



Quarterly Bulletin of the Calaveras County Historical Society
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SOME CALAVERAS DOCTORS

In any community, at any time, the medical practitioner has been a most essential and one of the best remembered individuals of that community. This was especially true in the isolated mining camps along the Mother Lode. In an effort to preserve the names of these worthy Calaveras medics and a little of their personal history, the Society held a series of meetings in 1970-71 on this subject. The present issue includes some of the material presented at those meetings, and we will add to it in forthcoming bulletins. We start with some comments about doctors in the gold rush.

GOLD RUSH DOCTORS

People from every walk of life joined the Gold Rush. Amongst them were all sorts of professional people, including physicians, all turned miners. Even four of the very few doctors residing in California at the time of the discovery of gold joined the rush, to the discomfort, we are sure, of their clients. Most of these soon turned back to medicine, so sorely needed was medical attention in the gold fields.

Medical conditions during the gold rush are probably best transcribed for us in "The Shirley Letters." These were written by the wife of Dr. Fayette Clapp who practiced at Rich Bar in Plumas County, on the Feather River in '51 and '52.

Bayard Taylor, in "El Dorado", describes his two visits to Lower Bar on the Mokelumne River in 1849-50, visiting Dr. Gillette who was a prominent miner in that locality. At the time of his second visit, he met a Dr. Gwin there who was campaigning for the U.S. Senate for the new state. Gwin was not at that time practicing medicine, having forsaken this profession for politics before his arrival in California.



WILLIAM MCKENDREE GWIN

1805 - 1885

Dr. Gwin was for many years a part-time resident of Calaveras County. His headquarters here were at Gwin Mine, just down the Lower Rich Gulch from Paloma, where his son lived and managed the mine that contributed so much to the family fortunes from '67 to '82.

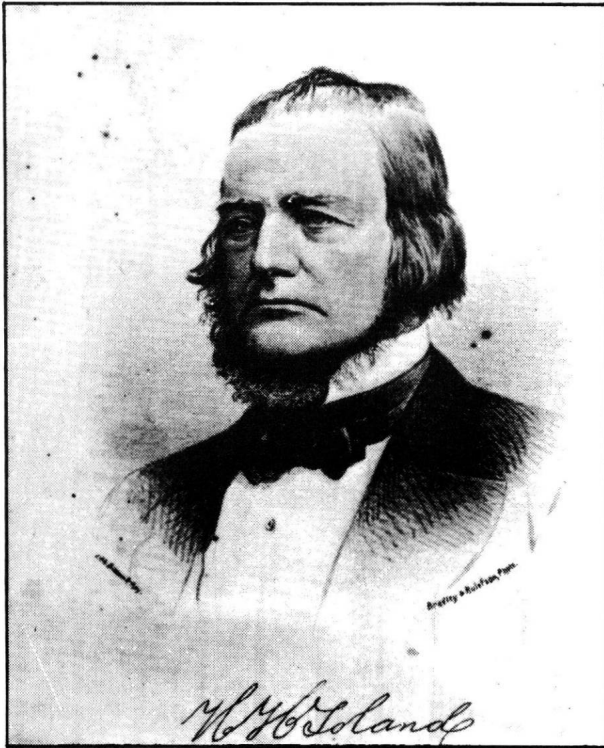
Courtesy of the Bancroft Library, U.C.

Curiously enough, Lower Bar is near the mouth of Lower Rich Gulch, and at the time of Gwin's visit, Bayard Taylor reports that:

"The rich gulch was filled with miners, most of whom were doing an excellent business. The strata of white quartz crossing the mountains about half-way up the gulch had been tried, and found to contain rich veins of gold. A company of about twelve had commenced sinking a shaft . . ."

This was the Paloma ledge which Senator Gwin and his son were to take over 17 years later and develop into the famous Gwin Mine. Undoubtedly this campaign trip was one of the reasons why Gwin, many years after, returned to Lower Rich Gulch.

Just two years after Bayard Taylor's visit to Lower Rich Gulch, another doctor showed up in the same ravine. This was Dr. Hugh Toland.



HUGH TOLAND

Dr. Toland tried his hand, not too successfully, at quartz mining in 1851, on the "Paloma" vein. This eventually became the Gwin Mine.

Courtesy of the Bancroft Library, U.C.

"When gold was discovered in California . . . he started across the plains, bringing with him a quartz-mill . . . San Francisco in seventy-six days. Arriving in California September, 1852, he went to Calaveras County and became owner of what is known as the Gwyn Mine at Mokelumne Hill . . . He immediately stepped into a practice; but mining and medicine are not good comrades, and it was not long before he was shaking Calaveras' quartz-dust from his heels . . ."2

Dr. Toland went to San Francisco and became an outstanding surgeon with a fabulously remunerative practice. He started the medical school at U.C. Perhaps Toland also discussed the Paloma ledge with Dr. Gwin, when they both were in San Francisco, and helped plant the idea in Gwin's mind to return to Lower Rich Gulch.

Another prominent California physician, Richard Somerset Den, had come to California by way of Mexico. An Irishman, he was a surgeon in the Mexican army, attached to the garrison at the Pueblo de Los Angeles where he was well liked and known as "Don Ricardo."

