she met Travis Dillon from the Air Force at Hamilton Field. They kept company when we were living in San Rafael.

I couldn't have much garden there for the water rate was high in San Rafael, but I took care of the few roses and other plants around the yard. We attended the San Rafael Methodist Church and I attended the ladies meetings. Thelma (Robbins) Horvath and family lived near us on 3rd. St., so I could see them quite often.

During vacation time in 1941 Eleanor and I, my Mother and Grace took a trip in Grace's car to Colorado to see Thomas who was attending the University there in Boulder and studying for his Masters Degree in the Science of Botany and Biology. I might add that before Thomas left Berkeley we had a party for him and Walter George at 14 Davis St. in Santa Rosa, and invited all his friends and Eleanor's, and had one grand time. Walter was leaving for a trip to Honolulu, so we decorated the rooms like the inside of a boat,

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and had a large paste-board Hawaiian girl with grass skirt at the hall entrance. We also made leis for everyone, using blue and gold color schemes, since Thomas had just graduated from the University of California. The rooms were labeled like those on boats as 'Salon', etc. We had a large old fashioned bath tub that Thomas filled with bluing water and we called that the 'Plunge'.

During 1939 and 1940 there was the Fair at Treasure Island, San Francisco, and Thomas had a job at the House of Flowers. Shortly after his job there he went to Boulder, Colorado to attend the University.

When he graduated we took a grand trip to Colorado, going by way of the northern route and coming back a southerly [sic] one. We saw Bryce Canyon and Zion National Park, which are very grand. In Colorado we saw Estes and the Roc ky [sic] Mountain National Parks, traveling on a highway of 14,000 ft. elevation. Our Mother, then at the age of 87 stood the trip as well as any of us (Grace, Eleanor, and myself) and enjoyed every minute.

On our return there were strong rumors of the U.S [sic], being involved in war that was going on in Europe, and the Air Force boys of Hamilton Field were being sent to the Phillipines [sic]. Eleanor and Travis Dillon were still keeping company and want ed [sic] to be married before he had to leave, so they were married at the San Rafael Methodist Church and only had 10 days together before he was sent to the Phillipines [sic], and never returned.

The War (World War 2) started December 7, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Japanese. There were all kinds of reports about what happened to those boys at the Phillipines [sic].

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Eleanor didn't hear anything definite about Travis until 1945, then, the report from Washington that he had died in prison camp in the spring of 1942. Also some of his squadron returned and they confirmed the report that Travis had died in prison camp, and had been in the Death March at Bataan. "War is Hell" indeed and those boys being sent to the Phillipines [sic] then was surely a very sad episode in history.

Thomas objected to taking part in killing his fellow men, so he with others who also objected did government work at special camps in various places. He was stationed at Placerville most of the time, where he worked at the Pine Institute of Genetics. Guy worked at Mare Island and Benicia during the War period. He stayed with us s [sic] short time in San Rafael while he was working at Mare Island, but found it better to stay nearer his work, and would come over to see us once in awhile, otherwise we drifted apart.

Eleanor and I moved to a cottage at Meadow Park which was part of Hamilton Field. It was a neat little place of 4 rooms and I didn't have to work so hard to keep it up, although I did work hard trying to keep up the lawn, the flowers, and some vegetables I planted in the back yard. The ground there was hard.

A Sunday School was started there in the Community Hall by Chaplains from the Field, and ladies living around the Park. Those taking an active part were Mrs. Werner, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Luke, myself and Eleanor. Eleanor played the piano for them.

One of our good neighbors at Meadow Park was Mrs. Lula Campbell and son Loren, who lived across the street from us.

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Mrs. Campbell couldn't get around very well so I called to see her most every day and ran some errands for her. They are living now (1952) at a home they built in Petaluma. Some other neighbors, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Anderson, and Mrs. Werner are living in Novato now as they have all built homes there.

Guy took very ill over at Benicia and before we could get over there, he passed away from a hemorrhage [sic], in April 1945, just before World War 2 ended. Thomas came down from Camp to attend the funeral services which we had at Vallejo, with cremation there, and later the ashes were interred in our family plot in Santa Rosa Rural Cemetery.

Eleanor had numerous boy friends, but the one she married in 1946 was Robert James Dickson, whose folks lived in Chicago. She had only known him a short time, where he was stationed at Hamilton Field, and they met at the Field Bowling Alley right after summer vacation. She and I had spent the vacation at Hobergs in Lake County, a pretty resort. She had a nice wedding at the Chapel in the Field and a reception afterwards at the Community Hall in Meadow Park. The ladies from the Park, among whom was our cousin Augusta Cunningham (who had charge of the office in the Park) and others who attended Sunday School, decorated the Hall and made most of the arrangements, and everything was lovely. Bob's Mother came out from Chicago to attend the wedding, and his Grandmother (Nana) (who was already out here visiting) came from Gridley, California.

In the meantime War was over and Thomas had left Camp and got a teaching job at the University in Tuscon [sic] Arizona, then afterwards was offered a better one at the State College in Ada,

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Oklahoma, and accepted it.

Eleanor still worked at the Post Exchange office at Hamilton Field and Bob had a service station job. I took a trip in May 1947, by train, to visit Thomas in Ada and I enjoyed my stay there very much.

Bob didn't obtain any work to suit him and in the meantime he had a serious eye affection and had to have an operation over at Stanford Hospital, which turned out very successful. He wanted to work in the drug business, of which he had had some experience before going into the service. He had a better chance in his home town

of Chicago for work and pharmacy schooling, so decided to go there.