"In 1848 the Doctor organized at his own expense a prospecting party and started north for Sullivan's Diggings in Calaveras County near Angels Camp. During 1848-49, he mined with varying success, finally, perceiving that his professional services were needed on account of the prevalence of malaria and intermittent fevers in that district he discharged his men and entered into the practice of medicine. He did this not so much for pecuniary gain as to relieve the sufferings of his fellow men. Whether a man was 'broke' or not made no difference as long as his services were required. Nevertheless, it may be recorded that in one day he was paid over \$1000 for medical attendance. At that time gold dust was the medium of exchange, being worth \$14 an ounce in San Francisco.

"After a few month's practice, he removed to San Francisco where he became one of the seven original organizers of the Society of California Pioneers."³

Perhaps the best known early doctor around San Andreas was Peter Goodwin. A man of southern sympathies, Dr. Goodwin made a fatal error in tangling with lawyer Jeff Gatewood, in 1859, and was killed in the subsequent duel at Moonlight Flat.

According to Wade Johnston,

"Dr. Goodwin had the name of being the best doctor around San Andreas. He was public administrator, and I think he held the office at the time of the duel. He was a highbred Virginian about forty years of age and single. I think he was older than Jeff Gatewood. He was six feet tall and had dark eyes. I think both he and Gatewood wore chin whiskers at the time of the duel."⁴

Dr. F. W. Brotherton was also practicing in this area at the time and served as a witness at the Goodwin inquest.

Down in the western extremities of the county, the scattered residents had the problem of seeking medical help from either the higher mining camps or the valley towns. One of our members, Walter Haddock, who was born and brought up in the western corner of the county, recalls some of the experiences of his grandparents there a century ago.

WEST END DOCTORS

My mother's family, the Littles, arrived in Calaveras County in 1856. Two years later, my father's folks, the Haddocks, came to Calaveras, to the Chalk Ranch, one mile north of what is now Wallace, a mile east of where the Littles had settled just over the line in San Joaquin County.

In the late fifties and early sixties, the nearest doctors were in Lodi and Campo Seco. The ones my grandparents mentioned were Dr. Armstrong, in Lodi, sixteen miles away, and Drs. Maxon and Moncel, in Campo Seco, ten miles distant, in the opposite direction. Our family used any doctor they could get to come, of these three physicians.

The "San Andreas Independent" reported on the fire in Campo Seco on September 3, 1859. Dr. Maxon's office burned with a loss of \$1500. Most of the town burned down in that fire. On March 20, that same year, the "Independent" had described Dr. Moncel's hospital, known as the French Hospital. This did not burn down in the fire that September, as it was built on a hill out of town.

In 1870, Dr. Nathan Barbour (the first of that name), opened an

office in Lockeford and from then on my folks got him most of the time. In 1883, Wallace was established when the railroad was being constructed, and Dr. March located there. These were the first two doctors in Lockeford and Wallace. But before this, they had a horse doctor in Lockeford, named Locke, and another veterinarian, Dr. Monty White, in Clements. So now, in 1883, they had as many human doctors as animal doctors in the area!

In 1884, George Late wrote in his diary that the first medical service in Valley Springs was that of Dr. Wall, a woman physician, who visited her parents on horseback. Later, Dr. March moved to Burson, and so he began to serve Valley Springs, Jenny Lind, Campo Seco, Camanche and Wallace. All the doctors, in those days, traveled around with horse and buggy.



A VISIT TO GRANDFATHER

Little Walter Haddock goes with his family, one summer's day in 1895, to visit Grandpa Little at his home (built in 1856) just across the San Joaquin County line, below Wallace. Walter is sitting next to his mother (2nd

from the right). The Little home was demolished by East Bay Water in 1969 as part of the Lake Camanche project.

Gift of Walter Haddock

In 1887, the Priestley brothers came in, down below. These doctors were James Priestley, in Clements, Joseph Priestley, in Lockeford, and S. F. Priestley, in Stockton.

With no doctors in Jenny Lind in 1870, babies were delivered by two mid-wives, Mrs. Smile Pacheco and Mrs. Amy Collins, charging five dollars for a boy, and two dollars and fifty cents for a girl, according to the late Judge J. A. Smith.

One of the best known and beloved general practitioners in the county was William Bright March, who practiced in the lower part of Calaveras. His eldest son, the late Dr. Irwin B. March, started a family history in 1950. After his death, his younger brother, Silas P. March, completed the compilation. We have adapted, from the copy given the Society by the Marches, the following article, somewhat condensed from the original. Dr. March's granddaughter, Lorraine (Mrs. Raymond Cuneo, Sr.) kindly loaned additional family pictures for this issue.

DR. WILLIAM BRIGHT MARCH

Silas Paul March, born in 1827 in Kentucky, and Elizabeth Stevenson March, born in 1830 in Missouri, the parents of Dr. March, were early settlers in California, in Merced County. Later they moved to near Stockton, where they ranched.

Their son, William Bright March, when a young medical student at California Medical College, married Minnie Jane Field, who had been his grammar schoolmate, at the Field's "Boquet Ranch," about twelve miles from Snelling. Minnie was born in 1861, in Nova Scotia, and came to California with her parents, Elisha B. and Hannah McDonald Field, when six years old, to a mining town in Mariposa County. They moved shortly thereafter to the Boquet Ranch, a homestead of 320 acres. There they built a small but comfortable home near the creek which flowed through the ranch, never drying up in the summer as so many small streams in California do. There, she told us, they were very happy, and that, as a little girl, she enjoyed very much wading barefoot in the creek, along with the ducks and geese that her mother always raised. She attended the public schools of Merced County.

After completing grammar school, Minnie Jane studied to be a teacher. Her principal instructor was a Mr. John York who, many years later, established "York's Practical School" in Stockton. Coincidentally, I (Dr. Irwin March) attended that school for one term while preparing to take the county examination for my own teacher's certificate. Mr. York was then a white-haired, white-whiskered "professor", but still very alert and aggressive, and an excellent teacher. To return to my mother, she taught school for one year when she married William Bright March.

When he had finished his course at California Medical, March

took an additional year at Eclectic Medical College in Cincinnati. Graduating in 1884, he and his family moved back to California and the young doctor went up to the brand new town of Wallace to rent a house and establish a practice.

"I received everything all right" Dr. March wrote to his wife from Wallace, on September 1st, 1884. "My trunk looked as though some loving one packed it. Everything was thought of. I am well but very lonesome for you and Irwin.

"I had a call last night and have one to make this morning. I think in a week or two I will have plenty to do . . .

"I want you to come up and see the country around here. People are rather rough here; that is the men are. It is just like all little country towns . . .

"The railroad tracks will be to Burson this week and in a few weeks more there will be quite a town there.

"Then perhaps when we bring our things up from home we will be able to have a house up there to put them in . . ."



DOCTOR MARCH AND HIS BRIDE

William Bright March and Minnie Jane Field were married on November 9, 1880, at the Boquet Ranch near Snelling, California.

From Society Files

Dr March had a house built in this newly created town of Burson, in the middle of the block that ran from the Depot north to the foot of the reservoir hill. His wife and son soon joined him there.

For a time, this was the terminus of the new narrow gauge railroad running up from Lodi. Most of the freight for the mines above in the mountains was delivered by this railroad at Burson, and then hauled up to the mines by big freight teams. It was indeed a rough and tough little place at that time, and consisted of a store, post office, freight and passenger depot, a small hotel, a saloon or two, a dance hall, two livery stables, a pretty little town park, and a few residences.

Nelson Gains, the station agent, lived at the end of the block at the foot of the reservoir hill, and Mr. Thomas lived at the other end, next to the main road in front of the Depot.

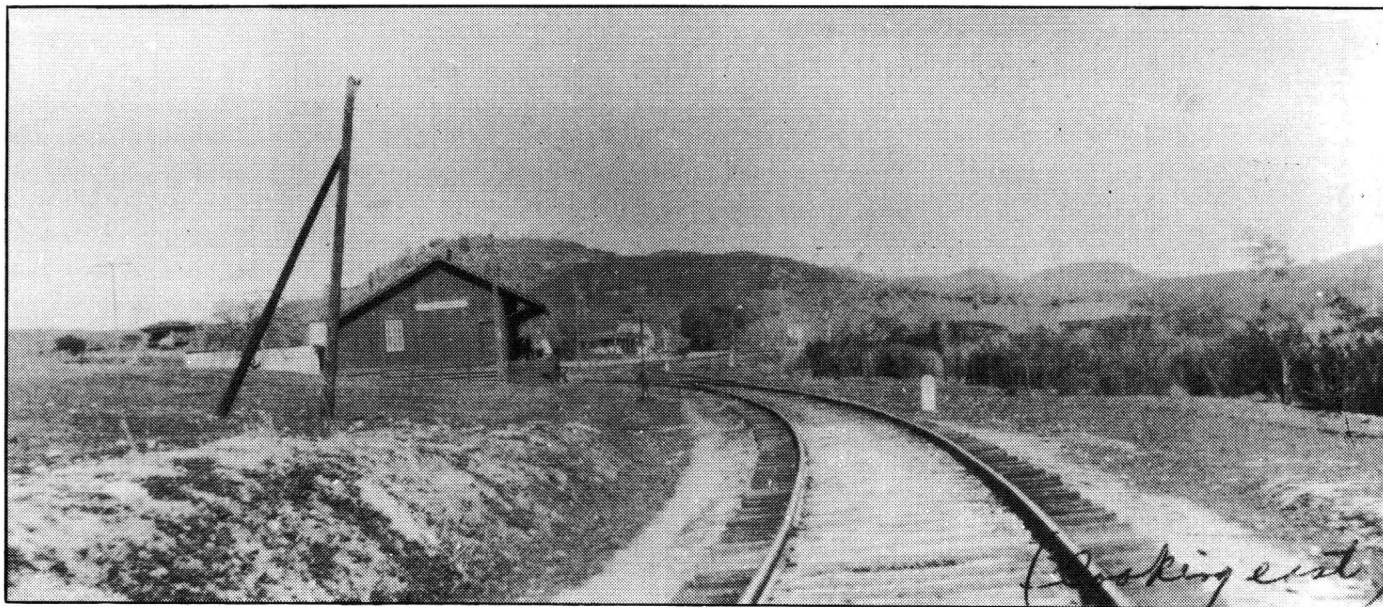
Few people today know that the hill at Burson with the old olive trees on it was a reservoir and that the hill is dug out like a deep circular pit. The water was piped into it from the miners' ditch that ran along the hills north of Burson.* The scars of the ditch can still be seen on the side of the hill that is north of Dr. March's ranch, now known (1969) as the Golden Goose. When that water ditch quit operating, the reservoir was also out of water and it had not proved practical, anyway, and most of the residents had their own wells.

*An excellent school essay was written on the history of Burson, by Donna Hawkins, and was printed in the Society's 1961 "Fifth Annual Essay Contest.