Frederic J. was born in June 1947, and Bob, Eleanor and Fred packed up and left by plane when Fred was 3 months old, for Chicago. I was all broken up for a time, for Eleanor and I had been together through thick and thin for so long, and then to have her go so far away, it seemed like I would never see her again, Thanks be to God tho [sic] I had a chance to visit her once a year.

Two more boys were born, Bradley J., Sept. 11, 1948, and Harry J., Sept. 16, 1950. In July 1950 she visited us here, came by plane and brought the 3 boys with her. The other years I visited back there in the summer months, except one year, I spent the winter to experience the cold and the snow, and to be there for Christmas time.

When Eleanor, Bob and Freddy left California for Chicago I stayed on at Meadow Park until I could dispose of some of our furniture and then moved to San Francisco. My Mother was still living then and Grace needed me there to look out for Mother while she was teaching. Then Mother passed away in May 1948,

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just a week before her 94th birthday. She live a long and useful life and as my son said, "She died as graciously as she lived."

I got a pension from the State after I was 65, and continued to live with Grace and Bennet and trust I am welcome and am paying my way with what I can afford to pay and with things I can do to help. Mother once told me that when she was gone she wanted me to live with Grace and I think we are lots of company for each other, since Bennet is only here in the evenings.

Thomas came back to Berkeley after 3 years teaching in Oklahoma and started studying for a Doctor's degree in Science, at the University of California, and doing part time work in the Herbarium. This year (1952) he accepted a permanent position at the Jepson Herbarium and will now formulate future plans for himself. He has been hard of hearing the past few years and has to wear a hearing aid. I have worn a hearing aid for 10 years and have been attending a Lip Reading class here in San Francisco two afternoons a week. We have a very fine teacher, Miss Hilda Marie Forsgrene. She cannot hear, has been deaf since her High School days, but is expert at lip reading, and can talk.

I always belonged to the Methodist Church before moving here but found it more convenient to attend the same Church Grace attends, The Lincoln Park Presbyterian, for she has a car and drives back and forth. I have attended our Ladies meetings also but have not taken much active part on account of my hearing.

Grace teaches the Adult Sunday School Class and is head of our Ladies Circle this year, 1953. She retired from school teaching in 1949 but has found plenty to do to occupy her time, has joined the "League of Women Voters" and attends lectures and keeps up with these troubled World Affairs (Wars and rumors of

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wars etc.). We meet a teacher friend of hers, Christina Bruce generally once a week and eat and attend a Show together downtown, which has always been a pleasure to look forward to. Christine and her sister Barbara have been friends of Grace for years and since I have been included in their friendship I admire them so much and enjoy being with them.

I guess nearly all families have happenings in their life that they are ashamed of, but best to forgive and forget.

Time marches on and Eleanor lost her husband Bob in June 1954. He passed away suddenly from a brain hemorrhage [sic] called an aneurysm, and he left her with 3 boys and a girl (who was born two months after his passing). I flew by plane to Chicago to be with her for a time. It was my first ride in an Aeroplane (airplane) (of which I was always afraid) but I rather enjoyed it, so quick and a smooth non-stop flight from San Francisco to Chicago. Eleanor was very brave and went ahead managing her affairs. Everyone was very wonderful in

helping what they could. We were delighted that she had a Baby Girl and named her Roberta after her Daddy Robert. Eleanor learned to drive a car, selling a new Buick Bob had, and bought a Chevrolet. Then she decided to move back to her home state, California and I came on home. Six months later she moved out here, Thomas went back to accompany her on the trip and help with the children. She arrived the last of June, 1955. Shortly afterwards in July we lost our sister Grace, which was a great shock. She always seemed so well and never complained although she had not been so well after a serious operation for breast cancer two years before. She had a cerebral hemorrhage and lingered 10 days before her passing. We missed her so much especially brother Ben and I,

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we couldn't believe that she was gone and she was also sorely missed by numerous other relatives and friends. We feel she is happy now with those who have gone on before. God will take care of His own.

I decided to move here in Oakland with Eleanor and children also Thomas who has the apartment downstairs and so we are all together once more and I have been happy most the time doing what I can to help. I also have a garden once more to look after.

We find plenty to do with children around, and are interested once more in Church, and are attending the St. Stephen's Methodist Church, and the cycle goes around for who should we meet here but Miss Marguerite Cole who we had not seen since attending Church in Windsor 20 or more years ago. She has a visiting parish position here at our Church.

I want to say now that I have always been so proud of my children with their good character habits and high ideals and hope to continue so while my life shall last. I will keep my faith in God and His goodness.

In the Fall of 1956 Eleanor married again. She met Mr. Jack Noel at the Methodist Church and they were married at Reno in November. He was a widower and had one boy, Tommy, about Bradley's age, so now there are 4 boys and a girl, and they are all living happily together. Jack has a position with the Standard Oil Company office in San Francisco.

Later we all changed our membership to the Park Blvd. Presbyterian Church which is nearer home, and I am staying with Thomas downstairs and cooking his meals. He bought a car and learned to drive so we take many little trips around to my enjoyment.

Thomas had had an attack of rheumatic fever in the spring

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of 1957 which left him with a heart ailment and under doctors care. He had to be careful of his activities but could drive his car and keep on at his work at the Jepson Herbarium in Berkeley at the U. of C. He and I took a trip up into Oregon in June 1959, which was very enjoyable. The part of Oregon we saw was beautiful, just like driving through parks all the time.

Then at this writing in September 1960 it is hard for me to continue for in February 1960 Thomas passed away suddenly at the age of 44, in his sleep, and my whole world toppled in. His heart condition was apparently worse than we anticipated. It just stopped beating and his spirit flew away, probably an easy way to go, but hard on those he left behind. Thomas was such a part of my life and I just miss him more and more, but feel he would want me to carry on for the sake of others and I will keep my faith that "Everything works together for good to those who love God". Thomas was such a Peace-loving boy and a man with a belief in the principal of good will and God's love for all mankind, which he lived and practiced. In spite of some short-comings most of us have, I feel his Spirit surely is still with us in the fields of flowers, the mountains and streams, all the finest of nature, also the finest of music which he loved so well. I believe that he is enjoying greater delights than is ever dreamed of, somewhere in a heavenly sphere where we hope to meet our loved ones in the "Sweet Bye and Bye".

In our modern living and trying to keep up with progress I know it was a great worry to Thomas to see the destruction of trees and land for the building of Freeways, also the fine forests being destroyed by fires. I have worried about it also

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as there has been some very fine farm land in California used for new homes and Highways in the name of progress. In my life I have seen the advance of progress from horse and buggy days to modern Jets which cross the oceans in a short journey. I saw two of the first Autos (1899 -1901) in Santa Rosa, Raymond Petersons and Dr. J. W. Jesse, the owners. I also saw one of the first Airplanes (1911 -1912) in a field near Windsor, owned and operated by Fred Wiseman. I have lived through Wars, but hope and pray that future ones will be settled without blood-shed. I am a firm believer in the United Nations and that all our troubles can be settled by parley. I was excited about Radio when it first came out. The "Man on the Street" in Santa Rosa used to ask questions which were broadcast by Radio. He stopped me one day and asked "What do you think is wrong with the World today?" I said "There is nothing wrong with the World, it is the people who are in it", "They have forgotten God". Afterwards I received compliments from many who heard my answer. Now we have Television and wonders never cease, but I do think through all the ages if people will return to God and the teachings of Jesus and brotherly love, it would solve all our difficulties. I do thank God for all His blessings.

1963 and I have passed my 80th birthday, will be 81 in October. I never thought when I was younger that I would live this long and feel so well most of the time, but doctors and science have done so many wonders that age doesn't seem to mean so much anymore for many live to be 100 nowadays [sic]. I am still living here in Eleanor's apartment and my brother Ben is staying here also. He sold his home in San Francisco and wanted to be near some of his folks. I do the cooking for us two and the housework, and

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keep the garden in the rear of this home. I also had a hot-house built back here to keep my house plants in and am very pleased with it.

We had our 28th Annual Reunion of relatives at Doyle Park, Santa Rosa in June and I retired from being in charge of it. My cousin Augusta Cunningham is taking my place. She is a good leader and very capable, so hope she can keep it going many years more.

My only handicap apparently is my hearing. I have worn a hearing aid for many years and recently I can't seem to understand words. I can't carry on a conversation without the other party making a note of the subject they are talking about. I have the best of hearing aids and sounds are plenty loud (too loud most of the time) but without it I couldn't hear anything. The lip-reading class I attended in San Francisco in 1953 -1954 helped me some but was slow learning, and I didn't continue after moving to Oakland.

(Time is fleeting) as they say and here I am 88 years old and will be 89 in October, 1971. My brother Ben moved to an apartment in a new Senior Citizens building in the Dimond District near here and he likes it there. He meets people his age to talk to and he likes to talk. He is also interested in garden work down there and at some outside places. So I have been staying alone here in this apartment in Eleanor's home.

My oldest grandson, Fred, was married to Donna Darling about 5 years ago, has a position as a Coach and Biology teacher at Skyline High School. Their son Jimmie (my only great-grandson so far) is about 4 years old.

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Tommy has been in the Navy several years, and is now in Japan. Bradley and Harry are in the University, one at Berkeley, and one at Hayward. Roberta now 16 (1971) is in Oakland High School.

Bradley and Harry toured Europe for 3 months in 1970, and have the benefit of a wider experience in life which I hope will be to their advantage.

The 'Hippie' styles and actions of young people now-a-days have been a worry to many but all decades have peculiarities more or less.

We still have our Annual Reunions of relatives and my nephew Lloyd Roach (sister Melba's oldest son) has been in charge because Gussie Cunningham has not been so well and could not take the added responsibility, tho she still attends regular.

My sister Melba has 8 children and I think 26 or 27 grandchildren, also one or two great-grandchildren. I have 3 brothers still living, Fred, Bennet and Chester. I keep quite well and active so far, tho I have had Diverticulitus and a Hiatus Hernia so have to careful of my diet.

I think the world has been in a terrible mess the past few years with the Vietnam War and other troubles in all our other countries. We need *good leaders* which seem scarce right now and need to return to God and to the teachings of Jesus in order to have Peace in the World. I don't believe in War as it never settles anything, just makes conditions worse. I will keep my faith that everything will turn out alright [sic].

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Continuation of my Memoirs 1971 to 1972

Our Christmas celebrations are always very elaborate. I have always enjoyed Christmas time, the mailing of cards to friends and relatives and the Christmas Day Celebration. Eleanor and family always have a beautiful tree, also other decorations, the mantel place with lights and pretty things of every description, and outdoor porch decorations of lights and posters. We always had out our presents on Christmas morning, just our own family. I always marvel at lights and decorating all over the Cities, and more so at Christmas time, they are so wonderful compared to the small twinkling lights we had when I was a girl. I remember seeing my first electric lights in Santa Rosa when we drove in for a 4th of July celebration, just small globes twinkling here and there.

I was given a nice surprise on my 89th birthday, Oct. 3rd, 1971, and my brother Fred and his family came over, also brother Ben and his friend Helene Ames. They had the room upstairs all decorated with streamers and balloons, also the table of presents and Birthday Cake etc. and we surely had an enjoyable time together.