The young doctor's first case was that of a woman complaining of kidney trouble, and was referred to him by "Aunty" Hill, a kindly old lady, a widow, who owned a ranch on the Mokelumne River, near Comanche, about four miles from Burson. "Aunty" Hill had liked the shy young doctor from the first time she had met him and wanted to help him get started in his practice.

Upon examination of this first patient he could find little wrong with her, except that her skin looked like she had never had a bath in her life. He prescribed a mild diuretic to stimulate her kidneys a little and also gave her a considerable quantity of a powder, with instructions to put a certain amount of this powder (bicarbonate of soda) into a small wash tub of warm water and telling her she must take a bath in this medicated water every day. The patient made a rapid recovery.

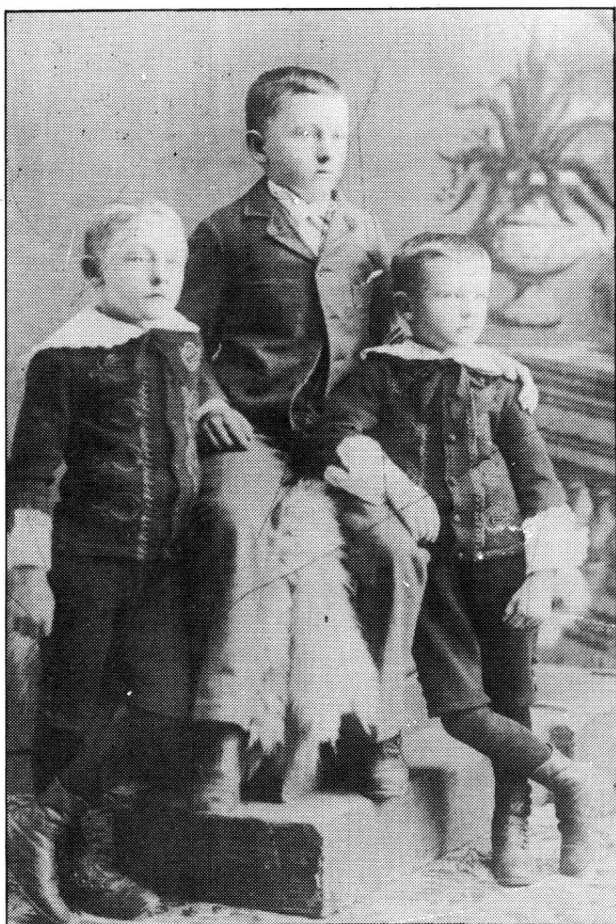
His second case was a little girl with the measles. Any young doctor, examining his first case of measles, will understand his fear of making a snap diagnosis with the possibility of being wrong, because there are so many skin conditions in which the rash, more or less, resembles measles. He was therefore sitting beside the bed, making a careful examination before announcing his diagnosis, sniffed a couple of times and said, "Somebody in this here house has got the measles. I can smell 'em." The young doctor looked around quickly and said, "Yes, this little girl has the measles." He told me, years later, that he never forgot the "smell" of measles. In fact, he used all the diagnostic senses very efficiently sight, touch, hearing and smell.



HELISMA - 1917

Another landmark, long since disappeared, is the old Helisma Depot. For certain compelling reasons the station stop was not named, as was the town, for Daniel

Burson. Local residents, over the years, have chuckled over the fact that, "Burson is my post office, but Hell-is-my station." Loaned by Mrs. Lorraine Cuneo



THE MARCH BOYS

A portrait probably taken about Christmas time, 1892, at Stockton, of Roy, Irwin and Lester March (l. to r.)

From Society Files

He did fairly well in his professional work from the beginning, but a little later the railroad was built on up to Valley Springs, four miles up nearer the mines, and Burson declined in importance. Later many of the mines closed down, and many people moved away. But the Doctor had become attached to the hill country and stayed on for awhile, even though it became more and more difficult to make a fair living out of his practice. He got very discouraged at times. Finally, in October, 1893, he moved with his family to Brentwood, in Contra Costa County, a fine small progressive town on the Southern Pacific Railroad, in the center of a rich and thriving farming country. He soon had a very good practice there: in fact, good enough to take his brother-in-law, Dr. William C. Field, into partnership with him.

But he was constantly homesick for the Calaveras foothills, and talked so much about Burson that Mother threatened to name the new baby "Burson", when it came. They compromised on that

however, and named him Silas Paul March, for his grandfather. The next year (1895) he bought a ranch near Burson (now the Golden Goose - 1969) from George Benedict and we moved back to his beloved foothills. The original place consisted of about fifty-seven acres, with a good house, barn, chicken houses, and a small orchard and vineyard.

The house then had six rooms with a six foot porch around three sides with a roof over the porch. The ceilings were eleven-feet high. The house was built of the finest kind of redwood and the roof of redwood shingles. George Benedict's son, William, informed me (S.P. March) that the total cost to his father was seven hundred and fifty dollars. In these days of inflation it is hard to believe it could have cost so little. I am sure the present owner, Mrs. Peters, has spent a great many times that amount in remodeling the house.

Incidentally, the original owner of the land was John Peters (no relation to the present owner) who had built the first house in the community about three-quarters of a mile west of Burson. It was a large two-story house and was always known later as the old Chaparral house. John Peters and his wife had three sets of twins and a single child all under school age.

The copper mine soon reopened at Campo Seco, about four and a half miles from Burson, and other mines such as the Gwin reopened at various times, and gold dredgers started to work along the Calaveras and Mokelumne Rivers. The country became more prosperous again. Dr. March did very well in his professional work and bought pieces of land adjoining his original ranch until he owned over four hundred acres. He spent quite a lot of his earnings on the ranch but I doubt if he ever made it pay more than a very small profit, if any at all.