In this past year 1971 I have had a black cat for a pet. He is a year old now and quite large, but still has kitten ways, and I call him Pepper. I have had cats before, different kinds, also dogs, but not house pets, and Pepper keeps things lively!

Will wonders never cease. I saw the Moon launchings, which they have been having the past years (on Television). A man walking around on the Moon (what next?! I am satisfied to stay on Earth although I do know we are only a small part of the great Universe.

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I have a color T.V. now and I think a great improvement on the other kind. I do enjoy some programs, but they themselves could be improved.

The World still seems in such a mess with the War in Vietnam and other eruptions, but still I must not lose faith in God and hope for World fellowship.

About my grandchildren who are growing up fast. Fred and Donna, his wife, are both working (saving for a home of their own), and Jimmie (my great grandson) will soon be 5. Bradley finished his course in Architecture at the University of Cal in Berkeley, has part time work and looking for an Architectural job. Harry is still in Cal State in Hayward, and does part time work for the Recreation Department there. Roberta finishes High School in June and will go on to Cal State in Hayward also. Tommy is still in the Navy and

in Japan, but will be home for good for Christmas. He has the opportunity to see the Winter Olympic Games which are held there this year (72) in Sapporo.

My youngest brother Chester passed away suddenly of a heart attack Jan 9th, 1972. He was 76 and he and wife Gladys had lived for 51 years at their home, 6140 California St. in the Richmond District, San Francisco. They had twin sons, but only one, Orrin has been living near home. The other son, Roderick, was in the Merchant Marines, but hasn't been seen or heard from, only rarely. I didn't see Chester much in the past few years but I would write him and he always answered my letters.

A friend of ours, Burton Wells, also passed away in Jan. 72, very suddenly just like brother Chester. Burton was 58 and was a great friend of my son Thomas. I would see him quite often

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when Thomas was living. We have kept in touch at Christmas time. His Mother Elzada Wells and her sister Viola were pals of my sister Grace and I when we lived in San Francisco at the time of the great Earthquake of 1906. Elzada passed away in 1970 at her home in Santa Rosa. Burton was a bachelor, but has 2 married sisters and their families still living in Santa Rosa.

I want to add to my memoirs something more about the Moon always seeming romantic. I may not act very romantic, but always had a soft spot in my heart for romance. I was reading about some Moon songs which I knew and were sung in my adult years. Some that I especially like were, "Moonlight and Roses", "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain", "Moon River", "Carolina Moon", and "By the Light of the Silvery Moon".

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I want to add a few more words about my Pioneer ancestors. My Mother Eliza J. (Gregson) Butler was a daughter of James and Eliza Gregson who were born in England. They came to the U.S.A. to Pennsylvania where they later left the Eastern State by wagon train and settled in California, first at Sutters Fort, Sacramento before gold was discovered.

James Gregson was a blacksmith at the Fort, and his anvil is located there now. He was with Marshall when gold was discovered at Coloma. Also he was with Fremont when War broke out with Mexico, and was at Sonoma when the Bear Flag was raised there.

Their first child Ann (Gregson) Reid was born at Sutter's Fort. Afterwards they moved to a ranch in Green Valley (near Graton), Sonoma County. My Mother was born there May 31st, 1854. She had three brothers and 5 sisters.

My Father, Thomas Bennet Butler, was born in Fulton Co., Illinois, 1841, the son of Samuel and Alcinda Butler. He had three brothers and two sisters. His mother died of what they called the Black Plague (like Flu) when he was a young man. His father married again and from that marriage had four girls. They all came to California in the 1860's and settled on ranches in Sonoma County near Mark West Springs, in the 70's.

My Father went from Missouri to Oregon in 1856 with his Uncle John Clyman and came to California the same year and had lived with his other Uncle Lancaster Clyman at Green Valley in Sonoma County. There he worked as a rancher until he married my Mother, Eliza J. Gregson. They took up government land at Mark West Springs in Sonoma County. He and his family moved to Santa Rosa in 1892, when I was ten years old.

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My husband, Guy Robbins' parents, John and Melissa Robbins, also were rather early settlers in Sonoma County in the 1890's, on a ranch near Windson in Sonoma County. They originally lived in Minnesota, where they had large ranches. Guy was born in Minnesota and had come to California when he was 4 years old, with his parents and brothers. There were 6 boys in the family, but three stayed in Minnesota.

Some of his father's relatives, Charles and Leander Robbins, had ranches also near Windsor in Sonoma County. Of Charles's family still living in Sonoma County, are Chester Robbins and family, Genevieve and family, and Ivy (Robbins) St.Clair, who lives at Yountville, Napa County. Leander's daughter Eloise (Robbins - Cameron) Crosswell lives in Berkeley.

Guy's brother Frank and family of girls moved to California near Windsor in the 1920's, and his daughter Thelma (Robbins) Horvath lives in San Rafael, California, with her family nearby. Reatha (Robbins) Dove and family are in Redding, California.

I would like to mention my High School graduating Class of 1902, from the old High School on Orchard St. in Santa Rosa. It has been almost 70 years since our small class of 35 graduated in June 1902, and as far as I know there are 7 of us living. By name, Agnes (Graham) Elliott, of Monrovia, California; Louise (Reed) Hopkins, of Sacramento, California; Aletha Hoag, and Carlotta (McMinn) Nessler, of Santa Rosa, California; Parker Talbot, of San Luis Obispo, California, L. Pearl (Butler) Robbins (myself), of Oakland, California; and Edna (Hildebrand) Putnam, who was living in Oakland, but I have lost track of her. I have tried to keep in touch with the class since our last

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Reunion. Two of the teachers we had who taught for many many years were our principal, E. Morris Cox, and English Literature teacher Francis E. O'Meara.

I never used to pay much attention to composers and authors of Church Hymns, but recently I have been reading Hymns and have thought more about how beautiful these lines are that were written in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, by the great men of that time. I am sure we must have just as great or greater minds today, "God is our Judge".

I am very fond of poetry. I seem to get more out of [sic] it than prose. When my grandchildren were younger I used to copy some little poem every day for them to read, some funny ones and some otherwise. My granddaughter Roberta made me a Scrap Book of some of the poems she liked that I had copied for her and her brothers to read. She is very original and decorated each page with some design.

I will finish these Memoirs with a verse.

Growing Old

*We get the sweetest comfort...
When we wear the oldest shoe...
We love the old friends better...
Then we'll ever love the new...
Old songs are more appealing...
To the wearied ear - and so...
We find the sweetest music...
In the tunes of long ago...
There's a kind of mellow sweetness...
In a good thing growing old...
Each year that rolls around it...
Leaves an added touch of gold.*

Author unknown

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Since finishing my Memoirs I think of more I would like to add about my girlhood days in Santa Rosa, the town which was noted as the home of Luther Burbank (who I had seen and admired).

There was then a theatre called the Atheneum, where we could attend public gatherings and Plays. One Memorial Day I was part of a "Living Flag". We all sat on the stage there, in the shape of a Flag. Afterwards we marched out with band music, to the Cemetery where they decorated soldiers graves with American Flags. I was one of the Stars in the Flag, and my Mother made my dress and cap (blue with white star). My sister Grace was one of the red stripes, and wore a red-bunting dress.

I attended one Play they had at the Atheneum Theatre, called "Jane Eyre", the first time I ever attended a play.

When I was living at Robbins Nest near Windsor I used to take part in the plays they had at the Church, and I also gave Monologues. I dressed in men's clothes and hats in two of them called "The Census Taker", and "Joshua is My Name". The latter one I gave at several different gatherings and everyone seemed to enjoy it. I now feel rather embarrassed of all those foolish antics and being just an amateur at it, but I did have a good what they call "poker face", and a good memory, and that helps. My memory is not so good now, but I can remember Mother saying when anyone in the family lost anything, "just ask Pearl, she will know where it is!"

Santa Rosa used to have an Annual Rose parade in May, a

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Queen, and all the trimmings, which we enjoyed seeing since ("I Love a Parade") parades always fascinate me.

My High School Graduating Class had a hay ride in 1902. We obtained a wagon and team, but not much hay. Some of the boys (like most boys) would "snitch" some hay when we passed a hay field. We drove to Melitta, several miles East, and stopped for a picnic. It was sort of a summer resort with a platform for dancing. Some wanted to dance, but we had no music. Agnes Graham and I took turn about playing music on a comb for them. We had an audience of a few people who were staying at Melitta. I guess they thought they were going to see something nice, but were disappointed. We had the most fun riding on the wagon there and home.

It rained in Santa Rosa one 4th of July and spoiled their celebration. The streets were running with colors, red, white and blue, from the bunting decorations!

I had a chance to go to the Annual Orange Festival held at Cloverdale, north of Santa Rosa. I think it was 50¢ fare by train. I enjoyed that, but it was cloudy day and rained before we got home. I remember one lady on the train with a new spring hat (red) and she threw it out the car window and said, "There goes \$10".

Santa Rosa sometimes had Street Carnivals where they would block off part of the main street (4th), and have all kinds of displays under tent covers. We enjoyed walking around and listening to all the "halloo". Some of the callers at the Side Shows would shout "Bosco the Snake-eater",

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and "Have you seen Stella?", etc.

There used to be an old Methodist Camp Ground in Green Valley, Sonoma County, where evangelists would come and preach for several weeks. My Grandfather Gregson used to enjoy them and would camp there. I had the opportunity to attend once or twice, and would stay over night with some of my relatives there. One of the evangelists they had once was a converted Clown, and would turn somersaults.

When I was in grammar school some of us climbed Taylor Mountain one day. The Mountain was named after John Taylor family, who had a nice home at the foot of the Mountain. It was quite a climb up one side of open country, and down the Canyon side, and also about a mile walk to get there from home.

A teacher we had when we went to South Park School gave a "Hare and Hound" race one day. His name was Gottwald. Some runners would lead with bags of scrap paper and we would follow the paper tracks, part way downtown and then away out where the Race Track (Fairgrounds) is now. I remember running with my

colored friend Mattie Wylie. This teacher Gottwald was from the East, and had some funny ideas, but he was strict. I remember when he said "can you solve this problem?", and I didn't know what he meant (at my age).

The fashions in my High School days of the 1900s, were bustles, padded hips and cinched-in waists. I never cinched-in my waist, but have worn fashions of the different eras, that is what I could afford. There were hobble and

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slit skirts. I wore shirt waists and stiff collars with neckties, when I was working in an office. I always wore hats, even some with ostrich plumes. In the open Automobiles we used to tie our hats down with veils and hat pins. I always liked hats and veils. This is a hat-less era, but I still wear them most of the time.

I have been interested in different sports in their Seasons, especially baseball. Guy and I used to attend the Baseball Games in San Francisco and Oakland, when the Seals and Oaks played. We rooted for the Seals. My daughter Eleanor has been bowling this past year and so I find it quite interesting. I watch some of the games on T.V. of the Professionals. (I am adding on my own -Eleanor- that Aunt Melba and some of her daughters bowl regularly [sic], and have many trophies to show for their efforts). Back to Mother-I never cared to see Football (too rough), even tho my grandsons all enjoyed playing the game.