He was never a very good business man and ran the ranch as an experimental hobby. However, that gave him a lot of pleasure and satisfaction, so perhaps, he should not be judged too critically for not making the place pay.

He was well liked and respected in the community. There were many poor people living in the foothills, many of them just "drifters" who moved into the old houses on the many abandoned little farms. He gave them medical care and treatment free and many times I have known him not only to give free medical care and treatment, but also to drive back to town and load his buggy with needed groceries and supplies and take them back to some poverty-stricken family so that they wouldn't starve. Then he would often do all that he could to find work for the male members of the family. Having many friends at the mines and elsewhere, he often succeeded in placing them where they could earn a living for their families.

He took the medical journals of all three schools of Medicine Homeopath, Eclectic and Allopath (or Regular, as the latter is most often called). He read them all most carefully and used procedures in his practice that he believed would be the most

effective. I had occasion to call him in consultation many times during the three years that I (I.B. March) was County Physician for the Calaveras County Hospital at San Andreas. At these times I always learned something valuable from him, things about the practice of medicine that I had never been taught in Medical College or during my internship at the San Francisco City and County Hospital.

Although Mother gave up school teaching to get married, she never ceased to be a teacher and a leader, teaching her own children at home, or coaching them in their school work.

She always took an active part in community affairs and was, at various times, at the head of or acting as leader in The Ladies Aid Society, the Sunday School and the Church, The Women's Christian Temperance Union, and other social and community organizations. She always was much interested in our school district and did all that she could to see that responsible school trustees were elected and that a good teacher was always selected for our school.

She liked to dance and, although Dr. William B. never learned, he often took her to the community affairs and while she danced he mixed with the crowd and seemed to enjoy the sociability that the occasion afforded.

When the Doctor was very busy with his professional work she kept things moving on the ranch and saw that everybody got to

work early and stayed on the job.

She was rather strict disciplinarian as I had, on numerous occasions, to remember. One Sunday, late in the spring, when we lived in Brentwood, she had directed me to dress up and go to Sunday school. I was never very enthusiastic about Sunday school, and much less so on beautiful, warm spring days. As I started for Sunday school I saw our Chinese laundryman several blocks down the street with his old single-barreled shotgun and I sneaked down to see what he was up to.

He and I had already established a strong friendship and as I walked up to him he said, "Likee shoot blackbird?" Of course I'd like to shoot blackbirds so he handed me the gun and pointed to some blackbirds on the telegraph wires near the railroad tracks. I banged away, missed the blackbirds, and the gun nearly kicked me off my feet. The old Chinaman laughed heartily and gave me another cartridge and said, "Shoot 'em again." I repeated the act several times, much to the amusement of my old Chinese friend. But my mother heard the shooting and curiosity caused her to investigate. She was astounded and angry when she looked down the street and saw me so brazenly breaking the Sabbath and called to me loudly to come home. When I arrived at the front gate she met me there with a long switch from a peach tree in the yard. And Boy! Did she lay it on! My thin shirt was no protection at all and I have never forgotten how that switch smarted when it



VALLEY SPRINGS DEPOT

The Narrow Gauge reached the George Late Ranch in 1885, and the little town of Valley Springs was built at the terminus of the line. This view shows a well-

remembered scene, the stages and mails waiting for the train.

San Andreas Museum

wound around my shoulders and back. That licking did not increase my love of religion a bit but it did make me more obedient. I was about thirteen years old at the time.

But Minnie Jane was a very kind and good mother in spite of her strict discipline, and we all loved her very much. She nursed us through all of our childhood illnesses whooping cough, measles, mumps, influenza and other sickness and injuries usual to a family of children. She worked very hard, keeping the house in order, cooking, sewing, washing and ironing, canning fruit and vegetables, pickling olives, and answering the telephones and making appointments for the Doctor.

We had three telephones in the house because of the Doctor's scattered country practice the Main Line, the Farmer's Line and the River Line. Often in the Doctor's busy season two of the phones would be ringing at the same time. The following is an example of the kind of telephone conversations that often occurred.

There was the Farmer's Line ringing again one long and three short rings. Everybody in the country knew that it was the Doctor's ring and by the time Minnie Jane got to the telephone she could detect half a dozen or more people taking the phone off the hook, sometimes, so many of them that the weak batteries of the Farmer's Line could hardly carry the load and it would be difficult to hear anything said over the phone.

MINNIE JANE: "This is Mrs. March speaking."

CALLER: "This is Mrs. Higginbotham. We have a sick child here. Could you send the Doctor right" There were so many listeners on the line that Mrs. Higginbotham's voice seemed to fade out.