Some slang expressions in my days wer [sic] "Nit" (meaning No), also "Skidoo" (get out).

Etiquette in High School days, where some of the "higher ups" (the 400's) boys, on a hot day walked into Study Hall with coats off, in their shirt sleeves (coats were required) and were expelled by the Principal for one week. Some teachers were very strict in the Study Hall, and reported students for very simple things, even *me*, who dared hardly move, was reported once for heavy walking. We were supposed to walk on the balls of our feet. We would have to stay after school hours,

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or maybe only 10 minutes, sometimes even longer.

I do believe in good manners, which is lacking now-days in many places. The Women Libs I think are "barking up the wrong tree". I believed in women having the right to vote and since they have had the right, I have always voted and taken an interest in having good honest men in office. Women who are home-makers and have a husband and children to love, are much happier than those who are striving to "buck the World", and do a man's job. I do believe tho that they should have education in other lines besides housework in case of an emergency in the family. As the saying goes "Girls should be sugar and spice and everything nice", so they will be respected by good honest boys. We may act un-lady like sometimes, but I think the majority of women like to be loved and kept on a Pedestal (that is looked up to).

I want now to compliment my daughter Eleanor on always being ladylike and teaching her youngsters good manners. I feel sure there are many more like her.

I also want to praise my sister-in-law Marguerite, my brother Fred's wife, who has been so wonderful in our family. I don't know what we would do without her outstanding strength and understanding in our times of need.

Where in California (and those relatives in other states) can a family be so full of "ladies and gentlemen"?!

When I was a girl I remember saying I wanted a two-story house painted white, that was my idea of grandeur.

My wants are not always realized, but I do thank God for

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many blessings and God give us the faith to believe "When the roll is called up yonder we'll be there".

[Handwritten text by author:]

Dear Friends of the University of California at Berkeley.

My son G. Thomas Robbins graduated from this University and always enjoyed it so much. At the time of his death in February 1960, he was employed here as a Research Botanist at Jepson Herbarium. So I am donating a copy of these memoirs of mine and may have slipped up on some names and dates but hope you enjoy them. With my best wishes.

L. Pearl (Butler) Robbins

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I guess you would call the following a family tree. My Father, *Thomas Bennet Butler*, a rancher, and my Mother *Eliza J. Gregson*, a teacher, had eight living children.

My oldest brother *James Thomas Butler*, was a shoemaker and clerk, married *Helen Murphy*, in Santa Rosa. They had four children (two boys and two girls), *James Russell*, *George Thomas*, *Marion*, and *Marjorie* (nicknamed Padge). Russell, who is a retired wholesale druggist, and his wife *Margaret* live in Glendale, California. They have no children. Marion died a tragic death in an auto accident in southern California along with her husband and her mother. She had no children. Padge was married to *Art Fish* and had one son, *John Peter* (who lives with his wife and child in San Francisco). She, Padge, is a widow now and lives in San Francisco with her brother George, who is a bachelor, and has worked many years for Sherman Clay Co.

My brother *George Clyman Butler* was a druggist, and married *Clara Wells* in Mendocino County, California. They had one son, *Raymond*, and an adopted daughter *Betty*. Raymond was a druggist, the same as his Father, and he and his wife *Gertrude* had two daughters, *Joan* and *Debbie*. Joan and husband, *Wm. Feeley* and family were living in Mountain View, California. I have lost track of Gertrude and daughter Debbie since Raymond died in 1963 at Duarte, California, where they were living then. Betty married *Joe Battaglia*, a Hardware merchant, and they had one son, *Bobbie*, and a daughter, *Darlene*. The family home has been in Sunnyvale, California.

I am the next oldest child in the family. I was a book-keeper before my marriage to *Guy Raymond Robbins*, and we had one

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son and one daughter, *Guy Thomas* and *Eleanor Melissa*. My first name Lavina was after my Aunt Lavina, my Father's sister, the only sister he had in California; the other sister died in the East. Our son Thomas was a bachelor. He worked as a teacher, and before his death in 1960, he was a research Botanist in Berkeley. Our daughter Eleanor, as mentioned before, lost her first two husbands, and is now married to *Jack Noel*, and he is an Engineer for Standard Oil Company, and father of *Thomas E. Noel* (tho all five of the children have been cross-adopted), making a family of four boys and a girl (*Frederic J.*, *Thomas E.*, *Bradley J.*, *Harry J.*, and *Roberta J.*).

Frederic J., my oldest grandson married *Donna Darling*, and they have one son, James John. Fred is a teacher-coach at Skyline High School, in Oakland. Bradley has finished five years of college at Cal. and expects to find work as an Architect. Tommy (as I call him) is at present in the Navy, and stationed in Japan. Harry is still in college at Hayward, planning on going into Geography, or Recreation. Roberta will complete her senior year at Oakland High in June, and hopes to attend college in Hayward also. We all live in Oakland.

My sister *Eliza Grace Butler*, the fourth child of our family, taught school for many years. She never married and was a teacher in Primary schools in San Francisco, also a Speech Teacher before her retirement.

The first four of our family were born rather close together, and then after around five years four more children were born in a period of 10 years, three boys and one girl.

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My brother *Fred Volney Butler* was also a Druggist, and married Marguerite Hauser. They had two children, *Violet*, and *Allan, Violet*, who is a Chemist for Standard Oil Co., lives with her parents in San Francisco. *Allan* lives with his wife *Avis* in El Cerrito, California. They have two children, *James Gregson Butler*, and daughter *Sharon*.

My brother *Bennet Harford Butler* is a bachelor. He retired after many years with the United Rexall Drug Co., and was in real estate for a time. He is now living in an apartment for Senior Citizens, a lovely place, near by us here in Oakland.

Brother *Chester Gregson Butler* was a Dentist for many years in San Francisco. He married *Gladys Miller* and they had twin sons *Orrin* and *Roderick*. *Orrin* and his wife *Margaret* and family live near San Francisco. *Roderick* was in the Merchant Marines, but has not been heard from recently.

My youngest sister *Melba Aleinda Butler*, the baby of the family married *Elmer Roach*. They had seven children. She divorced him in the 1940's and afterwards married *Harry Nelson*, and they had one son *Dennis*. Her other children are *Lloyd, Rowena, Norman, Mildred, June, Grace* and *Paul*. *LLOYD Roach*, a teacher in Fairfield schools, married *Ann* in San Francisco. They have five children, *Evelyn, Dennis, Virginia, Lloyd Jr.* and *James*. *Rowena* was married to *Frank Townsend* in San Francisco, and later married *Donn Schneider* and moved down the Peninsula. They have two adopted children, *John* and *Jennifer*. They are now living in Cupertino, California. *Norman Roach* married *Peggy* in San Francisco. They have three children, *Debra, Wendy*, and *Robert*. At present they live in Mountain View, California.

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Mildred married *Frank Portughesa* in San Francisco, and they have three children, *Frank, Larry*, and *Cathy*. They lived in San Francisco many years, but are now at Campbell, California. *Frank* and *Cathy* are married and have one child each. *June* married *John Loveall* in San Francisco, and they also have three children, all girls, *Melba, Mabel* and *Terry*. They have lived down the Peninsula many years and are now at San Jose, California. *Grace* married a young Army man, *Bob Underhill*, and have five children, *Bobby, Michael, David, Valerie*, and *Steven*. *Bob* is now retired from the Army and the family all live in Saratoga, California, in the home where my sister *Melba* also lives. *Paul Roach* married *Bonnie* in San Francisco and have three children, *Tami, Paul Jr.*, and *Cassandra*. They now live at Mountain View, California. *Dennis Nelson* married *Nancy* in San Francisco at the Presidio Chapel, and they have three daughters, *Karen, Kelly*, and *Kristina*.

So I figure my sister *Melba* is blessed with twenty-seven grandchildren and at least two great-grandchildren.

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| | Born | Died |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| My Father, <i>THOMAS BUTLER</i> | November 19, 1841 | March 10, 1905 |
| My Mother, <i>Eliza J.</i> | May 31, 1854 | May 23, 1948 |
| Brother, <i>James</i> | Sept. 20, 1878 | April 30, 1927 |
| Brother <i>George</i> | January 18, 1880 | Dec. 16, 1951 |
| Sister <i>Grace</i> | March 30, 1884 | July 25, 1955 |
| Brother <i>Chester</i> | May 24, 1895 | Feb. 9, 1972 |

| | Born |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Myself, <i>Pearl</i> | October 3, 1882 |
| Brother <i>Frederic</i> | April 21, 1890 Passed away 1976 |
| Brother <i>Bennet</i> | December 21, 1892 |
| Sister <i>Melba</i> | December 13, 1899 Passed away 1975 |

Names of my Father's brothers and sisters were *Almond, Erastus, John* and *Lavina* (Butler) Hudson (only sister I knew). The names of the half-sisters from his father's second marriage, were, *Nora, Belle, Emma* and *America*.

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When we have our yearly Reunions the Butler and Gregson families are all included, so I feel I should write a few lines concerning what I know about most of my relatives on my Father's and Mother's side.

In the *James* and *Eliza Gregson* family were three boys and five girls: *William, John,* and *Henry* Gregson; *Ann* (Gregson) Reid, *Eliza* (Gregson) Butler, *Ellen* (Gregson) McChristian, *Delia* (Gregson) Baker, and *Carrie* (Gregson) Thompson. All of the children married and lived in California, except *Carrie*, who moved to the state of Washington when she married and never came back to California. Her daughter *Belle* (Thompson) McHargue is living in California now with her daughter *Mabel* and family, in San Rafael, Marin County.

One of *Henry Gregson* 's daughters *Lulu* (Gregson) Campbell moved to Canada after her daughter *Helen* was born, and lived there up to tht [sic] time of her death. *Helen* (Campbell) MacDonald still lives in Canada. She has two sons, *Wayne* and *Kenneth*, and one daughter, *Helen*. Also other children still living, in the above *Henry Gregson* family are: *Rose* (Gregson) Bohn, of Santa Rosa, *Eda* (Gregson) Butin, of Willits, and *Wesley* Gregson of Santa Rosa. *Henry Gregson*'s wife *Catherine* (Parks) Gregson (Aunt Kitty we called her) lived to be the same age as my Mother, a long useful life and so well-loved by all.

As far as I know, in the family of ten of *Ann* (Gregson) Reid, there are three daughters still living, *Lea* Reid and *Letitia* (Reid) Oakes, of Redwood City, and *Bertha* (Reid) Seeley

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of Los Gatos.

Delia (Gregson) had five children, and of these there are three living, one son and two daughters; *Ralph Baker*, of Vallejo, *Iva* (Baker) Getche, and *Dolly* (Baker) Hall of Brawley, California.