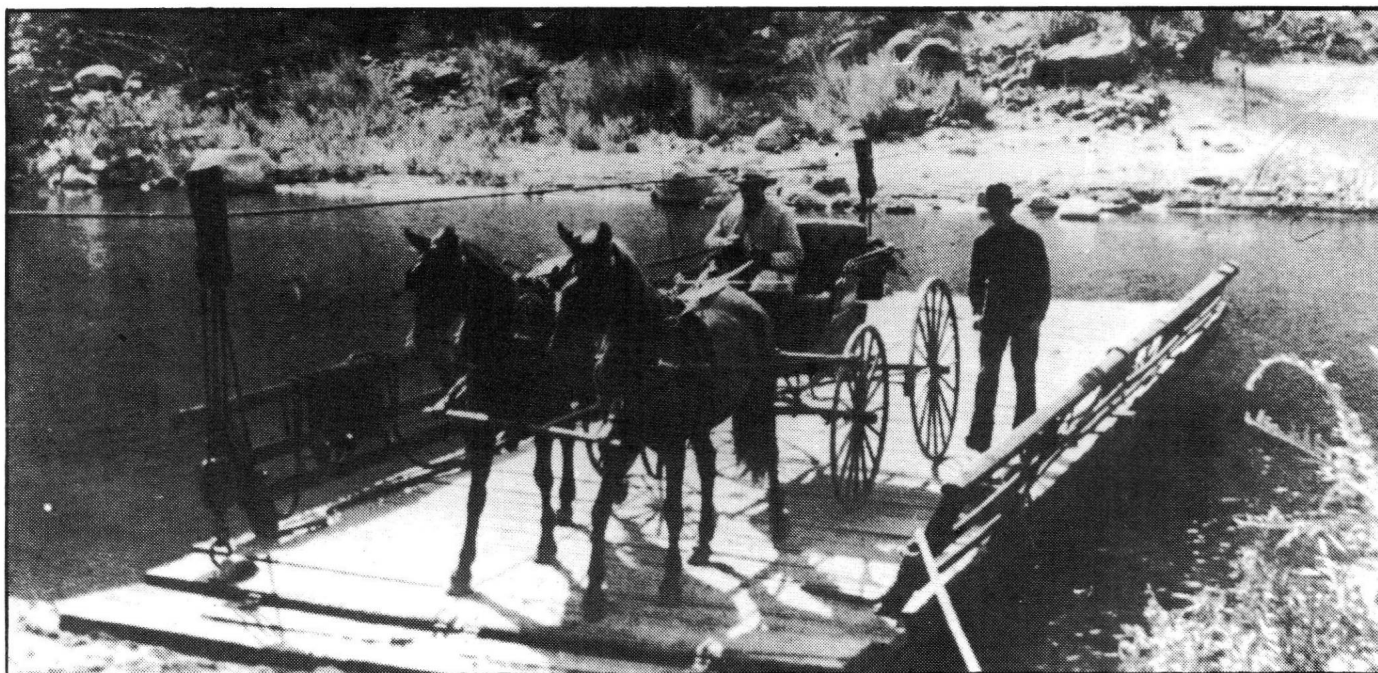
MINNIE JANE: "I'm sorry, but there are so many people listening in that I can't understand what you say. If some of them would get off the line I might be able to hear you clearly."

Immediately Minnie Jane could hear five or six phones go back on the hook and the line improved enough so that she could hear over it.

Then Mrs. Higginbotham repeating her anxious call for the Doctor. Minnie Jane replies: "The Doctor left early this morning and he has so many calls to make that I don't know when he will be home, but I will tell him just as soon as he arrives."

Just then an unidentified listener speaks over the phone: "Excuse me, Mrs. March, but I saw the Doctor go by just a little while ago and he was headed toward Jenny Lind (a little town on the Calaveras River) and maybe if you called Monroe Sinclair at the store there, Monroe could stop the Doctor and tell him."

MINNIE JANE: "Thank you. I will do that". And so Minnie Jane called Monroe Sinclair on the River Line, and Monroe stopped the Doctor as he was going through Jenny Lind and the Doctor detoured on his way home to see the sick child at the Higginbothams.



THE RIVER CROSSING

This is how the country doctor traveled in the Nineteenth Century. In those days, a large proportion of the doc-

tor's time was spent in visiting and treating the sick in out-of-way places. What a contrast to today's methods.

San Andreas Museum

The Marches had these five children:

Irwin Beede March, born on August 5th, 1881, on the Old March Ranch, near Stockton.

Roy Vernon March, born on January 14th, 1886, at Burson. Roy died on March 25, 1954, at San Andreas.

Lester King March, born on December 5th, 1887, at Burson.

Silas Paul March, born on September 23rd, 1894, at Brentwood.

Dorothy Hannah Elizabeth March, born on February 26th, 1902, on the March Ranch, near Burson.

Irwin March married Carrie Dean and they had five children before the marriage ended in divorce. The children were Muriel, Ruth, William, Dean and Paul. Irwin March went in the Army as a doctor in 1916 and after serving in Europe in World War One as a field surgeon and after the war as director of hospitals in Coblenz, Germany, he was sent to the Phillipines where he met Lt. Louise Elizabeth Stephenson, an army nurse. They were married May 6, 1921, in Manila. After serving in or visiting every major country in the world, Irwin was stationed at the Pentagon in Washington, D.C., until World War Two. He served through the war and retired at the age of 65. His wife Betty still lives in San Francisco. Irwin and Betty had no children.

Lester married Lillian Odermat of Oakland. She died nineteen years later. Later Lester married Ruth Harding, niece of President Warren Harding. His second marriage ended in divorce. Lester returned to the ranch at Burson after working for

railroads for over thirty years. He was Pullman agent for the Southern Pacific in San Francisco and then traveling passenger agent for the New York Central. After returning to the ranch at Burson, Lester married Leah Vaughn, daughter of Belle Underhill. They were married twenty-three years before she died. Lester never had any children.

Silas March married Gertrude Hood on November 27th, 1918 and November 27, 1969 they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Silas and Gertrude had two daughters, Gertrude Edna and Miriam Jeanette.

Among the early day Burson residents were the Fred Walters family. Fred was a blacksmith. He later quit blacksmithing and started a store. Later he sold out to John Hopps whose son now runs a store in Acampo, California.

Fred Allison ran a store at the top of the hill opposite the Depot. He later moved the store to the foot of the hill below where the livery stable was. Fred Allison sold out to Dan Dyer. Dan's father, Charlie Dyer, was one of the early settlers.

The Major Lambert Littlefield family was also one of the early families. Verne and Zenas Littlefield were the sons and Nellie Stone was an older half sister. Verne Littlefield was killed in a logging accident. "Zene" was Justice of the Peace for a time, after he grew up.

The John Hood family moved from Oakland to Burson in 1912. The oldest boy, Hubert, remained in Oakland but Frank, Ger-



BURSON - 1917

Before the new highway was built, "downtown" Burson was north of the railroad tracks, as this view shows. The

two stores in this picture were operated at that time by Fred Allison and John Hopps.

Courtesy of Mrs. Lorraine Cuneo

trude and Halle came with their parents to the old Bert Worth ranch, south of Burson.

Frank married Verna Higginbotham. They had one daughter, Ruth, who now lives on the Higginbotham Ranch between Valley Springs and Jenny Lind. She and her husband, Tony Silveira, farm and raise cattle and Tony drives to work in Stockton.

Halle Hood married Zenas Littlefield who was Justice of the Peace of Jenny Lind Township. They had one son, Lambert (named for his grandfather).

Zene Littlefield died in Lodi from the effects of influenza. A few years later Halle married William Benedict. They had a daughter, Violet. After a number of years Bill died. Later Halle married Walter Fox. They were married eight years when Walter Fox died. Halle still lives in Lodi.

William Briggs was the minister of the church. Later he moved to Stockton to study and practice law. His son Hubert also became a lawyer and practiced for many years at Stockton.

The Newton Mahaffey family with twin boys, Frank and Harry, and a daughter Ruth, were early residents. They also moved to Stockton and other children were born there.

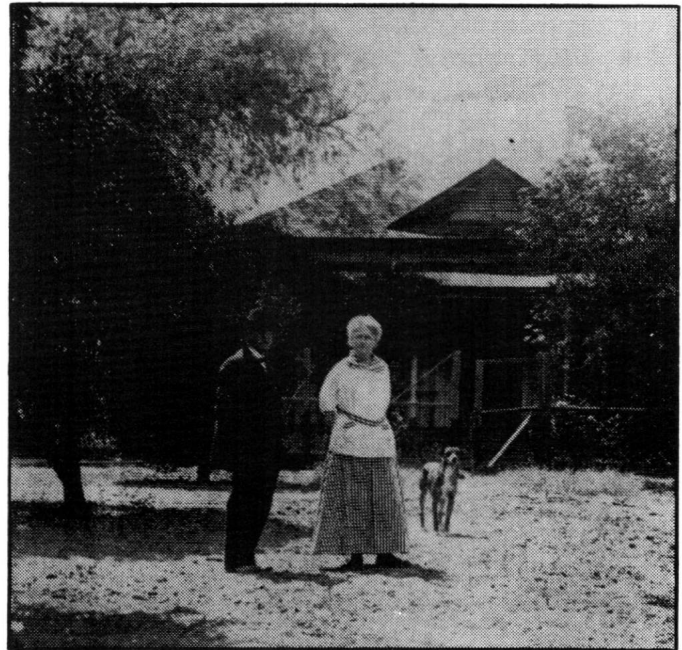
The Aaron Lamb family lived at Burson for a number of years and then moved to Valley Springs. Gertrude Lamb was Roy March's first wife and they had one daughter, Lorraine, now Mrs. Ray Cuneo of San Andreas (San Antone Camp). Gertrude died when Lorraine was two years old and her grandmother, Minnie March raised her. Roy later married Belle Jansen and they moved to Richmond where Roy worked for over thirty years for the Standard Oil Co. until he retired at sixty-five. Roy and Belle had three boys, Ronald, Jimmie and Donald and a daughter Winnie.

The Robins family lived in the Old Chaparral house after John Peters built a new home nearer town. Wilbur Robins was the boy, there was an older girl and Sarah was the youngest.

The Pat Kennedy family lived on a ranch one mile south of Burson on the Jenny Lind road. A brother, Barney Kennedy, lived with them. The Pat Kennedy family had three girls, Mary, Lizzie and Katie, and two boys, William and Johnny.

Mary Kennedy married Matt Lingane of Stockton and their oldest daughter Bessie taught school and she and her husband Dave Hurley now run the store at Burson (1969). Lizzie Kennedy married Ed Mulgrew of Camache and Alaska. After Ed quit mining in Alaska they bought an apple orchard near Watsonville. Katie married Charley Stage and they farmed and later ran the store at Burson. Will Kennedy married Sally Mulgrew and farmed the old Kennedy place. John Kennedy was a school teacher but later studied law and practiced in Stockton. John never married.

The Charlie Jones family lived on a farm just over the hill south of Burson. They had three girls, Olive, Myrtle and Hazel. Olive never married, she and Hazel moved to Stockton and Hazel married in Stockton. Myrtle married Charlie Schwoerer.



DR. AND MRS. WILLIAM B. MARCH
A snap taken of them in 1915 at the March Ranch just below Burson. Courtesy of Mrs. Lorraine Cuneo

The D. E. Moyer family lived just west of town. At that time there were two girls, Edna and Otta. Hazel was born later after they had moved.