The *John Gregson* family of ten still living are three daughters and two sons; *Marjorie* (Gregson) Allen, of Elk Grove, California, *Augusta* (Gregson) Cunningham, of San Rafael, California, and *Billy* Gregson of Elk Grove, *Richard* Gregson, of Roseville California. The *Bollinger* families of Sebastopol, California, and *Haley* families of Petaluma, California, are descendants of *John Gregson* family.

Ellen (Gregson) McChristian had one son, *Luke*, and an adopted son *Lester*, who have all passed away, but had lived all their lives in Green Valley, Sonoma County, California.

I have lost track of the *William* Gregson family who lived at Angels Camp and Stockton most of their lives.

I have already recorded the members of my family.

The *Marshall* family should also be included in our family tree of relatives.

Henry Marshall and *Mary* (Marshall) Ames were brother and sister of my grandmother *Eliza Gregson*, and settled in Green Valley, Sonoma Co., California, in the 1850s, also *John* Marshall who was a bachelor. *Henry* Marshall and his wife (Auntie Marshall we called her) had five daughters and two sons; *Emily* (Marshall) Gilliam Thor, *Lily* (Marshall) Dorman, *Lottie*

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(Marshall) Thomas, *Rena* (Marshall) Maddux, and I can't recall the oldest daughter's name. *Lottie's* daughter *Vera* (Thomas) Hadsell is living with her family at Pacific Palisades, Calif. The sons names were *Frank* and *William* Marshall. William was a Methodist Minister and retired to farming (some of his relatives are the Glen Winkler family of Green Valley).

Mary (Marshall) Ames married a doctor. We called her Auntie Ames. They had two daughters, *Phoebe* and *Belle*. Belle Ames was a teacher for many years. Mary had several sons, two names I recall are *Charles* and *Fisher* Ames.

Henry Marshall's daughter Emily was a great friend of my Mother and I. we visited her quite often and thought so much of her. Tho she had married three times she had no children.

I also want to add the *James Street* family. James was a cousin of my Grandfather James Gregson. He married *Phronia* Sullivan. Her father Colonel Sullivan was an early settler in Green Valley, Sonoma County. Some of their (James Street) family of two daughters and two sons were great friends of my Mother and sister Grace. *Mary* Street was a teacher friend of of sister Grace. Mary married *Basil Darby* of Sebastopol, and had one son. The other sister *Emma* lived on the old home place in Green Valley. The two sons of James Street were *Tom* and *Cobden*. James was a great character who used to travel all around the State (California), especially in the path of the Donner Party in the Mother Lode country. He was also interested in Jewish beliefs, but he didn't believe as they do. He was an interesting person to talk with.

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In the *Samuel* and *Alcinda Butler* family there were five boys and three girls; *Thomas*, *Almund*, *Erastus*, *John* and *Stratton*. I don't know the names of the girls who were in the East except *Lavina* (Butler) Hudson, who came to California and lived here most of her life. When Samuel Butler's wife Alcinda died he remarried and he and his wife *Prussia* came to California and they had four girls; *Nora* (Butler) Wilson, *Belle* (Butler) Riddle, *Emma* (Butler) Spencer, and *America* (Butler) Peterson. One of Nora (Butler) Wilson's daughters still living is *Inez* (Wilson) Hildebrand and residing in Healdsburg, California. One of Emma Butler) Spencer's daughter's, *Maud* (Spencer) Cummings also lives in Healdsburg. Another daughter, *Clara* (Spencer) Goldstein (half-cousin) who passed away recently in Santa Rosa, was a great friend of our family.

Almund Butler had a wife, but no family and lived in Sonoma County. *Erastus Butler* had a family I think of three sons and three daughters; *Carl*, *Robert*, *Clayton*, *Clara*, *Ina* and *Ethel*. His daughter Ethel (Butler) McKinney, now lives in Santa Rosa, California.

John Butler had two sons and three daughters; *Jess*, *Reed*, *Stella*, *Edna*, and *Ella*. Son Jess was living in Santa Rosa. I have lost track of the girls. *Stella* (Butler) Ingalls lived in Calistoga, California for many years. *Jess* had two sons, and one lives in Petaluma, California.

Stratton Butler died when he was a young man in Green Valley. He had a hemorrhage [sic] from training wild horses. He was engaged to my mother Eliza Gregson. She afterwards married my father, Thomas Butler.

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Lavina (Butler) Hudson had three sons and three daughters; *Daniel*, *Ed*, *Elmer*, *Alice* (Hudson) Finley, *Gladys*, and *Genevieve*; Alice passed away recently, and I have lost track of the others. I think Gladys and Elmer are still living.

Alice (Finley) Hudson who married *Wilson Finley*, a prune and hop grower, near Santa Rosa, California, had a family of three daughters and several sons. Two of the daughters, *Francis* (Finley) Nielsen and *Helen* (Finley) Comstock, and their families, live in Santa Rosa, California. A daughter, *Ruth* (Finley) Groom lives near Santa Rosa. I think her son *George* is still living, but I have lost track of the boys. Alice was a great friend of my Mother and we have kept in touch with her many years.

Another relative on my Father's side was *Mae* (Welden) Collins, who married *John Collins* of Healdsburg, California. She and I got together when I lived at Robbins Nest and planned our Reunion of Relatives, which we hold annually.

So with all these Pioneer relatives and now in my 90th year of life, I feel I am truly a Pioneer of California - California with its hills - mountains - rivers - valleys - cities and seashore laced with 'freeways' - 'high-risers' etc., I do thank God for many blessings. "God forgive us for short-comings and may we always keep our Visions and Ideals of a better World.

I dedicate my Memoirs to my daughter Eleanor and her family, and others who have helped me so much with their thoughtfulness, love and care.