The Mosher family lived on the west road to Evergreen. The children were Katie, Carrie and Fred. After Mr. Mosher's death they moved to Berkeley.

The Brewer family, the Tampsit family, Charlie Hamilton, and R. R. Kynaston families lived near Burson.

It would be impossible to name all the people that lived in or near Burson, but in the early 1900's there was the Dewitt Family with four boys, John, Dolph, Yancy and George, and one girl, Alma. Also, there was the Coats family with children Frank, Charlie, Hubert and Martha; the Buck family with Hetty and Hiram; the Robinson family with May, Emma and Elva, and the Sam Morrow family with an older girl, Mabel who married Bert Worth, then Henry, May and Johnny Morrow.

The Phillip Hatler family were early residents of Burson.

The Dawson family lived on the hill about three and a half miles from Burson that overlooked Evergreen school house. Mr. Dawson had been a soldier in the Union Army in the Civil War and Mrs. Dawson was a widow. She was a fine Christian woman with four children, Annie, Tom, Will and Georgia. They were a fine family and well respected in the neighborhood. Tom, now 82 years old, lives on the old place with his son and daughter-in-law.

The Martin Lofquist family lived on the other side of the road from the Dawsons. They had a son Dan and a daughter Linda. Dan

was drowned when still in his teens. Linda married Emil Hoag who lived on a ranch on the Calaveras River. The Fred Lenfesty family lived on the road from Evergreen towards Jenny Lind. They had a son Ernest who married Dorothy March. Dr. March had brought Ernest into the world and also the Fred Lenfesty's daughter Elsie. Elsie married Barnett and they had a ranch below Jenny Lind.

The Morgan family were early settlers of Evergreen district. Clara Morgan married R. K. Kynaston, Annie Morgan married Fred Lenfesty, Winnie Morgan married Arthur Brown and when he died she later married Fred Gleason. Cali Morgan married Lester Miner.

I (S. P. March) have digressed enough from the life of Doctor W. B. March except that all these people were patients of his. In Jenny Lind he doctored the Frank Sinclair family, the Monroe Sinclair family, and near Jenny Lind the Andrew Sinclair family. He also doctored the Gregory family and the Gregory sons' families after they were grown. The Will Dennis family, and the Hunt families and many others too numerous to mention. Sadie Smith Hunt is one of the numerous babies Doctor March brought into the world.

Dr. March saved the lives of the Copeland triplets in Wallace when they had a severe case of diphtheria by staying by their bedside and using fever-reducing medicines, and administering antitoxin until the crisis passed.

He had a hard life, spending long hours driving with a horse and cart or horse and buggy and going as far as Lodi. In 1910 he bought a Studebaker E.M.F. 30 Horsepower automobile. This made it easier for him to make his rounds and also when Dr. Mason used to call on him for diagnostic consultation. When I went to high school and boarded in Lodi I treated with Dr. Mason and he told me that the reason he sent for Dr. March was that he considered him the best diagnostician he knew. I felt very proud. Dr. Mason built his own hospital in Lodi later and he was also a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners.

When he first started to practice Dr. March drove a horse and high-wheeled cart, so he could ford the streams. One stormy evening he was called to Lancha Plana and forded the Mokelumne River below where the present Pardee Dam is. It was dark and raining when he returned and he did not know there had been a cloudburst in the mountains. The river had risen and was flowing so swiftly that it overturned the cart. The Doctor held onto the reins and swam as best he could in his heavy coat. The horse swam the river pulling the cart and pulled the doctor out of the river. The Doctor lost his medicine case and his instrument case. The loss was quite a blow to the young doctor as the drugs and instruments were expensive and he had to borrow the money to replace them.

The Holden Drug Co. of Stockton, one of the oldest and most reliable of the drug stores, supplied all the doctor's drugs. As the



SILAS PAUL MARCH AND ELIZABETH ANN MARCH
Dr. March's parents pose on his east porch at the Burson ranch.

Loaned by Mrs. Lorraine Cuneo

people were too far away to have prescriptions filled, the doctor built a small medicine room in his home with shelves all the way to the ceiling and filled his own prescriptions. He carried a case full of small bottles with as many of the remedies in it as possible and he refilled the case each day. He used all of the regular specifics of Lloyds, Lillys, Wyeths, Abbotts and other manufacturers plus, of course, the vaccines and antitoxins. None of the doctors of that time had the advantages of the wonder drugs of today with their powerful curative powers and also sometimes their disastrous side effects, but many of the remedies used then are still used in different forms.

In the early days it was a wild country to practice in and the shootings and knifings were frequent. After I was grown Henry ----- showed me the scars from seventeen knife wounds he got in a barroom fight with Jimmy L. ----- (I have left the names out for obvious reasons). One scar on Henry ----- ran from one side of his abdomen to the other and as he inelegantly put it, "My guts were showing and your old man sewed me up and stopped the bleeding and saved my life".

When the doctor retired he had a jewel box about three inches long, two inches wide and an inch and a half deep, full of bullets that he had removed from men. Sad to say, not all of the men lived but he was able to save some of them.

Doctor March had an even disposition and I rarely saw him angry. He and Minnie were always looking after some of the relatives. They brought the Doctor's father and mother to live with us when they got old and when Doctor's oldest brother lost his wife in Idaho they sent for his ten-year old daughter, Ruth March, who lived with us at Burson until she was grown and married to Vere Petersen. Vere and Ruth are now retired and living in Santa

